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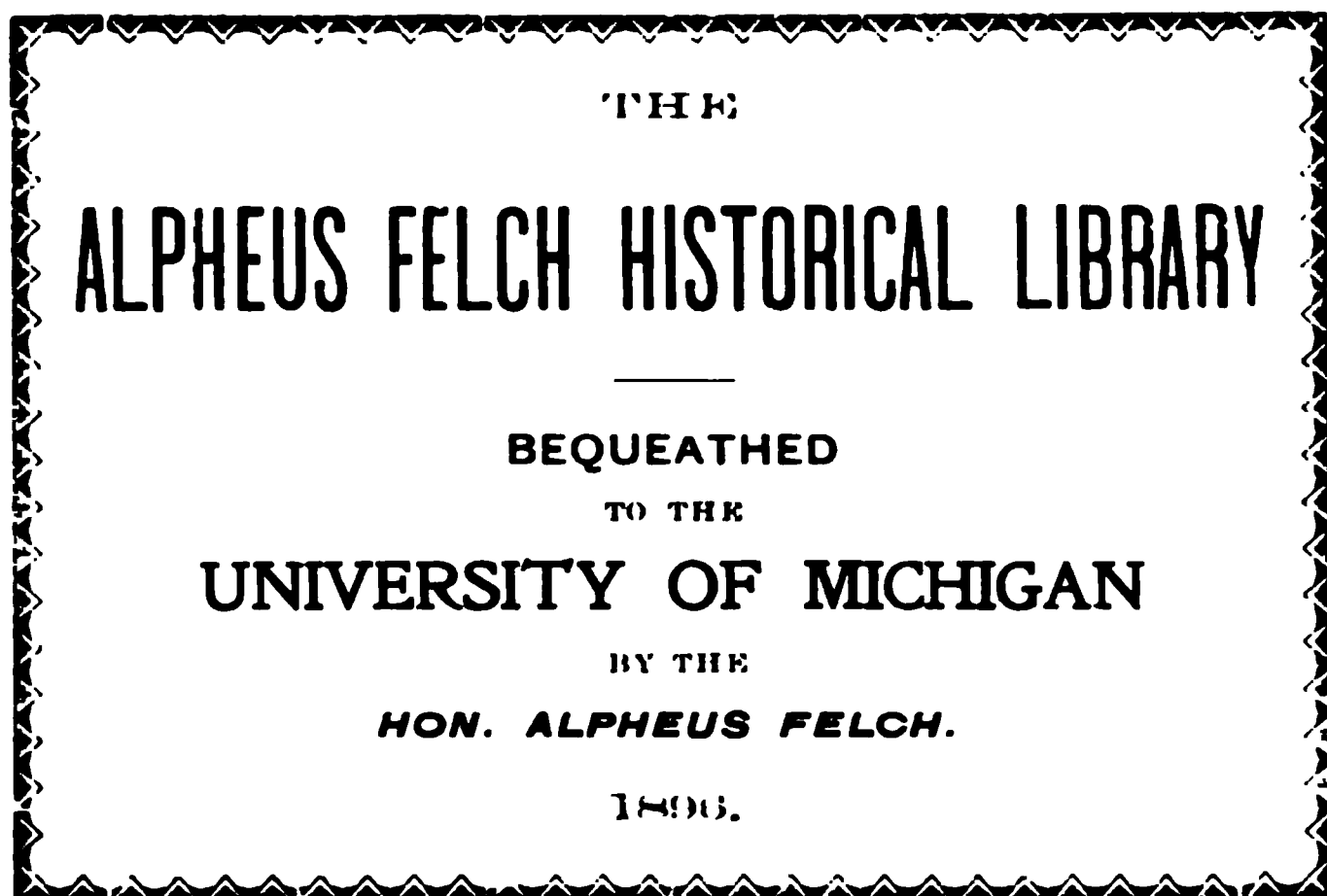
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THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

5-9926.

OLD SERIES COMPLETE IN LXIII. VOLS.

JANUARY, 1844, TO DECEMBER, 1864.

NEW SERIES, VOL. XXVI.

JULY TO DECEMBER 1877.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 25 BOND STREET.

1877.

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THE FARMER'S WIFE AND CHILDREN



Eclectic Magazine

OR

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXVI., No. 1.]

JULY, 1877.

Old Series Complete in 63 vols.

THE POLITICAL DESTINY OF CANADA.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

IGNORANCE of the future can hardly be good for any man or nation; nor can forecast of the future in the case of any man or nation well interfere with the business of the present, though the language of colonial politicians seems often to imply that it may. No Canadian farmer would take his hand from the plough, no Canadian artisan would desert the foundry or the loom, no Canadian politician would become less busy in his quest of votes, no industry of any kind would slacken, no source of wealth would cease to flow, if the rulers of Canada and the powers of Downing Street, by whom the rulers of Canada are supposed to be guided, instead of drifting on in darkness, knew for what port they were steering.

For those who are actually engaged in moulding the institutions of a young country not to have formed a conception of her destiny—not to have made up

their minds whether she is to remain forever a dependency, to blend again in a vast confederation with the monarchy of the mother country, or to be united to a neighboring republic—would be to renounce statesmanship. The very expenditure into which Canada is led by her position as a dependency in military and political railways, in armaments and defences, and other things which assume the permanence of the present system, is enough to convict Canadian rulers of flagrant improvidence if the permanency of the present system is not distinctly established in their minds.

To tax forecast with revolutionary designs or tendencies is absurd. No one can be in a less revolutionary frame of mind than he who foresees a political event without having the slightest interest in hastening its arrival. On the other hand, mere party politicians cannot afford to see beyond the hour. Under the sys-

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXVI., No. 1

tem of party government, forecast and freedom of speech alike belong generally to those who are not engaged in public life.

The political destiny of Canada is here considered by itself, apart from that of any other portion of the motley and widely scattered "Empire." This surely is the rational course. Not to speak of India and the military dependencies, such as Malta and Gibraltar, which have absolutely nothing in common with the North American colonies (India not even the titular form of government, since its sovereign has been made an empress), who can believe that the future of Canada, of South Africa, of Australia, of the West Indies, and of Mauritius will be the same? Who can believe that the mixed French and English population of Canada, the mixed Dutch and English population of the Cape, the negro population of Jamaica, the French and Indian population of Mauritius, the English and Chinese population of Australia, are going to run for ever the same political course? Who can believe that the moulding influences will be the same in arctic continents or in tropical islands as in countries lying within the temperate zone? Among the colonies, those, perhaps, which most nearly resemble each other in political character and circumstances are Canada and Australia; yet the elements of the population are very different; and still more different are the external relations of Australia, with no other power near her, from those of Canada, not only conterminous with the United States, but interlaced with them, so that at present the road of the Governor-General of Canada, when he visits his Pacific province, lies through the territory of the American republic. Is it possible to suppose that the slender filament which connects each of these colonies with Downing Street is the thread of a common destiny?

In studying Canadian politics, and in attempting to cast the political horoscope of Canada, the first thing to be remembered, though official optimism is apt to overlook it, is that Canada was a colony not of England but of France, and that between the British of Ontario and the British of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are interposed, in solid and unyielding mass, above a million of unassimilated

and politically antagonistic Frenchmen. French Canada is a relic of the historical past preserved by isolation, as Siberian mammoths are preserved in ice. It is a fragment of the France before the Revolution, less the monarchy and the aristocracy; for the feeble parody of French feudalism in America ended with the abolition of the seigniories, which may be regarded as the final renunciation of feudal ideas and institutions by society in the New World. The French Canadians are an unprogressive, religious, submissive, courteous, and, though poor, not unhappy people. They would make excellent factory hands if Canada had a market for her manufactures; and, perhaps, it is as much due to the climate as to their lack of intelligent industry that they have a very indifferent reputation as farmers. They are governed by the priest, with the occasional assistance of the notary; and the Roman Catholic Church may be said to be still established in the province, every Roman Catholic being bound to pay tithes and other ecclesiastical imposts, though the Protestant minority are exempt. The Church is immensely rich, and her wealth is always growing, so that the economical element which mingled with the religious causes of the Reformation may one day have its counterpart in Quebec. The French Canadians, as we have said, retain their exclusive national character. So far from being absorbed by the British population, or Anglicised by contact with it, they have absorbed and Gallicised the fragments of British population which chance has thrown among them; and the children of Highland regiments disbanded in Quebec have become thorough Frenchmen, and prefixed Jean Baptiste to their Highland names. For his own Canada the Frenchman of Quebec has something of a patriotic feeling; for France he has filial affection enough to make his heart beat violently for her during a Franco-German war; for England, it may be safely said, he has no feeling whatever. It is true that he fought against the American invaders in the revolutionary war, and again in 1812; but then he was animated by his ancient hostility to the Puritans of New England, in the factories of whose descendants he now freely seeks employment. Whether he would enthusiastically take up arms

for England against the Americans at present, the British War Office, after the experience of the two Fenian raids, can no doubt tell. With Upper Canada, the land of Scotch Presbyterians, Irish Orangemen, and ultra-British sentiment, French Canada, during the union of the two provinces, led an uneasy life; and she accepted confederation, on terms which leave her nationality untouched, rather as a severance of her special wedlock with her unloved consort than as a measure of North American union. The unabated antagonism between the two races and the two religions was plainly manifested on the occasion of the conflict between the French half-breeds and the British immigrants in Manitoba, which presented a faint parallel to the conflict between the advanced posts of slavery and anti-slavery in Kansas on the eve of the civil war; Quebec openly sympathizing with Riel and his fellow-insurgents, while Ontario was on fire to avenge the death of Scott. Sir George Cartier might call himself an Englishman speaking French; but his calling himself so did not make him so; much less did it extend the character from a political manager, treading the path of ambition with British colleagues, to the mass of his unsophisticated compatriots. The priests hitherto have put their interests into the hands of a political leader, such as Sir George himself, in the same way in which the Irish priests used to put their interests into the hands of O'Connell; and this leader has made the best terms he could for them and for himself at Ottawa. Nor has it been difficult to make good terms, since both the political parties bid emulously for the Catholic vote, and, by their interested subserviency to those who wield it, render it impossible for a Liberal Catholic party, or a Liberal party of any kind, to make head against priestly influence in Quebec. By preference the priests, as reactionists, have allied themselves with the Tory party in the British provinces, and Canada has long witnessed the singular spectacle, witnessed for the first time in England at the last general election, of Roman Catholics and Orangemen marching together to the poll. Fear of contact with an active-minded democracy, and of possible peril to their overweening wealth, has also led the priesthood to shrink from Annexation, though

they have not been able to prevent their people from going over the line for better wages, and bringing back with them a certain republican leaven of political and ecclesiastical unrest, which in the end may, perhaps, lead to the verification of Lord Elgin's remark, that it would be easier to make the French Canadians Americans than to make them English. Hitherto, however, French Canada has retained, among other heirlooms of the *Ancien Régime*, the old Gallican Church, the Church of Louis XIV. and of Bossuet, national, quiet, unaggressive, capable of living always on sufficiently good terms with the State. But now the scene is changed. Even to French Canada, the most secluded nook of the Catholic world, Ultramontanism has penetrated, with the Jesuit in its van. There is a struggle for ascendancy between the Jesuits and the Gallicans, the citadel of the Gallicans being the Sulpician seminary, vast and enormously wealthy, which rises over Montreal. The Jesuit has the forces of the hour on his side; he gains the day; the bishops fall under his influence and take his part against the Sulpicians; the Guibord case marks, distinctly though farcically, the triumph of his principles; and it is by no means certain that he, a cosmopolitan power playing a great game, will cling to Canadian isolation, and that he will not prefer a junction with his main army in the United States. Assuredly his choice will not be determined by loyalty to England. At all events, his aggressive policy has begun to raise questions calculated to excite the Protestants of the British provinces, which the politicians, with all their arts, will hardly be able to smother, and which will probably put an end to the long torpor of Quebec. The New Brunswick School case points to education as a subject which can scarcely fail soon to give birth to a cause of war.

Besides the French, there are in Canada, as we believe we have good authority for saying, about four hundred thousand Irish, whose political sentiments are generally identical with those of the Irish in the mother country, as any reader of their favorite journals will perceive. Thus, without reckoning a considerable German settlement in Ontario, which by its unimpaired nationality in the heart of the British population attests the weak-

ness of the assimilating forces in Canada compared with those in the United States, or the Americans, who, though not numerous, are influential in the commercial centres, we have at once to deduct one million four hundred thousand from a total population of less than four millions in order to reduce to reality the pictures of universal devotion to England and English interests which are presented by the speeches of official persons or of persons professing to know Canada, but deriving their idea of her from the same source.

Confederation, so far, has done nothing to fuse the races, and very little even to unite the provinces. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, besides being cut off from Ontario by French Canada, have interests of their own, separate, and in some degree divergent, from those of Ontario, New Brunswick especially being drawn by her commercial interests towards New England. The representatives of each of the smaller provinces form a separate group at Ottawa, giving or withholding their support to a great extent from provincial considerations. Each of the two political parties has its base in Ontario, which is the field of the decisive battles; and they can hardly be said to extend to the maritime provinces, much less to Manitoba or to British Columbia. When the Ontarian parties are evenly balanced the smaller provinces turn the scale, and Ontarian leaders are always buying them with "better terms," that is, alterations of the pecuniary arrangements of confederation in their favor, and other inducements, at the sacrifice, of course, of the general interests of the Confederation. From the composition of a cabinet to the composition of a rifle team sectionalism is the rule. Confederation has secured free trade between the provinces; what other good it has done it would not be easy to say. Whether it has increased the military strength of Canada is a question for the answer to which we must appeal once more to the British War Office. Canadians have shown, on more than one memorable occasion, that in military spirit they are not wanting; but they cannot be goaded into wasting their hardly-earned money on preparations for a defence which would be hopeless against an invader who will never come.

Politically, the proper province of a federal government is the management of external relations, while domestic legislation is the province of the several states. But a dependency has no external relations; Canada has not even, like South Africa, a Native question, her Indians being perfectly harmless; and consequently the chief duty of a federal government in Canada is to keep itself in existence by the ordinary agencies of party, a duty which it discharges with a vengeance. English statesmen bent on extending to all the colonies what they assume to be the benefits of confederation, should study the Canadian specimen, if possible, on the spot. They will learn, first, that while a spontaneous confederation, such as groups of states have formed under the pressure of a common danger, develops mainly the principles of union, a confederation brought about by external influence is apt to develop the principles of antagonism in at least an equal degree; and, secondly, that parliamentary government in a dependency is, to a lamentable extent, government by faction and corruption, and that by superadding federal to provincial government the extent and virulence of those maladies are seriously increased. If an appeal is made to the success of confederation in Switzerland, the answer is that Switzerland is not a dependency but a nation.

It is of Canada alone that we here speak, and we speak only of her political destiny. The ties of blood, of language, of historical association, and of general sympathy which bind the British portion of the Canadian people to England, are not dependent on the political connection, nor is it likely that they would be at all weakened by its severance. In the United States there are millions of Irish exiles, with the wrongs of Ireland in their hearts, and the whole nation retains the memories of the revolutionary war, of the war of 1812, and of the conduct of the British aristocracy towards the United States during the rebellion of the South—conduct which it is difficult to forgive, and which it would be folly to forget. Yet to those who have lived among the Americans it will not seem extravagant to say that the feelings of an Anglo-American towards his mother country are really at least as warm as those of the

natives of dependencies, and at least as likely to be manifested by practical assistance in the hour of need. A reference to the history of the opposition made to the war of 1812 will suffice at least to bring this opinion within the pale of credibility.

The great forces prevail. They prevail at last, however numerous and apparently strong the secondary forces opposed to them may be. They prevailed at last in the case of German unity and in the case of Italian independence. In each of those cases the secondary forces were so heavily massed against the event that men renowned for practical wisdom believed the event would never come. It came, irresistible and irrevocable, and we now see that Bismarck and Cavour were only the ministers of fate.

Suspended of course, and long suspended, by the action of the secondary forces, the action of the great forces may be. It was so in both the instances just mentioned. A still more remarkable instance is the long postponement of the union of Scotland with England by the antipathies resulting from the abortive attempt of Edward I., and by a subsequent train of historical accidents, such as the absorption of the energies of England in continental or civil wars. But the union came at last, and, having the great forces on its side, it came for ever.

In the case before us, it appears that the great forces are those which make for the political separation of the New from the Old World. They are—

1. The distance, which may be shortened by steam and telegraph for the transmission of a despot's commands, but can hardly be much shortened for the purposes of representative government. Steam increases the Transatlantic intercourse of the wealthier class, but not that of the people, who have neither money nor time for the passage. Everything is possible in the way of nautical invention; fuel may be still further economised, though its price is not likely to fall; but it is improbable that the cost of shipbuilding or the wages of seamen will be reduced; and the growth of manufactures in the New World, which we may expect henceforth to be rapid, can hardly fail to diminish the intercourse dependent on Transatlantic trade. A commonwealth spanning the Atlantic may be a

grand conception, but political institutions must after all bear some relation to nature and to practical convenience. Few have fought against geography and prevailed.

2. Divergence of interest, which seems in this case to be as wide as possible. What has Canada to do with the European and Oriental concerns of England, with her European and Oriental diplomacy, with her European and Oriental wars? Can it be conceived that Canadian traders would allow her commerce to be cut up by Russian cruisers, or that Canadian farmers would take arms and pay war taxes in order to prevent Russia from obtaining a free passage through the Dardanelles? An English pamphlet called "The Great Game" was reprinted the other day in Canada; but the chapter on India was omitted as having no interest for Canadians. For English readers that chapter had probably more interest than all the other chapters put together. On the other hand, whenever a question about boundaries or mutual rights arises with the United States, the English people and the English government betray, by the languor of their diplomacy and the ease with which they yield, their comparative indifference to the objects in which Canada is most concerned. A Canadian periodical some time ago had a remarkable paper by a native writer, showing that the whole series of treaties made by Great Britain with the United States had been a continuous sacrifice of the claims of Canada. It was not, assuredly, that Great Britain wanted either force or spirit to fight for her own rights and interests, but that she felt that Canadian rights and interests were not her own. Her rulers could not have induced her people to go to war for an object for which they cared so little, and had so little reason to care, as a frontier line in North America. Another illustration of the difference between the British and the Canadian point of view was afforded by the recent dispute about the Extradition Treaty: England was disposed to be stiff and punctilious, having comparatively little to fear from the suspension of the treaty; while to Canada, bordering on the United States, the danger was great, and the renewal of the treaty was a vital necessity before which

punctiliousness gave way. One object there is connected with the American continent for which the British aristocracy, if we may judge by the temper it showed and the line it took towards the American republic at the time of the Rebellion, would be not unwilling to run the risk of war. But that object is one with regard to which the interests of British aristocracy and those of Canadian democracy not only are not identical, but point directly opposite ways. With regard to economical questions, the divergence is, if possible, still clearer than with regard to diplomatic questions. The economic interests of Canada must evidently be those of her own continent, and to that continent, by all the economic forces, she must be and visibly is drawn. Her currency, whatever may be the name and superscription on the coin, is American, and it is the sure symbol of her real connection. In the British manufacturer the Canadian manufacturer sees a rival; and Canada at this moment is the scene of a Protectionist movement led, curiously enough, by those "Conservative" politicians who are loudest in their professions of loyalty to Great Britain.

3. More momentous than even the divergence of interest is the divergence of political character between the citizen of the Old and the citizen of the New World. We speak, of course, not of the French Canadians, between whom and the people of Great Britain the absence of political affinity is obvious, but of the British communities in North America. The colonisation of the New World, at least that English portion of it which was destined to give birth to the ruling and moulding power, was not merely a migration, but an exodus; it was not merely a local extension of humanity, but a development; it not only peopled another continent, but opened a new era. The curtain rose not for the old drama with fresh actors, but for a fresh drama on a fresh scene. A long farewell was said to feudalism when the New England colony landed with the rough draft of a written constitution, which embodied a social compact and founded government not on sacred tradition or divine right, but on reason and the public good. The more one sees of society in the New World, the more convinced one is that its structure essentially differs from that of soci-

ety in the Old World, and that the feudal element has been eliminated completely and for ever. English aristocracy, fancying itself, as all established systems fancy themselves, the normal and final state of humanity, may cling to the belief that the new development is a mere aberration, and that dire experience will in time bring it back to the ancient path. There are people, it seems, who persuade themselves that America is retrograding towards monarchy and Church establishments. No one who knows the Americans can possibly share this dream. Monarchy has found its way to the New World only in the exceptional case of Brazil, to which the royal family of the mother country itself migrated, and where after all the Emperor is rather an hereditary president than a monarch of the European type. In Canada, government being parliamentary and "constitutional," monarchy is the delegation of a shadow; and any attempt to convert the shadow into a substance, by introducing a dynasty with a court and civil list, or by reinvesting the Viceroy with personal power, would speedily reveal the real nature of the situation. Pitt proposed to extend to Canada what as a Tory minister he necessarily regarded as the blessings of aristocracy; but the plant refused to take root in the alien soil. No peerage ever saw the light in Canada; the baronetage saw the light and no more; of nobility there is nothing now but a knighthood very small in number, and upon which the Pacific Railway scandal has cast so deep a shadow that the Home Government, though inclined that way, seems shy of venturing on more creations. Hereditary wealth and the custom of primogeniture, indispensable supports of an aristocracy, are totally wanting in a purely industrial country, where, let the law be what it might, natural justice has always protested against the feudal claims of the firstborn. To establish in Canada the State Church, which is the grand buttress of aristocracy in England, has proved as hopeless as to establish aristocracy itself. The Church lands have been secularised; the university, once confined to Anglicanism, has been thrown open; the Anglican Church has been reduced to the level of the other denominations, though its rulers still cling to the memories and to some

relics of their privileged condition. As a religion, Anglicanism has little hold upon the mass of the people: it is recruited by emigration from England, and sustained to a certain extent by a social feeling in its favor among the wealthier class. More democratic churches far exceed it in popularity and propagandist force: Methodism especially, which, in contrast to Episcopacy, sedulously assigns an active part in church work to every member, decidedly gains ground, and bids fair to become the popular religion of Canada. Nor is the militarism of European aristocracies less alien to industrial Canada than their monarchism and their affinity for State Churches. The Canadians, as we have already said, can fight well when real occasion calls; so can their kinsmen across the line; but among the Canadians, as among the people of the Northern States, it is impossible to awaken militarism—every sort of galvanic apparatus has been tried in vain. Distinctions of rank, again, are wanting; everything bespeaks a land dedicated to equality; and fustian, instead of bowing to broadcloth, is rather too apt, by a rude self-assertion, to revenge itself on broadcloth for enforced submissiveness in the old country. Where the relations of classes, the social forces, and the whole spirit of society are different, the real principles and objects of government will differ also, notwithstanding the formal identity of institutions. It proved impossible, as all careful observers had foreseen, to keep the same political roof over the heads of slavery and anti-slavery. To keep the same political roof over the heads of British aristocracy and Canadian democracy would be an undertaking only one degree less hopeless. A rupture would come, perhaps, on some question between the ambition of a money-spending nobility and the parsimony of a money-making people. Let aristocracy, hierarchy, and militarism be content with the Old World; it was conquered by the feudal sword; the New World was conquered only by the axe and plough.

4. The force, sure in the end to be attractive, not repulsive, of the great American community along the edge of which Canada lies, and to which the British portion of her population is

drawn by identity of race, language, religion, and general institutions; the French portion by its connection with the Roman Catholic Church of the States; the whole by economic influences, against which artificial arrangements and sentiments contend in vain, and which are gathering strength and manifesting their ascendancy from hour to hour.

An enumeration of the forces which make in favor of the present connection will show their secondary and, for the most part, transient character. The chief of them appear to be these:—

a. The reactionary tendencies of the priesthood which rules French Canada, and which fears that any change might disturb its solitary reign. Strong this force has hitherto been, but its strength depends on isolation, and isolation cannot be permanent. Even the “palæocrystallic” ice which envelops French Canada will melt at last, and when it does French reaction will be at an end. We have already noted two agencies which are working towards this result—the leaven of American sentiment brought back by French Canadians who have sojourned as artisans in the States, and the ecclesiastical aggressiveness of the Jesuits.

b. “United Empire Loyalism,” which has its chief seat in Ontario. Every revolution has its reaction, and in the case of the American Revolution the reaction took the form of a migration of the Royalists to Canada, where lands were assigned them, and where they became the political progenitors of the Canadian Tory party, while the “Reformers” are the offspring of a subsequent immigration of Scotch Presbyterians, mingled with wanderers from the United States. The two immigrations were arrayed against each other in 1837, when, though the United Empire Loyalists were victorious in the field, the political victory ultimately rested with the Reformers. United Empire Loyalism is still strong in some districts, while in others the descendants of Royalist exiles are found in the ranks of the opposite party. But the whole party is now in the position of the Jacobites after the extinction of the House of Stuart. England has formally recognised the American Revolution, taken part in the celebration of its centenary, and through her ambassador saluted its flag. Anti-

revolutionary sentiment ceases to have any meaning, and its death cannot be far off.

c. The influence of English immigrants, especially in the upper ranks of the professions, in the high places of commerce, and in the press. These men have retained a certain social ascendancy; they have valued themselves on their birth in the imperial country and the superior traditions which they supposed it to imply; they have personally cherished the political connection, and have inculcated fidelity to it with all their might. But their number is rapidly decreasing; as they die off natives take their places, and Canada will soon be in Canadian hands. Immigration generally is falling off; upper-class immigration is almost at an end, there being no longer a demand for anything but manual labor; and the influence of personal connection with England will cease to rule. The press is passing into the hands of natives, who are fast learning to hold their own against imported writing in literary skill, while they have an advantage in their knowledge of the country.

d. While the British troops remained in Canada, their officers formed a social aristocracy of the most powerful kind, and exercised a somewhat tyrannical influence over opinion. The traces of this influence still remain; but, with the exception of the reduced garrison of Halifax, the military occupation has ceased, and is not likely to be renewed.

e. The Anglican Church in Canada clings to its position as a branch of the great State Church of England, and, perhaps, a faint hope of re-establishment may linger in the breasts of the bishops, who still retain the title of "lords." We have already said that the roots of Anglicanism in Canada do not appear to be strong, and its chief source of reinforcement will be cut off by the discontinuance of upper-class emigration. It is rent in Canada, as in England, by the conflict between the Protestants and the Ritualists; and in Canada, there being no large endowments or legal system to clamp the hostile elements together, discord has already taken the form of disruption. As to the other churches, they have a connection with England, but not with England more than with the United States. The connection of Canadian

Methodism with the United States is very close.

f. Orangism is strong in British Canada, as indeed is every kind of association except the country. It retains its filial connection with its Irish parent, and is ultra-British on condition that Great Britain continues anti-papal. Old Irish quarrels are wonderfully tenacious of life, yet they must one day die, and Orangism must follow them to the grave.

g. The social influence of English aristocracy and of the little court of Ottawa over colonists of the wealthier class. With this, to dismiss at once a theme more congenial to the social humorist than to the political observer, we may couple the influence of those crumbs of titular honor which English aristocracy sometimes allows to fall from its table into colonial mouths. If such forces cannot be said to be transient, the tendencies of human nature being perpetual, they may at least be said to be secondary; they do not affect the masses, and they do not affect the strong.

h. Antipathy to the Americans, bred by the old wars, and nursed by British influences, military and aristocratic, not without the assistance of the Americans themselves, who in the case of the Fenian raids, and in other cases, have vented on Canada their feelings against England. This antipathy, so far as it prevails, leads those who entertain it to cling to an anti-American connection. But generally speaking it is very hollow. It does not hinder young Canadians from going by hundreds to seek their fortunes in the United States. It does not hinder wealthy Americans who have settled in Canada from finding seats at once in the Canadian Parliament. It never, in fact, goes beyond talk. So far as it partakes of the nature of contempt it can hardly fail to be modified by the changed attitude of the British aristocracy, who have learned to exhibit something more than courtesy towards the victorious republic; while the Americans, it may be reasonably presumed, now that the cause of irritation is removed, will not think it wise to make enemies of a people whose destinies are inextricably blended with their own.

i. The special attachment naturally felt by the politicians as a body to the system with reference to which their parties have

been formed, and with which the personal ambition of most of them is bound up. Perhaps of all the forces which make for the present connection, this is the strongest; it has proved strong enough, when combined with the timidity and the want of independence which lifelong slavery to a faction always breeds, to prevent any Canadian politician from playing a resolute part in such efforts as there have been to make Canada a nation. In some cases it is intensified by commercial connections with England, or by social aspirations, more or less definite, which have England for their goal. In this respect the interest of the politicians, as a class, is distinct from, and is liable to clash with, the real interest of the community at large. So in the case of Scotland, it was the special interest of the politicians to resist the union, as, without special pressure and inducements, they would probably have persisted in doing: it was the interest of the people to accept the union, as the flood of prosperity which followed its acceptance clearly showed. In the case of Scotland the interest of the people triumphed at last; and it will probably triumph at last in Canada.

Such, we say, are the chief forces that make for the existing connection; and we repeat that they appear to be secondary and for the most part transient. United, all these strands may make a strong cable; but one by one they will give way, and the cable will cease to hold. This conviction is quite consistent with the admission that the connectionist sentiment is now dominant, especially in Ontario; that in Ontario it almost exclusively finds expression on the platform and in the press; and that the existence of any other opinions can only be inferred from reticence, or discovered by private intercourse. A visitor may thus be led to believe and to report that the attachment of the whole population to the present system is unalterable, and that the connection must endure for ever. Those who have opportunities of looking beneath the surface, may at the same time have grounds for thinking that, on economical subjects at least, the people have already entered on a train of thought which will lead them to a different goal.

What has been the uniform course of

events down to the present time? Where are the American dependencies of Spain, Portugal, France, and Holland? Those on the continent, with unimportant exceptions, are gone, and those in the islands are going; for few suppose that Spain can keep Cuba very long. Of the English colonies on the continent, the mass, and those that have been long founded, have become independent; and every one now sees, what clear-sighted men saw at the time, that the separation was inevitable, and must soon have been brought about by natural forces apart from the accidental quarrel. If Canada has been retained, it is by the reduction of imperial supremacy to a form. Self-government is independence; perfect self-government is perfect independence; and all the questions that arise between Ottawa and Downing Street, including the recent question about appeals, are successively settled in favor of self-government. Diplomatic union between two countries in different hemispheres with totally different sets of external relations, common responsibility for each other's quarrels, and liability to be involved in each other's wars—these incidents of dependence remain, and these alone. Is it probable that this last leaf can continue to flutter on the bough for ever? Lord Derby some years ago said that everybody knew that Canada must soon be an independent nation. Now he thinks the tide of opinion has turned in favor of imperialism, and he turns with the tide. But what he takes for the turn of the tide may be merely the receding wave; and he forgets what the last wave swept away. It swept away the military occupation, with all its influences, political and social. Even since that time the commercial unity of the empire has been formally abandoned in the case of the Australian tariffs; and now the marriage law of the colonies is clashing with that of the mother country in the British House of Commons.

It is, perhaps, partly the recoil of feeling from a severance felt to be imminent, as well as the temporary influence of Conservative reaction in England, that has led to the revival in certain quarters, with almost convulsive vehemence, of the plan of imperial confederation. Certainly if such a plan is ever to be carried into effect, this is the propitious hour. The spirit of

aggrandisement is in the ascendant, and the colonies are all on good terms with the mother country. Yet of the statesmen who dally with the project and smile upon its advocates, not one ventures to take a practical step towards its fulfilment. On the contrary, they are accessory to fresh inroads upon imperial unity, both in the judicial and in the fiscal sphere. Colonial governors talk with impressive vagueness of some possible birth of the imperial future, as though the course of events, which has been hurrying the world through a series of rapid changes for the last century, [would now stand still, and impracticable aspirations would become practical by the mere operation of time; but no colonial governor or imperial statesman has ventured to tell us, even in the most general way, to what it is that he looks forward, how it is to be brought about, or even what dependencies the confederation is to include. It is therefore needless to rehearse all the arguments against the feasibility of such a scheme. The difficulties which beset the union under the same parliamentary government of two countries in different parts of the world, with different foreign relations and differing internally in political spirit, would of course be multiplied in the case of a union of twenty or thirty countries scattered over the whole globe, bound together by no real tie of common interest, and ignorant of each other's concerns. The first meeting of such a conclave would, we may be sure, develop forces of disunion far stronger than the vague sentiment of union arising from a very partial community of descent and a very imperfect community of language, which would be the sole ground of the federation. Even to frame the agreement as to the terms of union with the shifting parties and ephemeral cabinets of a score of colonies under constitutional government would be no easy task. The two Parliaments, one National, the other Federal, which it is proposed to establish in order to keep the national affairs of England separate from those of the Imperial Federation, would be liable to be brought into fatal conflict and thrown into utter confusion by the ascendancy of different parties, say a war party and a peace party, in the National and the Federal House. The veriest Chinese puzzle in politics would be a practicable constitu-

tion, if you could only get the real forces to conduct themselves according to the programme. It was not in the programme of Canadian confederation that the provinces should form separate interests in the Federal Parliament, and force the party leaders to bid against each other for their support; though any one who had studied actual tendencies in connection with the system of party government might have pretty confidently predicted that such would be the result. That England would allow questions of foreign policy, of armaments, and of peace and war to be settled for her by any councils but her own, it is surely most chimerical to suppose. A swarm of other difficulties would probably arise out of the perpetual vicissitudes of the party struggle in each colony, the consequent inability of the delegates to answer for the real action of their own governments, and the estrangement of the delegates themselves from colonial interest and connections by their necessary residence in England. An essential condition of federation appears to be tolerable equality among the members, or freedom from the ascendancy of any overweening power; but for a century to come at least the power of England in the Federal Council would be overweening; and to obviate this difficulty some advocates of the scheme actually propose to repeal the union of England with Scotland and Ireland, so that she may be reduced to a manageable element of a Pan-britannic confederation. They have surely little right to call other people disunionists, if any opprobrious meaning attaches to that term.

Supposing such a confederation to be practicable, of what use, apart from the vague feeling of aggrandisement, would it be? Where would be the advantage of taking from each of these young communities its political centre (which must also be, to some extent, its social and intellectual centre), and of accumulating them in the already overgrown capital of England? Does experience tell us that unlimited extension of territory is favorable to intensity of political life, or to anything which is a real element of happiness or of greatness? Does it not tell us that the reverse is the fact, and that the interest of history centres not in megalosaurian empires, but in states the

body of which has not been out of proportion to the brain? Surely it would be well to have some distinct idea of the object to be attained before commencing this unparalleled struggle against geography and nature. It can hardly be military strength. Military strength is not gained by dispersion of forces, by presenting vulnerable points in every quarter of the globe, or by embracing and undertaking to defend communities which, whatever may be their fighting qualities, in their policy are thoroughly unmilitary, and unmilitary will remain. Mr. Forster in fact gives us to understand that the Pan-britannic empire is to present a beneficent contrast to the military empires; that it is to be an empire of peace. But in that case it must, like other Quaker institutions, depend for its safety on the morality and forbearance of the holders of real and compact power, which is very far from being the dream of the advocates of "a great game."

In all these projects of Pan-britannic empire there lurks the assumption of a boundless multiplication of the Anglo-Saxon race. What are the grounds for this assumption? Hitherto it has appeared that races, as they grow richer, more luxurious, more fearful of poverty, more amenable to the restraints of social pride, have become less prolific. There is reason to suppose that in the United States the Anglo-Saxon race is far less prolific than the Irish, who are even supplanting the Anglo-Saxons in some districts of England, as the Home-Rule compliances of candidates for northern boroughs show. But the Irish element is small compared with the vast reservoir of industrial population in China, which is now beginning to overflow, and seems as likely as the Anglo-Saxon race to inherit Australia, where it has already a strong foothold, as well as the coast of the Pacific.

Canada, however, with regard to the problem of imperial confederation stands by herself, presenting, from her connection with the United States, difficulties from which in the case of the Australian colonies the problem is free. Of this some of the advocates of the policy of aggrandisement show themselves aware by frankly proposing to let Canada go.

It is taken for granted that political dependence is the natural state of all colo-

nies, and that there is something unfilial and revolutionary in proposing that a colony should become a nation. But what is a colony? We happen to have derived the term from a very peculiar set of institutions, those Roman colonies which had no life of their own, but were merely the military and political outposts of the Imperial republic. With the Roman colonies may be classed the Athenian cleruchies and, substituting the commercial for the political object, the factories of Carthage. But colonies generally speaking are migrations, and, as a rule, they have been independent from the beginning. Independent from the beginning, so far as we know, were the Phœnician colonies, Carthage herself among the number. Independent from the beginning were those Greek colonies in Italy which rapidly outran their mother cities in the race of material greatness. Independent from the beginning were the Saxon and Scandinavian colonies, and all those settlements of the Northern tribes which founded England herself with the other nations of modern Europe. So far as we can see, the original independence in each case was an essential condition of vigour and success. No Roman colony, Athenian cleruchy, or Carthaginian factory ever attained real greatness. New England, the germ and organizer of the American communities, was practically independent for a long time after her foundation, the attention of the English government being engrossed by troubles at home; but she retained a slender thread of theoretic dependence by which she was afterwards drawn back into a noxious and disastrous subordination. That thread was the feudal tie of personal allegiance, a tie utterly irrational when carried beyond the feudal pale, and by the recent naturalisation treaties now formally abolished; yet probably the main cause of the continued subjection of the Transatlantic colonies, and of the calamities which flowed both to them and to the mother country from that source.

It is natural that British statesmen should shrink from a formal act of separation, and that in their brief and precarious tenure of power they should be unwilling to take the burden and possible odium of such a measure upon themselves. But no one, we believe, ventures

to say that the present system will be perpetual; certainly not the advocates of imperial confederation, who warn us that unless England by a total change of system draws her colonies nearer to her, they will soon drift further away.

Apart from lingering sentiment, it seems not easy to give reasons, so far as Canada is concerned, for struggling to prolong the present system. The motives for acquiring and holding dependencies in former days were substantial if they were not good. Spain drew tribute directly from her dependencies. England thought she drew it indirectly through her commercial system. It was also felt that the military resources of the colonies were at the command of the mother country. When the commercial system was relinquished, and when self-government transferred to the colonies the control of their own resources, the financial and military motives ceased to exist. But the conservative imagination supplied their place with the notion of political tutelage, feigning — though, as we have seen, against all the evidence of history — that the colony, during the early stages of its existence, needed the political guidance of the mother country in order to fit it to become a nation. Such was the language of colonial statesmen generally till the present Conservative reaction again brought into fashion something like the old notion of aggrandisement, though for tribute and military contingents, the solid objects of the old policy, is now substituted "prestige." That the political connection between England and Canada is a source of military security to either, nobody, we apprehend, maintains. The only vulnerable point which England presents to the United States is the defenceless frontier of Canada; the only danger to which Canada is exposed is that of being involved in a quarrel between the aristocracy of England and the democracy of the United States. Defenceless, it is believed, the frontier of Upper Canada has been officially pronounced to be, and the chances of a desperate resistance to the invader in the French province can scarcely be rated very high. It is said that the British fleet would bombard New York. If Canada were in the hands of the enemy, the bombardment of New York would hardly

alleviate her condition. But the bombardment of New York might not be an easy matter. The force of floating coast defences seems now to be growing superior to that of ocean-going navies. Besides, America would choose the moment when England was at war with some other naval power. Soldiers and sailors, and of the best quality, England might no doubt find in Canada; but she would have to pay for them more than she pays for soldiers and sailors recruited at home. Whether morality is embodied in Bismarck or not, modern policy is; and Bismarck seems not to covet distant dependencies; he prefers solid and concentrated power.

"Commerce follows the flag," is a saying which it seems can still be repeated by a statesman; but, like the notion that dependencies are a source of military strength, it is a mere survival from a departed system. Commerce followed the flag when the flag was that of a power which enforced exclusive trading. But exclusive trading has given way, as an imperial principle, to free trade, and the colonies, in the exercise of their fiscal power of self-government, have dissolved the commercial unity of the empire. They frame their independent tariffs, laying, in some cases, heavy duties on English goods. It will hardly be contended that, apart from commercial legislation, colonial purchasers inquire whether goods were produced under the British flag. "The best customer," says Sir George Lewis, "which a nation can have is a thriving and industrious community, whether it be dependent or independent. The trade between England and the United States is probably far more profitable to the mother country than it would have been if they had remained in a state of dependence upon her." As to Canada, what she needs, and needs most urgently, is free access to the market of her own continent, from which, as a dependency of England, she is excluded by the customs line. With free access to the market of her own continent, she might become a great manufacturing country; but manufactures are now highly specialised, and to produce with advantage you must produce on a large scale. Nor is the evil confined to manufactures; the farm products of Canada are depreciated by ex-

clusion from their natural market, and the lumber trade, which is her great industry, will be in serious jeopardy, since, by the fall of wages in the States, the production of lumber there has been rendered nearly as cheap as it is in Canada, while Canadian lumber is subject to a heavy duty. The projects for opening markets in Australia merely serve to show how severely Canada feels the want of a market close at hand. Cut off any belt of territory commercially from the continent to which it belongs, industry will be stunted, the inflow of capital will be checked, and impoverishment will follow isolation. The Canadians will find this out in time, and the discovery will be the first step towards a change of system.

It is true that Canada has drawn a good deal of British capital into works little remunerative to the investors, though, perhaps, not more than the United States and other countries with which there was no political connection. But, if we consider credit as well as cash, the gain must be pronounced doubtful, and it is balanced by such a work as the Intercolonial Railway, into which Canada has been led by imperial influence, and which, after costing more than four millions sterling, will, as some leading Canadian men of business think, hardly "pay for the grease upon the wheels." The Pacific Railway, and the indemnity which Canada is forced to pay to British Columbia for the non-performance of an impracticable treaty, are too likely, in the opinion of many, to furnish another illustration of the expensiveness of the imperial connection.

That emigration is favorably influenced by political dependency is another lingering belief which seems now to have no foundation in fact, though it had in the days when emigration was a government affair. The stream of emigration, in ordinary times, sets, as has often been proved, not towards Canada, but towards the United States; and of the emigrants who land in Canada a large proportion afterwards pass the line, while there is a constant exodus of French Canadians from their own poor and overpeopled country (overpeopled so long as it is merely agricultural) to the thriving industries and high wages of the States. Emigrants, whose object is to improve their material condition, are probably

little influenced by political considerations; they go to the country which offers the best openings and the highest wages; but English peasants and artisans would be likely, if anything, to prefer the social elevation promised them in the land of equality to anything like a repetition of the social subjection in which they have lived at home, while by the Irishman escape from British rule is deemed escape from oppression.

Whether the tutelage of the mother country has ever been useful to a colony even in its infancy, except where there was actual need of military protection, is a question to which the language of the adherents of the colonial system themselves, when reviewing the history of colonial government, seems to suggest a negative reply. "Hitherto," says Mr. Roebuck, "those of our possessions termed colonies have not been governed according to any settled rule or plan. Caprice and chance have decided generally everything connected with them; and if success has in any case attended the attempts of the English people to establish colonies, that success has been obtained in spite of the mischievous intermeddling of the English government, not in consequence of its wise and provident assistance." Such is the refrain of almost all the works on the colonies whether they treat of the general administration or of some special question, such as that of the Crown lands, which appears to have been solved by Downing Street in various ways, but always wrong. Not by government, but by fugitives from the tyranny of government, the great American colony was founded; unaided and unregulated it grew, and laid the deep foundations of society in the New World. With tutelage came blundering, jobbery, mischief of all kinds, and at last a violent rupture, which, injurious as it was to the mother country, inflicted a still greater injury on the colony by launching it on the career of democracy with a violent revolutionary bias, whereas it needed a bias in favor of respect for authority. The presence of the British ambassador at the Centenary was not only the ratification of the revolt, but the condemnation of the colonial system. After the American Revolution, the next step of the British government was to divert the stream of English emigration

from America—where there was abundant room for it, and whither, the pioneer work having then been done, it would have been most profitably directed—to Australia, where the pioneer work had to be done over again, measures being at the same time taken to taint the new society with convict blood. To what good this scattering of English emigration has led, beyond the poetic conception of a boundless empire, it would seem difficult to say; and Canada, before she expresses conventional joy at the annexation of Fiji, should ask herself whether a new colony is anything more to her than a new competitor for the labor which is her prime need. In Canada herself, tutelage, while it was really exercised, led to every sort of evil. Government was jobbed by an oligarchy called the Family Compact, which Downing Street supported, not from bad motives, but from sheer ignorance of facts, till the misrule ended in the insurrection of 1837. Things have gone smoothly only since real tutelage has departed, and left nothing but an image of royalty which reigns with gracious speeches and hospitality, but does not govern. There has been no want of good intentions on the part of English statesmen, nor would it be reasonable to suppose that there has been any special want of wisdom; probably no other statesmen would have done so well; but the task imposed on them was hopeless. One tree might as well be set to regulate the growth of another tree, as one nation to regulate the growth of another nation; and in this case the two trees are of different sorts and planted under different skies.

We can imagine the single mind of a despot moulding the political character of a colony, if not well, at least with adequate knowledge, with intelligence, and upon a definite plan. But England is not a single mind. England is the vast and motley mass of voters, including, since the Conservative Reform Bill, the most uneducated populace of the towns—people who, in politics, do not know their right hand from their left, who cannot tell the name of the leader of their own party, who vote for blue or yellow, and are led by senseless local cries, by bribery, or by beer. These are the political tutors of Canada, a country in which both wealth and education are more

diffused than they are here. How much does the average Englishman, or even the educated Englishman, know about Canadian politics? As much as Canadians know about the politics of Tasmania or the Cape. In *Phineas Finn* the hero of the tale, being under-secretary for the colonies, goes on a message to Marylebone "to find what the people there think about the Canadas." His report is, "Not one man in a thousand cares whether the Canadians prosper or fail to prosper. They care that Canada should not go to the States, because, though they don't love the Canadians, they do hate the Americans. That's about the feeling in Marylebone, and it's astonishing how like the Maryleboners are to the rest of the world." It will hardly be said that this is an unfair picture of a Londoner's normal frame of mind with regard to Canadian questions, or that Dorsetshire and Tipperary are better informed than London. When did a Canadian question influence an English election? How often is Canada mentioned in a election address? Canadian journals are never tired of exposing what they deem the scandalous ignorance of the leading journals of England on Canadian subjects, but they fail to draw the obvious moral. If the *Times* blunders, are the leaders of English opinion generally, and their constituents, likely to be better instructed and to decide aright? Burke, writing of the American Revolution, said that he could trace all the mischief "to the single source of not having had steadily before our eyes a general, comprehensive, and well-proportioned view of the whole of our dominions, and a just sense of their true bearings and relations." To say nothing of the ordinary holders of political power, in how many English statesmen, occupied as English statesmen are with home questions and party struggles, would Burke have found this comprehensive view, or the knowledge necessary for the formation of it? The Colonial Secretary himself is as often as not a man personally unacquainted with the colonies, not called to his post by special aptitude, but placed in it by party convenience. He must often depend for his information on such colonists as may find special access to Downing Street, or on the reports of governors, who, being images of royalty, are apt like

royalty to be screened from truth. A peer he may be, but his peerage will not make him a Providence. The annexation of Manitoba and of British Columbia to Canada—with which the latter, at all events, has no geographical connection—is by some thought to have been a disastrous, by all allowed to have been a most critical, step: it was taken under the auspices of the late Lord Lytton, a brilliant and prolific novelist, brought into the government to make set speeches.

If any one supposes that the retention in Canada of the forms of monarchy excludes or mitigates any of the political evils, or even the coarseness to which democracy is liable in its crude condition, a year's residence in the country, a month's perusal of the party newspapers, or an hour's conversation with any Canadian man of business who has watched politics without taking part in them, will probably settle his opinion on that subject. That monarchical forms are no safeguard against corruption is a fact of which, unhappily, the colony has of late years had decisive proof. If the inquirer wishes to enlarge the basis of his induction, let him go through a file of Australian journals; he will there find a picture of public life, public character, and senatorial manners decidedly below the level of the better States of the Union. Canada has escaped the elective judiciary, but so has Massachusetts; and both that and the removable civil service were the work not of real Republicans, but of the Democratic party, that is, of the slave-owning oligarchy of the South using as its instruments the Northern mob. Her exemption from the civil war and its fiscal consequences Canada owes merely to her separation from the States; it would have been the same had she been an independent nation. Had the political connection with Great Britain never existed, and had the weight of Canada been early thrown into the scale of freedom, there might have been no civil war.

In the case of the Pacific Railway scandal, the Governor-General may be said to have formally avowed himself a *fainéant*. He decided that he was absolutely bound to follow the advice of his ministers, even when those ministers lay under the heaviest charges of corruption, and even as to the mode in which the investigation into those charges should

be conducted; and his conduct was approved by the Home Government. He has, therefore, no authority, and of nothing nothing comes.

Most readers of the *Fortnightly* are probably prepared to regard with tolerance the proposition that figments and hypocrisies do no more good in politics than they do in general life. In Canadian politics they do much evil by blinding public men and the people generally to the real requirements of the situation. The hereditary principle was dead at its root; its work was done, and its age had passed away in the more advanced portion of humanity when the communities of the New World were founded. It lingers on, as things do linger on, in its native soil; but it can furnish no sound basis for government in the soil of reason and equality. The only conceivable basis for government in the New World is the national will; and the political problem of the New World is how to build a strong, stable, enlightened, and impartial government on that foundation. That it is a very difficult problem, daily experience in Canada, as well as in the neighboring republic, shows, and to be successfully resolved it must be seen in its true bearings, which the ostensible retention of the hereditary principle as the security for good and stable government obscures. Canada, though adorned with the paraphernalia of eight constitutional monarchies (one central and seven provincial), is a democracy of the most pronounced kind; the Governor-General was not wrong in saying that she is more democratic than the United States, where the President is an elective king, and where the Senate, which though elective is conservative, possesses great power, whereas the nominated Senate of Canada is a cypher. Demagogism and the other pests of democratic institutions are not to be conjured away by forms and phrases; they can be repressed and prevented from ruining the State only by developing remedial forces of a really effective kind, and by adjusting the actual machinery of the constitution so as to meet the dangers which experience may reveal. The treason law of the Plantagenets with which, as well as with the Lord Chamberlain's code of precedence, Canada is endowed, is not of much use to her while she is left without any legal

means of repressing her real cancer, political corruption. Loyalty to the fainéant deputy of a distant Crown may be in a certain sense real; it may be felt by those who profess it; but it probably does not often prompt to a good political action, and it certainly never restrains from a bad one. Among Canadians, as among American politicians, the most "truly loyal" are often the most unscrupulous and corrupt. They are often, through the whole course of their public lives, disloyal to everything that represents public honor and the public good. A provincial court adds flunkeyism to demagogism without making the demagogue less profligate, less dangerous, or less vile. It does not even make him less coarse. No refining influence can really be exercised by a few dinners and receptions even over the small circle which attends them; while the social expenditure and display which are imposed on the Governor-General as the condition of his popularity in the colony, and of the maintenance of his reputation at home, are anything but a wholesome example for colonial society, which on the contrary needs an example of hospitality and social enjoyment cultivated in an easy and inexpensive way.

At present the bane of Canada is party government without any question on which parties can be rationally or morally based. The last question of sufficient importance to form a rational and moral basis for a party was that of the Clergy Reserves and the Church Establishment, since the settlement of which there has been absolutely no dividing line between the parties or assignable ground for their existence, and they have become mere factions, striving to engross the prizes of office by the means which faction everywhere employs. The consequences are the increasing ascendancy of the worst men, and the political demoralisation of a community, which, if a fair chance were given it, would furnish as sound a basis for good government as any community in the world. Of course England cannot be charged with introducing the party system into Canada; but she does fling over it the glamor of British association, and beguile a country really abandoned to all the instability and all the degrading influences of government by faction with the ostensible stability and dignity of the hereditary Crown. Indeed, the

provision in the draught of confederation that both the parties should be considered in the first nomination of senators is, perhaps, the only authoritative recognition which the party system has ever received. In common with the other colonies, Canada is deemed happy in being endowed with a counterpart of the British Constitution. The British Constitution, putting aside the legal forms and phrases, is government by party; and whatever government by party may be in England, where there are some party questions left, in Canada it is a most noxious absurdity, and is ruining the political character of the people.

When Canadian Nationalists say that patriotism is a good thing, they are told to keep their wisdom for the copy-books; and the rebuke would be just if those who administer it would recognise the equally obvious truth, that there can be no patriotism without nationality. In a dependency there is no love of the country, no pride in the country; if an appeal is made to the name of the country no heart responds as the heart of an Englishman responds when an appeal is made to the name of England. In a dependency every bond is stronger than that of country, every interest prevails over that of the country. The province, the sect, Orangism, Fenianism, Freemasonry, Odd Fellowship are more to the ordinary Canadian than Canada. So it must be while the only antidote to sectionalism in a population with strongly marked differences of race and creed is the sentiment of allegiance to a distant throne. The young Canadian leaving his native country to seek his fortune in the States feels no greater wrench than a young Englishman would feel in leaving his county to seek his fortune in London. Want of nationality is attended, too, with a certain want of self-respect, not only political but social, as writers on colonial society and character have observed. Wealthy men in a dependency are inclined to look to the imperial country as their social centre and the goal of their social ambition, if not as their ultimate abode, and not only their patriotic munificence but their political and social services are withdrawn from the country of their birth.

Mr. Trollope finds himself compelled to confess that in passing from the United

States into Canada you pass "from a richer country into one that is poorer, from a greater country into one that is less." You pass from a country embracing in itself the resources of a continent, into one which is a narrow section of that continent cut off commercially from the rest; you pass from a country which is a nation into a country which is not a nation.

On the other hand, there were reasons which, not only to patriotic Canadians, but to patriotic Americans, if they took a comprehensive view of the interests of their country, seemed strong for wishing that Canada should remain politically separate from the United States. Democracy is a great experiment, which might be more safely carried on by two nations than by one. By emulation, mutual warning and correction, mutual supplementation of defects, they might have helped each other in the race and steadied each other's steps; a balance of opinion might have been established on the continent, though a balance of power cannot; and the wave of dominant sentiment which spreads over that vast democracy like the tide running in over a flat, might have been usefully restricted in its sweep by the dividing line. Nor was there any insurmountable obstacle in the way. Canada is wanting in unity of race; but not more so than Switzerland, whose three races have been thoroughly welded together by the force of nationality. She is wanting in compactness of territory, but not more so, perhaps, than some other nations—Prussia, for instance—have been. In this latter respect, however, the situation has been seriously altered by the annexation of Manitoba and British Columbia, which in their present raw condition have no influence beyond that of distant possessions, but which, when peopled and awakened to commercial life, will be almost irresistibly attracted by the economical forces to the States which adjoin them on the south, and will thus endanger the cohesion of the whole confederacy. The very form of the Dominion indeed, drawn out and attenuated as it is by these unnatural additions, apart from the attractive influence of Minnesota and California, would seriously imperil its political unity, as will be seen, if, instead of taking Canada as it is pre-

sented by the political map, the boundary line is drawn between the habitable portion and that which belongs only to Arctic frosts. In the debate on confederation it was urged by the advocates of the measure that seven sticks, though separately weak, when bound together in a faggot would be strong. "Yes," was the reply, "but not so seven fishing rods tied together by the ends."

As to the expense of a national government, it would probably not be greater than that of the governor-generalship and the seven lieutenant-governorships is at present. Diplomacy in these days of rapid communication may be cheaply done, and Canada would not need much of it: she has no Eastern question.

The question of military security has reference solely to the danger to be apprehended on the side of the United States; and danger on the side of the United States, supposing Canada disentangled from English quarrels, we believe that there is none. The Americans, as has been repeatedly observed, have since the fall of slavery given every proof of an unambitious disposition. They disbanded their vast armaments immediately on the close of the civil war, without waiting even for the Alabama question to be settled; they have refused to annex St. Domingo; they have observed a policy of strict non-intervention in the case of Cuba, which they might have made their own with the greatest ease; they have declined to take advantage of the pretexts furnished them in abundance, by border outrages, of conquering Mexico; it is very doubtful whether they would even have purchased Alaska, if Mr. Seward had not drawn them by secret negotiations into a position from which they could not well retreat. Slavery wanted conquest for the creation of new slave states, but with slavery the spirit of aggression appears to have died. Welcome Canada into the Union, if she came of her own accord, the Americans no doubt would. They would be strangely wanting in wisdom if they did not; for she would bring them as her dower not only complete immunity from attack and great economical advantages, but a political accession of the most valuable kind in the shape of a population, not like that of St. Domingo, Cuba, or Mexico, but trained to self-government, and

capable of lending fresh strength and vitality to republican institutions. It is true that, slavery having been abolished, the urgent need of adding to the number of the Free States in order to counterbalance the extension of slavery in the councils of the Union no longer exists; but there are still in the population of the United States large elements essentially non-republican—the Irish, the emigrants from Southern Germany, the negroes—to which, perhaps, may be added a considerable portion of Southern society itself, which can hardly fail to retain something of its old character while it continues to be composed of a superior and inferior race. Against these non-republican elements, the really republican element still needs to be fortified by all the reinforcements which it can obtain. Welcome Canada therefore into the Union the Americans no doubt would. But that they have the slightest inclination to lay violent hands upon her, that such a thought ever enters their minds, no one who has lived among them, and heard the daily utterances of a by no means reticent people, can believe. Apart from moral principle, they know that though a despotic government may simply annex, a republic must incorporate, and that to incorporate four millions of unwilling citizens would be to introduce into the republic a most dangerous mass of disaffection and disunion. That the Americans have been litigious in their dealings with Canada is true; but litigiousness is not piracy; and as we have already said the real object of their irritation has not been Canada, but England. The Monroe doctrine was held by Canning as well as by Monroe; and, irrespectively of any desire of aggrandisement, the intrusion of an American power here would probably give as much umbrage to England as the intrusion of the English power in their own continent gives to the people of the United States. That the Americans would feel pride in behaving generously towards a weaker State, will appear credible only to those who have seen enough of them to know that, though supposed to care for nothing but the dollar, they have in reality a good deal of pride.

As an independent nation, Canada would, of course, be at liberty to negotiate freely for the removal of the customs

line between herself and the United States, and for her admission to all the commercial advantages of her own continent. At present not only is she trammelled by imperial considerations, but it can hardly be expected that the American government will place itself on a lower international level than that of England by treating with a dependency as a nation, especially as there are constant intimations that the dependency is retained, and is being nursed up, with the view of making it a rival power to the United States, and thus introducing into the continent the germs of future jealousy, and possibly of war.

That Canada can ever be made a rival power to the United States—that, if she is only kept long enough in a state of dependence, there will be an indefinite increase of her population and her strength—seems to be little better than a rhetorical fancy. The barrier of slavery being removed, the set of population is likely to be, not towards the frozen north, where the winter, besides suspending labor and business, eats up the produce of the summer in the cost of fuel, but towards those countries in which warmth is provided by the sun, and work may be carried on during the whole year. The notion that the north is the natural seat of empire seems to have no more solid foundation. It is apparently a loose generalisation from the success of the northern tribes which conquered the Roman empire. It is forgotten that those northern warriors had not only been hardened by exposure to the full severity of the northern climate, but picked by the most rigorous process of natural selection. Stove heat is not less enervating than the heat of the sun. But a nation Canada, so far as we can see, might have been, had the attempt been vigorously made at the propitious moment, when, owing to the effects of the civil war in the United States, the balance of prosperity was decidedly in her favor, when her financial condition appeared immensely superior to that of her neighbor, and when the spirit of her people had been stirred by confederation. That opportunity was allowed to pass, and, in all probability, it will never return.

A movement in favor of nationality there was—one which had a twofold

claim to sympathy, because it was also a movement against faction and corruption, and which, though it has failed, has left honorable traces on public life. But it was not strong enough to make head against the influences which have their centre in the little court of Ottawa and the attacks of the lower class of politicians, who assailed it with the utmost ferocity, seeing clearly that the success of the higher impulse would not suit their game. Moreover, the French province interposed between the British provinces of the east and west, is a complete non-conductor, and prevents any pulsation from running through the whole body. It must further be owned that in industrial communities the economical motives are stronger than the political, and that the movement in favor of Canadian nationality had only political motives on its side. Perhaps the appearance of a great man might after all have turned the scale; but dependencies seldom produce great men.

Had the movement in favor of nationality succeeded, the first step would have been a legislative union, which would in time have quelled sectionalism and made up for the deficiency of material size and force by moral solidity and unity of spirit. Canada, as was said before, is hardly a proper subject for federal government, which requires a more numerous group of states and greater equality between them. Confederation as it exists, we repeat, has done little more than develop the bad side of democratic government. A project is now on foot for a legislative union between Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island; but this will only make matters worse by reducing the number of important states to three (Manitoba and British Columbia being in the merest infancy), two of which will be always combining against the third. That there would have been opposition to a legislative union of the whole of Canada on the part of Quebec is more than probable; but Quebec, if she had been handled with determination, would most likely have given way.

Canadian nationality being a lost cause, the ultimate union of Canada with the United States appears now to be morally certain; so that nothing is left for Canadian patriotism but to provide that it

shall be a union indeed, and not an annexation; an equal and honorable alliance like that of Scotland with England, not a submission of the weaker to the stronger; and at the same time that the political change shall involve no change of any other kind in the relations of Canada with her mother country. The filaments of union are spreading daily, though they may be more visible to the eye of one who sees Canada at intervals than to that of a constant resident. Intercourse is being increased by the extension of railways; the ownership and management of the railways themselves is forming an American interest in Canada; New York is becoming the pleasure, and, to some extent, even the business, capital of Canadians; American watering-places are becoming their summer resort; the periodical literature of the States, which is conducted with extraordinary spirit and ability, is extending its circulation on the northern side of the line; and the Canadians who settle in the States are multiplying the links of family connection between the two countries. To specify the time at which a political event will take place is hardly ever possible, however assured the event itself may be; and in the present instance the occurrence depends not only on the circumstances of Canada, where, as we have seen, there is a great complication of secondary forces, but on the circumstances of the United States. If the commercial depression which at present prevails in Canada continues or recurs, if Canadian manufactures are seen to be dying under the pressure of the customs line; if, owing to the depression or to overcostly undertakings, such as the Pacific Railway, financial difficulties arise; if, meantime, the balance of prosperity, which is now turning, shall have turned decisively in favor of the United States, and the reduction of their debt shall have continued at the present rate—the critical moment may arrive, and the politicians, recognising the voice of Destiny, may pass in a body to the side of Continental Union. It will be fortunate if a misunderstanding between the Canadian government and Downing Street about some question such as that respecting the pecuniary claims of British Columbia, which is now assuming such exaggerated proportions,

does not supervene to make the final dissolution of the political tie a quarrel instead of an amicable separation.

To Canada the economical advantages of continental union will be immense; to the United States its general advantages will be not less so. To England it will be no menace, but the reverse: it will be the introduction into the councils of the United States, on all questions, commercial as well as diplomatic, of an element friendly to England, the influence of which will be worth far more to her than the faint and invidious chance of building up Canada as a rival to the United States. In case of war, her greatest danger will be removed. She will lose neither wealth nor strength; probably she will gain a good deal of both. As to glory, we cannot do better than quote in conclusion the words of Palmerston's favorite colleague, and the

man to whom he, as was generally supposed, wished to bequeath his power:—

“There are supposed advantages flowing from the possession of dependencies, which are expressed in terms so general and vague, that they cannot be referred to any determinate head. Such, for example, is the glory which a country is supposed to derive from an extensive colonial empire. We will merely remark upon this imagined advantage, that a nation derives no true glory from any possession which produces no assignable advantage to itself or to other communities. If a country possesses a dependency from which it derives no public revenue, no military or naval strength, and no commercial advantages or facilities for emigration, which it would not equally enjoy though the dependency were independent, and if, moreover, the dependency suffers the evils which (as we shall show hereafter) are the almost inevitable consequences of its political condition, such a possession cannot justly be called glorious.”

Fortnightly Review.

THE RELIGION OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.S.

DURING the last few years a new sect has appeared which, though as yet small in numbers, is full of zeal and fervor. The faith professed by this sect may be called the religion of the Great Pyramid, the chief article of their creed being the doctrine that that remarkable edifice was built for the purpose of revealing—in the fulness of time, now nearly accomplished—certain noteworthy truths to the human race. The founder of the pyramid religion is described by one of the present leaders of the sect as ‘the late worthy John Taylor, of Gower Street, London;’ but hitherto the chief prophets of the new faith have been in this country Professor Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, and in France the Abbé Moigno. I propose to examine here some of the facts most confidently urged by pyramidalists in support of their views. But it will be well first to indicate briefly the doctrines of the new faith. They may be thus presented:

The great pyramid was erected, it would seem, under the instructions of a certain Semitic king, probably no other than Melchizedek. By supernatural means, the architects were instructed to

place the pyramid in latitude 30° north; to select for its figure that of a square pyramid, carefully oriented; to employ for their unit of length the sacred cubit corresponding to the 20,000,000th part of the earth's polar axis; and to make the side of the square base equal to just so many of these sacred cubits as there are days and parts of a day in a year. They were further, by supernatural help enabled to square the circle, and symbolised their victory over this problem by making the pyramid's height bear to the perimeter of the base the ratio which the radius of a circle bears to the circumference. Moreover, the great precessional period, in which the earth's axis gyrates like that of some mighty top around the perpendicular to the ecliptic, was communicated to the builders with a degree of accuracy far exceeding that of the best modern determinations, and they were instructed to symbolise that relation in the dimensions of the pyramid's base. A value of the sun's distance more accurate by far than modern astronomers have obtained (even since the recent transit) was imparted to them, and they embodied that dimension in the height

of the pyramid. Other results which modern science has achieved, but which by merely human means the architects of the pyramid could not have obtained, were 'also supernaturally communicated to them; so that the true mean density of the earth, her true shape, the configuration of land and water, the mean temperature of the earth's surface, and so forth, were either symbolised in the great pyramid's position, or in the shape and dimensions of its exterior and interior. In the pyramid also were preserved the true, because supernaturally communicated, standards of length, area, capacity, weight, density, heat, time, and money. The pyramid also indicated, by certain features of its interior structure, that when it was built the holy influences of the Pleiades were exerted from a most effective position — the meridian, viz. through the points where the ecliptic and equator intersect. And as the pyramid thus significantly refers to the past, so also it indicates the future history of the earth, especially in showing when and where the millennium is to begin. Lastly, the apex or crowning stone of the pyramid was no other than the antitype of that stone of stumbling and rock of offence, rejected by builders who knew not its true use, until it was finally placed as the chief stone of the corner. Whence naturally, 'whosoever shall fall upon it' — that is, upon the pyramid religion — 'shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder.'

If we examine the relations actually presented by the great pyramid — its geographical position, dimensions, shape, and internal structure — without hampering ourselves with the tenets of the new faith on the one hand, or on the other with any serious anxiety to disprove them, we shall find much to suggest that the builders of the pyramid were ingenious mathematicians, who had made some progress in astronomy, though not so much as they had made in the mastery of mechanical and scientific difficulties.

The first point to be noticed is the geographical position of the great pyramid, so far, at least, as this position affects the aspect of the heavens, viewed from the pyramid as from an observatory. Little importance, I conceive, can be attached to purely geographical relations in considering the pyramid's position.

Professor Smyth notes that the pyramid is peculiarly placed with respect to the mouths of the Nile, standing 'at the southern apex of the Delta-land of Egypt.' This region being shaped like a fan, the pyramid, set at the part corresponding to the handle, was, he considers, 'that monument pure and undefiled in its religion through an idolatrous land, alluded to by Isaiah; the monument which was both "an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof," and destined withal to become a witness in the latter days, and before the consummation of all things, to the same Lord, and to what He hath purposed upon mankind.' Still more fanciful are some other notes upon the pyramid's geographical position: as (i.) that there is more land along the meridian of the pyramid than on any other all the world round; (ii.) that there is more land in the latitude of the pyramid than in any other; and (iii.) that the pyramid territory of Lower Egypt is at the centre of the dry land habitable by man all the world over.

It does not seem to be noticed by those who call our attention to these points that such coincidences prove too much. It might be regarded as not a mere accident that the great pyramid stands at the centre of the arc of shoreline along which lie the outlets of the Nile; or it might be regarded as not a mere coincidence that the great pyramid stands at the central point of all the habitable land-surface of the globe; or, again, any one of the other relations above mentioned might be regarded as something more than a mere coincidence. But if, instead of taking only one or other of these four relations, we take all four of them, or even any two of them, together, we must regard peculiarities of the earth's configuration as the result of special design which certainly have not hitherto been so regarded by geographers. For instance, if it was by special design that the pyramid was placed at the centre of the Nile delta, and also by special design that the pyramid was placed at the centre of the land-surface of the earth, if these two relations are each so exactly fulfilled as to render the idea of mere accidental coincidence inadmissible, then it follows, of necessity, that it is through no merely accidental

coincidence that the centre of the Nile delta lies at the centre of the land-surface of the earth; in other words, the shoreline along which lie the mouths of the Nile has been designedly curved so as to have its centre so placed. And so of the other relations. The very fact that the four conditions *can* be fulfilled simultaneously is evidence that a coincidence of the sort may result from mere accident.* Indeed the peculiarity of geographical position which really seems to have been in the thoughts of the pyramid architects, introduces yet a fifth condition which by accident could be fulfilled along with the four others.

It would seem that the builders of the pyramid were anxious to place it in latitude 30° , as closely as their means of observation permitted. Let us consider what result they achieved, and the evidence thus afforded respecting their skill and scientific attainments. In our own time, of course, the astronomer has no difficulty in determining with great exactness the position of any given latitude-parallel. But at the time when the great pyramid was built it must have been a matter of very serious difficulty to determine the position of any required latitude-parallel with a great degree of exactitude. The most obvious way of dealing with the difficulty would have been by observing the length of shadows thrown by upright posts at noon in spring and autumn. In latitude 30° north, the sun at noon in spring (or, to speak precisely, on the day of the vernal equinox) is just twice as far from the horizon as he is from the point vertically overhead; and if a pointed post were set exactly upright at true noon (supposed to occur at the moment of the vernal or autumnal equinox), the shadow of the post would be exactly half as long as a line drawn from the top of the pole to the end of the shadow. But observations based on

this principle would have presented many difficulties to the architects of the pyramid. The sun not being a point of light, but a globe, the shadow of a pointed rod does not end in a well-defined point. The moment of true noon, which is not the same as ordinary or civil noon, never does agree exactly with the time of the vernal or autumnal equinox, and may be removed from it by any interval of time between zero and twelve hours. And there are many other circumstances which would lead astronomers, like those who doubtless presided over the scientific preparations for building the great pyramid, to prefer a means of determining the latitude depending on another principle. The stellar heavens would afford practically unchanging indications for their purpose. The stars being all carried round the pole of the heavens, as if they were fixed points in the interior of a hollow revolving sphere, it becomes possible to determine the position of the pole of the star-sphere, even though no bright conspicuous star actually occupies that point. Any bright star close by the pole is seen to revolve in a very small circle whose centre is the pole itself. Such a star is our present so-called pole-star; and, though in the days when the great pyramid was built, that star was not near the pole, another, and probably a brighter, star lay near enough to the pole* to serve as a pole-star, and to indi-

* Of course it may be argued that nothing in the world is the result of *mere* accident, and some may assert that even matters which are commonly regarded as entirely casual have been specially designed. It would not be easy to draw the precise line dividing events which all men would regard as to all intents and purposes accidental from those which some men would regard as results of special providence. But common sense draws a sufficient distinction, at least for our present purpose.

* This star, called *Thuban* from the Arabian *al-Thuban*, the Dragon, is now not very bright, being rated at barely above the fourth magnitude, but it was formerly the brightest star of the constellation, as its name indicates. Bayer also assigned to it the first letter of the Greek alphabet; though this is not absolutely decisive evidence that so late as his day it retained its superiority over the second magnitude stars to which Bayer assigned the second and third Greek letters. In the year 2790 B.C., or thereabouts, the star was at its nearest to the true north pole of the heavens, the diameter of the little circle in which it then moved being considerably less than one-fourth the apparent diameter of the moon. At that time the star must have seemed to all ordinary observation an absolutely fixed centre, round which all the other stars revolved. At the time when the pyramid was built this star was about sixty times farther removed from the true pole, revolving in a circle whose apparent diameter was about seven times as great as the moon's. Yet it would still be regarded as a very useful pole-

cate by its circling motion the position of the actual pole of the heavens. This was at that time, and for many subsequent centuries, the leading star of the great constellation called the Dragon.

The pole of the heavens, we know, varies in position according to the latitude of the observer. At the north pole it is exactly overhead; at the equator the poles of the heavens are both on the horizon; and, as the observer travels from the equator towards the north or south pole of the earth, the corresponding pole of the heavens rises higher and higher above the horizon. In latitude 30° north, or one-third of the way from the equator to the pole, the pole of the heavens is raised one-third of the way from the horizon to the point vertically overhead; and when this is the case, the observer knows that he is in latitude 30° . The builders of the great pyramid, with the almost constantly clear skies of Egypt, may reasonably be supposed to have adopted this means of determining the true position of that thirtieth parallel on which they appear to have designed to place the great building they were about to erect.

It so happens that we have the means of forming an opinion on the question whether they used one method or the other; whether they employed the sun or the stars to guide them to the geographical position they required. In fact, were it not for this circumstance, I should have thought it worth while to discuss the qualities of either method. It will presently be seen that the discussion bears importantly on the opinion we are to form of the skill and attainments of the pyramid architects. Every celestial object is apparently raised somewhat above its true position by the refractive powers of our atmosphere, being most raised when nearest the horizon, and least when nearest the point vertically overhead. This effect is, indeed, so marked on bodies close to the horizon that if the astronomers of the pyramid times had observed the sun, moon, and stars attentively when so placed, they could not have failed to discover the peculiarity. Probably, however, though they noted the time of rising and setting of the

celestial bodies, they only made instrumental observations upon them when these bodies were high in the heavens, and so remained ignorant of the refractive powers of the air.* Now, if they had determined the position of the thirtieth parallel of latitude by observations of the noonday sun (in spring or autumn), then since, owing to refraction, they would have judged the sun to be higher than he really was, it follows that they would have supposed the latitude of any station from which they observed to be lower than it really was. For the lower the latitude the higher is the noonday sun at any given season. Thus, when really in latitude 30° they would have supposed themselves in a latitude lower than 30° , and would have travelled a little farther north to find the proper place, as they would have supposed, for erecting the great pyramid. On the other hand, if they determined the place from observations of the movements of stars near the pole of the heavens, they would make an error of a precisely opposite nature. For the higher the latitude the higher is the pole of the heavens; and refraction, therefore, which apparently raises the pole of the heavens, gives to a station the appearance of being in a higher latitude than it really is, so that the observer would consider he was in latitude 30° north when in reality somewhat south of that latitude. We have only then to enquire whether the great pyramid was set north or south of latitude 30° , to ascertain whether the pyramid architects observed the noonday sun or circumpolar stars to determine their latitude; always assuming (as we reasonably may), that those architects did propose to set the pyramid in that particular latitude, and that they were able to make very accurate observations of the apparent positions of the celestial bodies, but that they were not acquainted with the refractive effects of the atmosphere. The answer comes in no doubtful terms. The centre of the great pyramid's base lies about one mile and a third *south* of the thirtieth parallel of latitude; and

star, especially as there are very few conspicuous stars in the neighborhood.

* Even that skilful astronomer Hipparchus, who may be justly called the father of observational astronomy, overlooked this peculiarity, which Ptolemy would seem to have been the first to recognise.

from this position the pole of the heavens, as raised by refraction, would appear to be very near indeed to the required position. In fact, if the pyramid had been set about half a mile still farther south the pole would have *seemed* just right.

Of course, such an explanation as I have here suggested appears altogether heretical to the pyramidalists. According to them the pyramid architects knew perfectly well where the true thirtieth parallel lay, and knew also all that modern science has discovered about refraction; but set the pyramid south of the true parallel and north of the position where refraction would just have made the apparent elevation of the pole correct, simply in order that the pyramid might correspond as nearly as possible to each of two conditions, whereof both could not be fulfilled at once. The pyramid would indeed, they say, have been set even more closely midway between the true and the apparent parallels of 30° north, but that the Jeezeh hill on which it is set does not afford a rock foundation any farther north. 'So very close,' says Professor Smyth, 'was the great pyramid placed to the northern brink of its hill, that the edges of the cliff might have broken off under the terrible pressure had not the builders banked up there most firmly the immense mounds of rubbish which came from their work, and which Strabo looked so particularly for 1,800 years ago, but could not find. Here they were, however, and still are, utilised in enabling the great pyramid to stand on the very utmost verge of its commanding hill, within the limits of the *two* required latitudes, as well as over the centre of the land's physical and radial formation, and at the same time on the sure and proverbially wise foundation of rock.'

The next circumstance to be noted in the position of the great pyramid (as of all the pyramids) is that the sides are carefully oriented. This, like the approximation to a particular latitude, must be regarded as an astronomical rather than a geographical relation. The accuracy with which the orientation has been effected will serve to show how far the builders had mastered the methods of astronomical observation by which orientation was to be secured. The

problem was not so simple as might be supposed by those who are not acquainted with the way in which the cardinal points are correctly determined. By solar observations, or rather by the observations of shadows cast by vertical shafts before and after noon, the direction of the meridian, or north and south line, can theoretically be ascertained. But probably in this case, as in determining the latitude, the builders took the stars for their guide. The pole of the heavens would mark the true north; and equally the pole-star, when below or above the pole, would give the true north, but, of course, most conveniently when below the pole. Nor is it difficult to see how the builders would make use of the pole-star for this purpose. From the middle of the northern side of the intended base they would bore a slant passage tending always from the position of the pole-star at its lower meridional passage, that star at each successive return to that position serving to direct their progress; while its small range, east and west of the pole, would enable them most accurately to determine the star's true mid-point below the pole; that is, the true north. When they had thus obtained a slant tunnel pointing truly to the meridian, and had carried it down to a point nearly below the middle of the proposed square base, they could, from the middle of the base, bore vertically downwards, until by rough calculation they were near the lower end of the slant tunnel; or both tunnels could be made at the same time. Then a subterranean chamber would be opened out from the slant tunnel. The vertical boring, which need not be wider than necessary to allow a plumb-line to be suspended down it, would enable the architects to determine the point vertically below the point of suspension. The slant tunnel would give the direction of the true north, either from that point or from a point at some known small distance east or west of that point.* Thus, a line from some

* It would only be by a lucky accident, of course, that the direction of the slant tunnel's axis and that of the vertical from the selected central point would lie in the same vertical plane. The object of the tunnelling would, in fact, be to determine how far apart the vertical planes through these points lay, and the odds would be great against the result proving to be zero.

ascertained point near the mouth of the vertical boring to the mouth of the slant tunnel would lie due north and south, and serve as the required guide for the orientation of the pyramid's base. If this base extended beyond the opening of the slant tunnel, then, by continuing this tunnelling through the base tiers of the pyramid, the means would be obtained of correcting the orientation.

This, I say, would be the course naturally suggested to astronomical architects who had determined the latitude in the manner described above. It may even be described as the only very accurate method available before the telescope had been invented. So that if the accuracy of the orientation appears to be greater than could be obtained by the shadow method, the natural inference, even in the absence of corroborative evidence, would be that the stellar method, and no other, had been employed. Now, in 1779, Nouet, by refined observations, found the error of orientation measured by less than 20 minutes of arc, corresponding roughly to a displacement of the corners by about $37\frac{1}{2}$ inches from their true position, as supposed to be determined from the centre; or to a displacement of a southern corner by 53 inches on an east and west line from a point due south of the corresponding northern corner. This error, for a base length of 9,140 inches, would not be serious, being only one inch in about five yards (when estimated in the second way). Yet the result is not quite worthy of the praise given to it by Professor Smyth. He himself, however, by much more exact observations, with an excellent altazimuth, reduced the alleged error from 20 minutes to only $4\frac{1}{2}$, or to 9-40ths of its formerly supposed value. This made the total displacement of a southern corner from the true meridian through the corresponding northern corner, almost exactly one foot, or one inch in about twenty-one yards—a degree of accuracy rendering it practically certain that some stellar method was used in orienting the base.

Now there is a slanting tunnel occupying precisely the position of the tunnel which should, according to this view, have been formed in order accurately to orient the pyramid's base, assuming that the time of the building of the pyramid

corresponded with one of the epochs when the star Alpha Draconis was distant $3^{\circ} 42'$ from the pole of the heavens. In other words, there is a slant tunnel directed northwards and upwards from a point deep down below the middle of the pyramid's base, and inclined $26^{\circ} 17'$ to the horizon, the elevation of Alpha Draconis at its lower culmination when $3^{\circ} 42'$ from the pole. The last epoch when the star was thus placed was *circa* 2160 B.C.; the epoch next before that was 3440 B.C.; and between these two we should have to choose on the hypothesis that the slant tunnel was really directed to that star when the foundations of the pyramid were laid. For the next epoch before the earlier of the two named was about 28000 B.C., and the pyramid's date cannot have been more remote than 4000 B.C.

The slant tunnel, while admirably fulfilling the requirements suggested, seems altogether unsuited for any other. Its transverse height (that is, its width in a direction perpendicular to its upper and lower faces) did not amount to quite four feet; its breadth was not quite three feet and a half. It was, therefore, not well fitted for an entrance passage to the subterranean chamber immediately under the apex of the pyramid (with which chamber it communicates in the manner suggested by the above theory). It could not have been intended to be used for observing meridian transits of the stars in order to determine sidereal time; for close circumpolar stars, by reason of their slow motion, are the least suited of all for such a purpose. As Professor Smyth says, in arguing against this suggested use of the star, 'no observer in his senses, in any existing observatory, when seeking to obtain the time, would observe the transit of a circumpolar star for anything else than *to get the direction of the meridian to adjust his instrument by.*' (The italics are his.) It is precisely such a purpose (the adjustment, however, not of an instrument, but of the entire structure of the pyramid itself), that I have suggested for this remarkable passage—this 'cream-white, stone-lined, long tube,' where it traverses the masonry of the pyramid, and below that dug through the solid rock to a distance of more than 350 feet.

Let us next consider the dimensions

of the square base thus carefully placed in latitude 30° north, to the best of the builders' power, with sides carefully oriented.

It seems highly probable that whatever special purpose the pyramid was intended to fulfil, a subordinate idea of the builders would have been to represent symbolically in the proportions of the building such mathematical and astronomical relations as they were acquainted with. From what we know by tradition of the men of the remote time when the pyramid was built, and what we can infer from the ideas of those who inherited, however remotely, the modes of thought of the earliest astronomers and mathematicians, we can well believe that they would look with superstitious reverence on special figures, proportions, numbers, and so forth. Apart from this, they may have had a quasi-scientific desire to make a lasting record of their discoveries, and of the collected knowledge of their time.

It seems altogether probable, then, that the smaller unit of measurement used by the builders of the great pyramid was intended, as Professor Smyth thinks, to be equal to the 500,000,000th part of the earth's diameter, determined from their geodetical observations. It was perfectly within the power of mechanics and mathematicians so experienced as they undoubtedly were—the pyramid attests so much—to measure with considerable accuracy the length of a degree of latitude. They could not possibly (always setting aside the theory of divine inspiration) have known anything about the compression of the earth's globe, and therefore could not have intended, as Professor Smyth supposes, to have had the 500,000,000th part of the earth's polar axis, as distinguished from any other, for their unit of length. But if they made observations in or near latitude 30° north, on the supposition that the earth is a globe, their probable error would exceed the difference even between the earth's polar and equatorial diameters. Both differences are largely exceeded by the range of difference among the estimates of the actual length of the sacred cubit, supposed to have contained twenty-five of these smaller units. And, again, the length of the pyramid base-side, on which Smyth bases his own estimate of the sacred cubit, has been vari-

ously estimated, the largest measure being 9,168 inches, and the lowest 9,110 inches. The fundamental theory of the pyramidalists, that the sacred cubit was exactly one 20,000,000th part of the earth's polar diameter, and that the side of the base contained as many cubits and parts of a cubit as there are days and parts of a day in the tropical year (or year of seasons), requires that the length of the side should be 9,140 inches, lying between the limits indicated, but still so widely removed from either that it would appear very unsafe to base a theory on the supposition that the exact length is or was 9,140 inches. If the measures 9,168 inches and 9,110 inches were inferior, and several excellent measures made by practised observers ranged around the length 9,140 inches, the case would be different. But the best recent measures gave respectively 9,110 and 9,130 inches; and Smyth exclaims against the unfairness of Sir H. James in taking 9,120 as 'therefore the [probable] true length of the side of the great pyramid when perfect,' calling this 'a dishonorable shelving of the honorable older observers with their larger results.' The only other measures, besides these two, are two by Colonel Howard-Vyse, and by the French *savants*, giving respectively 9,168 and 9,163.44 inches. The pyramidalists consider 9,140 inches a fair mean value from these four. The natural inference, however, is, that the pyramid base is not now in a condition to be satisfactorily measured; and assuredly no such reliance can be placed on the mean value 9,140 inches that, on the strength of it, we should believe what otherwise would be utterly incredible, viz. that the builders of the great pyramid knew 'both the size and shape of the earth exactly.' 'Humanly, or by human science, finding it out in that age was, of course, utterly impossible,' says Professor Smyth. But he is so confident of the average value derived from widely conflicting base measures as to assume that this value, not being humanly discoverable, was of necessity 'attributable to God and to his Divine inspiration.' We may agree, in fine, with Smyth, that the builders of the pyramid knew the earth to be a globe; that they took for their measure of length the sacred cubit, which, by their earth measures, they made very

fairly approximate to the 20,000,000th part of the earth's mean diameter; but there seems no reason whatever for supposing (even if the supposition were not antecedently of its very nature inadmissible) that they knew anything about the compression of the earth, or that they had measured a degree of latitude in their own place with very wonderful accuracy.*

But here a very singular coincidence may be noticed, or, rather, is forced upon our notice by the pyramidalists, who strangely enough recognise in it fresh evidence of design, while the unbeliever finds in it proof that coincidences are no sure evidence of design. The side of the pyramid containing $365\frac{1}{4}$ times the sacred cubit of 25 pyramid inches, it follows that the diagonal of the base contains 12,912 such inches, and the two diagonals together contain 25,824 pyramid inches, or almost exactly as many inches as there are years in the great precessional period. 'No one whatever amongst men,' says Professor Smyth, after recording various estimates of the precessional period, 'from his own or school knowledge, knew anything about such a phenomenon, until Hipparchus, some 1,900 years after the great pyramid's foundation, had a glimpse of the fact; and yet it had been

* It may, perhaps, occur to the reader to enquire what diameter of the earth, supposed to be a perfect sphere, would be derived from a degree of latitude measured with absolute accuracy near latitude 30° . A degree of latitude measured in polar regions would indicate a diameter greater even than the equatorial; one measured in equatorial regions would indicate a diameter less even than the polar. Near latitude 30° the measurement of a degree of latitude would indicate a diameter very nearly equal to the true polar diameter of the earth. In fact, if it could be proved that the builders of the pyramid used for their unit of length an exact subdivision of the polar diameter, the inference would be that, while the coincidence itself was merely accidental, their measurement of a degree of latitude in their own country had been singularly accurate. By an approximate calculation I find that, taking the earth's compression at 1-300, the diameter of the earth, estimated from the accurate measurement of a degree of latitude in the neighborhood of the great pyramid, would have made the sacred cubit—taken at one 20,000,000th of the diameter—equal to 24.98 British inches; a closer approximation than Professor Smyth's to the estimated mean probable value of the sacred cubit.

ruling the heavens for ages, and was recorded in Jeezeh's ancient structure.' To minds not moved to most energetic forgetfulness by the spirit of faith, it would appear that when a square base had been decided upon, and its dimensions fixed, with reference to the earth's diameter and the year, the diagonals of the square base were determined also; and, if it so chanced that they corresponded with some other perfectly independent relation, the fact was not to be credited to the architects. Moreover, it is manifest that the closeness of such a coincidence suggests grave doubts how far other coincidences can be relied upon as evidence of design. It seems, for instance, altogether likely that the architects of the pyramid took the sacred cubit equal to one 20,000,000th part of the earth's diameter for their chief unit of length, and intentionally assigned to the side of the pyramid's square base a length of just so many cubits as there are days in the year; and the closeness of the coincidence between the measured length and that indicated by this theory strengthens the idea that this was the builders' purpose. But when we find that an even closer coincidence immediately presents itself, which manifestly is a coincidence *only*, the force of the evidence before derived from mere coincidence is *pro tanto* shaken. For, consider what this new coincidence really means. Its nature may be thus indicated: Take the number of days in the year, multiply that number by 50, and increase the result in the same degree that the diagonal of a square exceeds the side—then the resulting number represents very approximately the number of years in the great precessional period. The error, according to the best modern estimates, is about one 575th part of the true period. This is, of course, a merely accidental coincidence; for there is no connection whatever in nature between the earth's period of rotation, the shape of a square, and the earth's period of gyration. Yet this merely accidental coincidence is very much closer than the other supposed to be designed could be proved to be. It is clear, then, that mere coincidence is a very unsafe evidence of design.

Of course the pyramidalists find a ready reply to such reasoning. They argue that, in the first place, it may have

been by express design that the period of the earth's rotation was made to bear this particular relation to the period of gyration in the mighty precessional movement; which is much as though one should say that by express design the height of Monte Rosa contains as many feet as there are miles in the 6,000th part of the sun's distance.* Then, they urge, the architects were not bound to have a square base for the pyramid; they might have had an oblong or a triangular base, and so forth—all which accords very ill with the enthusiastic language in which the selection of a square base had on other accounts been applauded.

Next let us consider the height of the pyramid. According to the best modern measurements, it would seem that the height when (if ever) the pyramid terminated above in a pointed apex, must have been about 486 feet. And from the comparison of the best estimates of the base side with the best estimates of the height, it seems very likely indeed that the intention of the builders was to make the height bear to the perimeter of the base the same ratio which the radius of a circle bears to the circumference. Remembering the range of difference in the base measures it might be supposed that the exactness of the approximation to this ratio could not be determined very satisfactorily. But as certain casing

stones have been discovered which indicate with considerable exactness the slope of the original plane-surfaces of the pyramid, the ratio of the height to the side of the base may be regarded as much more satisfactorily determined than the actual value of either dimension. Of course the pyramidalists claim a degree of precision indicating a most accurate knowledge of the ratio between the diameter and the circumference of a circle; and, the angle of the only casing stone measured being diversely estimated at $51^{\circ} 50'$ and $51^{\circ} 52\frac{1}{4}'$, they consider $50^{\circ} 51' 14\frac{3}{4}''$ the true value, and infer that the builders regarded the ratio as 3.14159 to 1. The real fact is, that the modern estimates of the dimensions of the casing stones (which, by the way, ought to agree better if these stones are as well made as stated) indicate the values 3.1439228 and 3.1396740 for the ratio; and all we can say is, that the ratio really used lay *probably* between these limits, though it may have been outside either. Now the approximation of either is not remarkably close. It requires no mathematical knowledge at all to determine the circumference of a circle much more exactly. 'I thought it very strange,' wrote a circle-squarer once to De Morgan (*Budget of Paradoxes*, p. 389), 'that so many great scholars in all ages should have failed in finding the true ratio, and have been determined to try myself.' 'I have been informed,' proceeds De Morgan, 'that this trial makes the diameter to the circumference as 64 to 201, giving the ratio equal to 3.1410625 exactly. The result was obtained by the discoverer in three weeks after he first heard of the existence of the difficulty. This quadrator has since published a little slip, and entered it at Stationers' Hall. He says he has done it by actual measurement; and I hear from a private source that he uses a disc of twelve inches diameter which he rolls upon a straight rail.' The 'rolling is a very creditable one; it is about as much below the mark as Archimedes was above it. Its performer is a joiner who evidently knows well what he is about when he measures; he is not wrong by 1 in 3,000.' Such skilful mechanics as the builders of the pyramid could have obtained a closer approximation still by mere measurement. Be-

* It is, however, almost impossible to mark any limits to what may be regarded as evidence of design by a coincidence-hunter. I quote the following from the late Professor De Morgan's *Budget of Paradoxes*. Having mentioned that 7 occurs less frequently than any other digit in the number expressing the ratio of circumference to diameter of a circle, he proceeds: 'A correspondent of my friend Piazzi Smyth notices that 3 is the number of most frequency, and that $3\frac{1}{4}$ is the nearest approximation to it in simple digits. Professor Smyth, whose work on Egypt is paradox of a very high order, backed by a great quantity of useful labor, the results of which will be made available by those who do not receive the paradoxes, is inclined to see confirmation for some of his theory in these phenomena.' In passing, I may mention as the most singular of these accidental digit relations which I have yet noticed, that in the first 110 digits of the square root of 2, the number 7 occurs more than twice as often as either 5 or 9, which each occur eight times, 1 and 2 occurring each nine times, and 7 occurring no less than eighteen times.

sides, as they were manifestly mathematicians, such an approximation as was obtained by Archimedes must have been well within their power; and that approximation lies well within the limits above indicated. Professor Smyth remarks that the ratio was 'a quantity which men in general, and all human science too, did not begin to trouble themselves about until long, long ages, languages, and nations had passed away after the building of the great pyramid; and after the sealing up, too, of that grand primeval and prehistoric monument of the patriarchal age of the earth according to Scripture.' I do not know where the Scripture records the sealing up of the great pyramid; but it is all but certain that during the very time when the pyramid was being built astronomical observations were in progress which, for their interpretation, involved of necessity a continual reference to the ratio in question. No one who considers the wonderful accuracy with which, nearly two thousand years before the Christian era, the Chaldæans had determined the famous cycle of the Saros, can doubt that they must have observed the heavenly bodies for several centuries before they could have achieved such a success; and the study of the motions of the celestial bodies compels 'men to trouble themselves' about the famous ratio of the circumference to the diameter.

We now come upon a new relation (contained in the dimensions of the pyramid as thus determined) which, by a strange coincidence, causes the height of the pyramid to appear to symbolise the distance of the sun. There were 5,813 pyramid inches, or 5,819 British inches, in the height of the pyramid according to the relations already indicated. Now, in the sun's distance, according to an estimate recently adopted and freely used,* there are 91,400,000 miles or 5,791 thousand millions of inches—that is, there are approximately as many thousand millions of inches in the sun's distance as there are inches in the

height of the pyramid. If we take the relation as exact we should infer for the sun's distance 5,819 thousand millions of inches, or 91,840,000 miles—an immense improvement on the estimate which for so many years occupied a place of honor in our books of astronomy. Besides, there is strong reason for believing that, when the results of recent observations are worked out, the estimated sun distance will be much nearer this pyramid value than even to the value 91,400,000 recently adopted. This result, which one would have thought so damaging to faith in the evidence from coincidence—nay, quite fatal after the other case in which a close coincidence had appeared by merest accident—is regarded by the pyramidalists as a perfect triumph for their faith. They connect it with another coincidence, viz. that assuming the height determined in the way already indicated then it so happens that the height bears to half a diagonal of the base the ratio 9 to 10. Seeing that the perimeter of the base symbolises the annual motion of the earth round the sun, while the height represents the radius of a circle with that perimeter, it follows that the height should symbolise the sun's distance. 'That line, further,' says Professor Smyth (speaking on behalf of Mr. W. Petrie, the discoverer of this relation), 'must represent' this radius 'in the proportion of 1 to 1,000,000,000' (or *ten* raised to power *nine*), 'because amongst other reasons 10 to 9 is practically the shape of the great pyramid.' For this building 'has such an angle at the corners, that for every ten units its structure advances inwards on the diagonal of the base, it practically rises upwards, or points to sunshine' (*sic*) 'by *nine*. Nine, too, out of the ten characteristic parts (viz. five angles and five sides) being the number of those parts which the sun shines on in such a shaped pyramid, in such a latitude near the equator, out of a high sky, or, as the Peruvians say, when the sun sets on the pyramid with all his rays.' The coincidence itself on which this perverse reasoning rests is a singular one—singular, that is, as showing how close an accidental coincidence may run. It amounts to this, that if the number of days in the year be multiplied by 100, and a circle

* I have substituted this value in the article 'Astronomy,' of the *British Encyclopædia*, for the estimate formerly used, viz. 95,233,055 miles. But there is good reason for believing that the actual distance is nearly 92,000,000 miles.

be drawn with a circumference containing 100 times as many inches as there are days in the year, the radius of the circle will be very nearly one 1,000,000,000th part of the sun's distance. Remembering that the pyramid inch is assumed to be one 500,000,000th part of the earth's diameter, we shall not be far from the truth in saying that, as a matter of fact, the earth by her orbital motion traverses each day a distance equal to two hundred times her own diameter. But, of course, this relation is altogether accidental. It has no real cause in nature.*

Such relations show that mere numerical coincidences, however close, have little weight as evidence, except where they occur in series. Even then they require to be very cautiously regarded, seeing that the history of science records many instances where the apparent law of a series has been found to be falsified when the theory has been extended. Of course this reason is not quoted in order to throw doubt on the supposition that the height of the pyramid was intended to symbolise the sun's distance. That supposition is simply inadmissible if the hypothesis, according to which the height was already independently determined in another way, is admitted. Either hypothesis might be admitted were we not certain that the sun's distance could not possibly have been known to the builders of the pyramid; or both hypotheses may be rejected: but to admit both is out of the question.

Considering the multitude of dimen-

* It may be matched by other coincidences as remarkable and as little the result of the operation of any natural law. For instance, the following strange relation, which introduces the dimensions of the sun himself, nowhere, so far as I have yet seen, introduced among pyramid relations, even by pyramidalists: 'If the plane of the ecliptic were a true surface, and the sun were to commence rolling along that surface towards the part of the earth's orbit where she is at her mean distance, while the earth commenced rolling upon the sun (round one of his great circles), each globe turning round in the same time, then, by the time the earth had rolled its way once round the sun, the sun would have almost exactly reached the earth's orbit. This is only another way of saying that the sun's diameter exceeds the earth's, in almost exactly the same degree that the sun's distance exceeds the sun's diameter.'

sions of length, surface, capacity, and position, the great number of shapes, and the variety of material existing within the pyramid, and considering, further, the enormous [number of relations (presented by modern science) from among which to choose, can it be wondered at if fresh coincidences are being continually recognised? If a dimension will not serve in one way, use can be found for it in another; for instance, if some measure of length does not correspond closely with any known dimension of the earth or of the solar system (an unlikely supposition), then it can be understood to typify an interval of time. If, even after trying all possible changes of that kind, no coincidence shows itself (which is all but impossible), then all that is needed to secure a coincidence is that the dimensions should be manipulated a little. Let a single instance suffice to show how the pyramidalists (with perfect honesty of purpose) hunt down a coincidence. The slant tunnel already described has a transverse height once no doubt uniform, now giving various measures from 47'14 pyramid inches to 47'32 inches, so that the vertical height from the known inclination of the tunnel would be estimated at somewhere between 52'64 inches and 52'85. Neither dimension corresponds very obviously with any measured distance in the earth or solar system. Nor when we try periods, areas, &c., does any very satisfactory coincidence present itself. But the difficulty is easily turned into a new proof of design.

Putting all the observations together (says Professor Smyth), I deduced 47'24 pyramid inches to be the transverse height of the entrance passage; and computing from thence with the observed angle of inclination the vertical height, that came out 52'76 of the same inches. But the sum of those two heights, or the height taken up and down, equals 100 inches; which length, as elsewhere shown, is the general pyramid linear representation of a day of twenty-four hours. And the mean of the two heights, or the height taken one way only, and impartially to the middle point between them, equals fifty inches; which quantity is, therefore, the general pyramid linear representation of only half a day. In which case, let us ask what the entrance passage has to do with half rather than a whole day?

On relations such as these, which, if really intended by the architect, would

imply an utterly fatuous habit of concealing elaborately what he desired to symbolise, the pyramidalists base their belief that

a Mighty Intelligence did both think out the plans for it, and compel unwilling and ignor-

ant idolaters, in a primal age of the world, to work mightily both for the future glory of the one true God of Revelation, and to establish lasting prophetic testimony touching a further development, still to take place, of the absolutely Divine Christian dispensation.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE KITCHEN AND THE CELLAR.*

It is now more than forty years ago since a writer in this Review discoursed, with a perfect knowledge of the subject, on the Science with which a dinner should be served and the art with which it should be eaten.† The popularity which his remarks obtained, when separately published under the title of 'The Art of Dining,' proved that that generation appreciated his summary of the laws of gastronomical observation in relation to their food and wines. Would that it were in our power to say that there has been since that day real progress as well in that Art as in the Science of Cookery

in England! It would be unreasonable to expect that material prosperity should bring in its train the plain and simple refinement of taste due to other conditions than those of mere wealth.

Our present object being entirely practical, we do not propose to go into the history of cookery. Nor, indeed, is it necessary to do so; for it would be difficult, if not impossible, to improve on the general sketch, given by the author of the 'Art of Dining,' of the history of cookery from the earliest period up to 1789; and his account of the celebrated cooks of the Empire and the Restoration is one of the most interesting contributions to the literature of the subject.

A glance at the present state of gastronomical science will show us that the French, while still very perfect in it, are scarcely on a par with their forefathers of the period of the Restoration; nor shall we accept the Café Anglais, the Café Voisin, good as its cellar is, still less the Maison Dorée of the present day, in place of the Frères Provençaux, Philippe's, and Véfour's of the past. If we turn northward to Belgium we shall find much that is good in cooking and eating known, if not universally practised, whilst in reference to wine the Belgians surpass all other countries in their intimate acquaintance with, and accurate knowledge of, the best vintages of Burgundy. In Great Britain we may hope that we are on the path of progress, some elements of race not unfavorable to gastronomical observation at times appearing in our strange mixture of Teutonic with other blood.

The wealth of America brings in its train some new recipes in the preparation of oysters and lobsters, and its indigenous birds offer to the 'gourmet' a new subject for discourse, and fresh test for the faculties he possesses.

Passing again northward, we find the

* 1. *Le Livre de Cuisine.* Par Jules Gouffé, comprenant la 'Cuisine de Ménage' et la 'Grande Cuisine,' avec 25 planches imprimées en chromolithographie, et 161 vignettes sur bois. Paris, 1867.

2. *L'Art de la Cuisine Française au Dix-neuvième Siècle.* Traité élémentaire et pratique, suivi de Dissertations Culinaires et Gastronomiques, utiles aux progrès de cet Art. Par M. Antonin Carême. Paris, 1833.

3. *Modern Domestic Cookery.* By a Lady. A new edition, based on the Work of Mrs. Rundell. 245th Thousand. London, 1865.

4. *Cuisine de Tous les Pays: Etudes Cosmopolites,* avec 220 dessins composés pour la démonstration. Par Urbain Dubois, chef de cuisine de leurs Majestés Royales de Prusse. Paris, 1868.

5. *Cosmopolitan Cookery. Popular Studies,* with 310 Drawings. By Urbain Dubois. London, 1870.

6. *Gastronomy as a Fine Art, or the Science of Good Living. A Translation of the 'Physiologie du Goût' of Brillat-Savarin.* By R. E. Anderson, M.A. London, 1877.

7. *Buckmaster's Cookery: being an abridgment of some of the Lectures delivered in the Cookery School at the International Exhibition for 1873 and 1874; together with a collection of approved Recipes and Menus.* London.

8. *The Art of Dining; or Gastronomy and Gastronomers.* New Edition. London, 1853.

9. *Report on Cheap Wines.* By Dr. Druitt. London, 1873.

† See 'Quarterly Review' Article on 'Gastronomy and Gastronomers,' in July 1835, and Article on Mr. Walker's 'Original' in February, 1836.

whole science ruthlessly ignored by the pure Teutonic race of the German Empire ;* and if gastronomy has not vainly claimed its due consideration in the empire of the Cossacks, it is rather because the Russians have had immense advantages by the importation of French artists at astounding prices ; and in their rivalry with Western civilisation, have introduced the certain advantages of croquettes with 'julienne' soup ; while they serve in their truly hospitable fashion that noble fish, the sterlet, in a form and with a sauce that we rarely meet with elsewhere. Nor is their caviare to be overlooked, although in Western Europe we rarely find it, as with them, of that pale green color which denotes an absence of salt. South and eastward we come upon remnants of the Teutonic race mixed up with Czech and Slavonic blood, and in consequence we find that singular view of gastronomic philosophy which obtains in Vienna, where people will neither dine at the right hour, eat dishes in their right places, nor insist on their cooks roasting, in place of baking, meats.

In Italy there was once a better state of science, but if it has retrograded, there are still hopes for a land where simple delicate forms of flour present models to the world ; where tomatoes are indigenous, and rice has its cooks.

Let us add, that the science is not absolutely ignored in Turkey, nor looked upon as a vain and foolish thing in China and Japan. This generalisation leaves untouched the position of the science in Spain, Portugal, our colonies, and the lands outside Russia, where live the great Slavonic brotherhood. With these last, the imitative faculties promise a better future knowledge than will probably be the lot of the Spaniard, wrapped up in the dignified conceit of an aged people ; or of our own colonists, the offspring of a race traditionally wedded to strong gravy soup, smoke-grilled chops, and plain boiled vegetables.

If we attempt to review the present aspect of gastronomical science, we must also take some note of drinking, and consider, too curiously perhaps for some,

whether the prevalent notions about wines, what their quality should be, and when they are drunk, are based on sound principles. And however firmly convinced we may be that our views are sound, we readily admit that there is no infallibility in dogmas directed against other people's stomachs, and their habits of eating and drinking. Have we not the example of Brillat-Savarin in the neglect by the French of some of his most earnestly insisted-on precepts ? What did that eminent man say with reference to the use of the rinsing-glass after dinner ? that it was 'useless, indecent, and disgusting ;' and who that has travelled has not known that sickening five minutes after dinner where the use of it obtains, and which, if universal, would make us seem to descend rather than advance in the refinements of civilised life ? After Brillat-Savarin's efforts, how shall a humble writer hope to persuade Englishmen that they do not know what soup is, and that they rest in profound error in their abuse of champagne ? The most to be hoped for is that further gastronomical observation will be encouraged, and that the votaries of the science being multiplied, general ignorance will eventually be leavened ; for we think that none will dispute that there is a decided lack of gastronomical knowledge amongst our countrymen. We well remember the indignation with which a friend, an M.P., in whose eyes dining is an art, after the precepts of the author of the 'Art of Dining,' and cooking an exact science, after the manner of Carême, recounted the fatal want of observation on the part of a common friend, whom we will call Brown. Brown was staying at Spa, at the same hotel as the M.P., and had been invited to join a party for a trip to that charming little spot, Chaudefontaine, where they were to dine. On his return, the M.P. cross-examined him as to the bill of fare, the wines, &c. The menu was tolerably well described, but on the subject of drink Brown declared that they had had 'champagne and claret, or something.' 'Now,' observed our friend, 'we all know that the party was under the direction of that best of judges of good liquor, Sir H. E. ; and any man with the slightest knowledge of the district, and a feeling for Art-dining, is aware that the commonest hotels abound

* We must except, however, the once free city of Hamburg, where one Wilkins, a restaurateur, formerly had a dwelling-place.

in good Burgundy, and that no man of the baronet's experience would think of ordering claret in the Wallon country, if his guests were not absolutely averse to Burgundy.*

Of one thing we may be sure, no British restaurateur will help the public to a knowledge of the art of dining. Individually or collectively they may run up piles of buildings, and tempt a 'clientèle' by the cleanliness and beauty of their mural decoration; but when it comes to a question of food, even supposing the quality to be moderately good, every difficulty will be thrown in the way of a man and his wife, or brother and sister, to dine modestly, but with variety. For those who are not gourmands it is probable that one portion of soup and one of fish would suffice for two, but here the restaurateur (at least one that we could name), steps in and says, 'you shall not have less than two portions, although one may suffice you: you shall pay me double for having placed before you what you don't want.' Of course these men know their own business and the nature of their customers, but they must not come to us for a character as assistants in the great science under notice. At one or two good-class restaurants in the West End they still keep up the old French tradition of allowing you to order just so many portions for so many people as may please you, the only true method of permitting a varied repast at a moderate price.

Let us premise that, if we may seem to extol certain forms and methods of cooking as practised in France, it should be understood that this is far from supporting the introduction of what is known as French cookery into England.

* It may be useful to the traveller abroad to know that nowhere is Burgundy to be obtained in such perfection as in the Wallon district of Belgium, comprising Liège, Namur, Spa, Dinant, etc. At little hostelrys in remote districts in the Ardennes you will get Burgundy that would be of value at great banquets in London. For some reason the climate and cellars of this district suit the wine, and the people have the sense to lay down enough of it. If the traveller's peregrinations take him towards Mons, Charleroi, or Valenciennes in France, he will be wise to ask for still red Champagne, a delicate, fine wine, worthy of grave sipping and steady reflective observation.

Hitherto what has been imported is practically a good deal of cook's French, in the shape of titles to indifferent imitations of good dishes. Against these the Englishman naturally protests; and, as a rule, the manager of his household has yet to learn that in a French 'cuisine bourgeoise' no shams are indulged in, and that simplicity and economy reign where we have waste and the master's despair.

The gastronomical observer, to be useful, need not trouble himself to examine how a great banquet should be prepared; that is the business of a 'chef.' What he may inquire about should be—What are the elements in the cooking for a private household in France or elsewhere which can be imported with advantage into the English household?

We begin with what should form the beginning of every dinner, namely, soup. Our first observation addressed to our countrywomen who sway in the kitchen would be that, putting aside 'purées' of peas, carrot, hare, grouse, &c., and speaking of cheap everyday refreshing soups, the liquid whereof they are made should be regarded as the vehicle for applying to the palate certain herbal flavors, a strengthening and nutritious vehicle if you will, but still a vehicle. A strong gravy-soup, the delight of the British cook, kills all herbal flavor, and if the palate is to be considered at ail, it may be counted a sound gastronomical axiom that flavor and not sustenance is the first consideration at the beginning of a sound, well-ordered repast. The herbal flavors may vary; they may be derived from fresh vegetables in the spring-time passing under the title 'à la jardinière,' from the cabbage and carrot as in the 'croûte au pot,' or from the mixture made by the sage inventor of the 'julienne' soup.

Strictly speaking, for the purposes of culinary education we must go, as Mr. Buckmaster has done in his lectures, to the 'pot au feu' which Gouffé calls 'l'âme de la cuisine de ménage'; but as we are now referring to the constituents of a dinner, let us see how julienne, the type of herbal soups, should be prepared, and compare it with the accepted julienne of clubs, restaurants, and cooks who prepare dinners for London parties. The cook, who knows his business, will take carrots, the red part only, turnips, celery,

leeks, onions, cabbage, lettuce, sorrel, and chervil, in quantities proportionate to the number of persons he has to serve, and he will cut them up very small and thin. In France a special cutter is sold at the ironmongers' for the purpose. He will then pass the onions and leeks over the fire, with a good-sized piece of butter. He will next throw all the rest of the vegetables, cut up as above, into boiling water and let them rest there five minutes, after which he will place them on a strainer to drip. When the water is drained off, he will add the onions and leeks, and put all in a saucepan (a copper one), add a little sugar and some butter, pour over them a little 'bouillon' or soup, and proceed to *cook* them, by allowing them gently to simmer for a couple of hours when, being well cooked and tender, the bouillon or 'consommé' (which should assimilate to a weak beef-tea), may be added and the soup served.

Gouffé differs somewhat from this formula, which was given us by Dubost Frères the well-known restaurateurs in Brussels, who have since disposed of their business. Gouffé directs you to let your consommé simmer, with the herbs in it, for three hours, merely adding some lettuce and sorrel, chopped up ten minutes before serving. But we think he is inconsistent with previous precepts, for in his opening remarks about bouillon he insists that vegetables should not be left in it longer than necessary for their being cooked. We should add that consommé is a more expensive thing to make than bouillon, which is the base of it. Gouffé, for instance, directs a proportion of about six lbs. of beef, four of veal, and two fowls to simmer four hours in seven litres of bouillon to arrive at a good consommé. Whatever formula may be adopted for the liquid, provided it is light and delicate, we would have it regarded simply as a vehicle for herbal flavor. Contrast a soup made as above with the English julienne soup, where hard slices of uncooked carrots are left to take their chance in a gravy that has a flavor of nothing but coarse meat, and you have a comparison which must perforce lead to gastronomical observation. You may prefer the strong gravy, but in that case your palate is at fault, and you cannot understand herbal flavor. This observation, however, affecting as it does

the science of the cook and the art of the diner, would not be just without the accompanying remark; that to buy at the London greengrocers' good fresh young vegetables is not such an easy matter, and that, to make a reform, it is necessary that the market-gardener should aid by cultivating and bringing to Covent Garden what is young and tender in vegetable life, and not old carrots and dry turnips. Still, in the country this excuse for the cook will not serve, and that a clean herbal soup is possible at an English hotel many of the travellers by the winter coach to St. Alban's ('75-'76) had the satisfaction of finding after their pleasant outward drive.

If we were called on to give instances of the difficulty of getting julienne soup in London, it would only be necessary to name certain clubs where 'chefs hors ligne' will give you a 'bouillabaisse,' or a pepper-pot, 'quenelles de cailles aux truffes,' or a crab curry in perfection, but scarcely ever succeed, probably on account of the market-gardener, in presenting you with the true julienne soup we have spoken of.

We are aware that our recipe fails in that it does not provide the exact weight of vegetables to the proportion of consommé. M. Dubost (who, by the way, had a collection of china and 'bric-à-brac,' well worth the attention of the connoisseur) assumed, no doubt, that a chef with any knowledge of his business would always fairly proportion all that enters into a julienne soup, but to the English cook we would suggest just six times the quantity of vegetables she is accustomed to provide for the soup in question.

If we pass from the making of herbal soup to a consideration of the 'batterie de cuisine' placed at the disposition of English cooks in modest English households, we shall be compelled to observe a fatal absence of copper. Those bright stewpans with our neighbors form a refreshing sight to the 'gourmet,' however modest the 'ménage.' Just as we succeed well in boiling potatoes by means of a quick, roaring fire applied to an iron saucepan, which communicates the heat to the water quickly, so we fail in *sauté*-ing young potatoes, because for that we want a moderate fire and a copper saucepan, which communicates the heat slow-

ly; in other words, an arrangement that does not readily burn the contents, which with an iron saucepan, in the absence of care, would be the case.

And here it is only just that we should draw attention to Gouffé, his plates, and his woodcuts. Of course, there is very little that is absolutely new in matter of recipes for dishes, but Gouffé has availed himself of chromo-lithography and a good wood-engraver to bring home to us some precepts that sought to receive attention. Note particularly the design for a range, p. 23, fig. 16, where we have a roasting arrangement carefully out of the way, whilst still under the supervision of the cook; and the proper design for a charcoal grilling apparatus, which would meet a want greatly felt amongst those who love a clean grill. Throughout his work it will be observed that Gouffé inclines to well-tinned copper saucepans, whilst not absolutely discarding tinned-iron pans, and at the same time he sets his face against the simple cast-iron pans and the earthenware vases that have for so long maintained their place in many French households.

Returning to the grilling apparatus in fig. 16 of Gouffé's work, we shall possibly surprise many by avowing that, in our opinion, the French beat us as much in this respect as in many others. That they succeed in soups, sauces, and entrées, is undoubted, and copper saucepans go for much therein; but for the 'cuisine bourgeoise' (household cooking) we should indicate grilling as the point where they are more entirely successful than we are. Here charcoal or 'braise' (a form of charcoal), as the fuel, gives the French cook an advantage. It enables him to serve up fish, flesh, and fowl, cleanly grilled, not smoke-flavored, and the sauce, if sauce there be, has nothing to interfere with its due appreciation. The English cook, as a rule, appeals to the frying-pan* and produces

her cutlets, often sodden, and generally tasteless, with small idea that meat and its flavor is one thing, and the sauce appropriate to it another.* When cutlets have been cooked in this fashion, the tenant of the dining-room learns that delicate tender mutton exists no more; leather, for all practical purposes of taste, might replace it. Yet how could we expect an English cook with the ordinary coal-fuel range to have a bright fire just ready for grilling at the moment when the entrée of cutlets should be served? The charcoal or braise embers, being a contrivance apart, are, with a slight use of the bellows, always ready for the grill. Speaking not dogmatically, but with conviction, we place charcoal or braise, as a grilling element, as of the first necessity in a range where due justice is to be done by the cook. Nor can we believe that this suggestion is one necessarily attended with inordinate expense. It sufficeth to put — if Gouffé's plan above mentioned is attended with difficulty — in modern close ranges a fifteen-inch square grate sunk some three inches below the level of the top, with a regulator for the draft from without so that the charcoal or braise shall burn freely; and we venture to say that the cost of the charcoal will be saved in the butcher's bill, to say nothing of the temper of the master, suffering under the infliction of meat wrongfully bedabbled in cinders and begrimed with coal-smoke! Let it be taken as a gastronomical observation of supreme importance to the seeker after culinary truth, that the eminence of French cookery does not lie solely in soups or sauces, but in the cleanliness with which fish, flesh, and fowl are grilled, aided by the perfectly-made sauces, separately cooked, with which such flesh and fowl are served. Not, however, that bread-crumbed cutlets

useful information on this head given in the above, we may add that beef-fat is better for frying white-bait than lard. Mr. Buckmaster says as much, though not in special terms: 'Lard is the fat generally used for frying, but it is liable to leave an unpleasant flavor after it.' (P. 109.) It may also be added, that biscuit-powder is infinitely better than bread-crumbs to *paner* cutlets.

* In Gouffé's work, the percentage of dishes (fish, flesh, and fowl), the ingredients of which pass over the grill, is double that in a recent English cookery-book.

* 'As frying properly in fat is of much importance and of constant use, no pains should be spared in thoroughly understanding it. If you attempt to fry at too low a temperature, or allow the temperature to fall more than five degrees, the things are not fried but soaked and soddened, and of a dirty-white color. If the temperature is too high, then the thing is charred, burnt, and blackened, but not fried.'—Buckmaster, p. 112. To much

are always out of place, but that the importance of clean grilling should be more clearly recognised. And let no one here cite the advantage of Dutch ovens, or similar contrivances, for avoiding the coal-smoke. They are aids to the idle, but fail in the essential application of direct heat and oxygen to the meat. Of course clubs and large establishments can afford to keep a coke-grill constantly going, and to them coke is cheaper, and, well kept up, as effective as charcoal; but in the small establishment the cook, seeking to grill, is confined to her coal-fire, and such use as she may make of it. In many small details, also, the 'batterie de cuisine' supplied to the English cook is wanting; principally, we fancy, in the small tools for cutting up vegetables and herbs, slicing spinach, cucumbers, &c. In how many kitchens do you find a salamander, that excellent French invention for browning a dish without putting it into the oven, in order to obtain the same result at the price of its juices being dried up? It is true that this implement, being heavy, suggests sometimes to an ignorant kitchen-maid that it must be there for the purpose of breaking coal; but does not ignorance, in some form or other, often try our patience, and are we thereby to be discouraged?

Touching the general question of butcher's meat, something must be said, though with the full knowledge that it will be without effect in England. The 'Chateaubriand,' the 'entrecôte,' and the 'filet mignon' (of mutton), with other forms, are all due to the more enlarged sympathies of the French butcher for what is perfect. We must entirely change the mode of cutting up the carcase before we can arrive at the same perfection in form of meat purchasable, and as that is hopeless, so is it useless to insist further on the subject on behalf of the public. To the country gentleman only, who may have some control over the village butcher, we may remark that very clear-colored plates are sold in France at a moderate price, guided by which an intelligent and willing man might easily produce the desired forms of beef, veal, and mutton.

And here, again, it will not be out of place to refer to Gouffé. By bringing chromo-lithography to aid him, he has given us two plates (II. and III.), which

are quite unique on this important question of quality, not form, of meat. Had he extended the idea to the interesting question of herbs he would have rendered us, though, perhaps, not his countrymen, an important service. The fact is, French cooks and French gardeners know what herbs for cooking are. A friend of ours happened to be in a country-house the other day where there was much show, little science, and a large garden kept up at great expense. At luncheon he volunteered to make a fresh salad, and forthwith proceeded to the garden to gather his materials. He desired lettuce, chervil, tarragon, and borage. The first he found; of the others the head-gardener knew nothing!

M. Jules Gouffé, all-knowing, has not known enough; he has not been acquainted with the ignorance of our gardeners and our cooks.

Having passed the stage of soup, there is not much of importance to be said until we come to the vegetables. The fish in England is infinitely better in quality and better cooked* than can be obtained elsewhere. There may be special dishes such as 'sole à la Normande,' or the Marseillaise dish of 'bouillabaisse,' immortalised by Thackeray, worthy of consideration, but they are not essential to the 'bonne cuisine bourgeoise,' the rather because the constituents of this last cannot be obtained in perfection, save on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Of roast meat, be it beef or mutton, we can hold our own with any nation; and boiled potatoes are, for reasons connected with our extravagant use of fuel, and our iron saucepans, our 'spécialité.' But when we come to vegetables in general, we find ourselves, by old tradition, cut off from some of the most economical tasty 'plats' the French housewife will give us. Celery with us is rarely cooked, 'cardons à la moëlle' are unknown, and the same with 'aubergines farcies;' and 'jets d'houblon aux œufs pochés,' one of the 'primeurs' in early spring, may be looked for in vain at an English table. Perhaps the market-gardener is at fault here too. In any case, we do not get them; nor will untravelled

* A spoonful of vinegar in the water in which fish is boiled is scarcely sufficiently insisted on in English cookery-books.

English understand that a vegetable should be served, if cooked, as a 'plat,' to be criticised gastronomically by itself, and not as a concomitant or accident, if we may so express it, to more solid food. Game, again, is so admirably served at English tables, that there are few new ideas to import in reference to it. And yet there is a bird abroad of which we should like to know something more. We have never found it on an English table, and but once was it on our path in culinary delectation abroad, and then we passed it over (possibly in error), supposing it to vary but little from its English prototype. We allude to the Bohemian pheasant. We understand, on good authority, that this bird is fat, which our English pheasant rarely is; and not dry, which ours often is. A friend who has some shooting at Boarstall (traditionally connected with Edward the Confessor and Charles I.), on the borders of Oxfordshire, has introduced this peculiar bird into his preserves; but so far as any extra flavor goes, he tells us that he is not able to certify to it. Possibly the food in the forests of Bohemia may produce different results. That it is a recognised delicacy, and commands a high price (20s. a pair), in Berlin, is undoubted. Our friend, somewhat cynical, but possibly correct, says, that the fatness of pheasants depends on the method of feeding them; in fact, he assimilates them to plain fowls. If so, we desire all proprietors of pheasants to attend to their wants, in the interest of the gastronomical observer.

If, after all, one is obliged to admit that in Science below-stairs, and in Art in the dining-room, the English are wanting, how trifling is the addition required to put the English family dinner on a level with the 'bonne cuisine bourgeoise,' which delights the foreign 'gourmet!' Rather better-grown vegetables from the market-gardener; a habit of really cooking them on the part of the cook; a weakening of the strong gravy-soup, so that their herbal flavor shall not be overpowered; a grate of charcoal, whereby viands may be cleanly grilled, and some small instructions as to how vegetable 'plats' may be properly served, and with the best fish and mutton in the world, the English can give a really refined dinner. For we beg to remind the reader, a banquet is not

necessarily a refined repast; and 'côtelettes à la réforme,' 'riz de veau à la St. Cloud,' 'vol-au-vent à la financière,' although all good in their way, do not form the real groundwork for gastronomical observation. This must lie for every-day work in simple herbal soups, clean-cooked meat, and delicate vegetable 'plats' that afford room for extracting the subtle essence of the garden, a subtle essence that should arrive at our palate by herbs also, herbs that are too much undervalued by the English cook. Parsley, thyme, balm, marjoram, rosemary, rue, pennyroyal, bay-leaf, chervil, garlic, shalots, truffles, morels, of all should she make the acquaintance, although, to be strictly correct, these last come under the head of onions and roots rather than of herbs. Mr. Buckmaster insists upon their use, and the necessity of knowing all about them; and, we repeat, it is much to be regretted that M. Gouffé did not illustrate them, instead of giving us such utterly useless plates (among much that is admirable) as those devoted to the arrangement of cray-fish, the nature of a dessert-dish, a composition of game (frontispiece), or a 'filet de bœuf à la jardinière,' about all of which the instructed desire to know nothing, whilst to the ignorant they convey few ideas.

We have up to the present moment referred to Gouffé, of the French school, and to Mr Buckmaster, who gave some lectures in 1873-74 at the International Exhibition. The first is an artist, in many things above criticism; but we do not hesitate to say that the latter has given one direction in his recipe for 'pot au feu' which overrides M. Gouffé. He says, in his 'precautions,' 'do not boil.' Gouffé at one point says 'boil.' We understand him to mean only for the purpose of taking off the scum, but in the meantime is not the meat ruined? What Mr. Buckmaster says, he says clearly, although from the stores of his mind there is yet much unwritten. Had he continued, he might perhaps have put in print those two recipes which we learnt through a friend from a French chef, to wit, that a lump of bread about the size of a French billiard ball tied up in a *linen* bag, and inserted in the pot which boils greens will absorb the gases which oftentimes send such an insupportable

odor to the regions above; the other, that a lump of bread stuck on the end of one of those pointed knives used in the French kitchen will prevent your eyes being affected, if you are peeling onions with the said knife.

And beyond the operations in the kitchen, a great interest attaches to the store-room and the larder. There are 'hors d'œuvre,' cold as well as hot, about which much may be said, some being at their best in one season, some at another. Cheeses, again, present an endless field of observation for the gastronomer, although, perchance, he may end by finding few planets in that orbit. Some man addicted to this preparation of milk declared that after once tasting, we think it was either Mont d'Or or Strachino, he wandered about Europe after a phantom cheese. If we recollect rightly, he avowed that a good Camembert had a ghostly resemblance to it; but if we mistake not, he had not made the acquaintance of Malakoff, a cream-cheese fabricated in Normandy. Certain it is that Strachino is too rare; and as for Camembert, the curious thing is that you meet with it in far better condition in London or Brussels than in Paris. As to our old English cheeses, Stilton, Cheshire, North Wilts, say even that goodly cream-cheese that in the days of our youth we tasted somewhere near Fountain's Abbey, where are they? Do large dealers buy them up for St. Petersburg and Moscow 'marchands de comestibles' who are regardless of price? We cannot deny that we have met with them in those cities far better in quality than such as we have chanced to buy in the best shops in London.

Forget not, too, O learner in this field of knowledge! to pick up any happy thoughts that may occur to your host after you are seated; such, for instance, as that which occurred to a well-known artist of our acquaintance. He had invited a friend to a beef-steak at the A-Club. The steak was served, when he bethought him to inquire, *sotto voce*, if there was a clove of garlic in the house. There was; it was brought; he simply passed the knife through it, nothing more, and surprised his guest with the most delicate form of that unique flavor which the prince of the onion family can alone give.

We have criticised freely English cooking, and we have pursued, in a line which ought to satisfy any friend of reform, the shortcomings amongst us; but we do not ignore the thoroughly good and quaintly superb simplicity of dinners sent up from time to time in this country. A friend of ours was returning from Paris with two young companions (so many years ago that they made the journey to Calais by 'diligence'), when at Dover they got into a railway carriage with an elderly gentleman. The talk turned much on the restaurants they had visited, to which the elder one listened long and with much patience. At length he said, 'Well, gentlemen, I am going to have a dinner to-night that no restaurateur in Paris can beat, and it is thoroughly English.' Our friends opened their eyes and their ears, fresh as they were from the Frères Provençaux and Philippe's. 'I am going, gentlemen, to have simply four dishes, not one of which could you get in perfection in Paris; to wit, turtle soup, turbot and lobster sauce, a haunch of venison, and a grouse!' Our friends, young as they were, had the good taste to incline their heads before the mention of such a truly royal repast. We use the term royal advisedly, for we understand that a certain personage, whose example must always do much in this kingdom, persistently sets his face against elaborate and vulgar menus.

Passing now to matters of libation, we must, as in the case of soups, go to France, or rather to the mode of living there, with a 'bonne cuisine bourgeoise,' if we would be instructed what we should drink at dinner. We except breakfast, even a French one, 'à la fourchette;' for hath not Brillat-Savarin given his fiat in favor of tea, and can there be a cleaner, wholesomer drink, if you like it, in the wide world? But, for dinner, if we would keep our palate clean, let us stick to Bordeaux or Burgundy, with or without water, according to its quality; water for the lower, absence of it for the higher growths. Of course, for those who think that strong gravy or mock-turtle, and hot sherry or Cete Madeira form a fitting beginning for their repast, gastronomical observation of this kind is thrown away. It is delicate flavor in soup that makes Bordeaux possible; and when the palate has not been

destroyed by fiery sherry, a glass of Lafitte or Chambertin can be as well appreciated with a saddle of mutton, as after dinner with the olives. If you insist on white wine, take Sauterne of a low growth (the higher growths, like Château d'Yquem, are only fit, like Rauenthalerberg, for dessert), or Chablis, if Burgundy is your drink for the day. Never put Bordeaux and Burgundy on the table the same day; they are distinct classes of wine, and are to be sipped on different days of the week. It is one of the gravest errors, due to the passion for thick soups, fiery sherry, and hot sauces, that good wine (by good we mean first and second growth clarets) cannot be appreciated until after dinner. As a gastronomical (drinking) observation, it may be taken that the universal introduction of red wines during dinner is as important for the improvement of the palate as the amelioration of soups.

Red wines should always be taken out of the cellar, and kept in the kitchen or butler's pantry some hours before they are drunk. They should never be placed before the fire, but allowed to become warm gradually. The temperature of the wine should be as nearly as possible the temperature of the dining-room. In a French family with which we were acquainted, it was the practice to take from the cellar every Monday morning the Bordeaux required for the week's consumption, and to keep it in a cupboard in the *salle-à-manger*, so that the family might have on Sunday their wine in the most perfect condition. How often do we find on English tables the finer growths of claret unfit to drink, simply because they have been brought from the cellar only an hour or two before dinner, and then left in a cold place, or exposed to a draught! Clarets of a third, or even a fourth growth, judiciously warmed, will taste infinitely better than the finest Château-Lafitte or Château-Margaux taken directly from even the best cellar. These remarks apply especially to red wines of the Bordeaux district. Belgian connoisseurs do not approve of bringing up Burgundy from its cellar (the temperature of which should be low) until shortly before use. We have heard Englishmen dispute this view in favor of greater warmth, but we think the Belgians know too much

about this wine not to have their opinions treated with great respect. Burgundy, indeed, is so delicate a wine that an experiment, in bottling some from the same cask into clear and opaque bottles, and putting them in the same dark cellar, proved that a marked difference was presented at the end of a twelvemonth as against the clear bottles.

'Here is an article called "Champagne as a social farce,"' said a friend, glancing superficially at the list of contents of a 'magazine' one day. Alas! on examining it we found that as a social *force* was the use of this liquid to be praised instead of, as we had hoped, deprecated. It was a paper addressing itself to prove that Britons require vinous carbonic acid to make them cheerful; as if some generations, comprising some tolerably good names on the roll of intellect, had not passed through life without obtaining their ideas from this frothy liquid! When champagne was first brought into use it was a sweet, luscious wine, fit and agreeable to be taken, as it ought to be taken, when an 'entremet,' also sweet, renders the palate less observant of its saccharine quality, but utterly nauseous when drunk with leg of mutton. Then came the cry for a dry and drier wine; and as the liquor is as much fabricated as soda-water, and as little natural, the wine-merchants were not slow to accommodate their customers with a wine which, analysed, is pretty much this—a poor, thin, white wine, impregnated with 'fixed air,' and sometimes a good, more often a very bad and inferior, liqueur. The well-known Brussels restaurateur, already quoted, gave to it (the English mark) the appropriate title of 'grog mousseux,' sparkling grog; and we are told to regard it as a necessity for social liveliness, and a youngster from Eton, whom you invite to dinner, thinks himself badly used if he does not get it! But with champagne, as in everything connected with taste, we act as though no permanent rules of Art existed. We catch by a fluke of fashion some truths, which vulgarity, the imitator of fashion, seizes and distorts. In one age classical architecture is the rage, and leaves us some few exquisite monuments, much that is bad, and Grecian porticoes sadly out of place; then the medieval fashion overtakes us, and after giving us many fine

examples of what is true and beautiful, lands us in a fog of unmeaning shapes, and, because it is the fashion, pervades our furniture until purity of form ceases to exist. In wines Providence presents us with a good article, fashion brings it into vogue, and vulgarity debases it, until we arrive at an unwholesome drug under the name of champagne. After a generation of stomachs have been ruined, and the prevalent fashion of early and perpetual pick-me-ups (due in a large measure to over-night absorption of 'grog mousseux') has been recognised by the faculty as fatal to our physique, fashion will change; it will become vulgar to give champagne, and the stomachs of Englishmen shall again have some peace, and their palate be encouraged towards rightful drinks.

And it is not in the unnatural quality of champagne that we find the only effects of fashion. Sherry is manipulated abroad and at home. This is what an ex-wine merchant, who established a firm by the delicacy of his palate, says in a letter to us on the subject:—

'During my long experience I found that a "run" upon any particular wine, or class of wine, generally followed the introduction of something superior to the ordinary "wines of commerce."

'For example; within the last thirty years repeated attempts have been made to form a pure taste for sherry amongst connoisseurs who could afford to pay for what they could appreciate. This could of course only be done by importing very old and valuable wine with the smallest possible amount of brandy. For such wines I, and of course very many other wine merchants, have paid 150% to 200% per butt in Cadiz Bay. Of course such wines soon gained a reputation amongst the class of consumers for whom they were intended; and then, also of course, attempts were made by a host of wine merchants to introduce a *similar* wine for general consumption. This led to every possible system of adulteration, because the wine in its genuine state was far too costly for any such purpose. Thus from time to time newspapers were full of advertisements about "Natural Sherry," or some other name given to a cheap imitation of a costly, pure, and delicious wine. At one time I remember an advertisement of "Naked Sherry" at 30s. per dozen, about which I made a sorry joke. I was asked why it was so called, and I said because no *decent* wine could be sold at the price. All that I have said about sherry applies to most other wines, perhaps more particularly to champagne. Really *dry* champagne, I mean, genuinely dry wine, can only be had when a vintage has been exceptionally

fine. In such rare cases the wine can be prepared with scarcely any admixture of liqueurs, whereas in ordinary vintages the wine *en brut* is not only unpalatable, but absolutely nauseous. Now, as very fine vintages do not frequently occur, *pure* dry champagne is a very costly beverage. Notwithstanding this, according to the advertisements, and to wine merchants' circulars, you may have champagne dry or sweet, year after year, at the same price. Create a demand for anything, and there will be a supply. The supply of genuine wine, as of every other article of consumption, is not unlimited; and the increased demand for cheap wines can only be met by deception and fraud.'

As to the attempts of certain analysts to describe in scientific terms the value of a wine, they are more than futile, they are pernicious, because they lead the ignorant astray. 'Bouquet,' as well as alcohol, has something to do with the quality of a wine. Both may be added in place of being natural. Sometimes a connoisseur in Bordeaux will be offered in a restaurant a wine redolent of the violet flavor peculiar to some wines of a good growth in the Gironde. He notices on the wine-carte that the price is a third of what he would pay a respectable wine-merchant for such wine, and if he drinks a fair bottle of it he learns on the morrow that the nose has deceived the stomach.

What future and increased knowledge of methods of analysis may do as to 'bouquet' is a separate question. At present, by the lights we have, a knowledge of the trade, and a certain respectability on the part of its members, will be a greater guarantee to the seeker after good wine than any number of laboratories, used too often more in the interests of advertising firms than in the interests of the seeker after exact palate-and-stomach-value.

In 'Le Cuisinier Royal,' by Viart, homme de bouche, Paris, 1837, there is to be found, as an Appendix to the fifteenth edition, a 'Notice on Wines,' by M. Pierrhugues, the King's butler, and the order of serving them, by Grignon, one of the well-known restaurateurs of that day. We observe that it has been copied without acknowledgment by the authoress of the 'Nouveau Manuel de la Cuisinière Bourgeoise,' Paris, 1869, so we presume that in French eyes it is deemed of some worth. We merely refer the curious reader to it, preferring to take

as our guide the instructive 'Essay on Cheap Wines' by our own countryman, Dr. Druitt, whose professional science and clean palate have enabled him to give us invaluable wine-truths. It is true that we are at issue with Dr. Druitt as to the good or bad, or, as he puts it, indifferent matter of drinking many varieties of wine at the same repast, because we consider it decidedly injurious; but with this exception, and some slight allusion to a frequently careless composition in a literary sense, we can freely endorse the views of the learned doctor. Rarely has so much useful and trustworthy information on the known wines of commerce been given to the public in so compendious a form. We would particularly recommend to our readers his remarks on Bordeaux and sherry:—

'It will be a good day for the morals, health, and intellectual development of the English when every decent person shall on all hospitable occasions be able to produce a bottle of wine and discuss its *flavor*, instead of, as at present, glorying in the *strength* of his potations. One thing that would go with the greater use of Bordeaux wine would be the custom of drinking it in its proper place *during dinner* as a refreshing and appetizing draught, to entice the languid palate to demand an additional slice of mutton.'

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'Now for *sherry*, under which term are included, in popular language, all the white wines which come from Spain, and others like them. Monotony and base servile imitation are the curse of English life. . . . The fish, entrées, etc., must be accompanied with the inevitable sherry. All the fun, and the fragrance, the gratified sense of novelty, the curiosity as to the great political and social fortunes of our colonies, which would be excited by handing round a bottle of white Auldana; all the sympathy for our dear neighbors which would be excited by the taste of Meursault Blanc; all the respect for the Germans which would follow a sip of Hochheimer; all the hopes and fears felt for the Austrian empire, which would go round with the generous Vöslau, are smothered by the monotony of the *banal* sherry. When people are doing the serious act of dining, they should do it, and think about it, and talk about it; but to talk there must be novelty, not one dull perpetual round, and sherry gives rise to no ideas. England will never be merry again whilst it sticks to sad a drink.'

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'The best account of sherry is that given before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Import Duties on Wines in 1852, by Dr. Gorman, Physician to the late British Factory at Cadiz, long a resident in Spain. He says that no natural sherry comes to this

country; it is all mixed and brandied. The quantity of proof spirit which good pure sherry contains by nature is 24 per cent., possibly 30. The less mature and less perfectly fermented the wine, the more brandy is there added to it to preserve it. Yet let it never be forgotten, Dr. Gorman added, "*It is not necessary to infuse brandy into any well-made sherry wine; if the fermentation is perfect, it produces alcohol sufficient to preserve the wine for a century in any country.*"'

All this and much more that Dr. Druitt has said is pleasing and trustworthy, because there is little appearance of a wine-merchant's element in the background. We will add only one more extract in reference to the flavor and odor of wines:—

'The organs of taste and smell stand as sentinels to watch the approaches to the stomach, and to warn us whether our food and drink are fit to be admitted or not. There are some articles respecting which these organs are not entirely to be relied upon; but certainly as regards wine, the effects of wine on the palate are known with exactitude, and the palate is able to distinguish wines which are wholesome from those that are not.

'Let us observe that *touch* is common to all parts of the body in greater or less degree, but is especially acute in the finger-tips, lips, and tongue. This takes cognisance of certain qualities, such as hot and cold, rough and smooth, hard and soft, and the like. *Taste* is a more delicate sense, and distinguishes properties such as sweet, sour, bitter, and salt, together with a thousand other varieties which have no name, though we well know them when presented to us.

'There is a third sense which recognises odors, and upon which they particularly operate, of course I mean the nose. Now everything that is tasted must affect the sense of touch and the union of both touch and taste may be essential to perfect enjoyment; thus, the crispness or flabbiness of a biscuit may make a great difference. Just so the union of smell with taste is essential for the enjoyment of wine. And here let us say, that everything that is smelled can be tasted, though not everything that is tasted can be smelled. The body of wine affects both senses.'—pp. 28, 29.

To this we may add Brillat-Savarin's definition: 'Without a sense of smell complete tasting cannot exist. Smell and taste are one sense where the mouth is the laboratory and the nose the chimney, or, to speak more exactly, one is good for tasting what can be touched, the other for tasting the gases.' Now a strong stomach cannot appreciate the bad effect of a mixture of wines; and however fine the nasal sensibility of an individual, it is impossible to detect the

value of a succession of different kinds of bouquet. Our own views are that Chablis or a low growth of Sauterne may be permitted with oysters; a good quality of Lower Burgundy or a 'grand ordinaire' of Bordeaux to begin the repast; but the moment you get to a point in the feast where a higher quality of wine is permitted, you should, with any regard to the stomach or the palate, stick to the same class of wine.

Not the least important element in a well-ordered repast is the coffee, which should complete it. It is very easy but not altogether just to condemn the methods of making it practised in England, and impute to them the only cause for our finding it bad here. Opinions may differ as to whether we do or do not find the several varieties of the berry, Mocha, Bourbon, Martinique, &c., which are mixed together in a French household, or by the tradesmen who sell them. What we maintain to be necessary as a first step towards a perfect beverage is fresh roasting *at home*. We should then find a very indifferent coffee-berry produce a very refreshing cup. We should get the true aroma. It would appear that, in the early part of the last century, coffee was not only ground but roasted by the ladies, as we gather from the lines of Pope in the 'Rape of the Lock':—

'For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,

The *berries crackle* and the mill turns round.'

Upon which Mr. Elwin adds the following note:—"There was a side-board of coffee," says Pope, in his letter describing Swift's mode of life at Letcombe, in 1714, "which the Dean roasted with his own hands in an engine for that purpose."*

Until lately we were not aware that a 'roasting-machine' for household use was on sale in England, but on passing down Oxford Street and Holborn we met with two kinds, similar in principle to one which we had ourselves suggested to a Parisian ironmonger before the war—i.e. the use of clockwork to turn the barrel, so that a cook's time may be saved and no berries burnt. Those we have seen do not appear quite suited for a kitchen, but a slight addition would easily adapt them to that kind of range.

One observation, not altogether known, may be added: coffee made with Schwalheim water is superior to that made with any other, due probably to the extracting power of the alkali held in solution therein, and it might be worth while testing Apollinaris or Taunus water in like manner. Also let us note that since the war, coffee, as served at the cafés in Paris, has much fallen off, in consequence, mainly, of the use of chicory. For our own part we never, during the Second Empire, considered it exceptionally fine and pure, save at the Café du Cardinal at the corner of the Rue Richelieu. It was only in private houses that one could be secure of the genuine flavor.

In the simplicity of tea-making it is only necessary to insist on water boiling at the moment it is poured on the tea: but we came upon some remarks in a modern cookery book against which we would beg to protest. The writer begins by saying that a silver or metal teapot draws out the strength and fragrance more readily than one of earthenware, a point on which we opine the Heathen Chinese would differ; nor, if we recollect right, would that interesting paper by Mr. Savile Lumley, when Secretary to the Legation at St. Petersburg, on the tea-houses frequented by the *ishvoshniks* or *droshky-drivers*, support such a view; and the said *ishvoshniks* are great connoisseurs in that beverage. The writer of the said cookery book goes on to say that you may half fill the pot with boiling water, and, if the tea be of very fine quality, you may let it stand ten minutes (!) before filling up. Now there was one Ellis, who had some reputation in the neighborhood of Richmond Hill in the matter of food and drink—to be plain, for the information of the youngest generation, he owned the Star and Garter there—and his view about tea was that you lost the aroma and gained less valuable properties for all the time beyond one minute that you let it stand. We can quote no higher authority for our own most persistent view on this question.

The hours at which repasts are taken are too much at the caprice of fashion in England to admit of any hope that reason will be heard on the subject. Some day fashion will permit us to have

* Elwin's 'Pope,' vol. ii. p. 163.

our mid-day breakfast or luncheon, and fall to our dinner with no jaded appetite at 6 or 7 o'clock. On sanitary grounds nothing will ever surpass the Frenchman's regulation of his meals—a light breakfast in his bedroom at 8 A.M., a serious breakfast from 11 to noon, and a dinner from 6 to 8, according to his occupations for the evening. To insist any more on this would be to attempt the codification of laws that will never be codified, or if codified never carried out, save subserviently to the reigning fashion.

We will close these remarks by referring once more to two of the works at the head of this article. Gouffé's is eminently practical, and adapted to the use of man or woman who likes to go sometimes into the kitchen and converse courteously with the artist. Dubois' 'Cosmopolitan Cookery' has some admirable recipes, e.g. salmon cutlets, 'sauce des gourmets,' page 83 of the English edition, and his list of menus are worth attention. Gouffé, by the way, expressly declines to give a list, for reasons stated (p. 336). Among Dubois' menus may be noted one (p. xvii) for ten guests, served at Nauheim (1867) by Cogery, who now keeps a restaurant at Nice; p. xxi, one for forty guests, served by the same artist at Helsingfors, where good judgment is united to simplicity; p. xxvi, one for fifty guests, served by Ripé (1867) to Prince (then Count) Bismarck, a menu where we observe the Bohemian pheasant, already referred to; and p. xxii, a very good menu for twelve persons, served by Blanchet at the Yorkshire Club, no date given. But, even after thus referring to them as deserving attention, we are bound to say that they are generally over-loaded, and we opine there are few diners-out who would not be thankful to see on their plate less elaborate menus.

It proves the fallibility of cooks, even so great as one who has been 'chef' to the King of Prussia, when we find M. Urbain Dubois in his recipe for plum-pudding omit the essential ingredient of bread-crumbs! Gouffé does not commit this grave error.

In the matter of English cookery-books adapted to private families, few surpass that excellent work by Mrs. Rundell, of which, with some little revision and the

addition of truly colored plates, Mr. Murray might surely give us another edition. Its excellence consists in that it is a manual for the household as well as a guide in the kitchen, but we are bound to say it is lamentably deficient where it attempts to instruct us in French cookery.

We ought not to conclude this review, devoted to simplicity in cooking, eating and drinking, without a reference to condiments under various names of this and that sauce, many of which are admirable when used in their right places. We take it that the 'dernier mot' as between French and English 'gourmets,' neither of them addicted to the dishes of a City Alderman, would be, on the part of the second, 'Are not our manufactured sauces admirable?' On the part of the first—'Are they not too pungent, and do you not ask them to do the work of flavor which ought to be the business of the cook?'

The finest of them all is rather based on simple mushroom-ketchup than on Indian herbs, but it is scarcely the most popular, and those members of the medical profession who prescribe for dyspeptic individuals have as great an interest in columns of advertisements, for which in the end the purchaser pays, as even the adventurous manufacturers who fabricate sauces from the recipe of this or that nobleman. Still, let the best of them be accepted as adjuncts to a broiled bone at 2 A.M., without admitting the propriety of their position on the dinner-table.

Simple salt, and vegetable combinations that have been made with it, is worth some further comment. Salt is used at once too much and too little in English kitchens; too much, when by order of the landlord (like the bad brandy in the sauces at suburban hotels of reputation) it is to excite a desire for drink on the part of the guest; too little when in the case of a grilled beefsteak the cook forgets that salt combines during the process of cooking more effectively in its coarse kitchen form.*

The combination of salt with herbs has notably succeeded in two instances, and it is reserved for the future to bor-

* *Poulet au gros sel* is too little known in England.

row from what is known, and combine more delicate, and yet more delicate, forms. We allude to known combinations in speaking of that composed of the Chili-bean rubbed up with salt, to which the maker has given the name of Oriental salt, a condiment that has the flavor without the extreme pungency of cayenne, and would be an admirable substitute for it in that much-ill-used incentive to drink called devilled white-bait. Another useful combination is that of celery seed and salt, sold by a well-known Italian warehouseman. On the table each must stand on its own merits in reference to the guest's taste; neither to be insisted on indiscriminately, but each in turn especially adapted to soup, fish, roast and 'relevé,' cheese or a salad.

This, to conclude, is the sum of gastronomical observation which appears to us as most worthy of reflection by those who would see the English 'cuisine' raised to a higher level, and who desire that the younger generation may at least have a palate.

1. Herbal flavor is to be desired in soups, and increased knowledge on the part of cooks of the various kinds and qualities of herbs and roots.

2. The 'batterie de cuisine' should be improved by an increased number of copper vessels, and by the use of the salamander and smaller implements for cutting, scooping and otherwise arranging vegetables. Moreover, the use of charcoal should be established.

3. The use of more butter and less lard should be encouraged.

4. The market-gardener should learn that he has duties to fulfil.

5. Red wines should be the rule and not the exception at dinner, and champagne, if served at all, should be served with the sweets and not with the mutton.

6. Coffee should be made from different varieties of the berry and, if possible, should be roasted at home, certainly always ground there.

7. Fashion should permit us to adopt more sensible hours for our meals.—*Quarterly Review*.

MONTENEGRO.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
 They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
 Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
 Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales
 Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
 And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
 Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
 By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.
 O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
 Of Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
 Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
 Great Tsernogora! never since thine own
 Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
 Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

The Nineteenth Century.

MONTENEGRO. A SKETCH.*

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

It is sometimes said, in relation to individuals, that the world does not know

its greatest men. It might at least as safely be averred, in speaking of large numbers, that Christendom does not know

* 1. *Le Monténégro Contemporain*. Par G. FRILLEY, Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, et JOVAN WLAHOVITI, Capitaine au Service de la Serbie. Paris: 1870.

2. *Montenegro und die Montenegriner* geschildert von SPIRIDION GOPTCHEVITCH. Leipzig: 1877.

its most extraordinary people. The name of Montenegro, until within the last two years, was perhaps less familiar to the European public than that of Monaco, and little more than that of San Marino. And yet it would, long ere this, have risen to world-wide and immortal fame, had there been a Scott to learn and tell the marvels of its history, or a Byron to spend and be spent on its behalf. For want of the *vates sacer*, it has remained in the mute inglorious condition of Agamemnon's predecessors. I hope that an interpreter between Montenegro and the world has at length been found in the person of my friend Mr. Tennyson, and I gladly accept the honor of having been invited to supply a commentary to his text. In attempting it I am sensible of this disadvantage—that it is impossible to set out the plain facts of the history of Montenegro (or Tsernagora in its own Slavonic tongue) without begetting in the mind of any reader strange, and nearly all are strange, to the subject, a resistless suspicion of exaggeration or of fable.

The vast cyclone of Ottoman conquest, the most formidable that the world has ever seen, having crossed the narrow sea from Asia in the fourteenth century, made rapid advances westward, and blasted, by its successive acquisitions, the fortunes of countries the chief part of which were then among the most civilised, Italy alone being excepted, of all Europe. I shall not here deal with the Hellenic lands. It is enough to say that Bulgaria, Serbia (as now known), Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, gradually gave way.

Before telling the strange tale of those who, like some strong oak that the lightning fails to rive, breasted all the wrath of the tempest, and never could be slaves, let me render a tribute to the fallen. For the most part, they did not succumb without gallant resistance. The Serbian sovereigns of the fifteenth century were great and brave men, ruling a stout and brave people. They reached their zenith when, in 1347, Stephen Dushan entitled himself Emperor of Serbs, Greeks, and Bulgarians. In an evil hour, and to its own ruin, the Greek Empire invoked against him the aid of the Ottoman Turks. In 1356, he closed a prosperous career by a sudden death. On the fatal field of Kossovo, in 1389,

treachery allied itself with Ottoman prowess to bring about the defeat of the Serbian army; and again it was by treacherous advances that a qualified subjection was converted into an absolute servitude. The West, with all its chivalry, can cite no grander examples of martial heroism than those of Marko Kraljevitch, so fondly cherished in the Serbian lands, and of George Castriotes or Scanderbeg, known far and wide, and still commemorated by the name of a *vicolo* of Rome.

The indifference, or even contempt, with which we are apt to regard this field of history, ought to be displaced by a more rational, as well as more honorable, sentiment of gratitude. It was these races, principally Slavonian, who had to encounter in its unbroken strength, and to reduce, the mighty wave, of which only the residue, passing the Danube and the Save, all but overwhelmed not Hungary alone, but Austria and Poland. It was with a Slavonian population that the Austrian Emperor fortified the north bank of the Save, in the formation of the famous military Frontier. It was Slav resistance, unaided by the West, which abated the impetus of the Ottoman attack just to such a point, that its reserve force became capable of being checked by European combinations.

Among the Serbian lands was the flourishing Principality of Zeta. It took its name from the stream, which flows southward from the mountain citadel towards the Lake of Scutari. It comprised the territory now known as Montenegro or Tsernagora, together with the seaward frontier, of which a niggardly and unworthy jealousy had not then deprived it, and with the rich and fair plains encircling the irregular outline of the inhospitable mountain. Land after land had given way; but Zeta ever stood firm under the Balchid family. At last in 1478 Scutari was taken on the south, and in 1483 the ancestors of the still brave population of Herzegovina on the north submitted to the Ottomans. Ivan Tchernoevitch, the Montenegrin hero of the day, hard pressed on all sides, applied to the Venetians for the aid he had often given, and was refused. Thereupon he, and his people with him, quitted, in 1484, the sunny tracts in which they had basked for some seven hundred

years, and sought, on the rocks and amidst the precipices, surety for the two gifts, by far the most precious to mankind, their faith and their freedom. To them, as to the Pomaks of Bulgaria, and the Bosnian Begs, it was open to purchase by conformity a debasing peace. Before them, as before others, lay the *trinoda necessitas*, the alternatives of death, slavery, or the Koran. They were not to die, for they had a work to do. To the Koran or to slavery they preferred a life of cold, want, hardship, and perpetual peril. Such is their *Magna Charta*; and, without reproach to others, it is, as far as I know, the noblest in the world.

To become a centre for his mountain home, Ivan had built a monastery at Cetinje, and declared the place to be the metropolis of Zeta. What is most of all remarkable in the whole transaction is, that he carried with him into the hills a printing-press. This was in 1484, in a petty principality; they were men worsted in war, and flying for their lives. Again, it was only seven years after the earliest volume had been printed by Caxton in the rich and populous metropolis of England; and when there was no printing-press in Oxford, or in Cambridge, or in Edinburgh. It was only sixteen years after the first printing-press had been established (1468) in Rome, the capital of Christendom: only twenty-eight years after the appearance (1456) of the earliest printed book, the first-born of the great discovery.

Then and there,

They few, they happy few, they band of brothers

voted unanimously their fundamental law, that, in time of war against the Turks, no son of Tsernagora could quit the field without the order of his chief; that a runaway should be for ever displaced, and banished from his people; that he should be dressed in woman's clothes, and presented with a distaff; and that the women, striking him with their distaffs, should hunt the coward away from the sanctuary of freedom.

And now, for four centuries wanting only seven years, they have maintained in full force the covenant of that awful day, through an unbroken series of trials, of dangers, and of exploits, to which it is

hard to find a parallel in the annals of Europe, perhaps even of mankind.

It was not to be expected that the whole mass of any race or people should have the almost preterhuman energy, which their lot required. All along, from time to time, the weaker brethren have fallen away; and there were those who said to Ivan, as the Israelites said to Moses, 'Wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt, to bring us unto this evil place?' The great Ivan died in 1490, and was succeeded by his eldest son George, who in 1499 was persuaded by his Venetian wife to go back into the habitable world; not of Islam, however, but at Venice. Worse than this, his younger brother Stephen had gone with a band of companions to Constantinople and proposed to Bajazet the Second the betrayal of his country. He, and those whom he took with him, were required to turn Mahometans, and they did it. None could be so fit, as traitors, to be renegades. They then set out with an Ottoman force for the work of conquest. They were met by George, and utterly defeated. But these victors, the men of the printing-press as well as of the sword, were no savages by nature, only afterwards when the Turks in time made them so. They took back their renegade fellow-countrymen into Montenegro, and allowed them the free exercise of their religion.

On the retirement of George, which seems only to have become final in 1516, the departing prince made over the sovereign power to the Metropolitan. And now began, and lasted for 336 years, an ecclesiastical government in miniature over laymen, far more noble than that of the Popes in its origin and purer in its exercise, as well as in some respects not less remarkable.

The epithet I have last used may raise a smile. But the greatness of human action, and of human character, do not principally depend on the dimensions of the stage where they are exhibited. In the fifth century, and before the temporal power arose, there was a Leo as truly Great as any of the famous mediæval Pontiffs. The traveller may stand upon the rock of Corinth, and look, across and along the gulf, to the Acropolis of Athens; and may remember, with advantage no less than with wonder, that these little

States, of parochial extension, were they that shook the world of their own day, and that have instructed all posterity. But the *Basileus*, whom Greece had to keep at arm's length, had his seat afar; and, even for those within his habitual reach, was no grinding tyrant. Montenegro fought with a valor that rivalled, if it did not surpass, that of Thermopylæ and Marathon; with numbers and resources far inferior, against a foe braver and far more terrible. A long series of about twenty prelates, like Moses, or Joshua, or Barak, or the son of Jesse, taught in the sanctuary, presided in the council, and fought in the front of the battle. There were among them many, who were admirable statesmen. These were especially of the Nicgush family, which came in the year 1687 to the permanent possession of power: a power so little begirt with the conveniences of life, and so well weighted with responsibility and care, that in the free air of these mountains it was never coveted, and never abused.

Under the fourteen Vladikas, who had ruled for 170 years before this epoch, the people of Montenegro not only lived sword in hand, for this they have since done and still do, but nourished in their bosom an enemy more deadly, say the historians, than the Pashas and their armies. Not only were they ever liable to the defection of such as had not the redundant manhood required in order to bear the strain of their hard and ever-threatened existence; but the renegades on the banks of the Rieka, whom they had generously taken back, maintained disloyally relations with the Porte, and were ever ready to bring its war-galleys by the river into the interior of the country. At last the measure of patience was exhausted. Danilo, the first Vladika of the Nicgush dynasty, had been invited, under an oath of 'safe conduct from the Pasha of Scutari, to descend into the plain of Zeta, among the homes of his ancestors, for the purpose of consecrating a church. While engaged on this work, he was seized, imprisoned, and cruelly tortured. At last he was released on a ransom of 3,000 ducats, a sum which the hillsmen were only enabled to make up by borrowing in Herzegovina. It was felt that the time had arrived for a decisive issue; and we come now to a

deed of blood which shows that for those human beings with whom the Turk forced himself into contact, and who refused to betray their faith, there were no alternatives but two: if not savages they must be slaves, if not slaves they must come near to being savages.

It was determined to slay by night every one of the renegades, except such as were willing to return to the faith of their fathers. The year was 1702, and the night chosen was that which divided Christmas Eve from Christmas Day. The scale was not large, but the operation was terrible; and the narrative, contained in an old *volkslied*, shows that it was done under that high religious exaltation which recalls the fiery gloom of the *Agamemnon*, and the sanguinary episodes of the Old Testament.

The hallowed eve draws onwards. The brothers Martinovitch kindle their consecrated torches. They pray fervently to the new-born God. Each drains a cup of wine; and seizing the sacred torches, they rush forth into the darkness. Wherever there was a Turk, there came the five avengers. They that would not be baptised were hewn down every one. They that embraced the Cross were taken as brothers before the Vladika. Gathered in Cetinje, the people hailed with songs of joy the reddening dawn of the Christmas morning; all Tsernagora now was free!

The war had been a standing rather than an intermittent war, and each party to it was alternately aggressor and defender. The Turk sought to establish his supremacy by exacting the payment of the *haradsch*, the poll or military service tax, paid in kind, which sometimes, in the more open parts, as we may suppose, of the territory, he succeeded in obtaining. Once the collector complained that the measure used was too small. The tax-payer smashed his skull with it, and said: 'That is Tsernagora measure.' But the Montenegrins were aggressive as well as the Turks. Of the fair plains they had been compelled to deliver to the barbarian, they still held themselves the rightful owners; and in carrying on against him a predatory warfare they did no more than take back, as they deemed, a portion of their own. This predatory warfare, which had a far better justification than any of the Highland or Border raids that we have learned to judge so leniently, has been effect-

ally checked by the efforts of the admirable Vladikas and princes of the last hundred years; for, as long as it subsisted, the people could not discharge effectually the taint of savagery. It even tended to generate habits of rapine. But the claim to the lands is another matter; there is no lapse of title by user here; the bloody suit has been prosecuted many times in the course of each of twelve generations of men. That claim to the lands they have never given up, and never will.

From 1710 onwards, at intervals, the Sovereigns of Russia and Austria have used the Montenegrins for their own convenience when at war with Turkey, and during the war of the French Revolution the English did the like, and by their cooperation and that of the inhabitants, effected the conquest of the *Bocche di Cattaro*. To England they owe no gratitude; to Austria, on the whole, less than none, for, to satisfy her, the district she did not win was handed over to her with our concurrence. She has rigidly excluded the little State from access to the sea, and has at times even prevented it from receiving any supplies of arms. Russia, however, from the time of Peter the Great, though using them for her own purposes, has not always forgotten their interests, and has commonly aided the Vladikas with a small annual subvention, raised, through the liberality of the Czar now reigning, to some 3,000*l.* a year;* the salary of one of our Railway Commissioners. Nor should it be forgotten that Louis Napoleon, seemingly under a generous impulse, took an interest in their fortunes, and made a further addition to the revenues of the Prince, which raised them in all to an amount such as would equip a well-to-do English country gentleman, provided that he did not bet, or aspire to a deer-forest, or purchase Sèvres or even Chelsea porcelain.

The most romantic and stirring passages of other histories may be said to grow pale, if not by the side of the ordinary life of Tsernagora, at least when brought into comparison with that life at the critical emergencies, which were of very constant recurrence. What was the numerical strength of the bishop-led

community, which held fast its oasis of Christianity and freedom amidst the dry and boundless desert of Ottoman domination? The fullest details I have seen on this subject are those given by Frilley and Wlahoviti. The present form of the territory exhibits the figure which would be produced if two roughly drawn equilateral triangles, with their apices slightly truncated, had these apices brought together, so that the two principal masses should be severed by a narrow neck or waist of territory. The extreme length of the principality from the border above Cattaro on the west to Mount Kom, the farthest point eastwards of Berda, is about seventy miles; the greatest breadth from north to south is a good deal less; but the line at the narrow point from Spuz on the south to Niksich on the north, both of them on ground still Turkish, does not exceed twenty miles. The reader will now easily understand the tenacity with which a controversy seemingly small has just been carried on at Constantinople between the delegates of Prince Nicholas and the Porte; with *andirivieni* almost as many as marked the abortive Conference of December and January, or the gestation of the recent Protocol. At these points, the plain makes dangerous incisions into the group of mountains; and from them the Turk has been wont to operate. The population of his empire is forty millions; and I believe his claims for military service extend over the whole, except the five millions (in round numbers) of free people, who inhabit the Serbian and Roumanian principalities. Let us now see what were the material means of resistance on the other side. About A.D. 1600, there are said to have been 3,500 houses and 8,000 fighting men in Montenegro. The military age is from twelve to fifty; and these numbers indicate a population not much, if at all, over 30,000. This population was liable to be thinned by renegadism and constant war; but, since the early siftings, the operation of the baser cause appears to have been slight. On the other hand, freedom attracts the free; and tribes, or handfuls, of Turkish subjects near Montenegro have had a tendency to join it. Until a few years back, it never had a defined frontier; it is only in recent times that its eastern triangle, that of Berda, has

* Stated by Goptchevitch as high as 4000*l.* a year.

been added to Tsernagora proper. About 1800, the population had risen to 55,000. In 1825, to 75,000. In 1835, the official calendar of Cetinje placed it at 100,000, and in 1865 at 196,000. This included the districts of Grabovo, Rudine, and Joupá, conquered under Prince Danilo. For the mere handful of mountaineers has been strong enough, on the whole, not only to hold but to increase its land. Yet, on the establishment of free Serbia, a tendency to emigrate from the sterile rocks into that well-conditioned country was naturally exhibited; and two battalions composed of the children of Montenegrins helped to make up that small portion of the army of General Tcherniaeff, on which alone, in the operations of the recent war, he could confidently rely.

While the gross population of Montenegro, in men, women, and children, was slowly growing through three centuries from thirty to fifty thousand, we must inquire with curiosity what amount of Turkish force has been deemed by the Porte equal to the enterprise of attacking the mountain. And here, strange as it may seem, history proves it to have been the general rule not to attack Montenegro except with armies equalling or exceeding, sometimes doubling or more, in numbers, all the men, women, and children that it contained. In 1712, under the Vladika Danilo, 50,000 men crossed the Zeta between Podgoritzá and Spuz. Some accounts raise this force beyond 100,000. Danilo assailed their camp before dawn on the 29th of July, with an army, in three divisions, which could hardly have reached 12,000 men. With a loss of 318 men, he slew, at the lowest estimate, 20,000. And in these alone, so far as I know, of all modern wars, it seems not uncommon to find the slain among the Turks exceeding the gross number of the highland heroes arrayed against them. Great is the glory of the Swiss in their Burgundian wars for freedom; but can it be matched with the exploits of the bishops of Montenegro and their martial flocks? Once more the heart of the little nation relieves itself in song.

The Seraskier wrote to Danilo: 'Send me your paltry tribute, and three of your best warriors for hostages. Refuse, and I will lay

waste the land from the Morea to the salt-sea,* with fire and sword, and will seize you alive,† and put you to death by torture.' As he read this letter the Vladika wept bitterly. He summoned the heads of communities to Cetinje. Some said, 'Give them the tax;' but others, 'Give them our stones.' . . . They determined that they would fight to the last man. They swore with one accord that all they would give the Turk should be the bullet-rain of their muskets.

And thus continues the tale. Three Montenegrins went down to the Turkish encampment by night, and traversed the slumbering masses; just as, in the tenth Iliad, Odusseus and Diomed moved amid the sleeping allies of Troy. Vuko, one of the three, said to his comrades: 'Go you back; I abide here to serve the cause.' They returned to Cetinje, and said: 'So many are the Turks, that, had we three all been pounded into salt, we should not be enough to salt a supper for them.' How this recalls the oldest census in the world, the census of Homer, who says: 'Were the Achaians divided into parties of ten, and every Trojan employed in serving them with wine, one for each party, many a ten would lack a wine-server.' But, not to terrify their friends, they added that this vast host was but a host of cripples. So the people heard mass, received the benediction of their Vladika, and then set out upon the errand of victory or death. Vuko had induced the enemy to rest by the Vladinia, on the plea that they would not find water between that stream and Cetinje. Here, before dawn, came down on them the bullet-rain. They were slaughtered through three days of flight; and the bard concludes: 'O my Serbian brothers, and all ye in whose breast beats the heart of liberty, be glad; for never will the ancient freedom perish, so long as we still hold our little Tsernagora!'

The very next year, the Turks assembled 120,000 of their best troops for the purpose of crushing the mountaineers, whose numbers fell within the satirical description applied by Tigranes to the Romans: 'Too many for an embassy, too few for an army.' But even this was

* G., p. 10. The Morea was not then Turkish. Does the 'salt-sea' mean the White Sea?

† As opposed to the ordinary practice in these wars, of death on the field without quarter.

not enough of precaution. Thirty-seven head men of Montenegro, who had proceeded to the Turkish camp to negotiate with the commander, were basely seized and put to death. The Turks now ventured to assail a force one-tenth of its own numbers and deprived of its leaders. They burned the monastery, they carried thousands of women and children into slavery, and then, without attempting to hold the country, they marched off to the Morea, while the men of Tsernagora descended from their rocky fastnesses and rebuilt their villages. They powerfully befriended Austria and Venice in the war they were then waging, and, as was too commonly the case, were left in the lurch by their allies at the peace of Passarowitz in 1719. The Turks accordingly made bold to attack them in 1722 with 20,000 men under Hussein Pasha. One thousand Montenegrins took this General prisoner, and utterly discomfited his army. In 1727, another Turkish invasion was similarly defeated. In 1732, Topal Osman Pasha marched against the Piperi, who had joined them, with 30,000 men, but had to fly with the loss of his camp and baggage. In 1735 the heroic Danilo passed into his rest, after half a century of toil and glory.

These may be taken as specimens of the military history of Montenegro. Time does not permit me to dwell on what is perhaps the most curious case of personation in all history, that of Stiepan Mali, who for many years together passed himself off upon the mountaineers as being Peter III. of Russia, the unfortunate husband of Catharine, and, in that character, partially obtained their obedience. But the presence of a prince reputed to be Russian naturally stimulated the Porte. Again Montenegro was invaded in 1768 by an army variously estimated at 67,000, 100,000, and even 180,000 men. Their force of 10,000 to 12,000 was, as ever, ready for the fight; but the Venetians, timorously obeying the Porte, prohibited the entry of munitions of war. Utter ruin seemed now at length to overhang them. A cartridge was worth a ducat, such was their necessity; when 500 of their men attacked a Turkish division, and had for their invaluable reward a prize of powder. And now all

fear had vanished. They assailed before dawn the united forces of the Pashas of Roumelia from the south and Bosnia from the north. Again they effected the scarcely credible slaughter of 20,000 Turks with 3,000 horses, and won an incredible booty of colors, arms, munitions, and baggage. So it was that the flood of war gathered round this fortress of faith and freedom, and so it was that flood was beaten back. *Afflavit Dominus, ac dissipauit.*

In 1782 came Peter to the throne, justly recorded, by the fond veneration of his countrymen, as Peter the Saint. Marmont, all whose inducements and threats he alike repelled, has given this striking description of him: 'Ce Vladika, homme superbe, de cinquante ans environ, d'un esprit remarquable, avait beaucoup de noblesse et de dignité dans ses manières. Son autorité positive et légale dans son pays était peu de chose, mais son influence était sans bornes.'* As bishop, statesman, legislator, and warrior, he brought his country safely through eight-and-forty years of scarcely intermitted struggle. Down to, and perhaps after, his time, the government was carried on as in the Greece of the heroic age. The sovereign was Priest, Judge, and General; and was likewise the head of the Assembly, not representative, but composed of the body of the people, in which were taken the decisions that were to bind the people as laws. This was called the Sbor; it was held in the open air; and when it became unruly, the method of restoring order was to ring the bell of the neighboring church. Here was promulgated for the first time in the year 1796, by his authority, a code of laws for Montenegro, which had hitherto been governed, like the Homeric communities, by oral authority and tradition. In 1798 he appointed a body of judges, and in 1803 he added to the code a supplement. With the nineteenth century, in round numbers, commenced the humanising process, which could not but be needed among a race whose existence, for ten generations of men, had been a constant struggle of life and death with the ferocious Turk. From his time, the *haradsch* was no more heard of.

* I quote from F. and W., p. 495.

Here is the touching and simple account of the calm evening that closed his stormy day :—

On the 18th of October, 1830, Peter the First, who was then in his eighty-first year, was sitting, after the manner of his country, by the fireside of his great kitchen, and was giving to his chiefs, assembled round him, instructions for the settlement of some local* differences which had arisen. The aged Vladika, feeling himself weak, announced that his last hour was come, and prayed them to conduct him to the humble cell which, without fire, he inhabited as a hermit would. Arriving there, he stretched himself on his bed ; urged upon his chiefs to execute with fidelity the provisions set forth in the Will he had that day dictated to his secretary ; and then, in conversation and in prayer, rendered up his soul to God. So died this illustrious man, whom a Slavonic writer has not scrupled to call the Louis XIV. of Tsernagora, but who in a number of respects was also its Saint Louis.

Thirty-five years after his death Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby, in their remarkable tour, visited the country. They found still living some of those who had lived under St. Peter ; and thus they give the report of him which they received :—

There are still with us men who lived under St. Peter's rule, heard his words, and saw his life. For fifty years he governed us ; and fought and negotiated for us ; and walked before us in pureness and uprightness from day to day. He gave us good laws, and put an end to the disorderly state of the country. He enlarged our frontier, and drove away our enemies. Even on his deathbed he spoke words to our elders, which have kept peace among us since he has gone. While he yet lived, we swore by his name. We felt his smile a blessing, and his anger a curse. We do so still.†

The voice of his people declared him a saint. Did the Vatican ever issue an award more likely to be ratified above ?

I have already indicated resemblances between the characteristic features of Montenegro and of Homeric or Achaian Greece. One of the most remarkable among them is the growth of men truly great in small theatres of action. Not Peter the First only, but his successors,

* Among the Plemenas, which may be called Parishes : subdivisions of the eight Nahias, say Hundreds. All Montenegro is but a moderate county.

† *Travels* of Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby, p. 628 (ed. 1867). Also see Goptchevitch, p. 21.

will bear some comparison with those, whom the great Greek historians of the classic period have made so famous. To Peter the First succeeded his nephew Radatomovo, aged seventeen years. He was thereupon invested with the ecclesiastical habit and the sovereignty, and in 1833, when aged only twenty, he received at St. Petersburg episcopal consecration. Sir Gardner Wilkinson informs us that he was nearly six feet eight inches in height, and thoroughly well proportioned. His skill with the rifle was such that, when one of his attendants tossed a lemon into the air, he would readily put a bullet through it. At nineteen the cloud of Turkish war broke upon him from Scutari ; for he had refused to accept a *berat* from the Porte, which would have sealed him as a vassal. The pasha's advanced guard of several thousand men was defeated by a body of 800 Montenegrins, at the head of whom the Pope Radoviti fell bravely fighting ; and no more was heard of the invasion. But this Vladika, following up St. Peter's work, set his face sternly against all such lawless habits as remained in the country. In his modes of repression there are curious traits of manners. The man-slayer was shot, but the thief was ignominiously hanged. In the matter of shooting there was a great difficulty ; for the terrible usage of the *vendetta*—which had by no means been extirpated from the Ionian Islands twenty years ago—bound the kin or descendants of a man to avenge his death on the person who slew him. The expedient adopted was to shoot by a large platoon, so that the killer could not be identified. I read that, before brigandage and the *vendetta* could be thoroughly put down, some hundreds of lives were taken ; more, probably, than were ever lost in the bloodiest battle with the Turk. Internal reform, which partook of a martial character, was the great task of this reign. But not exclusively. Under him was performed one of the feats incredible except in Montenegro. Ten men in 1835 seized by a *coup de main* the old castle of Zabliak, once the capital of Zeta, held it for four days against 3,000 Turks, and then surrendered it only by order of the Vladika, who was anxious to avoid a war. Nearly all his battles were victories.

This giant had received at St. Peters-

burg a high education, and was a cultivated man. A friend of mine has seen and admired him at Venice. He goes by the title of 'the hero, statesman, poet Vladika;' and his verse has given him a high place in Slav literature. He is thus described:—

One while he was to be seen as a captain, sword in hand, giving an example of every military virtue at the head of his troops; another, as a priest and preacher, carrying the cross alone, and subduing his wild compatriots into gentleness; again, as an inexorable judge, ordering the execution of culprits in his presence, or as a prince incorruptible, and refusing all the favors by which it was sought to fetter his independence.

Down to his time, there had been a civil governor who acted under the metropolitan as sovereign; but the holder of the office was deposed for intriguing with Austria, and, when the Vladika died at thirty-nine, no successor had been appointed. This perhaps tended to accelerate the change, which was effected on the death of Peter the Poet in 1851. But a share in it was due to that subtle influence, the love of woman, which has so many times operated at great crises upon human affairs. The young Danilo, the nephew of the deceased Vladika, designated for the succession, was attached to a beautiful girl in Trieste, and the hope of union with her could only be maintained in the event of his avoiding episcopal consecration, which entailed the obligation of celibacy. The Senate almost unanimously supported him in his determination; and thus was effected a change which perhaps was required by the spirit of the times. The old system, among other points, entailed a great difficulty with respect to regulating the succession, which, among a people less simple and loyal, would have been intolerable. So, then, ended that line of the Vladikas of Montenegro, who had done a work for freedom, as well as for religion, never surpassed in any country of the globe. Of the trappings and enjoyments of power, they had known nothing. To them, it was endeared as well as sanctified only by burdens and by perils. Their dauntless deeds, their simple self-denying lives, have earned for them a place of high honor in the annals of mankind, and have laid for their people the solid

groundwork on which the future, and a near future as it seems, will build.

Danilo did no dishonor, during his short reign, to the traditions of his episcopal predecessors. He consummated the great work of internal order, and published in 1855 the statute-book in force until 1876. In the war with Omar Pasha (1852-3), the military fame of the country was thoroughly maintained, under admirable leaders, though as usual with inferior arms and numbers. During the Crimean struggle, he maintained the formal neutrality of his country, though it cost him a civil war, and nearly caused the severance of Berda from the ancient Montenegro. In May 1858, his brother Mirko revived and rivalled at Grabovo all the old military glories of Tsernagora. Having no artillery, and very inferior arms, the Montenegrins swept down from the hill upon the gunners of the Turks, and destroyed them. In this battle the Ottoman force, enclosed in a basin or *corrie*, without power of retreat, displayed a desperate valor, for which on most other occasions they have not been by any means so remarkable. Nor was their numerical superiority so manifold as it commonly had been. They were defeated with the loss of several thousand lives, fourteen guns, colors, baggage, and munitions. From the bodies of many dead were taken English as well as French medals, obviously granted for the Crimean war, which were seen by Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby among the collection of trophies at Cetinje. The victory of Grabovo produced a great excitement among the rayahs of Turkey. But the great Powers of Europe came to the help of the Porte and its huge empire against the Lilliputian State, that is scarcely a speck upon its map. It had to abide a diplomatic verdict. A Commission, sitting at Constantinople, accorded to it the advantage of establishing in principle the delimitation of its frontiers, and in 1859 admitted its envoy, notwithstanding the protest of Ali Pasha, to take part in its deliberations. But the Powers had in 1857 determined at Paris that, in return for some small accretion, and for access to the sea, Montenegro should definitively acknowledge the suzerainty of the Porte. Her refusal was positive, despite the wishes of the prince. It was to French not British

advocacy that she seems to have owed a declaration of May 1858, which acknowledged the independence of the Black Mountain.

In August 1860, Prince Danilo was shot on the quay of Cattaro. The assassin was prompted by a motive of private revenge, for which different grounds are assigned. Like his predecessors, he lived and died a hero. In what estimation he was held, let Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby testify. On his death his body had been carried up the mountain, and deposited in a church. For many weeks afterwards, as they tell us, this church was filled, morning, noon, and all night through, by his people, men, women, and children; and stalwart warriors were, as of old, dissolved in tears.

Danilo was succeeded by his nephew Nikita, the present Prince of Montenegro. He had not at his accession completed his nineteenth year. It is characteristic of the Principality that his own father Mirko, the victor of Grabovo, contentedly gave way to him. Goptchevitch, the brother of his aunt Princess Darinka, acquaints us that he set out with two fixed ideas—the first, to prosecute the civilising work among his people; the second, to liberate the sister Serbian lands still in servitude. This writer appears disposed, in regard to the present sovereign, rather to play the part of critic than of eulogist; but ascribes to him great merit in his political conduct and in the prosecution of social reforms. Soon after his accession, Montenegro was worsted, after a long resistance, in a war with Turkey. She had been driven to her crags, when diplomatic mediation brought about a settlement. It was then proved that an empire of 35,000,000 *could* gain the advantage against a tribe under 200,000. Only, however, when she could concentrate against it all or nearly all her forces; when she had a general, not a Turk, of the ability of Omar Pasha; when she had reformed her whole armament by means of European loans; and when Montenegro had but her old muskets and old ways. Since then a great change has taken place. The army has been organised in 30 battalions, 800 strong; and now for the first time we hear of an endeavor to establish a certain strength of cavalry. The fighting men are reck-

oned at 35,000; but the military age begins at twelve. The obligation for offensive service runs only from seventeen; but it appears that the zeal of patriotism carries the people while yet boys into the ranks. The force available for general operations, between seventeen and fifty, amounts to 24,000. The arms have been greatly improved, two-thirds having breech-loaders, all (as is stated) revolvers, and most of them carrying the *handschar*. During the war from July to October, 1876, we heard much of the Turkish victories over a Serbian army composed principally of peasants put suddenly into the ranks, with a *salting* of real soldiers; but very little, in comparison, of their failures and defeats in the conflict with Montenegro. Goptchevitch has supplied* a detailed account of the operations. I shall refer only to the most remarkable. On the 28th of July the men of Tsernagora encountered Muktar Pasha, and for once with superior force. Four thousand Turks were killed, but only seventy men of Montenegro. Osman Pasha was taken; Selim was among the slain. At Medun, on the 14th of August, 20,000 Turks were defeated by 5,000 of these heroic warriors; and 4,700 slain. On the 6th of September five battalions of Montenegro defeated Dervisch Pasha in his movement upon Piperi, and slew 3,000 of his men. On the 7th of October Muktar Pasha, with 18,000 men, drove three Montenegrin battalions back upon Mirotinsko Dolove. Here they were raised, by a junction with Vukotitch, to a strength of 6,000 men. Thus reinforced, they swept down upon Muktar, and, after an action of sixteen hours, drove him back to Kloluk, leaving 1,500 dead behind him. On the 10th of October Dervisch Pasha effected an advance from the south, until he found himself attacked simultaneously at various points, and had to retreat with a loss of 2,000 men. On the 20th of October Medun was taken, and the Ottoman general fled to Scutari, leaving garrisons in Spuz and Podgoritza. The armistice arrested this course of disasters, when the southern army (Dervisch) had been reduced from 45,000 to 22,000, and the northern (Muktar) from 35,000 to 18,000.

* Pp. 188-93.

So much for that 'indomitable pluck' of the Turks, which has since moved the enthusiastic admiration of a British Minister.

Goptchevitch reckons the slain on the Turkish side at 26,000; on the side of Montenegro, at 1,000. And there is no wonder if we find the Montenegrins now aspire to breechloaders and to cavalry: they captured from their enemies (with much besides) 12,000 breechloaders and 1,500 horses.

Montenegro brought into action, in all, 25,000 men; 17,000 of her own, 2,000 allies, and 6,000 insurgents from the Turkish provinces: a fact, this last, highly indigestible for those who contend that rebellions in Turkey are not sustained by natives, but by foreigners. The entire Turkish force directed against Tsernagora is stated at the enormous total of 130,000. It was, of course, chiefly Asiatic.

It will be observed that the whole of these figures are taken from a work on the Slavonic side. The author has had the best means of information; and the statements are written not for our information, but for that of the sober and studious Germans. They are such as might at first sight well provoke a smile of incredulity. Yet, strange to say, they are in pretty close conformity with the general, the nearly unbroken, tenor of a series of wars reaching over four centuries. This is the race which, when asked for tribute, offered stones; whose privations were such, that on one occasion, having taken some hundreds of Turkish prisoners, they gladly accepted in exchange the same number of pigs; who clothe the coward in the garb of woman, but whose women freely grasp the rifle in the hour of need; yet whose men of war weep like women for the dead prince they love; and whose fathers in 1484 carried the printing-press with them to the mountains.

What became of that printing-press? Probably, when, not long after the removal to the hills, a vast army of Ottomans penetrated to Cetinje and burned the monastery, it perished in the flames. The act of carrying it there demonstrated the habits, and implied the hopes, of a true civilisation. But those habits and those hopes could not survive the cruel, inexorable incidents of the position.

Barbarous himself in origin, and rendered far more barbarous by the habitual tyranny incident of necessity to his peculiar position in these provinces, the Turk has barbarised every tribe about him, except those whom he unmanned. The race of Tsernagora, with their lives ever in their hand, have inhabited not a territory, but a camp; and camp life, bad at the best, is terrible in its operation when it becomes continuous for twelve generations of men. It was only a fraction of the brutality and cruelty of Turks that in course of time was learned by the mountaineers. But even that fraction was enough to stir a thrill of horror. Of the exposure of the heads of the slain I cannot speak so strongly as some, who appear to forget that we did the same thing in the middle of the last century which Montenegro carried on into this one; and that a Jacobite, fighting for his ancient line of kings, may fairly bear comparison with a race which had claimed a commission not only to conquer all the earth, but to blast and blight all they conquered. On both sides this was a coarse, harsh practice, and it was nothing more. The same cannot be said of the mutilation of prisoners. There was an undoubted case of this kind during the late war, when a batch of Turks had their noses or upper lips or both cut away. This is certainly very far less bad than burning, flaying, impaling, and the deeds worse even than these in Bulgaria, for which rewards and decorations have been given by the Porte. But it was a vile act; and we have to regret that no measures have been taken by the British agency which published it to trace it home, so that we might know the particulars of time, place, and circumstance, and learn whether it was done by Montenegrins or by their allies, who have not undergone the civilising influence of the last four reigns in Tsernagora. The unnaturally severe conditions, which have been normal in Montenegrin existence, will be best of all understood by the ideas and usages which have prevailed among themselves towards one another. Firstly, we are told that death in battle came to be regarded as natural death, death in bed as something apart from nature. Secondly, agriculture, and still more all trading industry, fell into disrepute among these inveterate warriors, and the

first was left to the women, while they depended upon foreign lands to supply the handicrafts. Thirdly, when a comrade was wounded in battle so as to be helpless, the first duty was to remove him; but if this were impossible from the presence of the enemy, then to cut off his head, so as to save him from the shame or torture which he was certain to incur if taken alive by the Turks. Not only was this an act of friendship, but a special act of special friendship. There grew up among the mountaineers a custom of establishing a conventional relationship, which they called bond-brotherhood; and it was a particular duty of the bond-brother to perform this fearful office for his mate. In fact, the idea of it became for the Montenegrin simple and elementary, as we may learn from an anecdote, with a comic turn, given by Sir Gardner Wilkinson.

When the Austrians and Montenegrins were fighting against the Turks, allies of the French, on a certain occasion a handful of men had to fly for their lives. Two Austrians were among them, of whom one had the misfortune to be what is called stout. When the party had run some way, he showed signs of extreme distress, and said he would throw himself on the ground, and take his chance. 'Very well,' said a fellow-fugitive, 'make haste, say your prayers, make the sign of the cross, and I will then cut off your head for you.' As might be expected, this was not at all the view of the Austrian in his proposal, and the friendly offer had such an effect upon him, that he resumed the race and reached a place of safety. Under the steady reforming influences, which have now been at work for nearly a hundred years, few vestiges of this state of things probably remain.

But I will dedicate the chief part of my remaining space to the application of that criterion which is of all others the sharpest and surest test of the condition of a country—namely, the idea it has embraced of woman, and the position it assigns to her.

This is both the weak, the very weak, and also the strong point of Montenegro. The women till the fields, and may almost be said to make them; for Lady Strangford testifies that she saw various patches of ground in cultivation,

which were less than three feet square, and it seems that handfuls of soil are put together even where a single root will grow. More than this, over the great ladder-road between Cetinje and Cattaro, the women carry such parcels, bound together, as, being over ten pounds in weight, are too heavy for the post; and Goptchevitch records the seemingly easy performance of her task by a woman who was the bearer of his large and long portmanteau. Consequently, though the race is beautiful, and this beauty may be seen in very young girls, as women they become short in stature, with harsh and repulsive features. Nor is their social equality recognised, since they not only labor but perform menial offices for the men. One of our authorities informs us that the husband often beats his wife. This, however, to my knowledge, was a practice which did not excite general repugnance, one generation back, among the Hellenic inhabitants of Cefalonia.

The portrait thus set before us is sufficiently ungainly: let us turn to its more winning features. Crime of all kinds is rare in Montenegro: Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby inform us that in a year the gaol had but two prisoners. But the crimes, or sins, which have reference to woman, are, whether in their viler or their milder forms, almost unknown. Not violation only, but seduction and prostitution, says Goptchevitch, are not found in Montenegro. The old law of the country punished all unchastity with death: a law, of which there seem to be traces also in Bulgaria. Everywhere the purity and modesty of the maiden enjoy an absolute respect; and a woman, in every defile, every hamlet of Tsernagora, is a perfect escort for the traveller. Moreover, even the French writer, to whom I am so much indebted, and who seems to view this matter through a pair of Parisian spectacles, candidly admits that the Montenegrin woman is quite satisfied with her state. '*La Monténegrine semble du reste se complaire dans ce rôle d'infériorité et d'abjection.*' If the condition of the women was not Parisian, neither, it may be truly said, was that of the men.

The women have the same passionate attachment with the men to family and country, and display much of the same

valor. Goptchevitch supplies two most remarkable examples. A sister and four brothers, the four of course all armed, are making a pilgrimage or excursion to a church. The state of war with the Turk being normal, we need not wonder when we learn that they are attacked un-awares on their way, in a pass where they proceed in single file, by seven armed Turks; who announce themselves by shooting dead the first of the brothers, and dangerously wounding the second. The odds are fearful, but the fight proceeds. The wounded man leans against the rock, and, though he receives another and fatal shot, kills two of the Turks before he dies. The sister presses forward, and grasps his rifle and his dagger. At last all are killed on both sides, excepting herself and a single Turk. She asks for mercy; and he promises it, but names her maidenly honor as the price. Indignant, and perceiving that now he is off his guard, she stabs him with the dagger. He tears it from her hand, they close, and she dashes the wretch over the precipice into the yawning depth below. The second anecdote is not less singular.

Tidings reach a Montenegrin wife that her husband has just been slain by a party under the command of a certain Aga. Knowing the road by which they are travelling, she seizes a rifle, chooses her position, and shoots the Aga dead. The rest of the party take to flight. The wife of the dead Aga sends her an epistle. 'Thou hast robbed me of both my eyes. Thou art a genuine daughter of Tsernagora. Come to-morrow alone to the border-line, and we will prove by trial which of us was the better wife.' The Tsernagorine appeared, equipped with the arms of the dead Aga, and alone as she was invited. But the Turkish woman had thought prudence the better part of valor, and brought an armed champion with her, who charges her on horseback. She shot him dead as he advanced, and, seizing her faithless antagonist, bound her and took her home, kept her as a nursemaid for fourteen years, and then let her go back to her place and people.

Such, in the rudest outline, is the Montenegro of history, and of fact. Such it was. Such it is. But what will it be? On some points we may speak with boldness; on others it must be with reserve. However unskilful may be the hand

which has inscribed these pages, it can hardly have expelled so completely from the wonderful picture both its color and its form, as not to have left in it vestiges at least and suggestions of a character greatly transcending the range of common experience, and calculated to awaken an extraordinary interest. Montenegro, which has carried down through four centuries, in the midst of a constant surge of perils, a charmed life, we may say with confidence will not die. No Russian, no Austrian eagle will build its nest in the Black Mountains.* The men of Tsernagora, who have never allowed the very shadow of a Turkish title to grow up by silent prescription, will claim their portion of an air and soil genial to man, and of free passage to and fro over the land and sea which God has given us. It is another question whether their brethren of the Serbian lands will amalgamate with them politically on an extended scale, and revive, either by a federal or an incorporating union, the substance, if not the form, of the old Serbian State. Such an arrangement would probably be good for Europe, and would go some way to guarantee freedom and self-government to the other European provinces of Turkey, whether under Ottoman suzerainty or otherwise. There is another question deeper and more vital. Rudeness and ferocity are rapidly vanishing; when their last trace disappears, will the simplicity, the truth, the purity, the high-strung devotion, the indomitable heroism, lose by degrees their native tone and their clear sharp outline, and will a vision on the whole so glorious for them, so salutary and corrective for us,

Die away,

And fade into the light of common day?

To the student of human nature, forty years ago, Pitcairn's Island offered a picture of singular interest, no less remote morally than locally from common life, a Paradise, not indeed of high intellect and culture, but of innocence and virtue. It became necessary to find for the growing numbers a larger site; and they were carried to Norfolk Island, when it had been purged of its population of convicts double-dyed. The spot was lovely, and the conditions favorable;

* In the arms of Montenegro appears a 'sovrain eagle' crowned.

but the organism would not bear transplanting, and the Pitcairners fast declined into the common mass of men. Is this to be the fate of the men of Montenegro when they substitute ease, and plenty, and power, and the pleasures and luxuries of life, for that stern but chivalrous wooing of Adversity, the 'relentless power,' in which they have been reared to a maturity of such incomparable hardihood? I dare not say: they have a firmer fibre, a closer tissue than ever was woven in the soft air and habitudes of Pitcairn; may they prove too strong for the world, and remain what in substance they are, a select, a noble, an imperial race!

In another point of view, they offer a subject of great interest to the inquiries of the naturalist. Physically, they are men of exceptional power and stature. Three causes may perhaps be suggested. The habits of their life have been in an extraordinary degree hardy, healthy, simple; if they have felt the pressure of want at times, they have never known the standing curse of plethora,

*Nec nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors.*

Next, may not the severe physical conditions of the Black Mountain have acted as a test, and shut out from the adult community all who did not attain to a high standard of masculine vigor? Among other notable features, they are a people of great longevity. Sir G. Wilkinson (shade of Lewis, hear it not!) found among them, living together as a family, seven successive generations; the patriarch had attained the age of 117, with a son of 100. A youth at 17 or 18 very commonly marries a girl of 13

or 14. But, thirdly, I conceive that moral causes may have cooperated powerfully with outward nature in this matter. *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*. The men who went up with Ivan were men of great souls; and this greatness, transmitted with blood and fortified by habit, may have assisted in supplying us with what seems to be a remarkable case of both natural and providential selection.

For the materials of this sketch I have been principally indebted to the two works named at its head. They are, I believe, the best on the subject; one is large and elaborate, the other, also full, coming down almost to this day. There is as yet no comprehensive book on Montenegro in our language. We have recently had articles on it in the *Church Quarterly Review* and in *Macmillan*, the latter guaranteed by the high name of Mr Freeman. Sir Gardner Wilkinson led the way thirty years ago with some chapters on the Mountain in his Dalmatian work. Dr Neale has supplied some very brief but interesting notices. Lady Strangford's sketch is slight and thin, but with ample power of observation. Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby were able to bestow far more of time and care on a subject well worthy of them, and have probably made by much the most valuable contribution extant in our language, under this as under other heads, to our knowledge of those South Slavonic provinces whose future will, we may humbly trust, redeem the miseries of their past. 'Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee; I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.'*—*The Nineteenth Century*.

BARRY CORNWALL.*

OF all men in the world the biographer of Lamb deserved to be fortunate in his own biographer, and the volume before us, fragmentary as it is, conveys a complete impression of the charm which the compiler has felt. We hardly know Mr. Procter when we have read it, but

we know why he was loved by all who knew him. The book is full, one might say, of the perfume of a flower which has bloomed its time, and it is rather a gain than a loss that there is no print of the discolored petals on the leaves. If one wishes to see how the dead flower looked in the keen air that killed it, one must turn to Miss Martineau, who made

* "Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall)." London: G. Bell and Sons. Boston: Roberts Bros.

* Isaiah lx. 15.

Procter the subject of one of the shrewdest and not the least kindly of her sketches. At first it looks as if it were her talent to pick out the facts of the poet's personality, while it was C. P.'s talent to explain facts away; but after all it is C. P. who leaves the impression of a character which might be conceived as a whole. This is the more important because Mr. Procter, like Lamb, originally owed his place in the literary world quite as much to his personality as to his talent. Lamb's personality had a piquancy which can be explained, but Mr. Procter's charm, though as genuine and as potent, was more indefinite.

"His small figure, his head not remarkable for much beside its expression of intelligent and warm goodwill, and its singular likeness to that of Sir Walter Scott; his conversation, which had little decision or 'point' in the ordinary sense, and often dwelt on truths which a novelty-loving society banishes from its repertory as truisms, never disturbed the effect, in any assemblage, of his real distinction. His silence seemed wiser, his simplicity subtler, his shyness more courageous than the wit, philosophy, and assurance of others. When such a man expressed himself more or less truthfully in a series of gracious poems, of which he alone of all his circle did not seem proud, it naturally followed that all who knew him were eager to declare and extend the credit and honor to which he had aspired with so much simplicity, and which he bore with so entire an absence of self-assertion. The tradition of such a character has the power of lingering in the world even when the life has been so uneventful as to leave little scope for biography and even for anecdote. And the writings which are the outcome of that character are floated down by such tradition to a posterity which might never have heard of them but for this proof of their genuineness."

That is true, and admirable, and generous, and yet it points to another point of view. Observe that the system of female kinship is limitation: the chief lesson of the lives of Byron, or Shelley, or Burns, is how much their inspiration cost; but we do not admire the inspiration less because it was visibly at the cost of the life. Their greatness is such that we feel judgment to be an imperti-

nence: it is only of smaller men that the observation holds good. "Their ways cast suspicion on their works, and the reputation of a man of genius who lacks in his life the courage or the habits of his inspiration may suffer for generations, or even for ever, if his biography happen to have been such or so written as to go down to posterity with his truer self."

Mr. Procter's life did honor to his poetry, and is in a way in harmony with it; but it is the harmony of contrast, the harmony of the leaf and the flower, one might almost say the harmony of the ashes and the flame. Here, too, we are reminded of Scott, whose practical life as lawyer and laird, with its eager bustle of practical cheerfulness, contrasts oddly with the sentimental regret for the past, on whose ruins he throve; as Mr. Procter's idealism in verse, with its alternations of romantic grace and wilful exaltation, contrasts with the cautious prudence and refinement of his life. Of course if we knew Mr. Procter as well as we know Scott, we should see that the life had its romantic, perhaps even its wilful, element, too. Only with Scott the turn of the homely practical element came first; with Mr. Procter the turn of the romantic element came earlier, in the long interval between boyhood and middle age. Another difference is that in Scott's large nature there was room for both at once. One side might be more conspicuous at one time, and another at another time, but both were always there. The contrast forces itself upon us more in a nature of narrower range, less massive and less complex, and proves perplexing from its very simplicity. The poetry of Barry Cornwall is the record of the extravagances of one who was habitually sober, the audacities of one who was habitually cautious, the eloquence of one who was habitually reserved. And yet there is no inconsistency, the contrasted elements heighten and sustain each other. It is a mistake to suppose that the only way to make the most of what we value in life is to concentrate ourselves upon it. Labor heightens the zest of a holiday, and a holiday restores the energy of the laborer; there is a reaction after a fit of high spirits, but there is a reaction from depression too. The reason that most of us fear to abandon ourselves to the

natural alternation of our moods and desires, as we abandon ourselves to the natural alternation of cloud and sunshine, day and night, is that we are not disinterested and free : our appetites and theories chain us to a treadmill which we must go on mounting as long as we can, because we know that we shall lose our footing, and be crushed at last. Such unity as our lives attain is due to the pursuit of a purpose, the carrying out of a doctrine in season and out of season : the unity of a life like Mr. Procter's, serene and beautiful, even on "the woeful threshold of age," where he had to linger so long, is due to the spontaneous nobility of mind which never forgot its innate generosity, delicacy, and uprightness, in converse with nature as with men, with books and the world, but gave their due to all.

He came of a good stock, of a family of farmers which had held their own in Yorkshire or Cumberland—he never knew which—for three hundred years or more without producing anybody distinguished, and rather ashamed than otherwise of the one period when their line was crossed by a strain of indisputable gentry. His father was one of several children—"the best among the males." Perhaps this was the reason why he came up to London to seek his fortune; he found it rather than made it, and when he had found it he "subsided into a private station where he lived unoccupied and independent for many years. He possessed," his son says, "the most uncompromising honesty I ever met with. My mother was simply the kindest and tenderest mother in the world."

In his autobiography, which does not go beyond his twentieth year, he dwells with predilection on everything that can be made to show himself in a commonplace light. He was really a singular and precocious child, with a touch of something out of the common in his quality from the first, and yet neither then nor afterwards was his mental stature much above the common. At five he knew nothing beyond his letters, or a little easy reading acquired mainly from a Bible full of pictures; but for a year past he had, as we learn on the authority of his mother, preferred books to everything, and could hardly be got to leave them for his meals.

His senses, he says, were attracted by the scent of the violet, the April grass and the flowers; he heard noises in the winds and the running river; otherwise he marched quietly onwards in the great crowds of human life with his undiscovered destiny before him. The sign of that destiny showed itself in the childish love, whose story is told in the beautiful essay on the Death of Friends. In the height of his passion he was sent to school; he tells us little of himself or of what he learnt there, but much of a charming, kindhearted, *émigré* M. Molière who was one of the masters, who was fond of mignonette and myrtle, and denied himself even these pleasures for the sake of charity. At thirteen he went to Harrow, where he was the contemporary of Peel and Byron, and he once promised to pay Peel half a crown to do an imposition for him. He did not admire the studies of the place; and the levelling character of public school discipline told upon him to the full. "The daily task, the daily meal, the regular hours of sleep and exercise, or idleness, were all sufficient in themselves for me. I had nothing of that feverish unwholesome temperament which opens the scholar into worlds beyond his reach, and which is sometimes called genius; not much even of that vigorous ambition which tempts him into the accessible region just above him; yet I was not without daring." In fact he was rather celebrated for his boxing, and liked in after years to recollect that he had beaten boys bigger than himself.

It was in the vacations in the country, which he spent mostly at the house of his mother's uncle, that his individuality nourished itself: he fancied that a raven haunted him; some things which were beautiful, and many things which were terrible, operated very sensibly upon him; he began to dream and to recollect his dreams, and strove to discover their meaning and origin. A healthier influence was that of a servant, the daughter of a man who had failed in a profession or business. She knew Richardson and Fielding well, and told him stories out of them, and taught him to worship Shakespeare, whose works he bought with the first money he got, and entered into a world beyond his own: it is characteristic that he did not attempt

to carry on his Shakesperian studies at Harrow. He left there at eighteen, and was articled to Mr. Atherton, a solicitor at Calne, where he spent two of the most fruitful years of his life. He learned to think and feel, and there was nothing to interrupt him: he was attached to Mr. Atherton but not to his profession, which only influenced him by setting him to brood on all the difficulties and intricacies of life. In his autobiography he makes light of the doubts and change of opinion which at the time he dignified with the name of speculations, and it is, perhaps, to be wished, that people whose individual opinions are of less value than Mr. Procter's, were as far from the pretension of idealising them. Country life told favorably upon susceptibilities which he regarded as more important: he fell in and out of love, and cultivated his imagination, and even began to write verses.

About 1807, at the age of twenty, he came to London to live, and for the first eight years he seems to have been sufficiently occupied with living. He did not work at his profession; he can hardly be said to have worked at literature: oddly enough, it was his acquaintance with three literary men whom he could hardly admire, that first made him aware that he too was capable of literature. He had no ambition, and a great awe for authorship in the abstract; but when this awe was worn away by experience, he was attracted by a refined amusement which lay within his reach. In 1815, he began to contribute poetry to the *Literary Gazette*. In 1816 his father died and left him what seems to have been a handsome independence for a bachelor, which he enjoyed without impairing it, though some temporary embarrassment connected with his partnership with a solicitor of the name of Slaney made him, about 1821, dependent upon his literary earnings, to his great disgust. He kept a hunter, he took boxing lessons from Cribb, he went to the theatre. In his youth, he says himself, he had some courage and some activity. These years of freedom and enjoyment were also the years in which he made his mark as a poet: *The Dramatic Scenes*, *Marcian Colonna*, the *Sicilian Story*, *Mirandola*, a tragedy, and the *Flood of Thessaly*, all appeared be-

tween the years 1819 and 1823. Then, too, he laid the foundation of the lyrical collection which was published in 1832 and continued to receive additions for many years. One almost fancies that the Barry Cornwall of those years was the true Procter, and that then his life and imagination were of a piece, and that the irony, now paradoxical and now pathetic, of the later years, was due to the contrast between the old life and the new—the true self flashing through the veil which custom and courtesy and prudence had woven over it. Mr. Procter wrote a poem in the manner of Beppo, and there is a whole side of his poetry which reminds us of Byron; only in him the revolt, natural to a simple vivid spirit in its hours of exaltation against second-hand systems of doctrine and proprieties of conduct, was not inflamed by a morbid organization or poisoned by personal excess. It may be doubted whether he had force enough to sustain him in his revolt; and the temper of rebellious scorn was subdued by the influence of a dutiful and prosperous life, till his best friends doubted whether it was more than a poetical caprice, just as he doubted himself whether Godwin's magnanimity had any existence except on paper.

It is noticeable that he seems to have thought *Don Juan* was Byron's great poem. Perhaps its realism attracted him: one can fancy his disliking the rather rhetorical mysticism of *Childe Harold*, and the rather theatrical heroism of the *Giaour* and the *Corsair*. He had the sense of measure and of sanity, if not exactly of reality; he disliked what was vast and vague and pretentious. He was capable, which Stothard was not, of a genuine imaginative sympathy with passion; but subject to this limitation we might adopt the biographer's graceful parallel between them. "In their characters, even more than in their works, there is a quality rarely found elsewhere, except in sensitive single-hearted (and slightly 'spoilt') children; children who are confident of their company, and have not been laughed or frightened out of knowing and speaking their own minds. These alone express themselves with such directness, concreteness, and naïve limitation; often attaining, in their artlessness, to humor, wit, and grace which are the artist's envy. The greatest point

of resemblance between Stothard and the poet is that last named—a narrow limitation of the sphere of thought and feeling; a sort of voluntary ignoring of all that might clash with or contradict the habitual mood or idea." "Stothard and Mr. Procter are alike chargeable with sometimes giving the effect of hard outlines where no outlines really exist; and this through no incapacity of touch, but by an artistic idiosyncrasy; an insistence on the beloved limitations; a protest against the vastness, variety and inscrutability of fact."

In Mr. Procter's case the protest was accentuated by his innate energetic rightmindedness. "Few men surpassed him in the unpretentious and untalkative wisdom and fidelity of a right direction of heart and mind." And for this very reason he had a curious dread and distrust of public opinion, which is always too noisy to be quite sincere, and is always insisting on more than it really wants, and pretending to more than it really has. Those who have the power of being leaders without the vocation of being martyrs, make the most of it as a boisterous approximation to truth; but it presents itself as a hypocritical tyranny to simpler, perhaps finer, natures who ask only to lead their own lives, do their own duty, and take their own pleasure.

At the time we are speaking of public opinion was divided against itself, it was the opinion of a party, and for this reason Mr. Procter feared it the more; he had a sort of feeling that unless he kept clear of party warfare, party spirit would crush him as he believed it had crushed Hazlitt, whose clearness and precision and robust sincerity were very attractive to him. He was fond in his old age of dwelling on his own freedom from party connection (though *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* long insisted on abusing him as a Whig), and believed that it was to this that he owed his free intercourse with all the literary men of his day; which was really the reward of his talent for exquisite hospitality and his entire freedom from self-assertion. But though he saw the whole literary movement of his day and sympathised with it, his own place in it is very definite. He belongs to the group of Leigh Hunt and Lamb and Keats: Leigh Hunt influenced him as an example; Lamb influenced him as

a guide in the wide field of Elizabethan drama. One cannot say that either he or Keats influenced each other; but there is a real analogy in their method, and in their dependence upon the literature which they studied. Keats, of course, is incomparably the most fertile and splendid of the two; but, except in his odes and sonnets and the ballad of La Belle Dame Sans-Merci, Keats never mastered his materials, while Mr. Procter, who did not begin to write till he was eight-and-twenty, is always thoroughly workmanlike, and the union of purity and delicacy, with masculine sanity and vigor, is always attractive. Like Keats Mr. Procter sometimes touches Shelley, as in the *Journal of the Sun* which the editor has printed, on the side where Shelley touches Greece, and Byron on the side where Byron touches Ariosto, and one might add this is not the most valuable side of Keats or Barry Cornwall. And with all his manliness there is an element of unreality in Barry Cornwall which there is not in Keats. Keats wrote of what he imagined, though his imagination was colored by his reading. Barry Cornwall's imagination was not so rich. He wrote of what he read and felt, without having seen or known. So far as his reading fed feeling which found itself a musical expression, he was justified in the gentle contempt he entertained for the tendencies of a later school, with whom reading sometimes serves to feed nothing better than a cold, fanciful precision of detail; but after all he stops short of real insight. It is not that by choice or by defect of power he has to subordinate force and truth of detail to general harmony and richness of effect: it is that in the narrative poems, at any rate, he has no first-hand grasp upon nature and fact at all. He gets his effects, which are really rich and harmonious, by combination and reflection out of the second-hand impressions which he has retained from reading.

His dramatic works are of a higher order. Lamb said of the *Dramatic Scenes* that there was not one of them that he would not have placed in his collection if he had found it in one of the Garrick plays at the British Museum. And though this praise has its limits, it is not at all too high. The scenes Lamb extracted from the ancient drama are

commonly much better than the plays they are taken from. The plays are alive, but as wholes they are not for the most part delightful. Barry Cornwall's Dramatic Scenes are delightful if we will take them for what they are, without asking if they too might not have been enshrined in live coherent plays. There is one sort of romanticism which finds the fresher air and brighter light it longs for in old books, as another finds it in old life; and for romanticists of the first sort Barry Cornwall seized (and reproduced the charm of the gracious pathos and nobility of the Elizabethan, or rather Jacobean, drama, with as much mastery as Scott, on a larger scale, seized and reproduced the charm of the picturesque and generosity of Border and Highland life. Every nation which is fortunate enough to possess a classical drama inherits from it a school of classical acting, and this school in turn propagates a longer or shorter succession of acting plays, with classical pretensions, which perhaps in a period of literary revival may possess genuine literary merit. *Mirandola* was so good and succeeded so well that, as late as 1844, Mr. Carlyle, among others, was still pressing the author to persist in the career of dramatist, which he had long abandoned. According to the author's own account it was a very hurried and imperfect production. "Had I taken pains I could have made a much more sterling thing; but I wished for its representation, and there were so many authors struggling for the same object that I had not firmness to resist the opportunity that was opened to me through the kindness of Mr. Macready to offer it to the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre. I allowed the play to appear, while I was conscious of its many shortcomings. The toil of placing a tragedy or comedy on the stage (apart from the trouble of writing it) is sufficient to daunt most men from repeating the experiment. Without doubt, the activity and kindness of Mr. Macready, and [the general good-will of the actors, saved me from much trouble, and from many rebuffs. The tragedy was acted for sixteen nights; it produced, including the copyright, £630; and then passed away (with other temporary matters) into the region of the moths."

Mirandola was performed in 1821. In

that year the author became engaged to Miss Skepper, the daughter of Mrs. Basil Montagu by her first husband. Considering the way in which he spoke of his most considerable literary effort, it is anything but strange that his marriage in 1825 should have been the close of his literary career. Literature had been the pastime of his leisure, when leisure had been the whole of his life; he had neither strength nor ambition to pursue it in the intervals of business. And he turned to his business of conveyancing with an ardent appetite which left few intervals, as men often do who take up practical life late, and find they are still in time to succeed. Apparently the sense of having got hold of reality at last, just before a man's power is over, is one of the keenest enjoyments there is. Mrs. Procter says her husband never expressed so much satisfaction at any literary success as when the solicitor on the opposite side employed him because he admired his work. He took many pupils—Eliot Warburton and Kinglake among them. He sat up two nights a week to work, and lived to reflect, that if in all labor there is profit, this too is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Here are two stanzas from "*Labor Improbis*," published for the first time in the work before us:—

In the morn are dreams of labor,
Labor still till set of sun;
Evening comes with scanty respite,
Night—and not one good is won.
Formal phrases!—barren figures!
Sentence such as steam might turn!
What, from such laborious trifling,
Can the human creature learn?

I remember hopeful visions
Since that time have fled away—
When wild autumn brought its leisure,
And the sunshine summer day;
Now unseen the river wandereth,
And the stars shine on their way;
Flowers may bloom, but I, poor laborer,
With the worn-out year decay.

One notices that what he regrets is liberty to enjoy nature rather than liberty to cultivate art. Long ago he had defended poetry on the ground that it helps better than most things to keep us near our ideal; but after all, people come nearer their ideal in a really happy marriage. Mr. Procter's marriage must have been very happy; and busy as he was, a really tuneful nature can always

find space for song. Mr. Procter agreed with most of his friends in regarding the English lyrics as the most permanent portion of his work. He differed from them, characteristically, in doubting whether they would really last. He rather overrated the power of fashion, and thought it hard to believe that any author could be classical when the sale began to fall off; he thought he had lived to see the end of even Wordsworth's day. Even the editor feels a need of reassuring himself against his author's self-distrust: he fortifies his own judgment with the testimonies of Landor and Mr. Swinburne; but there is really no need to go beyond the unbroken consent of the literati of fifty years. The interest of the Dramatic Scenes is purely literary, and though it is probable that good judges here and there will always be found to rate their literary merit as high as that of the English Lyrics, the time has come when they have decidedly more interest for literati than for cultivated men at large. And the English Lyrics appeal to all cultivated men, and as literati are men too, they appeal more readily than the Dramatic Scenes even to literati.

It is easier to feel the charm of the English Lyrics than to define it. We know approximately what Burns is admired for, or what Shelley is admired for. We know the sort of grace which seemed admirable in Moore, or, to come to a later reputation, we know what is the attraction of the Legends and Lyrics of Barry Cornwall's own daughter, which it seems now are selling better than any poetry but Mr. Tennyson's. But when we try to appraise the English Lyrics, it seems hard at first to get beyond praise that would do for anybody. When we have said that the sense and feeling and tune are thoroughly good and manly, and that the metre and finish are quite good enough, we have said no more than we might fairly say of any creditable *fiasco* of a personal friend. That is clearly not an adequate account to give of poetry which a whole generation of intelligent readers, including many like Miss Martineau, who were not easily moved, found the most moving poetry of the time. Perhaps we come a little nearer when we notice that one of the most individual traits of Mr. Procter's lyrics is a hearty

æsthetic appreciation of horseflesh and wine. When we remember how sober he was in the actual enjoyment of both, his praise of them takes the character of an escapade, and this character seems in a way to fit his lyrics as a whole, and to account for the attractiveness they have for earnest and intelligent readers in a community which is getting more complex rather than more perfect. Such readers are repelled by a systematic revolt against what is indispensable, or a systematic pursuit of what is unattainable, but a short sincere musical cry interprets and relieves their passing moods of personal discontent, and the deeper under-current of social dissatisfaction that runs through most generous lives.

One of Mr. Procter's few irrepressible convictions was that the inequalities of an old civilisation were too iniquitous to be borne without relieving them, and he quite consistently exhorted the community in verse to wholesale almsgiving, while in prose he wanted the few, who found it almost as hard as he did to be callous to distress, not to impoverish themselves to relieve the ratepayers. His own generosity took the form of secret and delicate assistance to the temporary distresses of people of his own condition. The editor has told the secret of an unasked loan of this kind to a friend whose wife was saved by the timely help, although Mr. Procter's own income had been largely reduced by his relieving from the Commission of Lunacy. In such cases he was always willing to act on the maxim *qui prête donne*, but it did not raise his opinion of human nature to find the maxim generally taken for granted by those he helped. There are plenty of useless people in the world who never get any good luck or deserve any, and hardly know a happy day, and yet when they excite themselves over human life in general, they say, as sincerely as they can say anything, how fine and admirable they think it all. Mr. Procter's life was full of good luck till he was over seventy, and full of good deeds till the last, and yet, whenever he got excited over human life as a whole, he always thought it a poor, sorry, contemptible thing, and said so with emphasis.

The literary character of the English Lyrics is as composite as that of the other poems. As Lord Jeffrey says in

the admirable review of the Sicilian Story, from which the editor has quoted largely, there are echoes of the cavalier poets of the usurpation; the terrible verses on the Burial Club in 1839, now printed for the first time, seem to owe their motive to Dickens; but the manner is almost an anticipation of the imitators of Browning. The Hebrew Priest's Song reads almost like a very early work of Mr. Swinburne.

Mr. Procter was too sure of perception for a critic, who had best not be much wiser than the public, so that he can sit down with them to analyse and feel his way, and we probably lost little by his being too busy to respond to Jeffrey's endeavors to secure him for the staff of the *Edinburgh*. But the few fragmentary recollections of contemporaries, mostly written down after he was seventy-eight, deepen the regret which the classical life of Lamb, published when he was seventy-seven, left behind, that he did not put a complete account of his literary souvenirs on record. Now and then, as in the case of Carlyle (from whom there is a beautiful letter on the life of Lamb), Mr. Procter's judgment is too straightforward to be suggestive, but in a hundred pages, more or less, there are not a few stories as good as this of Rogers. Mr. Wordsworth was breakfasting with him one morning, he said, but he was much beyond the appointed time, and excused himself by stating that he and a friend had been to see Coleridge, who had detained them by one continuous flow of talk. "How was it you called so early upon him?" inquired Rogers. "Oh!" said Wordsworth, "we are going to dine with him this evening, and——"

"And," said Rogers, taking up the sentence, "you wanted to take the sting out of him beforehand."

There is more than one appreciation as rare and gentle as this of Leigh Hunt. "He saw hosts of writers, of less ability than himself, outstripping him on the road to future success, yet I never heard from him a word that could be construed into jealousy or envy, not even a murmur. This might have arisen partly from a want of susceptibility in his constitution, not altogether from that stern power of self-conquest which enables some men to subdue the rebellious instincts which give rise to envious passions. . . He had no vanity, in the usually accepted sense of the word, I mean, that he had not that exclusive vanity which rejects all things beyond self. He gave as well as received, no man more willingly. He accepted praise less as a mark of respect from others than as a delight of which all are entitled to partake, such as spring weather, the scent of flowers, or the flavor of wine. It is difficult to explain this; it was like an absorbing property in the surface of the skin. Its possessor enjoys pleasure almost involuntarily, whilst another of colder or harder temperament is insensible to it."

When Mr. Procter spoke of pleasure, he spoke of what he knew. He had said long ago, "If life itself were not a pleasure, the utility even of its necessities might very well be questioned." He is almost an unique example of one who without a touch of baseness deliberately and consistently preferred enjoyment to activity.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE LEVELLING POWER OF RAIN.

It has been recognised, ever since geology has become truly a science, that the two chief powers at work in remodeling the earth's surface are fire and water. Of these powers one is in the main destructive, and the other preservative. Were it not for the earth's vulcanian energies, there can be no question that this world would long since have been rendered unfit for life,—at least of higher types than we recognise among sea-creatures. For at all times aqueous

causes are at work, levelling the land however slowly; and this not only by the action of sea waves at the border-line between land and water, but by the action of rain and flood over inland regions. Measuring the destructive action of water by what goes on in the lifetime of a man, or even during many successive generations, we might consider its effects very slight, even as on the other hand we might underrate the effects of the earth's internal fires, were we to limit our atten-

tion to the effects of upheaval and of depression (not less preservative in the long run) during a few hundreds or thousands of years. As Lyell has remarked in his *Principles of Geology*, "our position as observers is essentially unfavorable when we endeavor to estimate the nature and magnitude of the changes now in progress. As dwellers on the land, we inhabit about a fourth part of the surface; and that portion is almost exclusively a theatre of decay, and not of reproduction. We know, indeed, that new deposits are annually formed in seas and lakes, and that every year some new igneous rocks are produced in the bowels of the earth, but we cannot watch the progress of their formation; and as they are only present to our minds by the aid of reflection, it requires an effort both of the reason and the imagination to appreciate duly their importance." But that they are actually of extreme importance, that in fact all the most characteristic features of our earth at present are due to the steady action of these two causes, no geologist now doubts.

We propose to consider, in the present essay, one form in which the earth's aqueous energies effect the disintegration and destruction of the land. The sea destroys the land slowly but surely, by beating upon its shores and by washing away the fragments shaken down from cliffs and rocks, or the more finely divided matter abstracted from softer strata. In this work the sea is sometimes, as we have lately had occasion to note, assisted by the other form of aqueous energy,—the action of rain. But in the main, the sea is the destructive agent by which shore lines are changed. The other way in which water works the destruction of land affects the interior of land regions, or only affects the shore line by removing earthy matter from the interior of continents to the mouths of great rivers, whence perhaps the action of the sea may carry it away to form shoals and sand-banks. We refer to the direct and indirect effects of the downfall of rain. All these effects, without a single exception, tend to level the surface of the earth. The mountain torrent whose color betrays the admixture of earthy fragments is carrying those fragments from a higher to lower levels. The river owes its color in like manner

to earth which it is carrying down to the sea level. The flood deposits in valleys matter which has been withdrawn from hill slopes. Rainfall acts, however, in other ways, and sometimes still more effectively. The soaked slopes of great hills give way, and great landslips occur. In winter the water which has drenched the land freezes, in freezing expands, and then the earth crumbles and is ready to be carried away by fresh rains; or when dry, by the action even of the wind alone. Landslips too are brought about frequently in this way, which are even more remarkable than those which are caused by the unaided action of heavy rainfalls.

The most energetic action of aqueous destructive forces is seen when water which has accumulated in the higher regions of some mountain district breaks its way through barriers which have long restrained it, and rushes through such channels as it can find or make for itself into valleys and plains at lower levels. Such catastrophes are fortunately not often witnessed in this country, nor when seen do they attain the same magnitude as in more mountainous countries. It would seem, indeed, as though they could attain very great proportions only in regions where a large extent of mountain surface lies above the snow line. The reason why in such regions floods are much more destructive than elsewhere will readily be perceived if we consider the phenomena of some of these terrible catastrophes.

Take for instance the floods which inundated the plains of Martigny in 1818. Early in that year it was found that the entire valley of the Bagnes, one of the largest side-valleys of the great valley of the Rhône above Geneva, had been converted into a lake through the damming up of a narrow outlet by avalanches of snow and ice from a lofty glacier overhanging the bed of the river Dranse. The temporary lake thus formed was no less than half a league in length, and more than two hundred yards wide, its greatest depth exceeding two hundred feet. The inhabitants perceived the terrible effects which must follow when the barrier burst, which it could not fail to do in the spring. They therefore cut a gallery seven hundred feet long through the ice, while as yet the water was at a moderate height. When the waters began to flow through

this channel, their action widened and deepened it considerably. At length nearly half the contents of the lake were poured off. Unfortunately, as the heat of the weather increased, the middle of the barrier slowly melted away, until it became too weak to withstand the pressure of the vast mass of water. Suddenly it gave way; and so completely that all the water in the lake rushed out in half-an-hour. The effects of this tremendous outrush of the imprisoned water were fearful. "In the course of their descent," says one account of the catastrophe, "the waters encountered several narrow gorges, and at each of these they rose to a great height, and then burst with new violence into the next basin, sweeping along forests, houses, bridges, and cultivated land." It is said by those who witnessed the passage of the flood at various parts of its course, that it resembled rather a moving mass of rock and mud than a stream of water. "Enormous masses of granite were torn out of the sides of the valleys, and whirled for hundreds of yards along the course of the flood." M. Escher, the engineer, tells us that a fragment thus whirled along was afterwards found to have a circumference of no less than sixty yards. "At first the water rushed on at a rate of more than a mile in three minutes, and the whole distance (forty-five miles) which separates the Valley of Bagnes from the Lake of Geneva was traversed in little more than six hours. The bodies of persons who had been drowned in Martigny were found floating on the farther side of the Lake of Geneva, near Vevey. Thousands of trees were torn up by the roots, and the ruins of buildings which had been overthrown by the flood were carried down beyond Martigny. In fact, the flood at this point was so high, that some of the houses in Martigny were filled with mud up to the second story."

It is to be noted respecting this remarkable flood, that its effects were greatly reduced in consequence of the efforts made by the inhabitants of the lower valleys to make an outlet for the imprisoned waters. It was calculated by M. Escher that the flood carried down 300,000 cubic feet of water every second, an outflow five times as great as that of the Rhine below Basle. But for the

drawing off of the temporary lake, the flood, as Lyell remarks, would have approached in volume some of the largest rivers in Europe. "For several months after the *débâcle* of 1818," says Lyell, "the Dranse, having no settled channel, shifted its position continually from one side to the other of the valley, carrying away newly erected bridges, undermining houses, and continuing to be charged with as large a quantity of earthy matter as the fluid could hold in suspension. I visited this valley four months after the flood, and was witness to the sweeping away of a bridge and the undermining of part of a house. The greater part of the ice-barrier was then standing, presenting vertical cliffs 150 feet high, like ravines in the lava-currents of Etna, or Auvergne, where they are intersected by rivers." It is worthy of special notice that inundations of similar or even greater destructiveness have occurred in the same region at former periods.

It is not, however, necessary for the destructive action of floods in mountain districts that ice and snow should assist, as in the Martigny flood. In October, 1868, the cantons of Tessin, Grisons, Uri, Valois, and St. Gall, suffered terribly from the direct effects of heavy rainfall. The St. Gothard, Splügen, and St. Bernhardin routes were rendered impassable. In the former pass twenty-seven lives were lost, besides many horses and waggons of merchandise. On the three routes more than eighty persons in all perished. In the small village of Loderio alone, no less than fifty deaths occurred. The damage in Tessin was estimated at forty thousand pounds. In Uri and Valois large bridges were destroyed and carried away. Everything attested the levelling power of rain; a power which, when the rain is falling steadily on regions whence it as steadily flows away, we are apt to overlook.

It is not, however, necessary to go beyond our own country for evidence of the destructive action of water. We have had during the past two years very striking evidence in this respect, which need scarcely be referred to more particularly here, because it will be in the recollection of all our readers. Looking over the annals of the last half century only, we find several cases in which the power of running water in carrying away

heavy masses of matter has been strikingly shown. Consider for instance the effects of the flood in Aberdeenshire and the neighboring counties, early in August, 1829. In the course of two days a great flood extended itself over "that part of the north-east of Scotland which would be cut off by two lines drawn from the head of Loch Rannoch, one towards Inverness and the other to Stonehaven." The total length of various rivers in this region which were flooded amounted to between five and six hundred miles. Their courses were marked everywhere by destroyed bridges, roads, buildings, and crops. Sir T. D. Lauder records "the destruction of thirty-eight bridges, and the entire obliteration of a great number of farms and hamlets. On the Nairn, a fragment of sandstone fourteen feet long by three feet wide and one foot thick, was carried about two hundred yards down the river. Some new ravines were formed on the sides of mountains where no streams had previously flowed, and ancient river channels, which had never been filled from time immemorial, gave passage to a copious flood." But perhaps the most remarkable effect of these inundations was the entire destruction of the bridge over the Dee at Ballater. It consisted of five arches, spanning a waterway of 260 feet. The bridge was built of granite, the piers resting on rolled pieces of granite and gneiss. We read that the different parts of this bridge were swept away in succession by the flood, the whole mass of masonry disappearing in the bed of the river. Mr. Farquharson states that on his own premises the river Don forced a mass of four or five hundred tons of stones, many of them two or three hundred pounds' weight, up an inclined plane, rising six feet in eight or ten yards, and left them in a rectangular heap about three feet deep on a flat ground, the heap ending abruptly at its lower extremity." At first sight this looks like the reverse of that levelling action which we here have attributed to water. But in reality it indicates the intense energy of this action; which drawing heavy masses down along with swiftly flowing water, communicates to them so great a momentum, that on encountering in their course a rising slope, they are carried up its face and there left by the retreating flood.

The rising of these masses no more indicates an inherent uplifting power in running water, than the ascent of a gently rising slope by a mass which has rolled headlong down the steep side of a hill indicates an upward action exerted by the force of gravity.

Even small rivers, when much swollen by rain, exhibit great energy in removing heavy masses. Thus Lyell mentions that in August, 1827, the College, a small river which flows down a slight declivity from the eastern watershed of the Cheviot Hills, carried down several thousand tons' weight of gravel and sand to the plain of the Till. This little river also carried away a bridge then in process of building, "some of the arch stones of which, weighing from half to three-quarters of a ton each, were propelled two miles down the rivulet." "On the same occasion the current tore away from the abutment of a mill-dam a large block of greenstone porphyry, weighing nearly two tons, and transported it to a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile. Instances are related as occurring repeatedly, in which from one to three thousand tons of gravel are in like manner removed by this streamlet to still greater distances in one day."

It may appear, however, to the reader that we have in such instances as these the illustration of destructive agencies which are of their very nature limited within very narrow areas. The torrent, or even the river, may wear out its bed or widen it, but nevertheless can hardly be regarded as modifying the aspect of the region through which it flows. Even in this respect, however, the destructive action of water is not nearly so limited as it might appear to be. Taking a few centuries or a few thousand years, no doubt, we can attribute to the action of rivers, whether in ordinary flow or in flood, little power of modifying the region which they drain. But taking that wider survey (in time) of fluvial work which modern science requires, dealing with this form of aqueous energy as we deal with the earth's vulcanian energies, we perceive that the effects of river action in the course of long periods of time are not limited to the course which at any given time a river may pursue. In carrying down material along its course to the sea, a river is not

merely wearing down its own bed, but is so changing it that in the course of time it will become unfit to drain the region through which it flows. Its bottom must of necessity become less inclined. Now although it will then be lower than at present, and therefore be then even more than now the place to which the water falling upon the region traversed by the river will naturally tend, it will no longer carry off that water with sufficient velocity. Three consequences will follow from this state of things. In the first place there will be great destruction in the surrounding region, through floods, because of inadequate outflow; in the second place, the overflowing waters will in the course of time find new channels, or in other words new rivers will be formed in this region; thirdly, owing to the constant presence of large quantities of water in the depressed bed of the old river, the banks on either side will suffer, great landslips occurring and choking up its now useless channel. Several rivers are undergoing these changes at the present time, and others which are manifestly unfit for the work of draining the region through which they flow (a circumstance attested by the occurrence of floods in every wet season), must before long be modified in a similar way.

We are thus led to the consideration of the second form in which the destructive action of inland waters, or we may truly say, the destructive action of *rain*, are manifested,—viz. in landslips. These, of course, are also caused not unfrequently by vulcanian action, but equally of course landslips so caused do not belong to our present subject. Landslips caused directly or indirectly by rain, are often quite as extensive as those occasioned by vulcanic energy, and they are a great deal more common. We may cite as a remarkable instance a landslip of nearly half a mile in breadth, now in progress, in a district of the city of Bath called Hedgmead, which forms a portion of the slope of Beacon Hill. It is attributed to the action of a subterranean stream on a bed of gravel, the continued washing away of which causes the shifting; but the recent heavy rains have caused the landslip to become more marked.

Besides slow landslips, however, rain not unfrequently causes great masses of

earth to be precipitated suddenly, and where such masses fall into the bed of a river, local deluges of great extent and of the most destructive character often follow. The following instances, cited in an abridged form from the pages of Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, attest the terrible nature of catastrophes such as these.

Two dry seasons in the White Mountains of New Hampshire were followed by heavy rains on August 28, 1822. From the steep and lofty slopes of the River Saco great masses of rock and stone were detached, and descending carried along with them, "in one promiscuous and frightful ruin, forests, shrubs, and the earth which sustained them." "Although there are numerous indications on the steep sides of these hills of former slides of the same kind, yet no tradition had been handed down of any similar catastrophe within the memory of man, and the growth of the forest on the very spots now devastated clearly showed that for a long interval nothing similar had occurred. One of these moving masses was afterwards found to have slid three miles, with an average breadth of a quarter of a mile." At the base of the vast chasms formed by these natural excavations, a confused mass of ruins was seen, consisting of transported earth, gravel, rocks and trees. Forests were prostrated with as much ease as if they had been mere fields of grain; if they resisted for awhile, "the torrent of mud and rock accumulated behind till it gathered sufficient force to burst the temporary barrier." "The valleys of the Amonoosuck and Saco presented, for many miles, an uninterrupted scene of desolation, all the bridges being carried away, as well as those over the tributary streams. In some places the road was excavated to the depth of from fifteen to twenty feet; in others it was covered with earth, rocks, and trees to as great a height. The water flowed for many weeks after the flood as densely charged with earth as it could be without being changed into mud, and marks were seen in various localities, of its having risen on either side of the valley to more than twenty-five feet above the ordinary level." But perhaps the most remarkable evidence of the tremendous nature of this cataclysm is to be found in Lyell's

respecting the condition of a nineteen years later. "I signs of devastation still very he says; "I also particularly that the surface of the bare rocks had been smoothed by the action of so much mud and Professor Hubbard mentions in his *Journal* that "in 1838 the rocks worn by the avalanches of granite, and the immense heaps of stones and blocks of granite in the valley, still formed a picturesque scenery."


It is readily be understood that when such as this follows from along the borders of insignificance, those occurring on the banks of mighty rivers which drain whole regions are still more terrible. The account from the pen of Mr. Agassiz, a naturalist, indicates the nature of the slips which occur on the banks of the Amazon. "I was awake before the morning," he says, "by a sound resembling the roar of the noise came from a considerable distance, one crash succeeding another. I supposed it to be an earthquake, although the night was breathless, the broad river was much agitated and the vessel rolled heavily. Towards another loud explosion followed by others which continued an hour, till the day dawned, when we saw the work of destruction around on the other side of the river about three miles off. Large forest, including trees of probably 200 feet in height, were uprooted and fell headlong into the water. After this came the wave which it caused in the crumbly bank with tremendous force, and caused the fall of rocks by undermining. The line of the river which the landslip extended for two or three miles in length; the end of it was hid from our view by a rising island. It was a grand and sudden downfall created a cloud of dust and concussion in one place causing masses to give way a long distance, and thus the crashes continuing to and fro, with little termination. When we glided about two hours after sunrise the work was still going on."

We might consider here the action of glaciers in gradually grinding down the mountain slopes, the destructive action of avalanches, and a number of other forms in which snow and ice break down by slow degrees the upraised portions of the earth. For in reality all these forms of destructive action take their origin in the same process whence running water and heavy rainfalls derive their power. All these destructive agencies are derived from the vapor of water in the air. But it seems better to limit the reader's attention in this place to the action of water in the liquid form; and therefore we proceed to consider the other ways in which rain wears down the land.

Hitherto we have considered effects which are produced chiefly along the courses of rivers, or in their neighborhood. But heavy rainfall acts, and perhaps in the long run as effectively (when we remember the far wider region affected) over wide tracts of nearly level ground, as along the banks of torrents and rivers.

The rain which falls on plains or gently undulating surfaces, although it dries up after a while, yet to some degree aids in levelling the land, partly by washing down particles of earth, however slowly, to lower levels, partly by soaking the earth and preparing a thin stratum of its upper surface to be converted into dust, and blown away by the wind. But it is when very heavy storms occur that the levelling action of rain over widely extending regions can be most readily recognised. Of this fact observant travellers cannot fail to have had occasional evidence. Sir Charles Lyell mentions one instance observed by him, which is specially interesting. "During a tour in Spain," he says, "I was surprised to see a district of gently undulating ground in Catalonia, consisting of red and grey sandstone, and in some parts of red marl, almost entirely denuded of herbage, while the roots of the pines, holm oaks, and some other trees, were half exposed, as if the soil had been washed away by a flood. Such is the state of the forests, for example, between Orista and Vich, and near San Lorenzo. But being overtaken by a violent thunderstorm, in the month of August, I saw the whole surface, even the highest levels of some flat-topped hills, streaming with mud, while

on every declivity the devastation of torrents was terrific. The peculiarities in the physiognomy of the district were at once explained, and I was taught that, in speculating on the greater effects which the direct action of rain may once have produced on the surface of certain parts of England, we need not revert to periods when the heat of the climate was tropical." He might have cited instances of such storms occurring in England. For example, White, in his delightful *Natural History of Selborne*, describes thus the effects of a storm which occurred on June 5, 1784: "At about a quarter after two the storm began in the parish of Harpley, moving slowly from north to south, and from thence it came over Norton Farm and so to Grange Farm, both in this parish. Had it been as extensive as it was violent (for it was very short) it must have ravaged all the neighborhood. The extent of the storm was about two miles in length and one in breadth. There fell prodigious torrents of rain on the farms above mentioned, which occasioned a flood as violent as it was sudden, doing great damage to the meadows and fallows by deluging the one and washing away the soil of the other. The hollow lane towards Alton was so torn and disordered as not to be passable till mended, rocks being removed which weighed two hundred-weight."

We have mentioned the formation of dust, and the action of wind upon it, as a cause tending to level the surface of the land. It may appear to many that this cause is too insignificant to be noticed among those which modify the earth's surface. In reality, however, owing to its continuous action, and to its always acting (in the main) in one direction, this cause is much more important than might be supposed. We overlook its action actually going on around us, because in a few years, or in a few generations, it produces no change that can be readily noticed. But in long periods of time it changes very markedly the level of lower lands, and that too even in cities, where means exist for removing the accumulations of dust which are continually collecting on the surface of the earth. We know that the remains of old Roman roads, walls, houses, and

forth, in this country, are found, not

at the present level of the surface, but several feet—in some cases many yards—below this level. The same holds elsewhere, under the same conditions—that is, where we know quite certainly that the substances thus found underground were originally on the surface, and that there has been neither any disturbance causing them to be engulfed, nor any deposition of scorix, volcanic dust, or other products of subterranean disturbance. We cannot hesitate to regard this burying of old buildings as due to the continual deposition of dust, which eventually becomes compacted into solid earth. We know, moreover, that the formation of dust is in the main due to rain, which converts the surface layers of the earth into mud. This on drying requires but the frictional action of heavy winds to rise in clouds of dust. In some soils this process goes on more rapidly than in others, as everyone who has travelled much afoot is aware. There are parts of England, for instance, where, even in the driest summer, the daily deposition of dust on dry and breezy days is but slight, others where in such weather a dust layer at least a quarter of an inch in thickness is deposited in the course of a day. If we assumed, which would scarcely seem an exaggerated estimate, that in the course of a single year a layer of dust averaging an inch in thickness is deposited over the lower levels of the surface of the land, we should find that the average depth of the layer formed in the last thousand years would amount to no less than eighty-three feet. Of course in inhabited places the deposition of dust is checked, though not so much as most persons imagine. There is not probably in this country a single building five hundred years old, originally built at a moderately low level, the position of whose foundation does not attest the constant gathering of matter upon the surface. The actual amount by which the lower levels are raised and the higher levels diminished in the course of a thousand years may be very much less, but that it must amount to many feet can scarcely be questioned.

And as in considering the action of rain falling over a wide range of country, we have to distinguish between the slow but steady action of ordinary rains, and

the occasional violent action of great storms of rain, so in considering the effects of drought following after rain which has well saturated the land we have to distinguish between ordinarily dusty times and occasions when in a very short time, owing to the intensity of the heat and the violence of the wind, large quantities of dust are spread over a wide area. Darwin thus describes the effect of such exceptional drought, as experienced in the years 1827-1832 in Buenos Ayres: "So little rain fell that the vegetation, even to the thistles, failed; the brooks were dried up, and the whole country assumed the appearance of a dusty high road. This was especially the case in the northern part of the province of Buenos Ayres and the southern part of Santa Fé." He describes the loss of life caused by the want of water, and many remarkable circumstances of the drought which do not here specially concern us. He then goes on to speak of the dust which gathered over the open country. "Sir Woodbine Parish," he says, "informed me of a very curious source of dispute. The ground being so long dry, such quantities of dust were blown about that in this open country the landmarks became obliterated, and people could not tell the limits of their estates." The dust thus scattered over the land, whether left or removed, necessarily formed part of the solid material brought from higher to lower levels, indirectly (in this case) through the action of rain; for a drought can only convert into friable matter earth which has before been thoroughly soaked. But as the action of rain, originally led to the formation of these enormous masses of dust, so it presently took part in carrying the dust in the form of mud to yet lower levels. "Subsequently to the drought of 1827 to 1832," proceeds Darwin, "a very rainy season followed, which caused great floods. Hence it is almost certain that some thousands of the skeletons" (of creatures whose deaths he had described before) "were buried by the deposits of the very next year. What could be the opinion of a geologist, viewing such an enormous collection of bones, of all kinds of animals and of all ages, thus embedded in one thick earthy mass? Would he not attribute it to a flood having swept over the surface of the land, rather than to the common

order of things?" In fact, a single great drought, followed by a very rainy season, must in this instance, which was, however, altogether exceptional, have produced a layer or stratum such as geologists would ordinarily regard as the work of a much longer time and much more potent disturbing causes.

It may be well to consider in this place the question whether in reality the quantity of rain which falls now during our winter months does not greatly exceed that which formerly fell in that part of the year. The idea is very prevalent that our winters have changed entirely in character in recent times, and the fear (or the hope?) is entertained that the change may continue in the same direction until wet and mild winters replace altogether the cold which prevailed in former years. There is no sufficient reason, however, for supposing that any such change is taking place. It is indeed not difficult to find, in the meteorological annals of the first half of the present century, instances of the occurrence of several successive winters very unlike the one through which we have just passed, and the greater number of the last ten or twelve years. But if we take any considerable series of years in the last century we find the alternations of the weather very similar to those we at present recognise. Consider, for instance, Gilbert White's brief summary of the weather from 1768 onwards:—

For the winter of 1768-69 we have October and the first part of November rainy; thence to the end of 1768 alternate rains and frosts; January and February frosty and rainy, with gleams of fine weather; to the middle of March, wind and rain.

For the winter of 1769-70 we have October frosty, the next fortnight rainy, the next dry and frosty. December windy, with rain and intervals of frost (the first fortnight very foggy); the first half of January frosty, thence to the end of February mild hazy weather. March frosty and brighter.

For 1770-71, from the middle of October to the end of the year, almost incessant rains; January severe frosts till the last week, the next fortnight rain and snow, and spring weather to the end of February. March frosty.

For 1771-72, October rainy, Novem-

ber frost with intervals of fog and rain, December bright mild weather with hoar frosts; then six weeks of frost and snow, followed by six of frost, sleet, hail, and snow.

For 1772-73, October, November, and to December 22, rain, with mild weather; to the end of 1772, cold foggy weather; then a week of frost, followed by three of dark rainy weather. First fortnight of February frost; thence to the end of March misty showery weather.

Passing over the winter of 1773-74, which was half rainy, half frosty, what could more closely resemble the winter weather we have had so much of during the last few years, than that experienced in the winter of 1774-75? From August 24 to the third week of November rain, with frequent intervals of sunny weather; to the end of December, dark dripping fogs; to the end of the first fortnight in March, rain almost every day.

And so on, with no remarkable changes, until the year 1792, the last of Gilbert White's records.

If we limit our attention to any given month of winter, we find the same mixture of cold and dry with wet and open weather as we are familiar with at present. Take, for instance, the month usually the most wintry of all, viz. January. Passing over the years already considered, we have January, 1776, dark and frosty with much snow till the 26th (at this time the Thames was frozen over), then foggy with hoar frost; January, 1777, frosty till the 10th, then foggy and showery; 1778, frosty till the 13th, then rainy to the 24th, then hard frost; 1779, frost and showers throughout January; 1780, frost throughout; 1781, frost and snow to the 25th, then rain and snow; 1782, open and mild; 1783, rainy with heavy winds; 1784, hard frost; 1785, a thaw on the 2nd, then rainy weather to the 28th, the rest of the month frosty; 1786, frost and snow till January 7, then a week mild with much rain, the next week heavy snow, and the rest mild with frequent rain; 1787, first twenty-four days, dark moist mild weather, then four days frost, the rest mild and showery; 1788, thirteen days mild and wet, five days of frost, and from January 18 to the end of month dry windy weather; 1789, thirteen days hard frost, the rest of the month mild with

showers; 1790, sixteen days of mild foggy weather with occasional rain, to the 21st frost, to the 28th dark with driving rains, and the rest mild dry weather; 1791 the whole of January mild with heavy rains; and lastly, 1792, "some hard frost in January, but mostly wet and mild."

There is nothing certainly in this record to suggest that any material change has taken place in our January weather during the last eighty years. And if we had given the record of the entire winter for each of the years above dealt with the result would have been the same.

We have, in fact, very striking evidence in Gilbert White's account of the cold weather of December, 1784, which he specially describes as "very extraordinary," to show that neither our severe nor our average winter weather can differ materially from that which people experienced in the eighteenth century. "In the evening of December 9th," he says, "the air began to be so very sharp that we thought it would be curious to attend to the motions of a thermometer; we therefore hung out two, one made by Martin and one by Dolland" (*sic*, presumably Dollond), "which soon began to show us what we were to expect; for by ten o'clock they fell to twenty-one, and at eleven to four, when we went to bed. On the 10th, in the morning the quicksilver in Dolland's glass was down to half a degree below zero, and that of Martin's, which was absurdly graduated only to four degrees above zero, sank quite into the brass guard of the ball, so that when the weather became most interesting this was useless. On the 10th, at eleven at night, though the air was perfectly still, Dolland's glass went down to one degree below zero!" The note of exclamation is White's. He goes on to speak of "this strange severity of the weather," which was not exceeded that winter, or at any time during the twenty-four years of White's observations. Within the last quarter of a century, the thermometer, on more than one occasion, has shown two or three degrees below zero. Certainly the winters cannot be supposed to have been ordinarily severer than ours in the latter half of the last century, when we find that thermometers, by well-known instrument-makers were so constructed as to indicate no lower

temperature than four degrees above zero.

Let us return, after this somewhat long digression, to the levelling action of rain and rivers.

If we consider this action alone, we cannot but recognise in it a cause sufficient to effect the removal of all the higher parts of the land to low levels, and eventually of all the low-lying land to the sea, in the course of such periods as geology makes us acquainted with. The mudbanks at the mouths of rivers show only a part of what rain and river action is doing, yet consider how enormous is the mass which is thus carried into the sea. It has been calculated that in a single week the Ganges alone carries away from the soil of India and delivers into the sea twice as much solid substance as is contained in the great pyramid of Egypt. "The Irrawaddy," says Sir J. Herschel, "sweeps off from Burmah 62 cubic feet of earth in every second of time on an average, and there are 86,400 seconds in every day, and 365 days in every year; and so on for other rivers." Nor is there any reason to fear or hope that the rains will cease, and this destructive process come to an end. For though the quantity of water on the surface of the earth is probably undergoing a slow process of diminution, small portions of it year by year taking their place as waters under the earth,*

*Those whose custom it is to regard all theorising respecting the circumstances revealed by observation as unscientific, may read with profit an extremely speculative passage in Newton's *Principia* relating to the probable drying up of the earth in future ages: "As the seas," he says, "are absolutely necessary to the constitution of our earth, that from them the sun, by its heat, may exhale a sufficient quantity of vapors, which, being gathered together into clouds, may drop down in rain, for watering of the earth, and for the production and nourishment of vegetables; or being condensed with cold on the tops of mountains (as some philosophers with reason judge), may run down in springs and rivers; so for the conservation of the seas and fluids of the planets, comets seem to be required, that, from their exhalations and vapors condensed, the wastes of the planetary fluids spent upon vegetation and putrefaction, and converted into dry earth, may be ultimately supplied and made up; for all vegetables entirely derive their growths from fluids, and afterwards, in great measure, are turned into dry earth by putrefaction; and a sort of slime

yet these processes are far too slow to appreciably affect the supply of water for a period far longer than that during which (in all probability) life can continue upon the earth.

When we consider the force really represented by the downfall of rain, we need not greatly wonder that the levelling power of rain is so effective. The sun's heat is the true agent in thus levelling the earth, and if we regard, as we justly may, the action of water, whether in the form of rain or river, or of sea-wave raised by wind or tide, as the chief levelling and therefore destructive force at work upon the earth, and the action of the earth's vulcanian energies as the chief restorative agent, then we may fairly consider the contest as lying between the sun's heat and the earth's internal heat. There can be little question as to what would be the ultimate issue of the contest, if land and sea and air all endured or were only so far modified as they were affected by these causes. Sun-heat would inevitably prevail in the long run over earth-heat. But we see from the condition of our moon how the withdrawal of water and air from the scene must diminish the sun's power of levelling the irregularities of the earth's surface. We say advisedly *diminish*, not *destroy*; for there can be no question that the solar heat alternating with the cold of the long lunar night is still at work levelling, however slowly, the moon's surface; and the same will be the case with our earth when her oceans and atmosphere have disappeared by slow processes of absorption.

The power actually at work at present in producing rain, and so indirectly in levelling the earth's surface, is enormous. We have shown elsewhere that the amount of heat required to evaporate a quantity of water which would cover an area of 100 square miles to a depth of 1 inch would be equal to the heat which

is always found to settle at the bottom of putrefied fluids; and hence it is that the bulk of the solid earth is continually increased; and the fluids, if they are not supplied from without, must be in a continual decrease, and quite fail at last. I suspect, moreover, that it is chiefly from the comets that spirit comes, which is indeed the smallest but the most subtle and useful part of our air, and so much required to sustain the life of all things with us."

would be produced by the combustion of half a million tons of coals, and that the amount of force of which this consumption of heat would be the equivalent corresponds to that which would be required to raise a weight of upwards of one thousand millions of tons to a height of 1 mile. When we remember that the land surface of our earth amounts to about fifty millions of square miles, we perceive how enormous must be the force-equivalent of the annual rainfall of our earth. We are apt to overlook when contemplating the silent and seemingly quiet processes of nature—such as the formation of the rain-cloud or the precipitation of rain—the tremendous ener-

gy of the forces really causing these processes. "I have seen," says Professor Tyndall, "the wild stone-avalanches of the Alps, which smoke and thunder down the declivities with a vehemence almost sufficient to stun the observer. I have also seen snow-flakes descending so softly as not to hurt the fragile spangles of which they were composed; yet to produce from aqueous vapor a quantity which a child could carry of that tender material demands an exertion of energy competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the largest stone avalanche I have ever seen, and pitch them to twice the height from which they fell."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

"Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen."

I STOOD on her picture gazing,
And backward my dark dreams ran,
And the dear, dear face before me
To live somehow began.

Her lips, around them gathered
A smile in some wondrous wise,
And tears as of yearning sadness
Stood glistening in her eyes.

And down my cheeks the tears, too,
Flowed on in unbidden stream;
And oh, that I've lost thee, darling,
Seems only a wildered dream.

"Warum sind die Rosen so blass?"

WHY are the roses so wan of hue,
Oh, say to me, darling, why?
And why, love, why is the violet blue,
In the green, green grass so shy?

The lark, why sings he so sad a chime,
As he soars in the sky o'erhead?
Why, why exhales from the fragrant thyme
An odor as of the dead?

Why wears the sun all the livelong day
A look of such chill and gloom?
Oh why is the earth so ashen-grey,
And desolate as a tomb?

And why so heart-sick and sad am I?
 Oh say, love, why this should be!
 Oh say, my heart's very darling, why
 Hast thou forsaken me?

"Liebe, sollst mir heute sagen!"

SAY, love, art thou not a vision?
 Speak, for I to know were fain,—
 Such as summer hours Elysian
 Breed within the poet's brain?

Nay, a mouth of such completeness,
 Eyes of such bewitching flame,
 Girl so garnered round with sweetness,
 Never did a poet frame.

Vampires, basilisks, chimæras,
 Dragons, monsters, all the dire
 Creatures of the fable eras,
 Quicken in the poet's fire.

But thyself, so artful-artless,
 Thy sweet face, thy tender eyes,
 With their looks so fond, so heartless,
 Never poet could devise.

LORELEY.

I CANNOT imagine what daunts me,
 And makes me feel eerie and low:
 A legend, it troubles, it haunts me,
 A legend of long ago.

The air chills, day is declining,
 And smoothly Rhine's waters run,
 And the peaks of the mountains are shining
 Aloft in the setting sun.

A maiden of wondrous seeming,
 Most beautiful sits, see, there!
 Her jewels in gold are gleaming,
 She combs out her golden hair.

With a comb of red gold she parts it,
 And still as she combs it, she sings;
 As the melody falls on our hearts, it
 With power as of magic stings.

With a spasm the boatman hears it,
 Out there in his little skiff;
 He sees not the reef, as he nears it,
 He only looks up to the cliff.

The waters will sweep, I am thinking,
O'er skiff, ay, and boatman ere long;
And this is, when daylight is sinking,
What Loreley did with her song.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIII.

LILIAS did not say much about the adventure in the wood; nothing at all indeed to Mary or any one in authority; nor did it dwell in her mind as a thing of much importance. The kind of things that strike a child's mind as wonderful are not always those which would most impress an older person. There were many things at Penninghame very curious and strange to the little girl. The big chimneys of the old house, for instance, the sun-dial in the old garden, and on a lower level the way in which Cook's cap kept on, which seemed to Liliias miraculous, no means of securing it being visible. She pondered much on these things, trying to arrive at feasible theories in respect to them, but there was no theory required about the other very natural incident. That an old woman should meet her in the woods, and kiss her, and ask to be called granny, and cry over her,—there was nothing wonderful in that; and indeed if, as she already suspected, it was no old woman at all but a fairy, such as those in the story-books, who would probably appear again and set her tasks to do, much more difficult than calling her granny, and end by transforming herself into a beautiful lady—this would still remain quite comprehensible, not by any means unparalleled in the experience of one who had already mastered a great deal of literature treating of such subjects. She was interested but not surprised, for was it not always to a child or children by themselves in a wood, that fairies did speak? She told Nello about the meeting, who was not surprised any more than she was; for though he was not very fond of reading himself, he had shared all his sister's, having had true histories of fairies read to him almost since ever he could recollect any-

thing. He made some cynical remarks prompted by his manhood, but it was like much manly cynicism, only from the lips, no deeper. "I thought fairies were all dead," he said.

"Oh, Nello; when you know they are spirits and never die! they are hundreds and hundreds of years older than we are, but they never die; and it is always children that see them. I thought she would tell us to do something——"

"I would not do something," said Nello, "I would say, 'Old woman, do it yourself.'"

"And do you know what would happen then," said Liliias, severely, "when ever you opened your mouth, a toad or a frog would drop out of it."

"I should not mind; how funny it would be! how the people would be surprised."

"They would be frightened—fancy! every word you said; till all round there would be things creeping and creeping and crawling all over you; slimy cold things that would make people shiver and shriek. Oh!" said Liliias, recoiling and putting up her hands, as if to put him away; "the frogs! squattling and jumping all over the floor."

At this lively realisation of his problematical punishment, Nello himself grew pale, and nervously looked about him. "I would kill her," he cried, furiously; "what right would she have to do that to me?"

"Because you did not obey her, Nello."

"And why should I obey her?" cried the boy; "she is not papa, or Martuccia, or—Mary."

"But we must always do what the fairies tell us," said Liliias; "not perhaps because they have a right—for certainly it is different with papa—but because they would hurt us if we didn't; and then if you are good and pick up the

sticks, or draw the water from the well, then she gives you such beautiful presents. Oh! I will do whatever she tells me."

"What kind of presents, Lily? I want a little horse to ride—there are a great many things that I want. Do fairies give you what you want, or only what they like?"

This was a puzzling question; and on the spur of the moment Lilius did not feel able to answer such a difficulty. "If you do it for the presents, not because they ask you, they will not give you anything," she said; "that would be all wrong if you did it for the presents."

"But you said——"

"Oh, Nello; you are too little, you don't understand," cried the elder sister, like many another perplexed authority; "when you are older you will know what I mean. I can tell you things, but I can't make you understand."

"What is it he cannot understand?" said Mary, coming suddenly upon their confidential talk. The two children came apart hastily, and Lilius, who had two red spots of excitement on her cheeks, looked up startled, with lips apart. Nello laughed with a sense of mischief. He was fond of his sister, but to get her into trouble had a certain flavor of fun in it, not disagreeable to him.

"It is about the fairies," he cried, volubly. "She says you should do what they tell you. She says they give you beautiful presents. She says, she——"

"Oh, about the fairies!" said Mary calmly, with a smile, going on without any more notice. Lilius was very angry with her brother, but what was the use? And she was frightened lest she should be made to look ridiculous, a danger which is always present to the sensitive mind of a child. "I will never, never talk to you again," she said to him under her breath; but Nello knew she would talk to him again, as soon as her mind wanted disburdening, and was not afraid.

And of how many active thoughts, and wonderful musings, and lively continued motion of two small minds and bodies, the old hall was witness in those quiet days! Mary coming and going, and the solid figure of Martuccia in the sunshine, these two older and more import-

ant persons were as shadows in comparison with that ceaseless flow of existence. The amount of living in the whole house beside, was not half equal to that which went on in the motherly calm of the old hall, which held these two small things like specks in its tranquil embrace, where so much had come to pass. There was always something going on there. Such lively counterfeittings of the older life, such deeply-laid plans, dispersed in a moment by sudden changes of purpose, such profound gravity upset by the merest chance interruption, such perpetual busyness without thought of rest. Their days went on thus without hindrance or interruption, nothing being required of them except to be amused and healthy, and competent to occupy and please themselves. Had they been dull children, or subject to the precocious *ennui* which is sometimes to be seen even in a nursery, no doubt measures would have been taken to bring about a better state of affairs; but as they were always busy, always gay, they were left completely to their own devices, protected, sheltered, and ignored, enjoying the freedom of a much earlier age, a freedom from all teaching and interference, such as seldom overpasses the first five years of human life. Mary had her whole *métier* to learn in respect to the children, and there were many agitating circumstances which preoccupied her mind and kept her from realising the more simple necessities of the matter. It had cost her so much to establish them there, and the tacit victory over fate, unnatural prejudice, and all the bondage of family troubles, had been so great, that the trembling satisfaction of having gained it blunted her perceptions of further necessity. It was at the risk of everything that made up life to her that she had declared herself the protectress of these children, and the effort of making up her mind, if need were, to forsake all else rather than give up this charge, had been a great one. Indeed, even now it was scarcely over, for it was still possible that the squire might assert himself, and banish those helpless creatures whom he had never noticed or acknowledged; so that it is less wonderful that Mary, having her whole mind bent upon the need of protecting and keeping them safe in the house of their fathers, should have

forgotten that her protection and love, though so much, were yet nothing in comparison with the many wants of these little beings who were dependent upon her for all the training of the future, as well as all the necessities of the present. It was from a humble quarter that enlightenment first came to her. Her teacher was Miss Brown, her maid, who had early melted to the children, and who by this time was their devoted vassal, and especially the admiring slave of Nello, whom, with determined English propriety, she called Master John. Miss Brown's affection was not unalloyed by other sentiments. Her love for the children indeed was intensified by strenuous disapproval of their other guardians—Martuccia “with her foreign ways,” who was “no good,” a qualification which varied between absolute uselessness and a great deal of active harm—and Miss Musgrave, who was ignorant as a baby herself, and knew nothing about “children's ways.” Between these two incapable persons her life became a burden to Miss Brown. “I can't get my night's rest for thinking of it,” she said to Cook, who like herself had the interest of many years' service in “the family.” “I would up and speak,” said Cook. “Speak!” cried Miss Brown, “I'm always speaking; but what can a body do, when folks won't understand?” It is the lament of the superior intelligence over all the world. Lillas herself had expressed the same resigned consciousness of the impossibility of enlightening Nello; and both were quite unconscious that Dr. Johnson, not to say many another distinguished person, had said it before them. Miss Brown, however, was not resigned. People seldom are in her class, in which the missionary sentiment is stronger than elsewhere. And by and by things came to a pitch which she could put up with no longer. She opened the subject finally when she had her mistress at an advantage—when she was standing behind Miss Musgrave “doing” her hair, and so enjoyed the opportunity of seeing all the changes of her countenance in the glass.

“I wonder,” she said, suddenly, introducing the subject, “if these foreigners have our ways of counting and know what numbers means——”

“Numbers?” said Mary, puzzled—

“and who are the foreigners? Martuccia? We do not meet with many here——”

“Oh, one is enough for me, ma'am,” said Miss Brown, with a toss of her head. “I never can be bothered with her name——”

“Martuccia?—it is the same 'name as your own, Martha—she seems a harmless, good-natured creature. How does she bother you?” said Mary, with a smile.

“Good-humored! I don't call it good-humored, Miss Mary. I call it humoring; and the dear children they're sharp, and sees it—sharper than the likes of us—like a needle Miss Lily is, that sharp! You wants all your wits about you to keep that child straight.”

“To keep her straight! Why, Martha! how often have you told 'me you have never seen a more delightful child?”

“That was Master John, Miss Mary—but I say nothing against her, not a word; she's a dear. She's dark, not like the family, but she's a dear. But Master John, he's the very moral of the Musgraves, and the spiritedest boy! That's why I cannot bear to see him neglected——”

“Neglected,” said Mary, once more repeating the word, “you puzzle me more and more. I don't think poor Nello is a very spirited boy—but who neglects him? You must tell me what you mean. And about the foreigners and the numbers? You are mysterious altogether. What do you mean?——”

“It isn't that I mean much—but I can't hold my tongue—not any longer,” said Miss Brown. “So far as I can make out her gibberish, she holds to it as Master John is eight years of age; though if their numbers and ours is different, maybe she's making a mistake——”

“You think he is very small for that age? and babyish? I am very sorry you think so, Martha. I have had a feeling of the same kind; but you know he has been so delicate——”

“It's not that, Miss Mary, it's not his fault, the darling; but just you think of it. Eight years of age! and no schooling so much as thought of, nor no tutoring; and I don't know if he can tell his letters in English,” said Miss Brown with a deep sigh.

Mary turned round so quickly that she twitched her locks out of her attend-

ant's hands. "Schooling!" she said in a tone of dismay, and stared at Miss Brown, who shifted her position and recovered command of the long soft tresses, still brown and silky as ever, of Mary's hair.

"I don't know Master John's birthday," said that astute person intent upon her hairdressing, "but going on for nine is what he must be, for he was eight when he came, and that's seven months if it's a day. And if you consider, ma'am, all the learning that little gentlemen has to put into them! Look at the Squire: they tell me the languages he knows is wonderful, and the books he reads, a body can see that for themselves. And if Master John don't begin, when is he to have the time to learn? Once a boy's in his "teens," said Miss Brown, shaking her head with mournful meaning, "he's twenty before you know."

Mary had turned again into her former attitude. She had received the arrow thus cunningly sent, into the very centre of her being; and was quivering with the shock. She did not pay any particular attention to the rest of Miss Brown's monologue, having enough to think of. When one has been pluming one's self, or at least has allowed one's self a feeling of satisfaction over a service rendered, a valuable act accomplished, it is appalling to have that merit of self-satisfaction blown away, and to see that in reality, though so much has been done, it is nothing in comparison with what ought to be done; schooling, tutoring, education in short. How was it she had never thought of it before? When she had taken this trust which John had put into her hands, had she not virtually promised to train the children for the position they must hereafter hold, to make man and woman of them, fit for man's and woman's duties? They could not be children for ever; even, as Mary with the quick instinct of alarm perceived, they were already growing towards that condition, developing out of their childhood. A thrill of consternation ran over her. How was she to manage this? Miss Brown had spoken of Nello only, but Lillas was her own successor, the future Miss Musgrave, the princess of the old house. She could not let her grow up a rustic in the old hall, where she had taken root so naturally. What

was she to do? Mary was not poor, for she had few desires, and what she needed was within her reach. But she was not rich enough for the expenses of education; and she could not go to her father about the needs of the children whom he did not acknowledge. She had already made her calculations on the subject of clothing them, and had discovered that by a little self-denial she might manage to do that out of her own allowance; but to educate them? that was beyond her power. She thought of nothing else all the evening long, pondering it as she sat at table with her father, who was absorbed in the study of some new books of a kindred type to his own. How grateful she was to him for being so absorbed and inattentive! Thus he did not find out that she was pre-occupied and unobservant too.

Mr. Pennithorne appeared on one of his usual visits next morning while she was still full of this matter. For the more she thought of it, the more dark her way seemed before her. It might be possible to push Nello forward in his Latin and Greek, and help him to something like an education. But Lillas! The means of Mary's own education had been simple. She was motherless, and there had been no one to take thought for her; and unlimited reading, and some music lessons from the old organist had been all her preparation for the position of Princess Royal. With this Mary had not done badly to the external eye, but within herself she had often felt her deficiencies. Could she do no better, she asked herself, for her successor? And the old organist was dead, carrying such simple lore as he had to regions where it was unavailable for another Miss Musgrave. The music of the parish was conducted now sometimes by Mrs. Pennithorne's feeble playing, sometimes by the rough tunes of a village amateur; for the parish was not rich, and its ear was not keen. But Lillas! Mary brooded till her head ached; and she was glad beyond measure to see Mr. Pennithorne coming slowly along the road. She could see him almost from the moment his spare figure turned the corner from the village; the outline and movement of him was so familiar to her, as he grew upon the quiet distance drawing nearer and nearer. It was seldom that she

anticipated his approach with so much satisfaction. Not that Mr. Pennithorne, good man, was likely to invent an outlet out of a difficulty, but he was the only person to whom she could talk with absolute freedom upon this subject, and to put it forth in audible words, and set it thus in order to her own ear and mind was always some advantage. How like Mr. Pen it was to come on so quietly step after step, while she was waiting impatient for him! not a step quicker than usual, no swing of more rapid motion in the droop of his long coat. Why should he quicken his steps? She laughed to herself at her own childish impatience. Ought he not to have divined that she wanted him urgently after all these years? Mary had gone into the hall, the children being absent on their daily walk. They were so much in her thoughts that she was glad to get them out of her sight for the moment and thus relieve the air which rustled and whispered with them. She went out to meet the slowly approaching counsellor. It was early summer by this time, and all was green and fair, if still somewhat cold in its greenness to a southern eye. The sunshine was blazing over the lake, just approaching noon, and the sky was keenly blue, so clear that the pleasure of it was almost a pain, where the green shoulder of the hill stood against it in high relief. It was seldom that Mary was at leisure so early, and very seldom that in the morning when both were busy she should have a visit from Mr. Pen. As she made a few steps down the slope that led from the hall door, to meet him, the sunshine caught her full streaming from behind the corner of the house. It caught in her hair, and shone in it, showing its unimpaired gloss and brightness. Mr. Pennithorne was dazzled by it as he came up, and asked himself if she was superior to time as to most things else, and after all those years, was young as well as lovely still?

"I am very glad to see you," she said, holding out her hand. "I just wanted you; it is some good fairy that has sent you so early to-day."

His face brightened up with an answering gleam; or was it only the sun that had got hold of him too, and woke reflections in his middle-aged eyes? "I am very happy to have come when

you wanted me," he said, his eyelids growing moist with pleasure. He went in to the hall, where all was comparative dusk after that brilliant shining of the noon, and sat down on the stool which was Martuccia's usual place. "Whatever you want, Miss Mary, here I am," her faithful servant said.

"It is about the children. What am I to do with the children, Mr. Pen? I have been so negligent and foolish; thinking all was right when I had them safe, and was allowed to keep them. Fancy. it was Martha Brown who brought me to my senses, who had more perception than I had——"

"What about the children? they are very well off and very happy, as they may well be——"

"But their education, Mr. Pen!"

"Ah!" he said, with a slight catching of his breath, which conveyed a consolation to her—as showing that to him, too, this idea was new. Then he added, "Yes, indeed, Miss Mary, you are quite right, as you always are. It is time that was thought of, perhaps; but, on the other hand, there is no time lost."

"No, not much lost," she said with a little relief; "but what am I to do? My father takes no notice of them. I am not—rich—how am I to do justice to them? There is Lilius—I am sure the child is clever and full of power—I should not like her to be as uneducated as I am."

"If she does half as well—if she is half what you are—do not hurt my feelings by speaking so," said Mr. Pen, pathetically. "You!—but we will make no comparisons."

"I cannot be so kind to myself as you are to me," she said, smiling. "How often have I been put to the blush for the little I know; but who is to teach the children? I could not do it, even if I had the knowledge—and Nello; I have not the money either; I am at my wits' end."

Mr. Pen sat by her very sympathetically and heard all her difficulties. He was not very clever about advising, seeing that it was generally from her that he took advice, instead of giving it. But he listened, and did not see his way out of it, which of itself was a comfort to Mary. If he had been clever, and had struck out a new idea at once, it is doubt-

ful whether she would have liked it half so well. She went into the whole question, and eased her mind at least. What was she to do? Mr. Pen shook his head. He was quite ready to take Nello, and teach him all he remembered, after a life spent in rural forgetfulness, of Latin and Greek; but Liliás! and Liliás was the most urgent as being the eldest. There was no school within reach, and a governess as Mr. Pen suggested with a little trembling—a governess! where could Mary put her, what could she do with her? It seemed hopeless to think of that.

"I don't know what you will think of what I am going to say—but there is Randolph, Miss Mary; he is a family man himself. I suppose—of course—he knows about the children?"

"Randolph," said Mary, faltering; "Mr. Pen, you know what Randolph is as well as I do."

"People change," said Mr. Pen, evasively. "It is not for me to say anything; but perhaps—he ought to know."

"He has never taken any interest in the house; he has never cared to be—one of us," said Mary. "Perhaps because he was brought up away from us. You know all about it. When he came back—when he was with you and poor John—— You know him as well as I do," she concluded abruptly. "I don't see what help we could have from him."

"He is a family man himself," said the vicar. "When children come they bring new feelings; they open the heart. He was not like you—or poor John; but he was like a great many people in this world; he would not be unkind. You write to him sometimes?"

"Once or twice a year. He writes to ask how my father is—I often wonder why. He has only been here once since—since it all happened. He would not have it known that he was one of the family which was so much talked about—that he was the brother of——" Mary stopped with a flash of indignation in her eyes. "He has separated himself altogether from us, as you know; but he asks from time to time how my father is, though I scarcely know why."

"And you have told him, I suppose, about the children?"

"No, Mr. Pen; he turned his back upon poor John from the beginning.

Why should I tell him? what has he to do with it? We have left our subject altogether talking of Randolph, who is quite apart from it. Let us go back to our sheep—our lambs in this case. What is to be done with them?"

"I will do what I can for them, as I did for their father," said the vicar. "I was thinking that little Johnny must very soon—and Mary might as well— They can come to me for an hour or two every day; that would be something. But I think Randolph should be told. I think Randolph ought to know. He might be thinking, he might be calculating——"

"What, Mr. Pen?" Mary confronted him with head erect and flashing eyes. "Why should he think or calculate about us? He has separated himself from the family. John's children are nothing to him."

It was not often that Mr. Pen was worldly wise; but he had an inspiration this time. He shook his head slowly. "It is just that; John's children might make all the difference to him," he said.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. PENNITHORNE went home thoughtful, and Miss Musgrave remained behind, if not exactly turned in a new direction, yet confused and excited in her mental being by the introduction of a new element. Randolph Musgrave, though her brother, was less known to Mary than he was to the tutor who had travelled and lived with him in the interval which had formed his nearest approach to his own family. He had been brought up by an uncle on the mother's side who did not love the Musgraves, and had succeeded to the family living belonging to that race, and lived now, as he had been brought up, in an atmosphere quite different from that which belonged to his nominal home in the north. Except now and then, in a holiday visit, Randolph had scarcely spent any portion of his life at Penninghame, except the short period just before, and for a little time after, his university career, when he shared with his brother John the special instructions of Mr. Pennithorne. The two young men had worked together then, or made believe to work, and they had travelled together; but being of very different dispositions, and brought up in ways curiously unlike, they had not been made

into cordial friends by this period of semi-artificial union. Randolph had been trained to entertain but a small opinion of anything at Penninghame, and he had followed up his training. And when Penninghame became public property, and John and all his affairs and peculiarities were discussed in the newspapers, the younger son did something very like the Scriptural injunction—shaking the dust from off his feet as he departed. He went away after some painful scenes with his father. It was not the old Squire's fault that his eldest son had become in the eyes of the world criminal; but Randolph was as bitter at the ignominy brought upon his name as if it had been a family contrivance to annoy and distress him, and had gone away vowing that never again would he have anything to do with his paternal home. There had been a long gap in their relations after that, but at his marriage there had been a kind of reconciliation, enough to give a decorous aspect to his relations with his "people." He had brought his bride to his father's house, and since then he had written, as Mary said, now and then, once or twice in the year, to inquire after his father's health. This was not much, but it saved appearances, and prevented the open scandal of a family quarrel. But Mary, who replied punctiliously to these questions, did not see the need of making a further intimation to him of anything that affected the family. For one thing, it did not occur to her. What had he to do with John's children? and if Mary had thought of any special interest he had in the matter, it is to be feared this would have closed more firmly, not opened her mouth. But she had not so much as thought on the subject. She had written her periodical letter announcing that her father was pretty well; that he had finished his Monograph, and desired her to send Randolph a copy, which he would receive by book-post; that she hoped Mrs. Randolph and the boy were quite well; and that she remained his affectionate sister. All was perfectly matter-of-fact except that adjective; for there was no affection between them. And she would no more have thought of informing him of any private event in her own history, or of looking to him for sympathy, than she would have stopped a beg-

gar on the road to communicate her good or evil fortune. She could not even understand why the Vicar had suggested such a thing to her. But the idea of Randolph suggested a new element and new complications. What had he to do with the family? He had voluntarily withdrawn himself from it. It vexed her to be reminded that it was not possible to take away from Randolph some right to interfere, to thrust in his opinion if he chose to exercise it—to make inquiries that would be annoying and disagreeable. This gave Miss Musgrave a great deal of annoyance, and she felt angry with Mr. Pennithorne, for was it not his fault?

Next morning, however, a very extraordinary incident occurred. She had sent Lillas and Nello to the Vicarage to get their first lesson, and had waited for them in the hall, almost as much excited as they were, to hear the result. And the account of it had been of the greatest interest to Mary. She was going through that experience common to parents, which makes the baby-lessons, the child's first steps in literature, the very pot-hooks and sums, all of vital importance to the looker-on. The children had of course been much excited by this new event in their life. They had come in breathless with the story they had to tell. "Then he made me read out of all the books," said Lillas, her dark eyes shining; "but Nello, because he was so little, one book was enough for him."

"But it was not a girl's book," said Nello; "it was only for Johnnie and me."

"And I looked in it," said his sister; "it was all mixed with Italian—such funny Italian; instead of *padre* it was put *payter*—Mr. Pen called it so. But it would not do for Nello, when we go back, to say his Italian like that. Even Martuccia would laugh, and Martuccia is not educated."

"It was Latin," said Nello, "Mr. Pen said so. He said girls didn't want Latin. Girls learn to dance and sing; but I—and Johnnie——"

"Will Mr. Pen teach me to dance—and sing, Mary?" said Lillas, with a grave face.

"And me, I wrote a copy," said Nello, indifferent to the interruption; "look!" and he held up fingers covered with ink.

"You cannot read it yet, but you will soon be able to read it, Mr. Pen says. And then I will write you a letter, Mary."

"It would be better to write letters to some one far off," said Liliás, half scornful of his want of information. "You can talk to Mary, Nello. It is to far-off people that one makes letters."

"We have nobody that is far off," said Nello, shaking his head with the sudden consciousness of a want not hitherto realised. "Then I need not write copies any more."

"Your father is far off, Nello," said Mary; "your poor papa, who never hears any news of you. Some time I hope you will be able to write to him, and ask him to come home."

"Oh," cried Liliás, "you need not be sorry about that, Mary. He will come home. Some day, in a moment when you are thinking of nothing, there will be a step on the stair, and Martuccia will give a shriek; and it will be as if the sun came shining out, and it will be papa! He is always like that—but you never know when he will come."

Mary's eyes filled in spite of herself. What long, long years it was that she had thought but little of John! and yet there suddenly seemed to come before her a vision of his arrival from school or from college, all smiles and brightness, making the old roof ring with his shout of pleasure. Was it possible that this would happen over again—that he would come in a moment, as his little daughter said? But Liliás did not know all the difficulties nor the one great obstacle that stood in John's way, and which perhaps he might never get over. She forgot herself in these thoughts, and did not perceive that Liliás was gazing wistfully at her, endeavoring with all her childish mind to penetrate her mind and know the occasion of these tears. Mary was recalled to herself by feeling the child's arm steal round her, and the soft touch of a little hand and handkerchief upon her wet eyes. "You are crying," said Liliás. "Mary, is it for papa?—why should you cry for papa?"

"My darling, we don't know where he is, nor anything about him," said Mary, with a sudden outburst of tears—tears which were not all for John, but partly excitement, standing as she was in the centre of so many troubles, alone.

"That does not matter," said Liliás, winking rapidly to throw off the sympathetic tears which had gathered in her own eyes, "he is always like that. We never knew where he was; but just when he could, just when it was possible, he came home. We never could tell when it would be—it might be any day. Some time when we are forgetting and not expecting him. Ah——!" cried the child, with a ring of wonder in the sudden exclamation. The hall-door was opened as usual, and on the road was a distant figure just visible which drew from Liliás this sudden cry. She ran to the door, clutching her brother. "Come, Nello, Nello!" and rushed forth. Mary sat still, thinking her heart had stopped in her breast—or was it not rather suffocating her by the wildness of its beating? She sat immovable, watching the little pair at the door. Could it be that John had come home? John! he who would be the most welcome yet the most impossible of visitors; he who had a right to everything, yet dared not be seen in the old house. She sat and trembled, not daring to look out, already planning what she could do, what was to be done. But the children stopped short at the door. Liliás, with the wind in her skirts and her ribbons, half-flying, stopped; and Nello stopped, who went by her impulse, not by his own. They paused: they stood for a moment gazing; then they turned back sadly.

"Oh no, no!" said Liliás. "No, Mary! no. It is a little, something like—a very little; it is the walking, and the shape of him. But no, no, it is not papa!"

"Papa!" said Nello, "was that why you looked? I knew better. Papa is all that much more tall. Why are you crying, Lily? There is nothing that makes cry."

"I am disappointed," said the little girl, who had seated herself suddenly on the floor and wept. It was a sudden sharp shower, but it was soon over; she sprang up drying her eyes. "But it will be for to-morrow!" she cried.

Mary sat behind and looked on. She did not think again of the chance resemblance Liliás had seen, but only of the children themselves, with whom her heart was tuning itself more and more in sympathy. She had become a mother

late and suddenly, without any gradual growth of feeling—leaping into it, as it were; and every response her mind made to the children was a new wonder to her. She looked at them, or rather at Liliás, who was always the leader in her rapid changes of sentiment, with a half-amused adoration. The crying and the smiles went to her heart as nothing else had ever done; and even Nello's calm, the steadier going of the slower, less developed intelligence, which was so often carried along in the rush without any conscious intention, and which was so ready to take the part of the wise sluggard and say "I knew it," moved Mary with that mixture of pleased spectatorship and profound personal feeling which makes the enthusiasm of parents. Nello's slowness might have seemed want of feeling in another child, and Liliás's impetuosity a giddy haste and heedlessness; but all impartiality was driven from her mind by the sense that the children were her own. And she sat in a pleased abstraction yet lively readiness following the little current of this swiftly-flowing softly-babbling childhood which was so fair and pleasant to her eyes. The two set up an argument between themselves as she sat looking on. It was about some minute point in the day's work which was so novel and unaccustomed; but trivial as it was Mary listened with a soft glow of light in her eyes. The finest drama in the world could not have taken her out of herself like the two little actors, playing their sincerest and most real copy of life before her. They were so much in earnest, and to her it was such exquisite play and delicate, delightful fooling. And until the light in the open doorway was suddenly darkened by some one appearing, a figure which made her heart jump, she thought no more of the passer-by on the road who had roused the children. Her heart jumped, and then she followed her heart by rising suddenly to her feet, while the children stopped in their argument, rushed together for mutual support, and stood shyly with their heads together and lips apart, the talk just hovering about their lips. Seen thus against the light the visitor was undecipherable to Mary. She saw him nothing but a black shadow, towards which she went quietly and said—

"I beg your pardon, this is private," with a polite defence of her own sanctuary.

"I came to look for—my sister," said the voice which was one which woke agitating memories in her. "I am a—stranger. I came——. Ah! it is Mary after all."

"Randolph!" she cried, with a gasp in her throat.

A thrill of terror, almost superstitious, came over her. What did it all mean? Good Mr. Pennithorne in his innocence had spoken to her of John, and that very day John's children had arrived; he had spoken of Randolph, and Randolph was here. Was it fate, or some mysterious influence unknown? She was so startled that she forgot to go through the ordinary formulas of seeming welcome, and said nothing but his name.

"Yes; I hope you are well," he said, holding out his hand; "and that my father is well. I thought I would come and see how you were all getting on."

"It is a long time since you have been here," she said. What could she say? She was not glad to see him, as a sister ought to be. And then there was a pause.

The children stood staring open-mouthed while these chill greetings were said. ("I wonder who it is?" said Liliás, under her breath. "It is the one who is a little, a very little, like papa." "It is a—gentleman," said Nello. "Oh you silly, silly, little boy! not to know that at the very first; but Mary is not very glad to see him," said the little girl.)

Mary did not even ask her visitor to come in; he stood still at the door looking round him watchful, unfriendly eyes. This was not a place for any one to come who was not tender of Mary, and of whosoever she might shelter there. She did not want him in that special place.

"Shall we go round to the house?" she said; "my father ought to know that you are here, and he never comes into the hall."

"I am very well here," Randolph said. "I know it was always a favorite place with you. Do not change your sitting-room for me. You have it in very nice order, Mary. I see you share the popular passion for art furnishing; and children too! This is something more novel still. Who are the children, may I ask?"

Good morning; and how are you? They are children from the neighborhood I suppose?"

"No," she said, faltering still more, "they are not visitors—they—belong to us——" Mary could not tell how it was that her lips trembled, and she hesitated to pronounce the name. She made an effort at last and got it out with difficulty. "They are—John's children."

"John's children! here is a wonderful piece of news," said Randolph; but she saw by his countenance that it was no news. Howsoever he had heard it, Mary perceived in a moment not only that he knew, but that this was his real errand here. He stood with the appropriate gesture of one struck dumb with amazement; but he was not really surprised, only watchful and eager. This made his sister more nervous than ever.

"Children," she said, "come here—this is your uncle Randolph; come and speak to him." Mary was so much perplexed that she could not see what was best to do—whether to be anxiously conciliatory and convince Randolph in spite of herself without seeming to notice his opposition; or to defy him; the former, however, was always the safest way. He did not make any advance but stood with a half-smile on his face, while the children drew near with suspicious looks.

"It is the—gentleman who is—a little, not very much, just a little, like papa," said Lillas, going forward, but slowly, and with that look of standing on the defensive which children unconsciously adopt to those they do not trust.

Nello hung on to her skirts, and did as she did, regarding the stranger with cloudy eyes. Randolph put out his hand coldly to be shaken; his smile broadened into a half-laugh of amusement and contempt.

"So, they are said to be his children, are they?"

"They *are* his children," said Mary.

Randolph shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "They look like foreigners anyhow," he said. "My father, I suppose, is delighted. It must be a new experience both for him and you."

"Go away, my darlings, go to Martuccia; you see I have some business with—this gentleman." She could not again repeat the title she had given him. When the curious little spectators had gone she

turned to Randolph, who stood watching their exit, with an anxiety she did not attempt to conceal. "For Heaven's sake do not talk to my father about them! I ask it as a favor. He consents tacitly that they should be here, but he takes no notice of them. Do not call his attention to them. It is the only thing I ask of you."

He looked at her fixedly, still with that set smile on his face with which he had looked at the children.

"I am scarcely the person to be called upon to make things smooth with my father," he said. "Come, come; my father is old and can be made to believe anything, let us allow. But what do you mean by it, Mary, what do *you* mean? You were never any friend to me."

"Friend to *you*! I am your sister, Randolph, though you don't seem to remember it much. And what have you to do with it?" asked Mary, with a certain amount of exasperation in her voice; for of all offensive things in the world there is none so offensive as this pretence of finding you out in a transparent deception. Mary grew red and hot in spite of herself.

"I have a great deal to do with it. I have not only my own interest to take care of, but my boy's. And why you should prefer to us, about whom there can be no doubt, these little impostors, these supposed children of John——"

"Randolph," said Mary, with tears in her eyes, "there is no supposing about them. Oh don't go against us, and against truth and justice! They brought me a letter from their father. There was no room to doubt, no possibility. John himself is most unfortunate——"

"Unfortunate! that is not the word I should use."

"But why remember it against *them*, poor little things, who have done no harm? Oh, Randolph, I have never been otherwise than your friend when I had the chance. Be mine now! there are a hundred things in which I want to consult you. You have a family of your own; you have been trained to it; you know how to take care of children. I wanted to ask your advice, to have your help——"

"Do you think me a fool then," he cried, "as silly as yourself? that you try to get *me* to acknowledge this precious

deception and give you my support against myself? Why should I back you up in a wicked contrivance against my own interests?"

"What is it you mean? Who has been guilty of wicked contrivances?" cried Mary, aghast. She gazed at him with such genuine surprise that he was arrested in his angry vituperation, and changed his tone to one of mockery, which affected her more.

"Well," he said, "let us allow that it is your first attempt, Mary, and that is why you do it so clumsily. The mistakes good people make when they first attempt to do badly are touching. Villainy, like everything else, requires experience. It is too funny to expect me to be the one to stand up for you, to persuade my father to believe you."

"Oh," she said, clasping her hands, "do you think this is what I ask? It is you who mistake, Randolph. It has never occurred to my father, or any one else, not to believe. He never doubted any more than I was capable of doubting. I will show you John's letter."

Randolph put up his hand, waving off the suggested proof.

"It is quite unnecessary. I am not to be taken in by such simple means. You forget I have a stake in it—which clears the judgment. And I warn you, Mary, that I am here to look after my personal interests, not to foist any nondescript brat into the family. I give you notice—it is not to help your schemes, it is for my own interests I am here."

"What do interests mean?" she said, wondering. "Your own interests!—what does it mean? I know *I* have none."

"No—it cannot make much difference to you whatever happens; therefore you are free to plot at your leisure. I understand that fully; but, my dear, *I* am here to look after myself—and my boy. You forget I have an heir of my own."

Mary looked at him with a dulness of intelligence quite unusual to her. There are things in the most limited minds which genius itself could not divine. The honorable and generous, and the selfish and grasping, do not know what each other means. They are as if they spoke a different language. And her brother was to Mary as if he veiled his meaning in an unknown tongue. She gazed at him

with a haze of dulness in her eyes. What was it he intended to let her know? Disbelief of her, a suggestion that she lied! and something more—she could not make out what, as the rule of his own conduct. He looked at her, on the other hand, with an air of penetration, a clever consciousness of seeing through and through her and her designs, which excited Mary to exasperation. How could they ever understand each other with all this between?

"I am going to see my father," said Randolph; "that of course is the object of my visit; I suppose he will not refuse to keep me for a day or two. And in the meantime why should we quarrel? I only warn you that I come with my eyes open and am not to be made a dupe of. Good-bye for the present—we shall meet no doubt at dinner the best of friends."

Mary stood still where he left her, and watched him as he went slowly down the slope and round the corner of the house. He was shorter than John and stouter, with that amplitude of outline which a wealthy rural living and a small parish are apt to confer. A comfortable man, fond of good living, fond of his ease; yet taking the trouble to come here, for what?—to baffle some supposed wicked contrivances and plots against himself. Mary remembered that Randolph had taken the great family misfortune as a special wrong to him. How dared the evil fates to intrigue with his comfort or rumor to assail his name? He had said frankly that it could be nothing to the others in comparison. And was it once more the idea that he himself was touched, which had roused him out of his leafy paradise in Devonshire to come here and assert himself? But how did the arrival of John's children affect him? Mary, in her long calm, had not entered into those speculations about the future which most people more or less think necessary when the head of the house is old. She had not asked herself what would happen when her father died, except vaguely in respect to herself, knowing that she would then in all likelihood leave the old Castle. John was the heir. Somehow or other she did not ask how the inheritance would be taken up for him. This had been the conclusion in her mind

without reason given or required. And Randolph had not come into the sphere of her imagination at all as having anything to do with it. What should he have to do with it when there was John? And even now Mary did not know and could not understand the reason of his objection to John's children. She stood and looked after him with a dull beating of pain in her heart. And as he turned round the corner of the old house towards the door, he looked back and waved his hand. The gesture and look, she could scarcely tell why, gave her a sensation of sickening dismay and pain. She turned and went in, shutting the door in the sudden pang this gave her. And to shut the great door of the hall was the strangest thing, except in the very heart of winter. While the sun was shining and the air genial, such a thing had never happened before. It seemed in itself a portent of harm.

CHAPTER XV.

RANDOLPH MUSGRAVE was a squire-parson, a class which possesses the features of two species without fully embodying either—which may be finer than either, the two halves of the joint character tempering each other—or may be a travesty of both, exaggerating their mutual defects. He was of the latter rather than of the former development. His living was small in one sense and large in another, the income being large, but the people few and very much given up to dissent, a fact which exacerbated his character without moving him to exertion. He was not fond of exertion in any case, and it was all but hopeless in this. But not less was he daily and hourly irritated by the little Bethels and Salems, the lively Methodists, the pragmatical Baptists, who led his people away. It made him angry, for he was easily moved to anger, and it increased that tendency to listen to gossip and be moved by small matters which is one of the temptations of a rural life. He had become accustomed to make much of petty wrongs, calling them insults and crimes, and perhaps to be more disposed to petty vengeance than a man who is placed in the position of an example to others ought to be; and whereas he had always been disposed to consider himself a sacred person, above the ordinary

slights of fortune, this tendency had grown and strengthened so, that every petty pin-prick was like a poisoned arrow to him. By natural laws of reverberation he heard more evil of himself, had more mishaps in the way of gossip, of receiving letters not intended for him, and otherwise surprising the sentiments of his neighbors than almost any one else ever had—which had made him suspicious of his neighbors in the highest degree and ready to believe every small offence a premeditated insult. This perhaps made him all the more ready to believe that his sister had conceived a villanous plan against him and his. He would not have done such a thing himself; but was not his life full of such attempts made upon him by others? everybody almost whom he encountered having one time or other conspired against his hopes or happiness. But he had always found out the plots in time. It was true that this villainy might be John's, of whom he would have believed anything; and Mary herself might be the dupe; but most likely it was Mary, who did not like him nor his wife, and who would no doubt be capable of anything to banish him finally from Penninghame, and set up there some creature of her own. This was the idea which had come into his mind, when he heard accidentally of the arrival which had made so much commotion in the north country. He had talked it over with his wife till they both saw gunpowder plots, and conspiracies incalculable in it. "You had better go and see into it yourself," Mrs. Randolph said. "I will," was the Rector's energetic reply. "And believe nobody, believe nothing but what you see with your own eyes." "Never! I will put faith in nobody," Randolph had said. And it was in this frame of mind that he had come here. He meant to believe nobody save when they warned him of plots against himself: to trust nothing save that all the world was in a league to work him harm. But for this determined pre-conclusion, he might perhaps have been less certain of his sister's enmity to himself, and of the baseness of the deception she was practising; but he had no doubt whatever on this matter now. And he meant to expose her remorselessly. Why should he mince matters? His father was an old man and might die at

any moment, and this villainy ought to be exposed at once.

With these thoughts in his mind he went round to the great door. How different was the grey north-country house from anything he was used to! The thought of his snug parsonage embosomed in greenery, roses climbing to the chimney-stacks, clustering about all the windows, soft velvet lawns and strict inclosures keeping all sacred—made him shiver at sight of the irregular building, the masses of ivy, fostering damp, the open approach, a common road free to everybody. If it ever was his, or rather when it was his—for these supposititious children would soon be done away with, and John, a man under the ban of the law, how could he ever appear to claim his inheritance?—when it was his, he would soon make a difference. He would bring forward the boundaries of the Chase so as to inclose the Castle. He would make the road into a stately avenue as it once was and ought to be. What did it matter who objected? He would do it; let the village burst with rage. The very idea of exasperating the village and making it own his power, made the idea all the more delightful. He would soon change all this; let it but get into his hands. In the midst of these thoughts, however, Randolph met a somewhat ludicrous rebuff from Eastwood, who opened the door suddenly and softly as was his fashion, as if he hoped to find the visitor out in something improper. “Who shall I say, sir?” said Eastwood, deferentially. This gave Randolph a sense of the most ludicrous discomfiture; for to be asked what name is to be announced when you knock at the door of your father’s house is a curious sensation. It was nobody’s fault unless it might have been Randolph’s own, but the feeling was disagreeable. He stood for a moment dumb, staring at the questioner—then striding inside the door, pushed Eastwood out of his way. When he was within, however, somewhat conciliated by the alarmed aspect of the butler, who did not know whether to resist or what to say, he changed his mind.

“I don’t want to startle my father,” he said; “say Mr. Randolph Musgrave has arrived.”

“I beg your pardon humbly, sir,” cried Eastwood.

“No, no, it was not your fault,” Randolph replied. It was not the servant’s fault; but it was *their* fault who had made his home a place of disgrace, and no longer a fit home for him.

The Squire was seated among his books, feeling the drowsy influence of the afternoon. He had no Monograph to support his soul, and no better occupation than to rummage dully through the records of antiquity, cheered up and enlivened if he found something to reply to in *Notes and Queries*, but otherwise living a heavy kind of half-animate life. When the critiques and the letters about that Monograph had ended, what a blank there was! and no other work was at hand to make up, or to tempt him to further exertions. The corner of land that he desired to attain had been bought, and had given him pleasure; but after a while the eyes are satisfied with the contemplation, and the mind almost satisfied with the calculation of so many additional acres added to the property. The sweetness of it lay in the thought that the property was growing, that there was sufficient elasticity in the family income to make the acquisition of even a little bit of land possible. The Squire thought this was the fruit of his own self-denial, and it gave him that glow of conscious virtue which was once supposed to be the appropriate and unfailing reward of good actions, till conscious virtue went out of fashion. This was sweet; and it was sweet to go and look at the new fields which restored the old boundary of Penninghame estate in that direction; but such gratifications cease to be sustaining to life after a time. And Mr. Musgrave was dull sitting among his books; the sounds were in his ears which he was always hearing—the far-off ring of voices that made him sensible of those inmates in his house whom he never noticed, who were to him as if they did not exist. When the mind is not very closely occupied, sounds thus heard in the house come strangely across the quiescent spirit of the solitary. Voices beloved are as music, are as sunshine, conveying a sense of happiness and soft exhilaration. Hearing them far off, though beyond the reach of hearing, so to speak, does not the very distant sound, the tone of love in them, make work sweet and the air warm, softening everything round

the recluse? But these were not voices beloved. The old man listened to them—or rather not permitting himself to listen, *heard* them acutely through the mist of a separation which he did not choose to overcome. They were like something from another world, voices in the air, inarticulate, mysterious, known, yet unknown. He turned the leaves idly when these strange suggestions came to him in his solitude; he had nothing to do with them, and yet so much. This was how he was sitting, dully wistful, in that stillness of age which when it is not glad must be sad, and hearing almost as if he were already a ghost out of his grave, the strange yet familiar stir in the unseen stairs and passages, the movements of the kindly house——

“Mr. Randolph Musgrave.” The Squire was very much startled by the name. He rose hastily and stood leaning upon his writing-table to see who it was that followed Eastwood into the room after a minute’s interval. It seemed scarcely possible to him that it could be his son. “Randolph!” he said. The children’s voices had made him think, in spite of himself, of the time—was it centuries ago?—when there were two small things running about those old passages continually, and a beautiful young mother smiling upon them—and him. This had softened his heart, though by means which he would not have acknowledged. He looked out eagerly with a sensation of pleasure and relief for his son. He would (perhaps) take Randolph’s advice, perhaps get some enlightenment from him. But the shock set his nerves off, and made him tremulous, though it was a shock of pleasure; and it hurt his pride so to be seen trembling, that he held himself up strained and rigid against his table. “Randolph! you are a stranger, indeed,” he said, and his countenance lighted up with a cloudy and tremulous smile.

(“Strange that he never was seen here before in my time,” said Eastwood as he withdrew. “I’ve seen a many queer things in families, but never nothing more queer than this—two sons as never have been seen in the house, and children as the Squire won’t give in he owns them. I thought he’d have walked right straight over little master Saturday last as if no one was there. But I don’t like the looks

of ’im. When he’s master here I march, and that I can tell you—pretty fast, Missis Cook.”

“Master Randolph? He’ll never be master here, thank God for it,” said Cook with pious fervor, “or more than you will go.”)

“Yes,” said Randolph, walking in, “I have been a stranger, but how can we help that? It is life, that separates us. We must all run our own course. I hope you are well, sir. You look well, for your time of life.”

It is not a pleasant thing to be told that you look well for your time of life—unless indeed you are ninety, and the time of life is itself a matter of pride. The Squire knew he was old, and that soon he must resign his place to others; but he did not care for such a distinct intimation that others thought so too.

“I am very well,” he said, curtly. “You are so completely a stranger, Randolph, that I cannot make the usual remarks on your personal appearance. You deny me the opportunity of judging if you look ill or well.”

“Ah,” said Randolph, “that is just what I said. We must all run our own course. My duties are at the other end of England, and I cannot be always running back and forward; but I hope to stay a few days now if you will have me. Relations should see each other now and then. I have just had a glimpse of Mary in the old hall as usual. She did not know me at first, nor, I daresay, if I had not seen her there, should I have known her”—

“Mary is little changed,” said the Squire.

“So you think, sir, seeing her every day; but there is a great change from what there was ten years ago. She was still a young woman then, and handsome. I am afraid even family partiality cannot call her anything but an old maid now.”

Mr. Musgrave did not make any reply. He was not a particularly affectionate father, but Mary was part of himself, and it did not please him to hear her spoken of so.

“And, by the by,” said Randolph, “how did such a thing happen I wonder? for she *was* handsome;—handsome and well-born, and with a little money. It is very odd she never has married. Was

there anything to account for it? or is it mere ill-luck?"

"Ill-luck to whom?" said the Squire. "Do you think perhaps your sister never had the chance, as people say? You may dismiss that idea from your mind. She has had enough of chances. I don't know any reason; but there must have been one I suppose. Either that nobody came whom she cared for, or—I really cannot form any other idea," he concluded sharply. It was certain that he would not have Mary discussed.

"I meant no harm," said Randolph. "She has got the old hall very nicely done up. It is not a place I would myself care to keep up, if the Castle were in my hands; but she has made it very nice. I found her there with—among her favorite studies," he added, after a momentary pause. It was too early to begin direct upon the chapter of the children he felt. The Squire did not show any sign of special understanding. He nodded his head in assent.

"She was always fond of the hall," he said. "I used to think she suited it. And now that she is—past her youth, as you say——"

"Well into middle age I say, sir, like other people; which is a more serious affair for a woman than for a man; but I suppose all hopes are over now. She is not likely to marry at her time of life." This was the second time he had mentioned the time of life. And the Squire did not like it; he answered curtly—

"No, I don't think it likely that Mary will marry. But yourself, Randolph, how are things going with you? You have not come so far merely to calculate your sister's chances. Your wife is well, I hope; and your boy?"

"Quite well. You are right in thinking, sir, that I did not come without an object. We are all getting on in life. I thought it only proper that there should be some understanding among us as to family affairs—something decided in case of any emergency. We are all mortal——"

"And I the most mortal of all, you will say at my 'time of life,' Randolph," said the Squire with a smile, which was far from genial. "I daresay you are quite right, perfectly right. I am an old

man, and nobody can tell what an hour may bring forth."

"That is true at every age," said Randolph, with professional seriousness. "The idea ought to be familiar to the youngest among us. In the midst of life we are in death. I recommend everybody over whom I have the least influence to settle their affairs, so that they may not leave a nest of domestic contentions behind them. It is only less important than needful spiritual preparation, which of course, should be our first care."

"Just so," said Mr. Musgrave. "I presume you don't mean to bring me to book on that point?"

"Certainly not, sir—unless there is any special point upon which I could be of use; but you are as well able to judge as I am, and have access to all the authorities," said Randolph with dignity. "Besides, there is your own clergyman at hand, who is, no doubt, quite equal to the duties of his position. It is old Penithorne, is it not?" he added, with a momentary lapse into a more familiar tone. "But there is no question of that. In such matters a man of your experience, sir, ought to be able to instruct the best of us."

"The bench of bishops even," said the Squire, "sometimes I think I could—at my time of my life. But that is not the question, as you say."

"No, indeed—not to say that my best advice in every way is at your service, sir; but I thought very likely that it would be an ease to your mind to see me, to give me any instructions or directions—in short, to feel that your nearest representative understood your wishes, whatever might happen."

Now Randolph was evidently his father's representative, John being out of the question; and that John was absolutely out of the question, not only from external circumstances, but from the strong prejudice and prepossession against him in his father's mind, was certain. Yet the Squire resented this assumption as much as if John had been his dearly-beloved son and apparent heir.

"Thanks," he said, "I feel your care for my comfort—but after all you are not my direct representative."

"Sir!" cried Randolph, reddening; "need I remind you of the disabilities, the nullity of all natural rights——"

"You need not remind me of anything," said Mr. Musgrave, getting up hurriedly. "I don't care to discuss that question—or anything else of the kind. Suppose we go and join Mary, who must be in the drawing-room, I suppose? It is she after all who is really my representative, knowing everything about my affairs."

"She—is a woman," said Randolph, with a tone of contempt.

"That is undeniable—but women are not considered exactly as they used to be in such matters."

"I hope, sir," said the clergyman, with dignity; "that neither my sister nor you add your influence to the foolish movement about women's rights."

"Do you mean that Mary does not want a vote?" said the Squire. "No, I don't suppose it has occurred to her. We add our influence to very few public movements, Randolph, bad or good. The Musgraves are not what they once were in the county; the leading part we once took is taken by others who are richer than we are. Progress is not the thing for old families, for progress means money."

"There are other reasons why the Musgraves do not take their proper place. I have hopes, sir," said Randolph, "that under more favorable circumstances—if we, perhaps, were to draw more together——"

"What do you mean, sir?" said the Squire, "it was you who separated yourself from us, not us from you. You were too good, being a clergyman, as you said, to stand the odium of our position. That's enough, Randolph. It is not an agreeable subject. Let us dismiss it as it has been dismissed these fifteen years; and come—to Mary's part of the house."

"Then am I to understand," said Randolph, sharply; rising, yet holding back, "that your mind is changing as old age gains upon you, that you are going to accept the disgrace of the family? and that it is with your sanction that Mary is receiving, adopting——"

He stopped overawed in spite of himself, by the old man's look, who stood with his face fixed looking towards him, restraining with all his force the tremor

of his nerves. The Squire had been subject all his life to sudden fits of passion, and had got the habit of subduing, by ignoring them, as all his family well knew. He made no reply, but the restrained fire in his eyes impressed even the dull imagination of his son, who was pertinacious rather than daring, and had no force in him to stand against passion. Mr. Musgrave turned round quickly, and took up his book which lay on a table near.

"Mary sent you a copy of the Monograph?" he said, "but I don't remember that you gave me your opinion of it. It has had a very flattering reception generally. I could not have expected so much interest in the public mind on a question of such exclusive family interest. But so it has been. I have kept all the notices, and the letters I have received on the subject. You shall see them by and by; and I think you will agree with me, that a more flattering reception could scarcely have been. All sorts of people have written to me. It appears," said the Squire, with modest pride, "that I have really been able to throw some light upon a difficulty. After dinner, Randolph, if you are interested, you shall see my collection."

"My time is short," said Randolph, "and with so many more serious matters to discuss——"

"I know few things more serious than the history of the family honors," said the Squire, "especially as you have a boy to inherit the old family blazon; but we'll go into all that this evening, as your stay is to be short. Better come and see Mary before dinner. She will want to know all about your home-concerns, and your wife. The house is unchanged, you will perceive," the Squire continued, talking cheerfully as he led the way; and the sound of his voice, somewhat high-pitched and shrill with age, travelled far through the old passages. "I hope no sacrilegious hands will ever change the house. My heirs may add to it if they please, but it is a monument of antiquity, which ought never to be touched—except to mend it delicately as Mary mends her old lace. This way, Randolph; I believe you have forgotten the way."

They were standing in an angle of the fine oak staircase, where the Squire waited till his son came up to him; at

this moment a rush of small footsteps, and a whispering voice—"Run Nello, Nello! he is coming," was audible above. Randolph looked up quickly, with a look of intelligence, into the old man's face. But the Squire did not move a muscle. His countenance was blank as that of a deaf man. If he had heard, he allowed no sign of hearing to be visible. "Come along," he said, "it seems to me that my wind is better than yours even at my time of life," with a half-sarcastic smile. Was he hard of hearing? a hypothesis rather agreeable to think of; or what was the meaning of it? Were these obnoxious children the pets of the house? but why should they run because he was coming? The hostile visitor was perplexed and could not make it out. He followed into the drawing-room without a word, while the small footsteps were still audible. Mary was seated at a low table on which there was work, but she was not working. She rose to receive them with a certain formality; for except after dinner when the Squire would sometimes come for a cup of tea, or when there were visitors in the house, she was generally alone in the low quaint drawing-room, which transported even the unimaginative Randolph back to childhood. The panelled walls, the spindled-legged furniture, the inlaid cabinets and tables, were all exactly as he remembered them. This touched him a little, though he had all the robustness against impression which fortifies a slow intelligence. "It seems like yesterday that I was here," he said.

This, in her turn, touched Mary, whose

excitement made her subject to the lightest flutter of emotion. She smiled at him with greater kindness than she had yet felt. "Yes," she said. "I feel so, sometimes, too, when I look round; but it tells less upon us who are here always. And so much has happened since then."

"Ah, I suppose so; though you seem to vegetate pretty much in the old ways. Those children though for instance," said Randolph, with a laugh, "scurrying off in such haste as we came within hearing, that is not like the old ways. Are you ashamed of them, or afraid to have them here? I should not wonder for my part."

The tears sprang to Mary's eyes. She did not say anything in the sudden shock, but looked at Randolph piteously with a silent reproach. It was the first time since the day of their arrival that any public mention had been made of the children in her father's presence. And there was a pause which seemed to her full of fate.

"You must not look at me so," said her brother. "I gave you fair warning. My father is not to be given up to your plots without a remonstrance at least. I believe it is a conspiracy, sir, from beginning to end. Do you intend our old family with all the honors you are so proud of, to drop into disgrace? With the shadow of crime on it," cried Randolph, warming into excitement. Then, with a dull perception of something still more telling, his father's weak point, "and the bar sinister of vice," he said.

(To be continued.)

THE HOPES OF THEOLOGY.*

BY DEAN STANLEY.

ON the occasion of my former address at St. Andrews, the Principal of St. Mary's College asked me to speak a few words to the theological students under his charge. It was not within my power to comply with his request at that moment. But now that the time draws near to take farewell of an office which I have valued

so highly, I have thought that I might properly touch on some subject which, though of general interest, had special reference to theology. When I spoke to you before, I appealed to the motto which is written over this ancient hall—

'Αὐτὸν ἀπιστεύειν

—and dwelling on the inspiring force of the contemplation of GREATNESS in all its forms, I endeavored to show how bright was the sunshine which such a

* *Address to the Students of St. Andrews*, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Lord Rector of the University.

thought throws on all your present duties and studies. That brightness I would still wish to maintain, though within a more definite range, and in a humbler and graver tone, more suited to the altered circumstances both of him who speaks and of you who listen.

You know the story of the Inchcape Rock, almost within sight of these shores; how for many years it was the terror of mariners until an enterprising Abbot of Aberbrothock ventured to fasten a bell upon the sunken reef. Will you permit the successor of the Abbots of Westminster, after the fashion of the Douglas of your own Scottish history, to attempt to "bell this rock"? The waves of controversy and alarm will still doubtless dash over it; but, perchance, if my advice contains any truth, you will catch from time to time henceforth, amidst the roar of the billows, faint chimes of a more cheering music; and even if some rash rover shall tear off the signal of warning and encouragement, yet the rude shifts of the Abbot may suggest to some wiser and more scientific inventor to build on the rock a lighthouse which will more effectually defy the storm, and more extensively illuminate the darkness of the time to come. I propose, then, to speak to you of the grounds of hope for the religion and theology of the future.

I do not deny that the forebodings of Mr. Greg have some foundation. It was one of the last anxious aspirations of Dean Milman,* that some means might be found to avert the wide and widening breach which he seemed to see between the thought and the religion of England. There has been an increasing suspicion between the fiercer factions of the ecclesiastical and the scientific world—each rejoicing to push the statements of its rival to the extremest consequences, and to place on them the worst possible construction. There have arisen new questions, which ancient theology has for the most part not even considered. There is an impetuosity on both sides, which to the sober sense of the preceding century was unknown, and which threatens to precipitate conflicts, once cautiously avoided or quietly surmounted. There are also indications that we

are passing through one of those periods of partial eclipse which from time to time retard the healthy progress of mankind. In the place of the abundant harvest of statesmanlike and poetic genius with which the nineteenth century opened, there have sprung up too often the lean and puny stalks blighted with the east wind. Of this wasting, withering influence modern theology has had its full share. Superstitions which seemed to have died away have returned with redoubled force; fantastic ideas of divine and human things, which the calm judgment of the last century, the Heaven-inspired insight of the dawn of this, would have scattered like chaff, seem to reign supreme in large sections of the religious world. And this calamity has overtaken us in the presence of the vast, perhaps disproportionate, advance of scientific knowledge, which feels most keenly and presses most heavily the weaknesses of a credulous or ceremonial form of belief. It is, no doubt, conceivable that these dreadful forms and "fiery faces" might portend for England the same overthrow of faith that has overtaken other countries. If such a separation were indeed universally impending between the religion of the coming age and the progress of knowledge, between the permanent interests of the Christian Churches and the interests of the European States, then there would be a cause for alarm more serious than the panics of religious journals or the assaults of enraged critics. It would be the "*ingens motus excedentium numinum*"—the tread of departing deity—

"Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferox; sed Di terrent et Jupiter hostis."

But behind those outward manifestations of danger, there is a higher Christianity, which neither assailants nor defenders have fully exhausted. We cannot believe that the inexorable hour has struck. There is good ground for hoping that the difficulties of religion, national religion, Christian religion, are but the results of passing maladies, either in its professed friends or supposed foes. We may fairly say, with the first Napoleon*—"We have perhaps gone a little

* *History of the Jews*, 3rd edition, vol. i., p. xxxiv.

* Matthew Arnold, *Popular Education in France*.

too fast ; but we have reason on our side, and when one has reason on one's side, one should have the courage to run some risks." The Evening star, according to the fine image of the poet, which is the accompaniment of the setting day, may be one and the same with the Morning star, the harbinger of sunrise.

It is a large inquiry. I can but touch on a few salient points.

I. First, there is the essentially progressive element in religion itself. Lord Macaulay, in his celebrated essay on Ranke's *History of the Popes*, maintains, with all the exuberance of logic and rhetoric, the difference between theology and all other sciences is in this respect, that what it was in the days of the patriarch Job, such it must be in the nineteenth century, and to the end of time. No doubt in religion, as in all great subjects of human thought, there is a permanent and unchanging element ; but in everything which relates to its form, in much which relates to its substance, the paradox of our great historian is as contrary to fact as it would be crushing to our aspirations if it were true. In the practice of theological controversy, it has been too much the custom to make the most of differences and the least of agreements. But in the theological study of the past, it has been too much the custom to see only the agreements and not the differences. Look in the face the fact that the belief of each successive epoch of Christendom has varied enormously from the belief of its predecessors. The variations of the Catholic Church, both past and present, have been almost, if not quite, as deep and wide as the variations of Protestantism ; and these variations, whilst they show that each form of theology is but an approximation to the truth, and not the whole truth itself, contain the surest indication of vitality in the whole body of religious faith. The conceptions of the relations of man to man, and, still more, of man to God, have been incontestably altered with the growth of centuries. Not to speak of the total extinction of ancient polytheism, and confining ourselves within the limits of the Christian Church, it is one of the most consolatory fruits of theological study to observe the disappearance of whole continents of useless controversies which once distracted the

world. What has become of the belief, once absolutely universal in Christendom, that no human being could be saved who had not passed through the waters of baptism ; that even innocent children, if not immersed in the font, were doomed to endless perdition ? Or where are the interminable questions respecting the doctrine of predestination or the mode of justification which occupied the middle of the sixteenth and the close of the eighteenth century in Protestant Churches ? Into what limbo has passed the terrible conflict between the Burghers and the Anti-Burghers amongst the now United Presbyterians ? What do we now hear of the doctrine of the Double Procession, or of the Light on Mount Tabor, which in the ninth century and in the fifteenth filled the mind of Eastern Christendom ? These questions for the time occupied, in these several Churches, the whole horizon of theological thought. They are dead and buried ; and for us, standing on their graves, it is idle to say that theology has not changed. It has changed. Religion has survived those changes ; and this is the historical pledge that it may, that it will, survive a thousand more.

Even the mere removal of what may be called dead matter out of the path of living progress is of itself a positive gain. But the signs of the capability of future improvement in Religion are more direct than this. No doubt theologians have themselves to thank for the rigid, immutable character which has been ascribed by philosophers to their beliefs. The Jesuit maxim, *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*, has been too often accepted in all Churches for any of the Churches to complain if they have been taken at their word. But already, as far back as the Reformation, there were indications of a deeper insight—exceptional and quaint, but so expressive as to vindicate for Christianity, even then, the widest range which future discoveries may open before it. In the first Confession of John Knox, the Reformers had perceived what had been so long concealed from the eyes of the Schoolmen and the Fathers—that the most positive expressions, even of their own convictions, were not guaranteed from imperfection or mutability ; and the entreaty with which that Confession is prefaced, contains at once a

fine example of true Christian humility and the stimulus to the noblest Christian ambition—"We conjure you, if any man will note in this our Confession any article or sentence repugnant to God's Holy Word, that it would please him of his gentleness, and for Christian charity's sake, to admonish us of the same in writing; and we, upon our honor and fidelity, do promise him satisfaction from the Holy Scriptures, or due reformation of that which he shall prove to be amiss." And perhaps even more striking is the like expression in the well-known address of the first pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, before embarking on the great enterprise which was to issue in the foundation of new churches and new commonwealths beyond the Atlantic—"I am verily persuaded that the Lord has more truth yet to come for us—yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. The Calvinists stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. Though they were burning and shining lights, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God, but were as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you to remember that it is an article of your Church's covenant, that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God." "Noble words," says the eloquent historian* of the Dutch Republic; "words to bear fruit, after centuries shall go by." They are, indeed, the charter of the future glories of Protestant, and perhaps of Roman Christianity. Well did Archbishop Whately, on the eve of a change in the constitution of the Church of England, exclaim:—"I will not believe that the Reformers locked the door, and threw away the key for ever!" It is in the light of this progressive historical development that the confessions and liturgies, the doctrines and usages, of former times find their proper place. All of them, taken as the final expressions of absolute truth, are misleading. All of them, even the most imperfect, may be taken as the various phases and steps of a Church and a faith whose glory it is to be perpetually advancing towards perfection.

II. When we examine in detail the materials of Christian theology, they give abundant confirmation of this general truth. Theology has gained, and may gain immensely by the process which has produced so vast a change in all other branches of knowledge—the process of diving below the surface and discovering the original foundations. How much has been effected for archæology by the excavations of Pompeii, of Nineveh, of Rome, of Troy, of Mycenæ! How much for history by the exploration of the archives of Simancas, of the Register House of Edinburgh! How much for science, by the crucible of chemistry, by the spade and hatchet of the geologist, by the plummet of the *Challenger*! To this general law theology furnishes no exception. Every deep religious system has in it more than appeared at the time to its votaries, far more than has appeared in later times to its adversaries. Even in the ancient pagan religions of Greece and Rome, it is surprising to observe how vast a power of expansion and edification was latent in forms of which the influence might long ago seem to have died out. The glory of the Homeric poems, the solemnity of Sophocles and Æschylus, the beauty of the Apollo Belvidere, have, as it were, risen from their graves after the lapse of centuries, and occupy a larger space in the modern mind than they have done at any time since their first creation. Even in the case of Mohammedanism the Koran has, within the last century, been awakened from a slumber of ages, and has been discovered to contain maxims which Christendom might cultivate with advantage, but which, in all the long centuries of ignorance, were hopelessly forgotten both by friends and foes. A great religion is not dead because it is not immediately comprehended, or because it is subsequently perverted, if only its primitive elements contain, along with the seeds of decay and transformation, the seeds of living truth. Especially is this the case in Christianity, which is not only (like Mohammedanism) the religion of a sacred book, but the religion of a sacred literature and a sacred life.

Putting aside for the moment all question of the divine authority of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and of the dogmatic systems built upon them, it

* Motley, *Life of Barneveldt*, ii. 295.

is certain that their original force and grace is far more keenly appreciated now than it was when they were overlaid with fanciful allegories and scholastic perversions. The spirit of the time, the "Zeit-Geist," as Matthew Arnold says, "has turned the rays of his lantern" full upon them, and in "the fierce light" that beats upon their structure through this process, if some parts have faded away, if the relation of all the parts to each other has been greatly altered, yet there can be no question that by its influence, which has penetrated, more or less, all modern theology, the meaning, and with the meaning the grandeur and the beauty, of the Sacred Volume has been brought out with a fulness which was unknown to Hume and Voltaire, because it had been equally unknown to Aquinas and Augustine. Whole systems of false doctrine or false practice, whole fabrics of barbarous phraseology, have received their death-blow as the Ithuriel of modern criticism has transfixed with his spear here a spurious text, there an untenable interpretation, here a wrong translation, there a mistaken punctuation.

Or again, with regard to our increased knowledge of the dates and authorship of particular books, much, no doubt, remains obscure; but this partial ignorance is as the fulness of knowledge compared with the total blank which prevailed in the Church for a thousand years or more. All the instruction, inward and outward, which we have acquired from our discovery of the successive dates, and therewith of the successive phases, of St. Paul's Epistles, was lost almost until the beginning of this century, but has now become the starting-point of fresh inquiry and fresh delight in every historical or theological treatise. The disentanglement of the Psalter, the Pentateuch, and the Book of Isaiah from the artificial and fallacious monotony in which, regardless of times and circumstances, a blind tradition had involved them, gives a significance to the several portions of the respective books which no one who has once grasped it will ever willingly abandon. The Parables, as has been of late well described, have by their very nature an immortality of application which could never have been perceived had they been always, as they were in many

instances at the time of their first delivery, shut up within the gross, carnal, matter-of-fact interpretation of those who said, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" or "It is because we have taken no bread." In short, when it was perceived, in the noble language of Burke,* that the Bible was not a dead code, or collection of rigid dogmas, but, "an infinite variety of a most venerable and most multifarious literature," from that moment it became as impossible in the nature of things that the educated portion of mankind should ever cease to take an interest in the Old and New Testament, as it would be that they should cease to take an interest in Homer, or Shakespeare, or Dante, or Scott. The Sacred Books, which were once regarded as the stars were regarded by ancient astronomers, spangles set in the sky, or floating masses of nebulous light, or a galaxy of milky spots, have now been resolved by the telescope of scholarship into their component parts. Lord Macaulay would not deny that astronomy has undergone a total revolution through Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton—a revolution which has immensely extended its grandeur and its usefulness. Erasmus, Lowth, Herder, and Ewald have effected for Biblical knowledge a revolution no less complete and no less beneficent. There has been, as it were, a triple chain of singular, one may almost say providential, coincidences. The same critical process which has opened our eyes to the beauty and the wisdom of the sacred records has, by revealing to us the large infusion of the poetic element, enabled us to distinguish between the temporary and the essential, between the parabolical and the historical; and thus, at the moment when science and ethnology are pointing out difficulties, which on a literal and mechanical view of the Biblical records are insuperable, a door of escape has been opened by the disclosure of a higher aspect of the Scriptures, which would be equally true and valuable, were there no scientific difficulty in existence. Except in the lowest and most barbarous classes of society the invectives and the scoffs of the last century have

* Burke's Works, x. 21, Speech on Acts of Uniformity.

ceased. They have been extinguished, not by the fires of the Inquisition or the anathemas of Convocations or General Assemblies, but by the steady growth of the same reverential, rational appreciation of the divine processes for the revelation of great truths, as has shut the mouths of the defamers of Milton and covered with shame the despisers of Shakespeare.

III. Leaving the grounds of hope furnished to us by the original documents of our faith, let us turn to those which are supplied from the study of its doctrines and institutions. And here I will name two bridges, as it were, by which the passage to a brighter prospect may be effected. One is the increasing consciousness of the importance of definition. It was said by a famous theologian of Oxford thirty years ago that "without definition controversy is either hopeless or useless." He has not, in his subsequent career, applied this maxim, as we might fairly have expected from his subtle intellect, to the clearing away of obstructions and frivolities. But the maxim is true, not only in the negative sense in which he pronounced it, but in the more important sense of the pacifying and enlightening tendency necessarily implied in all attempts to arrive at the clear meaning of the words employed. It was a sagacious remark which I heard not long ago from a Scottish minister on the shores of Argyleshire, that the vehemence of theological controversy has been chiefly in proportion to the emptiness of the phrases used. So long as an expression is employed merely as a party watchword, without inquiring what it means, it acts like a magical spell; it excites enthusiasm; it spreads like an infectious malady; it terrifies the weak; it acts as a stimulant to the vacant brain. But the moment that we attempt to trace its origin, to discover in what other words it can be expressed, the enthusiasm cools, the panic subsides, the contagion ceases to be catching, the dram ceases to intoxicate, the cloud disperses, and the clear sky appears. This pregnant reflection might be aptly illustrated by examples in the history of the Scottish Churches. But I will confine myself to two instances drawn from other countries. One is that of which I have before spoken, the

doctrine of the Double Procession, which was sufficient to tear asunder the Eastern and Western Churches; to give the chief practical occasion for the terrible anathemas of the Athanasian Creed; to precipitate the fall of the Empire of Constantinople; and therefore to sow the original seed of the present formidable Eastern Question. This controversy has in later days, with very few exceptions, fallen into entire obscurity. But in those cases where it has occupied the attention of modern theologians, its sting has been taken out by the process, simple as it would seem, but to which resort had never been had before, of inducing the combatants to express their conflicting opinions by other phrases than those which had been the basis of the original antagonism. This, and this only, is the permanent interest which attached to a recent Conference at Bonn, between certain theologians of the Greek, Latin, and English Churches. What was then done with much satisfaction, at least to those more immediately concerned, might be applied with still more advantage to many other like phrases which have acted as mischievous a part in the disintegration and disunion of Christendom. Another instance shall be given from a Church nearer home. In the Gorham controversy, which in 1850 threatened to rend the Church of England from its summit to its base, and which produced the widest theological panic of any within our time, the whole question hinged on the word "regeneration;" and yet, as Bishop Thirlwall showed in one of those charges, which I would recommend to all theological students, of whatever Church, who wish to see the value of severe discrimination and judicial serenity on the successive controversies of our time, it never occurred to the disputants that there was an ambiguity in the word itself—it never occurred to either of them to define or explain what either of them intended to express by it.* What is there said with withering irony of "regeneration" is true of the larger number of theological phrases by which truth has been veiled and charity stifled. Differences and difficulties will remain. But the bitterness of the fight is chiefly concerning words;

* Bishop Thirlwall's *Charges*, i. 156.

the fight itself is what the apostle denounced as "a" battle of words.* Explain these—define these—the party collapses, the bitterness exhales, the fear is cast out.

Another ground of hope is the growing sense of the doctrine of proportion. It is a doctrine which has dawned slowly and painfully on the theological mind of Christendom. "In God's matters," said Samuel Rutherford, "there is not, as in grammar, the positive and comparative degrees; there is not a true, a more true, and a most true." "Every pin of the tabernacle," said Ebenezer Erskine, in his amazement at the indifference which Whitfield displayed towards the Solemn League and Covenant, "is precious."† What Rutherford and Erskine thus tersely and quaintly expressed is but the assumption on which has rested the vast basis of the Rabbinical theology of Judaism, and the Scholastic Theology, whether of Catholic or Protestant Churches. But to the better spirits of Christendom there has penetrated the conviction that these maxims are not only not sound, but are unsound to the very core. "There *is* a true, a more true, and a most true." "Every pin of the tabernacle is *not* equally precious." Richard Hooker and Richard Baxter had already begun to perceive that religion was no exception to the truth, expressed by a yet greater genius than either, in the magnificent lines of "Troilus and Cressida," which tells us how essential it is in all things to

"Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insistence, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order."

This, if not the ultimate, at any rate is the proximate, solution of some of the difficulties which have threatened, or which still threaten, the peace of Churches and the growth of religion.

Take the vexed question of Church government. The main source of the gall which once poisoned, and still in some measure poisons, the relations between Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches, was not the position that one or other form was to be found in the Bible, or in antiquity, or was more con-

formable to common-sense and order. These are comparatively innocent and unexciting propositions. The distracting thought lay in the conviction that one or other was absolutely perfect, and was alone essential to the Christian religion. It is for the rectification of this misplaced exclusiveness that we owe a deep debt of gratitude to such men as Hooker in England and Leighton in Scotland. There is much to be said for Presbyterianism; there is much to be said for Episcopacy. But there is much more to be said for the secondary, temporary, accidental character of both, when compared with the general principles to which they each minister; and in the light of these principles we shall view more justly and calmly the real merits and demerits both of bishops and of presbyters, than is possible for those who, like your Scottish or my English ancestors, upheld the constitution of either Church as in all times and under all circumstances irrevocably indispensable. What is true with regard to those two leading distinctions is still more applicable to all debates on Patronage, Ecclesiastical Courts, Vestments, Postures. There is a difference, there is, if we choose so to express it, a right and a wrong, in each case. The appointment by a multitude may be preferable to the appointment by a single individual; the appointment by a responsible layman may be preferable to the appointment by a synod; a black gown may, in certain circumstances, be superior to a white one, or a white one to a red one. But far more important that any of these positions is the persuasion that, at most, all of these things, the nomination, the jurisdiction, the dress, the attitude of ministers, are but means towards an end—very distant means towards a very distant end. And in measure as we appreciate this due proportion, scandals will diminish, and the Church of the future will leap forward on its course, bounding like a ship that has thrown over its super-charge of cargo, or quelled an intestine mutiny.

Or take a yet graver question—the mode of regarding those physical wonders which are called miracles. There is no doubt an increasing difficulty on this subject—a difficulty enhanced by the incredulity which now besets edu-

* 1 Tim. vi. 4.

† *Lectures on the Church of Scotland.*

cated sections of mankind, and by the credulity which has taken hold with a fresh tenacity on the half-educated. It is a question on which neither science nor religion, I venture to think, has yet spoken the last word. It is a complex problem, imperatively demanding that careful definition of which I spoke before, and the calm survey of the extraordinary incidents not only of biblical but of ecclesiastical history, whether Catholic or Protestant. On the true aspects of such physical portents as have been connected with the history of religion, there is much to be argued. But on these arguments I do not enter. The point on which I would desire to fix your attention is this: that whatever view we take of these "signs and wonders," their relative proportion as grounds of argument has altogether changed. There is a well-known saying, like other famous axioms of Christian life, erroneously ascribed to St. Augustine—"We believe the miracles for the sake of the Gospels, not the Gospels for the sake of the miracles." Fill your minds with this principle, view it in all its consequences, observe how many maxims both of the Bible and of philosophy conform to it, and you will find yourselves in a position which will enable you to treat with equanimity half the perplexities of this subject. However valuable the record of extraordinary incidents may be in other respects, however impressively they may be used to convey the truths of which they are confessedly the symbols, they have, in the eyes of the very men whom we most desire to convince, become stumbling blocks and not supports. External evidence has with most thinking men receded to the background, internal evidence has come to the front. Let us learn by experience to use with moderation arguments which, at least for the present, have lost their force. Let us acknowledge that there are greater miracles, more convincing miracles, than those which appeal only to our sense of astonishment. "The greatest of miracles," as a venerable statesman has observed, is the character of Christ. The world was converted, in the first instance, not by appeals to physical, but to moral prodigies. Let us recognise that the preternatural is not the supernatural, and that, whether

the preternatural is present or absent, the true supernatural may and will remain unshaken.

IV. And what is the true supernatural? What are those essentials in religion which have been the purifying salt of Christianity hitherto, and will be the illuminating light hereafter; which, raising us above our natural state, point to a destiny above this material world—this commonplace existence? The great advance which, on the whole, theology has made in these latter centuries, and which it may be expected still more to make in the centuries which are to come is this, that the essential, the supernatural elements of religion are recognised to be those which are moral and spiritual. These are its chief recommendations to the reason of mankind. Without them, it would have long ago perished. So far as it has lost sight of these, it has dwindled and faded. With these, it may overcome the world. Other opportunities will occur in which I shall hope to draw out at length both the means by which these spiritual elements of Christianity may be carried on from generation to generation, and also the characteristics which distinguish them from like elements in inferior religions.* It is enough to have indicated that in the supremacy of these, and in their supremacy alone, lies the hope of the future. To love whatever is truly lovable, to detest whatever is truly detestable, to believe that the glory and divinity of goodness is indestructible, and that there has been, is, and will be a constant enlargement and elevation of our conceptions of it—furnishes a basis of religion which, whilst preserving all the best parts of the sacred records and of Christian worship and practice, is a guarantee at once for its perpetuity and for its growth.

Observe also that in proportion to our insistence on the moral greatness of Christianity as its chief evidence and chief essence, there accrues an external weight of authority denied to the lower and narrower, but granted to the higher and wider, views of religion. When we look over the long annals of ecclesiasti-

* In the two sermons preached in the College Church and in the Parish Church of St. Andrews on the following Sunday, March 18th.

cal history, we shall often find that it is not within the close range of the so-called orthodox, but from the outlying camp of the so-called heretic or infidel, that the champions of the true faith have come. Not from the logic of Calvin, or the rhetoric of Bossuet, but from the great scholars and philosophers of the close of the last century and the beginning of this, have been drawn the best portraiture of Christianity and its Founder. A clearer glimpse into the nature of the Deity was granted to Spinoza,* the excommunicated Jew of Amsterdam, than to the combined forces of Episcopacy and Presbytery in the Synod of Dordrecht. When we cast our eyes over the volumes which, perhaps, of all others, give us at once the clearest prospect of the progress of humanity, and the saddest retrospect of the mistakes of theology—Mr. Lecky's *History of European Morals* and *of Rationalism*—when we read there of the eradication of deeply-rooted beliefs which, under the guidance of ecclesiastics and ecclesiastical rulers, were supposed to be essential to the existence of religion—witchcraft, persecution, intolerance, prohibition of commercial intercourse—if for one moment our faith is staggered by seeing that these beneficent changes were brought about by States in defiance of Churches, by philosophers in defiance of divines, it is revived when we perceive that the end towards which those various agencies worked is the same as that desired by the best of the theologians; that what Mr. Lecky calls the secularisation of politics is in fact the Christianisation of theology. That view of man, of the universe, and of God which by a recent able writer is called "Natural Re-

* This statement would be justified by a comparison of the best sayings of Spinoza with the best sayings of the Synod of Dort. The former are still read with admiration and instruction, even by those who widely differ from Spinoza's general teaching. The latter are but little known, even to those who most firmly agree with the theory propounded by the Synod.

It may also be well to record, over against the anathemas which have been levelled at his name, the epithet by which his humbler acquaintances called him immediately after his death, "The blessed Spinoza," and the description given of him by Schleiermacher, "He was a man full of religion and of the Holy Ghost."

ligion"* is in fact Christianity in its larger and wider aspect. The hope of immortality, which beyond any other belief of man carries us out of the world of sense, was eagerly defended by Voltaire and Rousseau, no less than by Butler and Paley. The serious view of duty, the admiration of the heroic and the generous and the just, the belief in the transcendent value of the spiritual and the unseen, are cherished possessions of the philosophers of our generation, no less than of the missionaries and saints of the generation that is past. The Goliath of the nineteenth century, as was once well observed by a Professor† of your own, is not on the opposite side of the valley—he is in our midst; he is on our side: he is not to be slain by sling and stone, but he is—if we did but know⁹ it—our friend, our ally, our champion. If there is a constantly increasing tendency, as Mr. Lecky says,‡ to identify the Bible and conscience, this is in other words, as he himself well states the case, a tendency to place Christianity in a position "in which we have the strongest evidence of the triumph of the conceptions of its Founder," a position in which by the nature of the case the doubters will be constantly diminishing and the intelligent believers constantly increasing.

It is indeed one hope not only for the solution, but for the pacific solution of our theological problems, that in this, more than in any previous age, in our country more than in most countries, the critical and the conservative overlap, interweave, and shade off into each other—"Ionians and Dorians on both sides." The intelligent High Churchman, the moderate Free Churchman, melts almost imperceptibly into the inquiring scholar. The generous Puritan or Nonconformist is more than one third a Latitudinarian, perhaps even half a Churchman. Few philosophers have so entirely parted with the natural feelings of the human heart, or the natural aspirations of the human mind, as to be indifferent to the sane or insane direc-

* See a series of most instructive articles in *Macmillan's Magazine*, on "Natural Religion," between February, 1875, and April, 1877.

† Professor Campbell.

‡ *History of Rationalism*, i. 384, ii. 247, 385.

tion of so mighty an instrument for good or evil as the religious instinct of mankind. And thus the basis of a reasonable theology, even if shaken for the moment by the frenzy of partisans, has intrinsically become wider and more solid. The lines drawn by sects and parties do not correspond with the deeper lines of human nature and of history. A distinguished theological statesman some time since drew out what he called a chart of religious thought. But there was one school of thought which was noticed only to be dismissed. And yet this school or tendency is one which happily runs across all the others and contains within itself, not indeed all, but many of the finest elements of Christendom—the backbone of Christian life, the lamp of Christian thought. We often hear of the reconciliation of theology and science. The phrase is well intended, and has been used as the title of an excellent book. But it does not exactly describe the case. What we need is the recognition that so far as they meet, Theology and Science are one and indivisible. Whatever enlarges our ideas of nature enlarges our ideas of God. Whatever gives us a deeper insight into the nature of the Author of the universe gives us a deeper insight into the secrets of the universe itself. Whatever is bad theology is also bad science; whatever is good science is also good theology. In like manner, we hear of the reconciliation of religion and morality. The answer is the same; they are one and indivisible. Whatever tends to elevate the virtue, the purity, the generosity of mankind, is high religion; whatever debases the mind, or corrupts the heart, or hardens the conscience, under whatever pretext, however specious, is low religion, is infidelity of the worst sort. There are, according to the old Greek proverb, many who have borne the thyrsus, and yet not been inspired prophets. There are many also who have been inspired prophets without wearing the prophetic mantle, or bearing the mystic wand; and these, whether statesmen, philosophers, poets, have been amongst the friends, conscious or unconscious, of the religion of the future; they are citizens, whether registered or unregistered, in the Jerusalem which is above, and which is free.

And now, with all this cloud of witnesses, what is our duty in this interval of waiting, of transition? What is our duty? and what is yours, O students of St. Andrews, O future pastors of the famous Church of Scotland, O rising generation of that strong Scottish nation which in former times was the firmest bulwark of a national, Protestant, reasonable Christianity? You, no doubt, in this secluded corner of our island, feel the breath of the spirit of the age. How are you to avoid being carried about with every gust of its fitful doctrine? How are you to gather into your sails the bounding breeze of its invincible strength? There is nothing to make you despair of your Church. It may have to pass through many transformations; but a Church which has not only stood the rude shocks of so many secessions and disruptions, but continues to gather into its ranks the most liberal tendencies of the nation, is too great an institution to be sacrificed to the exigencies of party, if only it be true to that fine maxim of Archbishop Leighton's, of leaving to others "to preach up the times," and claiming for itself "to preach up eternity." The principle of a national Establishment, which Chalmers vindicated in the interests of Christian philanthropy has in these latter days more and more commended itself in the interests of Christian liberty. The enlarging, elevating influence infused into a religious institution by its contact, however slight, with so magnificent an ordinance as the British commonwealth; the value of resting a religious union not on some special doctrine or institution, but on the highest welfare of the whole community;—these principles are not less, but more appreciated now than they were in a less civilised age. It is the growing conviction of all reflecting minds that there is no ground in the nature of things or in the precepts of the Christian religion for the sharp division which divines used to draw between the spiritual and secular, for the curious fancy which represented all which belonged to ecclesiastical matters as holy, all which belonged to the state as worldly. In proportion as those larger and nobler hopes of religion, of which I have been speaking, penetrate into all the communions of this country, the provin-

cial and retrograde distinctions which have been stereotyped amongst us will fade away; and the policy of improving and reforming institutions, instead of blindly destroying or blindly preserving them, will regain the hold which as late as the first half of this century it retained on the intelligence and conscience of the nation.

There is perhaps a danger which threatens the Church of Scotland, in common with all the Churches of Christendom—the apprehension which we sometimes hear expressed, that the more gifted and cultivated minds of the coming generation shrink from the noble mission, because of the supposed restraints of the clerical profession. Far more dismal than any secession of Old Lights and New Lights would be the secession of the vigorous intellects and nobler natures which of old time made the Scottish Church, though poor in wealth, rich in the best gifts of God. But it is precisely this tendency which it is in your own power to cure or to prevent. The attractions of the Christian ministry, the opportunities which it offers of untried usefulness, are not less but greater, in proportion as the questions of religion involve a larger and deeper sweep of ideas than when they ran within the four corners of the Confession of Faith. Nor is there any reason in the constitution of your Church, or in the prospects of your country, why that Confession should be an obstacle to the expanding forms of religious life amongst you. I am not here to criticise or disparage that venerable document, which, born under my own roof at Westminster, alone of all such confessions for a short time represented the whole national faith of Great Britain. If it has some defects or exaggerations, from which our own Thirty-nine Articles are free, on the other hand it has soared to higher heights and struck down to deeper depths. Each views theology from a limited experience; and through the color of [the atmosphere, political, philosophical, and military, in which the framers of each were moving. To compare the failings and the excellencies of the two Confessions, and to illustrate from them the condition of our respective Churches, would be, if this were the time or place, a most interesting and in-

structive task. Still, even the Confession of the Westminster Assembly is not the essential, is not the best characteristic of the Church of Scotland, any more than the Thirty-nine Articles are the essential or the best characteristic of the Church of England. Nor are the present forms of adhesion to it more sacred than the ancient forms of adhesion to the English standards, which a few years ago, by the timely intervention of the Imperial Legislature, were largely modified,* and might at any moment, without any loss to the Church or the State, be altogether abolished.

These however are merely passing and external difficulties, to be surmounted by patriotic policy, by mutual forbearance, by courageous perseverance. Neither for us nor for you are any such restrictions worth a single gifted intellect or a single devout life that they may exclude.

But neither in the retention nor in the abolition of these local impediments is the main interest of the ministry of the Church of Scotland in the times that are coming. Confession or no Confession, subscription or no subscription, Established Church or Free or United Presbyterian, there is other and worthier work for you to accomplish. There are, on the one hand, the moral evils which you have to combat, the rough manners, the intemperate habits of large numbers of your fellow-citizens. There are, on the other hand, the high and pure traditions of former times which you have to maintain; the appropriation of whatever pastoral activity or keen intellectual ardor may be seen in other communions. There are those words and works of greatness to which I referred in my earlier address, and the actual examples which you have or have had before you in your own generation. In these there is more than enough to occupy and exalt yourselves and others, and to show that the Church of Scotland is still able, and is still proud, to hold its head among the Churches of Christendom. It is for you to welcome with a just pride its acknowledged glories. Place before yourselves the noble thoughts which have been enkindled, not by German, not by Angli-

* See *Essays on Church and State*, 212.

can, but by your own pastors and teachers. Remember how one* has taught you, in language never surpassed, the connection of religion with common life, and the claims of the one universal religion to acceptance by the very reason of its universality; how another† has shown you the high value of theology, viewed in its long historical aspect, and the yet higher grandeur of religion; how‡ another has taught you that, however great is the Church militant or the Church dogmatic, there is yet a greater Church, the Church beneficent; how one§ has endeavored to represent to you the relation of religion to culture, another|| of religion to philosophy, and ¶ another of religion to ritual; how the still small whispers of spiritual life, though no longer ** heard from the farther shore of the Tay or of the Clyde, still make themselves felt by those whose ears are attuned to their heavenly harmonies; how many an eloquent voice is yet heard from the pulpit of ancient abbey or populous city or mountain village; how inspiring is the example†† of the venerable teacher whom the Church of Scotland sent out to India some forty years ago, and who still bears the greatest name of living Indian missionaries; how invigorating and stimulating is the memory of the foremost Scottish minister of our age, ‡‡ who, though gone, yet still seems to live again amongst us in his own flesh and blood, and whose commanding voice still exhorts us, as with his dying words, to be "broad with the breadth of the charity of Almighty God, and narrow with the narrowness of His righteousness." I might enlarge the roll—I might go back to the worthies of earlier days—to Carstairs, §§ whose memory was recalled of late by a descendant worthy of himself—to the great literary leaders of the Church in the last century, to Chalmers and Irving. In our own, I might speak of your most famous living

countryman, who, though winding up the threads of his long and honorable life at Chelsea, has never disdained the traditions of the Scottish Church and nation, still warms at the recollection of his native Annandale, still is fired with poetic ardor when he speaks of the glories of St. Andrew's.

But it is enough. There are words which often come into my mind when I look at an assemblage like this—words spoken by a gifted poet, endeared to some among us, and who loved your country well—a cry, desponding perhaps, yet also cheering, wrung from him by the dislocations and confusions of his time, which is also ours, when he looked out on the contending forces of the age—

"O that the armies indeed were arrayed! O joy of the onset!

Sound, thou trumpet of God; come forth, great cause, to array us;

King and leader appear; thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee." *

We may already hear the distant notes of that trumpet; we may catch, however faintly, the coming of that cause. The kings and leaders surely will appear at last, if their soldiers will but follow them on to victory.

It was once said in mournful complaint of the highest ecclesiastic in Christendom, "For the sake of gaining to-day, he has thrown away to-morrow for ever." Be our policy the reverse of this: be it ours to fasten our thoughts, not on the passions and parties of the brief to-day, but on the hopes of the long to-morrow. The day, the year, may perchance belong to the destructives, the cynics, and the partisans. But the morrow, the coming century, belongs to the catholic, comprehensive, discriminating, all-embracing Christianity, which has the promise, not perhaps of this present time, but of the times which are yet to be.

"O fortes, pejoraque passi
Mecum sæpe viri—
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor."

"Come, my friends—
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and
thought, with me
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world."

Macmillan's Magazine.

* Principal Caird. † Principal Tulloch.
‡ *Salvation Here and Hereafter*, by John Service, minister of Inch.

§ Principal Shairp. || Professor Knight.
¶ *Pastoral Counsels* by the late John Robertson; *Reforms in the Church of Scotland*, by the late Robert Lee, D.D.

** The late John McLeod Campbell, and the late Thomas Erskine.

†† Dr. Duff. ‡‡ *Life of Norman McLeod*.

§§ *Life of Carstairs*, by Dr. Story.

* Clough's *Bothie*, ix.

MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE!

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

HARK! Hark to my neighbor' flute!
 Yon powder'd slave, that ox, that ass are his:
 Hark to his wheezy pipe; my neighbor is
 A worthy sort of brute.

My tuneful neighbor's rich—has houses, lands,
 A wife (confound his flute—a handsome wife!):
 Her love must give a gusto to his life.
 See yonder—there she stands.

She turns, she gazes, she has lustrous eyes,
 A throat like Juno, and Aurora's arms—
Per Baccho, what a paragon of charms!
 My neighbor's drawn a prize.

Yet, somehow, life's a nuisance with its woes,
 Sin and disease—and that eternal preaching:
 We've suffer'd from our early pious teaching—
 We suffer—goodness knows.

How vain the wealth that breeds its own vexation,
 Yet few appear to care to quite 'forego it!
 Then weariness of life (and many know it)
 Isn't a glad sensation:

And therefore, neighbor mine, without a sting
 I contemplate thy fields, thy house, thy flocks;
 I covet not thy man, thine ass, thine ox,
 Thy flute, thy—anything.

Cornhill Magazine.

EVIDENCES OF THE AGE OF ICE.

BY HENRY WOODWARD, F.R.S., F.G.S., &C

ONLY a few years ago it was looked upon as an article of faith among geologists that the whole globe was once in a molten, incandescent state, and that the conditions of temperature now prevailing on the surface of the earth had been produced in process of time by the slow and gradual cooling of the once fused and glowing mass. But whatever may be the unknown heat of the deeper strata, that of the surface results solely from the great source of heat, the centre of attraction of our planetary system—the sun.

The oscillations between heat and cold that we experience from day to night,

and from summer to winter, all depend on the laws of absorption and radiation of heat given off by the sun to the earth, or radiated by the earth into stellar space.

If the earth were a globe of perfect regularity, presenting on its surface no contrast of land and sea, plateaux and plains, snow and verdure, a nearly equal distribution of climates would be established over its whole extent, and one could exactly measure the degrees of heat by those of latitude.

But such we know is not the case. Every place has its own climate. Such variations depend on the elevation of the

land above the sea; the position of a place, whether inland or on the coast; the direction and height of its mountain chains; the extent of its forests, savannahs, and cultivated lands; on the width of its valleys, the abundance of its rivers, the outline of its coast; on marine currents, prevalent winds, clouds, rain, fogs, &c.; these varied causes constitute, together with the latitude, what is called "the climate of a country."

Undoubtedly the most important climatal phenomenon is that of temperature, for to heat we probably owe all the movements of the atmosphere which we call winds. Parts of the earth become overheated, and these put in motion the whole system of atmospheric currents; these too give to the winds the moisture destined to be dispersed as clouds, and to fall again on the earth as snow and rain.

The impulse to all these movements of air and water is given by the sun's rays; and on this luminous body all the life of our planet depends. To the facts, then, that the earth is so uneven in its surface configuration, that its land and water are so very irregularly distributed, and that it receives an unequal share of solar heat varying with the seasons and the latitudes, we owe that infinite variety of climate by which it is characterized.

One country near the polar circle receives more warmth than does another situated at a less distance from the tropics; one region of the temperate zone is hot in comparison with certain spaces in the equatorial zone. And in each place the temperature continually varies and oscillates under the action of winds, currents, and all the other agencies which affect climate; and when indicated by lines on the surface of the earth, an inextricable network is formed, of which we can only recognize the principal traits.

Fifty years ago Humboldt first conceived the idea of uniting by lines all those parts of the earth's surface having the same annual average temperature.

These imaginary lines traced on the circumference of the globe are called isothermal lines; they give the thermal latitude, which differs widely from the geometrical latitude.

While the lines of degrees traced every $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles apart are parallel to the equa-

tor and perfectly regular, the isothermals are contorted into numerous and often sharp curves over all parts of the earth.

The thermal equator (or the curve of the greatest average heat, on each side of which the temperature gradually decreases towards the poles) lies almost entirely in the northern hemisphere, which is warmer than the southern.

The district of greatest heat lies between 10° and 60° E. longitude, and between 15° and 30° N. latitude; that is to say, it is the area to the east and west of the Red Sea, and embracing the greater part of that narrow gulf, and also that of Persia.

The district of greatest cold lies between 120° and 140° E. longitude, and between 60° and 80° N. latitude, along the course of the river Lena, the principal river of Siberia, covered during many months of the year by snow and ice; within the frozen mud and ice-cliffs at whose mouth have been found the entire carcasses of the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros.

All these sinuosities of the isothermal lines over the earth's surface are caused by similar isolated areas of a higher or lower temperature, which deflect them in a greater or less degree from a straight course.

Thus in the southern hemisphere, where the continents are diminished gradually towards the south, and where the moderating influence of the ocean tends to eliminate all climatic differences, the lines of equal annual temperature seem to be pretty regular, and in the Antarctic Ocean they may be considered parallel to the degrees of latitude. The most marked curves of these southern isothermals are developed immediately to the west of Africa and the west of South America, where the influence of the currents of cold water flowing towards the equator from the Antarctic Ocean is most visibly demonstrable.

In the northern hemisphere the sinuosities of the isothermal lines are much more marked than in the southern, and cut the degrees of latitude at all angles. One of the highest of these isothermal waves is that which rises in latitude 45° N., off the coast of Halifax, Nova Scotia, passes to the south of Newfoundland, ascends in a north-easterly direction past the south-east coast of Iceland,

attaining its summit about latitude 65° N.; it then bends down to Drontheim, Stockholm, and Moscow, falling again nearly to latitude 45° N. in Central Asia.

But whatever may be the sinuosities of the lines of equal temperature, they all indicate a more or less rapid decrease of heat between the equator and the two polar zones.

In the interior of continents, the chief modifications of climate are produced by mountain ranges and winds; on coasts and islands the climate depends on ocean currents and winds.

Happily for England, we enjoy here what is called an "insular climate." There are special reasons why the climate of the British Isles is so much milder than that of any other place in the same latitude, and we may with advantage consider these exceptional circumstances before proceeding further. Take, for example, two parallels of latitude at the present day. Off Little Belle Isle, in the month of July 1864, Mr. J. F. Campbell* records the temperature of the air at 48° , water 40° (wind south when the temperature was taken), and icebergs in sight. Mr. Campbell passed bergs 400 ft. deep and 200 ft. long, and many others of far larger size, some being 150 ft. above the water. Belle Isle is in the same latitude as London.

In 1831, Mr. Redfield states that the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, was completely blocked by ice so late as the month of June. This is 2° further south than the port of Liverpool, and yet one never heard of the port of Liverpool being blocked by ice, even in January! Again, the limit of constantly frozen ground which extends to the southern border of Hudson's Bay (where ice is found in digging [wells in summer, at a depth of 4 ft. below [the surface) is in the same latitude as London. Nairn, on the desolate and frozen coast of Labrador, is in the same latitude as Dublin; yet the former has only a mean temperature of 28° , whilst Dublin has a mean temperature of 49° , or nearly double the warmth of Nairn. The cause of this great disparity in the relative temperature of places lying in the same parallels of latitude is to be found in the prevalence of certain winds and oceanic

currents, which cause the isothermal line to bend northwards so many degrees in passing from west to east.

The ocean-current in which we are especially interested is that mighty stream which issues from the Gulf of Mexico, flows in a north-easterly course across the Atlantic, and is commonly known as the "Gulf-Stream."

Since 1842, when the energetic Captain Maury, of the United States Navy, first drew the attention of the American Government to the importance of preparing "wind and current charts," the Gulf-Stream has not wanted observers and historians. This remarkable oceanic current is about 25 miles in breadth off Cape Florida, and it increases to 127 miles off Sandy Hook, whilst its depth diminishes from 1,000 to 200 ft. and under as it proceeds northwards. From the American Coast and from the banks of Newfoundland it is deflected across the Atlantic, reaching the Azores in about 78 days, after flowing nearly 3,000 miles. Our own islands enjoy a portion of its warmth; and even Spitzbergen, in latitude 79° north, feels its influence, and before its warm breath the glaciers are stopped abruptly in their descent to the sea.

Mr. Croll has estimated the total quantity of water conveyed by the Gulf-Stream to be equal to that of a current of water 50 miles broad and 1,000 ft. in depth, flowing at the rate of 4 miles an hour, with a mean temperature of 65° . Before its return from its northern journey, he concludes it has cooled down at least 25° . Each cubic foot of water, therefore, has carried from the tropics upwards of 1,500 units of heat, or 1,158,000 foot-pounds.* Principal J. D. Forbes has calculated that the quantity of heat thrown into the Atlantic Ocean by the Gulf-Stream on a winter's day would be sufficient to raise the temperature of the air which rests on France and Great Britain from the freezing point to summer heat.

At the very time the Gulf-Stream is

* According to the above estimate of the size and velocity of the stream, 5,575,680,000,000 cubic feet of water are conveyed every hour by the Gulf-Stream, or 133,816,320,000,000 cubic feet per day. The calculations of Sir John Herschel and Captain Maury make the amount still greater.

* In his "Short American Tramp," p. 66.

rushing in greatest volume through the Straits of Florida, and hastening to the north, a cold counter-current is descending from Baffin's Bay by Davis Straits to the south with almost equal velocity. This current flows inshore on the North American seaboard, and also beneath the Gulf-Stream, but does not mingle with its waters.

The Gulf-Stream is, of course, only one of many oceanic currents, but to us it has a pre-eminent degree of interest. It brings us genial showers, borne by the south-westerly winds, from the surface of its warm and steaming waters. It carries the temperature of summer even in the depths of winter as far north as the Great Banks of Newfoundland, and there maintains it in the midst of the severest frosts. It is the presence of this warm water and a cold atmosphere in juxtaposition which gives rise to the "silver-fogs" of Newfoundland, one of the most beautiful phenomena to be seen anywhere in the domains of the Frost King. Every west wind that blows crosses this stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of this heat to temper the inclemency of the northern winter. It is the influence of this stream upon the climate that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle," that clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes, and encourages the myrtle and magnolia to flourish at Mount Edgcombe in the open air all the year; it carries West Indian seeds to the Scottish Isles, wafts the floating pteropod-shells to the latitude of Iceland, and renders the fauna of Spitzbergen richer than that of any other Arctic realm.

But all earthly advantages are transient, and not even the Gulf-Stream can be expected to be always so partial to us as it is to-day. Indeed, geologists are aware that formerly, owing to the subsidence of that narrow belt of land, the Isthmus of Panama, at one time, and probably by the subsidence of the Mississippi Valley at another, the Gulf-Stream has more than once been diverted from our coasts, and our islands were, as far as they were above water, glaciated even as the coasts of Labrador are at the present day.

Let us briefly consider the evidences on which geologists have relied in writing this latest chapter in the geological

history of our island. These evidences are most abundant and varied; some of them, indeed, lie close to our own doors, and may easily be studied and examined. I allude to the great series of deposits known to geologists as "glacial deposits," and which have resulted either from the action of glaciers or icebergs, or some modification of them. These may be classified as follows:—

- I.—1. *Roches moutonnées*.
2. Striated rock-surfaces.
3. Boulder-clay and 'till.'
4. Moraines of valley glaciers.
- II.—5. Erratic blocks.
6. 'Kames,' 'eskers,' and sandy gravelly drift.
7. Stratified clays with arctic shells.

In some instances these can be divided into—

I. Those due to glaciers and coast-ice, whilst the land was greatly elevated (1 to 4).

II. Those due to the sea and icebergs whilst the land was greatly depressed (5, 6).

But many of them are so altered and reconstructed that it is exceedingly difficult to attribute them to one or other of these divisions. What evidences, then, have we to-day?

"The general surface of a great part of the British Islands," says Mr. James Geikie, "excluding the centre and south of England, has a smoothed contour, which is now generally recognized as the work of land-ice.

"Hills, valleys, and knolls of rock have been ground down and have received that characteristic flowing outline which ice alone, of all natural agencies, can produce (*roches moutonnées*). When, moreover, we strip off the superficial cover of detritus and examine the surface of rock underneath, we find it covered with the well-known grooving and striation such as are met with by the side of every modern glacier in the Alps.

"These markings are not disposed at random, but run in more or less parallel lines. And when we examine them over the length and breadth of the country, we discover that they point away outwards in every direction from the main masses of high ground, indicating that the ice which produced them covered the land in a deep continuous sheet, like that of Greenland, and that it moved outward

and downward from the high grounds to the sea. So vast was the mass of ice that it swept over considerable hills, smoothing and striating their sides and summits." *

To this period Professor Ramsay refers the general erosion of the present lake-basins of Britain.

Another feature of the surface-geology of the country dates from the same period—the widely-distributed boulder-clay, or "till." This deposit is not at all likely to be confounded with any other. It consists of a mass of unstratified clay, with blocks and boulders of stone stuck into it promiscuously, the whole seeming to be the result of an irregular "pell-mell" carrying forward and deposition of the materials.

The color and general composition of the mass may vary according to the nature of the rocks from which it has been derived. Thus, in a region of dark Carboniferous shales the boulder clay is leaden, grey, or black; in one of Old Red, or Triassic sandstones, it is red. In the Chalk country it is quite full of bits of chalk, and is hence called the "chalky boulder clay."

The stones in the clay range in size from mere grains of sand up to masses a yard or more in length. Wherever the rock of which they consist has been of a kind to receive and retain surface markings, the stones are found to be covered with ruts and striæ, which run for the most part in the direction of the long axis of each stone.

There can hardly be any doubt that these markings have been produced under a sheet of land-ice similar to that which covers the whole interior of Greenland at the present day.

This great inland ice-sheet, that at places advances to the coast and thrusts the snouts of its glaciers into the sea itself, giving rise to enormous icebergs, covers the entire continent of Greenland save a few dozen miles at most of coastline, which remain free. It forms on its seaward face precipitous cliffs of ice about 200 feet high, covered with a thin layer of earth and stones, but rises at first rapidly, afterwards more slowly, to a height of several thousand feet. During Professor Nordenskiöld's expedition

to Greenland in 1870, he made an excursion upon this inland ice-sheet with one companion, Dr. Berggen, and two Greenlanders.* They penetrated thirty miles into the interior in four days, attaining an altitude of 2,200 feet above the level of the sea.

No moraine-matter was observed on the surface of the ice; but everywhere, under the influence of the sun's rays, this immense ice-field was in motion internally, and large rivers and lakes on its surface descended through the ice in roaring torrents by "swallow-holes" 2,000 feet deep, to join the streams which flowed beneath.

The ice-sheet which some geologists believe to have been once co-extensive with our island, covering it from its sea-level to the highest peak of its loftiest mountains in Wales or Scotland, was, it is assumed, only a repetition of the present state of Greenland, or, on a larger scale, of what one may see taking place to-day on the Alps and the Himalayas and other mountain ranges, whose heads are covered by perennial snows. For the process of reduction of temperature takes place in a corresponding ratio, whether we sail to the North Pole with the *Alert* and *Discovery*, or with Professor Tyndall scale the heights of the Matterhorn or Monte Rosa.

If, then, temperature decreases with altitude above the sea-level, an elevation of our island would produce the same effect upon it as if we could transport it bodily to the latitude of Greenland!

It is well to keep these facts clearly before the mind, because, among the numerous explanations offered by our leading geologists, this question of the *relative elevation* above the sea-level has not had that prominence given to it in the discussion which it deserves. The results of *altitude* have in fact been confounded with those of *latitude*.

The stones that occur in the boulder-clay spread over so many counties in England differ widely in character; and, from a study of these, it is possible to determine the direction in which the ice-sheet moved, and the centres of dispersion whence the boulders were derived.

* Geikie, "Great Ice Age."

* The Greenlanders turned back after two days, but Nordenskiöld and his companion pushed on two days' journey further.

Wherever the surface of the rock is of sufficient hardness it is everywhere polished, rounded, and striated in a precisely similar manner to what is seen to be taking place in valleys occupied by glaciers at the present day; whilst the boulder-clay is the finely comminuted particles worn down to powder, like the grains of wheat into flour, by the glacial millstone, and poured out in a turbid stream, or pushed along as a great rampart of stones and rubbish forming the terminal moraine, as we see it at the foot of the Mer de Glace, above Chamounix, or, at times, as in Greenland, pushed into the sea itself, for in Lancashire this deposit is associated with fragments of marine shells.

Where this is the case, the finer particles have been carried away and re-assorted by sea-currents and mixed with marine organisms, as in the Clyde glacial beds; the shells indicating arctic conditions.

During one period of the glacial epoch we had a great depression of the land; to such an extent, indeed, that these glacial deposits, associated with marine shells identical with species now existing, have been found in Cheshire up to a height of 1,200 feet. On Moel Tryfaen, near the Menai Straits, fifty-seven species of shells of marine mollusca have been obtained (all indicative of a colder climate than that of our present sea) at a height of 1,300 feet above the sea.

It was at this period, no doubt, that icebergs and floes of ice laden with boulders and other foreign material were transported from the western and northern highlands and dropped their burdens, on melting, over and about where London now stands, especially in the neighborhood of Finchley and Muswell Hill, where vast numbers of erratic blocks have been observed, and numbers of transported fossils have been collected by the late Mr. N. T. Wetherell, F.G.S., and other geologists.

Various theories have been brought forward in explanation of the glacial epoch. Among these that of Mr. James Croll, F.R.S., of the Scottish Branch of the Geological Survey (also adopted in the main by Mr. James Geikie, F.R.S.), has been largely advocated. It is based on the calculation that at certain unequal periods, owing to the eccentricity of our

earth's orbit around the sun, the earth is occasionally somewhat further distant from the sun than at the present time (98,500,000 miles instead of as at present, 90,500,000; or, to be exact, 8,641,876 miles more distant). The last occasion Mr. Croll puts at 200,000 years ago.

The other cosmical cause advocated by Mr. Croll is the slight variation in the polar obliquity of our earth, which varies through long periods between $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and $24\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$.

When the earth from these two causes combined, became subject to a slight variation in its two hemispheres, which would give to one $7\frac{1}{2}$ days more of the sun's presence in one tropic than the other now enjoys, then Mr. Croll concludes the ice on the more favored pole would melt, and that on the less favored would increase; and this cause alternating would give rise at long intervals to alternate glacial epochs in each hemisphere, accompanied by displacements of the earth's centre of gravity, and a rising of the waters of the sea combined with an increase of ice at the pole.*

Mr. James Geikie, in his book on "The Great Ice Age," actually makes two glacial epochs with an interglacial period between them, into which period he introduces—1st, a milder cold temperate climate, with the mammoth, the woolly-coated rhinoceros for denizens of our forests, and the great bear dwelling in our caves, the winters still severe. 2nd, a warmer subtropical climate, with the retreat of the arctic mammalia northwards, and the advance from the south of the hippopotamus, the cave-lion, the hyæna, and palæolithic man, evidenced by the rude flint implements found in valley gravels.

Then followed another cold period, before which the southern mammalia disappeared, and were again succeeded by arctic animals. Even these, however, migrated southward, leaving the land to be again overspread with ice and snow.

Mr. Geikie admits that there were not unfrequent shiftings in the distribution of land and sea, but these do not seem to him to have been the chief causes of these climatal changes. After this second cold period, Mr. Geikie next intro-

* See Mr. Croll's paper on the Glacial Epoch, "Geol. Mag.," 1874, p. 348.

duces the submergence of the British Islands to 2000 feet; gives it a final refrigeration, in which period the drifts and angular erratic blocks were scattered over the South of England, and over North Germany and Russia, and the Swiss glaciers were augmented. Then Britain for the last time—

Arose from out the azure main,

to be again re-forested and re-peopled, this time by the moose-deer and the cariboo or reindeer, the arctic fox, the lemming, and the marmot; and Neolithic man became the denizen of our caves and woods, and made pictures of the animals he there saw and hunted.

The only considerable change which Mr. Geikie proposes to introduce at this period is the severance of our island from the continent, and the complete insulation of Britain.

I hope it may be possible to simplify this chapter of our Glacial epoch, and here I am glad to say I have the high authority of Professor Nordenskiöld, who has visited both Spitzbergen and Greenland more than once, that from the evidence of fossils obtained in a succession of beds in arctic latitudes, he is led to the conclusion that there has not been in past geological times a periodical alternation of warm and cold climates on the surface of the earth.

In Eocene Tertiary times sub-tropical conditions prevailed in the latitudes of London and Paris, and both plants and animals betokened a temperature at least as high as that of North Africa.

Since that period, through Miocene and Pliocene formations we are able to trace a gradual lowering of the temperature of our islands by the more temperate sub-arctic and arctic character of their faunas and what traces remain of their floras also.

Then came the Glacial period, first initiated perhaps by the diversion of the Gulf-Stream, caused by the subsidence of the Isthmus of Panama, or more probably by the opening up of a course for its waters up the great central valley of North America, down which the Mississippi river now flows, and which, save a narrow strip between Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay, is nowhere more than 800 feet above the level of the sea; this, if lowered, would give a direct course for the Gulf

Stream up to the north-west coast of Greenland and to Smith's Sound.

Afterwards, by the elevation of the land only 600 feet, this island would be united to the continent on the one hand, and to Ireland on the other; whilst its shores would extend outwards to the margin of the plateau of Ireland, seventy miles to the west, and from beyond the Shetlands in the north to near the north-west of Spain in the south.

Probably the elevation was far greater, for the British Isles have a powerful line of volcanic disturbance running down about the meridian of 6° west longitude, which in the western Highlands and the north of Ireland was active down to an exceedingly late geological period (Miocene).

If it be necessary to call in extra-mundane causes to explain the great increase of ice at this glacial period, I would prefer the theory propounded by Dr. Robert Hooke, in 1688; since by Sir Richard Phillips and others; and lastly by Mr. Thomas Belt, C.E., F.G.S.; namely, a slight increase in the present obliquity of the ecliptic—a proposal in perfect accord with other known astronomical facts, and the introduction of which involves no disturbance of that harmony which is essential to our cosmical condition as a unit in the great solar system.*

Such an increase in the obliquity of our earth's axis would result in an increase of ice, not at one pole at a time, as proposed by Mr. Croll, but at both poles simultaneously; a condition which accords with the fact that with our present obliquity we have ice at both poles now; the larger supply at the antarctic being purely caused by the fact that in the southern hemisphere we have a polar continent surrounded by a circumpolar ocean, whereas in the arctic we have a polar sea surrounded by circumpolar land.

The ocean is the great evaporating dish,

* In Jupiter the axis is nearly perpendicular to the plane of its orbit. In Saturn the obliquity is 29° . In Mars it is $30\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; in Venus it reaches the extreme of 75° , so that its tropics actually overlap its arctic circle, and there are no temperate zones. The earth has an inclination of $23\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$. It is estimated that its axis may have been inclined as much as $35\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ during the glacial period.

the continent the condenser; hence the larger glaciers of the southern pole, where the ice-wall of the land ice, which in Greenland stops some miles inland, here comes down into the sea itself, ploughing up the sea bed, and spreading out its terminal moraine in the ocean.

What length of time has elapsed since the Glacial epoch occurred we cannot pretend to say; Mr. Belt estimates the date to have been 20,000 years since, Mr. Croll 200,000 years ago. We may therefore, I think, rest content with the geological evidences of a modification of the climate afforded by the remains of glaciers and icebergs and the zoological evidence of a former change in the distribution of the mammalia telling the same story.

I believe the musk-sheep and the mammoth were both præ- and post-glacial animals, and that the mammoth survived till after the climate became milder, but that he was a scarce animal from that time. The musk-sheep lives on still in Arctic North America.* The sabre-toothed lion (*Machairodus*) is so rare with us, as a fossil, that we may fairly assume he belonged to the earlier præglacial cave period, as did the panther, lion, lynx, hippopotamus, two species of rhinoceros, and one variety of mammoth (*Elephas antiquus*).

If the Esquimaux of Greenland live on the borders of the ice-fields, and many animals flourish there also, and birds are most abundant, it is fair to assume that, on the retreat of the ice, man and animals advanced and occupied all the fertile valleys and pursued the chase as the Lapps, Finns, Tungusians, Samoiedes, American Indians, and Esquimaux have done in our times further north.

We speak of the stable land; but we must always remember that, whether the

land is upheaved by volcanic energy from beneath, or the sea-level lowered by the abstraction of water and the piling up of snow and ice on the circumpolar lands, the effect is the same to man as an observer. This however we know, that in the latest geological period—the Tertiary (both Miocene and Pliocene) early man may have been a witness of some of the largest exhibitions of elevatory force on our earth's surface; for in these later periods the great Himalayan, Persian, Carpathian, and Alpine chains have been upraised, carrying high upon their flanks, as a part of their structure, beds of Nummulitic limestone of Middle Eocene age!

If, then, the Himalayas with Mount Everest have been raised up to 29,000 feet above the sea in this recent period, our islands may well have oscillated a few hundreds of feet; and trivial as such phenomena may be when compared to the elevation of the great backbone of the Asiatic Continent, nevertheless these lesser changes have for us an interest which even the lofty mountain masses do not possess. Nor is it an idle question to ask—"Was man present to witness these modifications of our islands?" He may have been, judging by his implements. Certainly in France and Switzerland he saw and killed the musk-sheep; and in France he also saw the mammoth alive and pictured him. But the reindeer and the horse were the chief objects of the chase, as their remains testify. Nor is it at all improbable that these nomadic cave-dwellers are represented to-day by the tribes of the Arctic seaboard, who have retreated with the amelioration of the climate which compelled the reindeer to go further north to give place to more southern animals and hunters, and these in time to civilized man himself.—*Popular Science Review*.

SLAVERY IN EGYPT.

ON few subjects connected with the East is Western opinion more at fault than that of slavery in the Levant. Thanks mainly to the well-meant but to-

* See the beautiful specimen lately presented to the British Museum by Capt. Feilden, the naturalist on board H.M.S. *Discovery*, and now on exhibition in the Zoological Gallery.

tally misleading exaggerations of professional philanthropists, the popular notion of Turkish and Egyptian servitude has been formed from illustrations of the cruel and brutalizing bondage established in our own colonies till within little more than forty years ago, which survived for thirty years later in the Southern United States, and which still

exists in Cuba and Brazil ;* but, barring the owner's right of property in the slave, the two systems have hardly a feature in common, and even this the patriarchal manners and, on not a few points, humaner legislation of the East have beset by limitations which distinguish it widely from the absolute title of the Cuban or American Legree. Many, too, regard slavery, in the East as a purely Mohammedan institution, forgetting that it is older than Abraham, and ignorant that till within quite recent years it has been practised by Moslem and Christian alike. Under the less liberal laws and social customs of Turkey, the right is no longer accorded to rayahs ; but in Egypt the law makes no difference between Arab and Copt, and slaves are therefore still commonly owned by both. But in both Turkey and Egypt the condition of the slave differs *toto cælo* from that of the old Roman *servus* and the modern West Indian and American negro. In the latter cases he was, and is, a mere chattel, subjected to every degrading hardship, and liable to be cruelly abused at will. In the Levant he is simply an unwaged indoor servant, whom both law and religion protect from ill-treatment, and who, as a rule, is not only as kindly used as ordinary domestics in Europe, but enjoys over them not a few advantages. Slavery is, of course, bad and indefensible under any conditions, but it is right that the vast difference between its Eastern and Western types should be understood.

In the absence of any official statistics on the point, no even approximate estimate of the number of the slave population in Egypt can be given. It must, however, be large, as nearly all the indoor work in every family above the poorest is done by servants of this class. From the house of the pettiest dealer, or even better-class mechanic, up to the palace of the Khedive slave labor for this kind of work is the rule. And here one of the many important distinctions between Eastern and Western servitude is at once met with. In Egypt and Turkey

domestic work only is done by slaves,* the cases being rare in which they are employed even in stables or light gardening ; while in the West their chief value has always been as field hands. So inwrought, indeed, is the institution into the domestic and social life of the country, that the possession of one or more slaves is as essential to 'respectability' amongst one's neighbors as is that of a servant for menial work in a European family ; and this social consideration has, probably, more to do with the maintenance of the institution than any question as to the relative cost of slave and free labor. The Koranic law on the subject being of course the same in Turkey as in Egypt, the condition of slaves in the two countries is in the main identical, but practically it is in many respects better in the latter. In Turkey slaves are, as a rule, kindly treated, and in instances not a few have risen to high office ; but they are none the less made to feel that, so long as they remain slaves, their status is much below that of free men. In Egypt, on the contrary, the fact that for centuries a race of slaves—the Mamlouks—ruled the country has long ago relieved bondage from the stigma of social degradation that attaches to it in the West, and has raised the relation between master and slave to one under which the latter indeed owes personal service to the former, but without, either in himself or others, any sense of ignominy involved in paying it. He is, in a word, rather the dependent than the slave of his owner, who treats him—far more than free servants—as a member of the family, and in cases innumerable gives him his liberty after a few years, and starts him on his way to any fortune, save the highest in the country—for between black and white freedmen and free men, neither the law nor society makes any practical distinction.

Slaves in Egypt may be broadly divided into *white* and *black*, although the shades

* The recent discussions in Parliament, and the appeals of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Societies to Lord Derby, amply exemplify the prevailing misconceptions on this subject.

* To this rule there are now in Egypt a few exceptions in the case of village sheikhs, who, after the increase of wealth consequent on the development of cotton culture during the American war, in a few instances bought slaves to help in field labor ; but the work done by these is as light as that of the free fellah, and in respect of food and lodging they share the common fortune of their owner and his family.

of color between these two extremes are very numerous. To the one class belong the fair-skinned Circassian, and the dusky, but often beautiful, Abyssinian; and to the other the darker, but still straight-haired, Galla, and the negro from Nubia, Kordofan, or Darfour. The extinction of the Mamlouks, and the indiscriminate admission of Arabs and Copts alike to the public service, have practically put an end to the importation of white male slaves, who are now rarely or never met with as adults. Some few boys are occasionally purchased as play-fellows for the sons of the wealthier beys or pashas, but in almost every instance as soon as they reach full age they are liberated, married off—frequently to their masters' daughters—and in some way established in life. In fact, the relation of this very limited class to their owners just falls short of adoption, which was formerly very common, but is less so now. The relatively great mortality among the children of white mothers who have themselves not been born in the country contributes to maintain the demand for Circassian girls, the vast majority of whom, however, find not merely purchasers but husbands among the sons of the wealthier classes. It is now, indeed, rare that a full-grown white girl is kept in mere concubinage, as both her cost and her personal attractions give her a value that speedily—very often at once—raises her to the higher domestic rank. But the importation of these Caucasian luxuries has greatly fallen off since the cessation of the regular traffic between Constantinople and the coast of Abasia reduced the supply, and correspondingly raised the price of the smuggled article. Most of the few who now reach Egypt singly or in couples, where thirty years ago they came in scores, belong to the Circassian colonies in Roumelia or Asia Minor, and the difficulties of even their import under the eyes of jealous foreign consuls are such that the trade has virtually ceased. At any rate, it is only in the very wealthiest harems that these exotic beauties are now to be found. They are mostly bought at from ten to twelve years of age, and, after being well nurtured for three or four years, and taught the usual Eastern accomplishments, are, as a rule, either married by the master of the house or given as wives

to his sons. In strict law marriage does not confer freedom, but the girl is nearly always first liberated, and the offspring are, in any case, born free. One especial reason why these white girls are thus almost always married is that they wear much longer than either native Egyptian ladies or Abyssinians, retaining their fine physique to thirty-five or even forty years of age, while the latter are generally withered and *passées* before five-and-twenty. This is an important consideration, in view of the now prevailing fashion among the upper classes of having only one wife; but the much higher cost of these white beauties places them beyond the reach of all but the wealthiest, and except for these the harem market is now chiefly supplied with Abyssinians, who, at a fifth, or even eighth or tenth of the price, are in all but color and wear physically equal to the best of their white rivals. Some of these copper-skinned houris are indeed very models of southern beauty—combining with a profusion of long wavy hair, lustrous eyes, regular and delicately cut features, perfectly curved busts, and admirably moulded limbs generally, a grace and even dignity of carriage that no artificial training could heighten. Many of the wives of the middle, and nearly all the concubines of the upper, classes are taken from this source of supply, as free Arab girls never enter harems in this latter capacity. There are also many Abyssinian male slaves, whose employment and treatment are similar to those of their white fellows, and who, once liberated, may, like the latter, rise to any attainable rank in the public service.

The other class of wholly black slaves is much more numerous, and is generally employed in lower kinds of domestic work than those just noticed.* They comprise specimens of every black race known to Northern and Central Africa, from the mixed Arabs and Abyssinians of Nubia, Berber, and Sennaar to the pure negro of Darfour, and the yet other cross—neither negro nor Abyssinian—which forms the Galla tribes. These it is whose kidnapping and other means of obtainment in the remote interior form

* But in families where both slaves and free servants are kept the meanest work of all is done by the latter.

the chief ground of complaint against slavery in Egypt. But once in the country and absorbed into its service, their condition, it may be affirmed, becomes not merely an immense improvement on their past, but in all respects one of the lightest forms of servitude to which the name of slavery can be given. From every material point of view they are infinitely better off than the free-born fellahs, on whom, indeed, they look down with proud contempt as an inferior class—since, as before remarked, both law and religion combine to protect them, as neither protects the peasant. A bad master can, of course, ill-treat his slave as well as his free servant to the borders of cruelty without coming within the clutches of the *cadi*; but such cases are rare, as the social sentiment on the subject is essentially humane and quite as operative as public opinion among ourselves. This is, of course, occasionally disregarded; and where that happens the law now supplies a ready and effective means of redress. Already the *shéariat*, or old religious law, entitled an ill-used slave to insist on being sold to another master; but soon after his accession the Khedive extended this provision by ordering his full emancipation in every case of proved abuse. This humane decree was, however, evaded in practice by the masters meeting every complaint with a counter-charge of theft or other criminal offence, which availed with the too conservative and not always incorruptible *cadi* to secure a sentence of imprisonment, or other severe punishment, unless the slave consented to return to his owner. To remedy this failure of justice the Khedive then ordered that the foreign consuls should have jurisdiction in such cases, and that on their demand the native authorities should issue the necessary certificates of manumission. This very liberal provision worked fairly well for a time, till the abolitionist zeal of some of our own agents abused it in the other direction, by liberating every slave who presented himself at the consulate with even the flimsiest grievance. Many hundreds were thus set free before the abuse culminated at Mansourah, where in 1873 our consular agent (a Levantine, and in rank not even a vice-consul) emancipated no fewer than 1700 in a single month, and would soon have libe-

rated the whole slave population of the province if the Cairo authorities, deferring to a general outcry among the heads of families, had not interfered. In the result the Khedive indemnified the owners of the slaves thus incontinently released, and narrowed the liberating powers of the consuls for the future to cases in which, after full enquiry in concert with the native authorities, positive maltreatment should be proved. The subjoined extract from a despatch addressed at the time by Nubar Pasha—himself a Christian, and then Egyptian Minister of Foreign Affairs—to her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General embodies the views then, and there is reason to believe still, held by his Highness as to the extent to which this philanthropic interference between master and slave can, as yet, be fairly carried:

It was impossible for his Highness to issue orders, as seems to have been understood, that it was only necessary for a slave to present himself before the local authorities in order that these latter should be obliged to give him his papers of liberation. Such an order would have been simply arbitrary on his Highness's part, and would have led to a result exactly contrary to that which he proposes, by stimulating the public sentiment against measures calculated to arbitrarily injure private rights which have been legally acquired. This sentiment is all the more founded since in the East, and especially in Egypt, religion and usage combine to correct, as far as possible, whatever is hard or cruel in the condition of the slave. The European Governments who have abolished slavery in their colonies have, in the interests of justice, taken into full account the rights acquired by the owners, and it was only by the payment of large indemnities that they put an end to an institution which even their religion condemned. In the orders he had issued, therefore, his Highness could not ignore his duty to protect institutions which are in Egypt consecrated by both religion and custom. For this reason, the orders he has always given were intended not to authorise the Government functionaries to set free all slaves asking for liberty, but only those who may have suffered cruel treatment from their masters—whether they complained of this in person or through some other channel. In such cases the local authorities are obliged to enquire into the truth of the complaint, and once the ill-treatment is proved, freedom is given.

Foreign interference is now, therefore, exercised within these limits, which equitably meet all the fair wants of the situation; since—besides the other ready means of obtaining his liberty which are

afforded by volunteering into the army—with this right of appeal to her Majesty's consul at Alexandria, Cairo, Port Said, or Suez, every really ill-treated slave in Egypt holds

— in his own hand

The power to cancel his captivity.

Nor is it merely absence of cruelty and general humanity of treatment which both law and usage thus enforce. It happens so often as to have almost become the rule that, after a few years' faithful service, the slave is voluntarily liberated, and, if a man, established in some sort of business; or, if a woman, married to an honest freeman, with whom a suitable dowry secures her ready acceptance and good treatment as a wife. Even where this is not done slaves bought young (as most of them are) are seldom or never sold again, and in nine cases out of ten they are set free at their owner's death. A concubine, too, who bears a child to her master not only cannot afterwards be sold, but is generally liberated, and often married by him after the birth, while the child is born free,* and the mother acquires the absolute right of freedom at his death.

The wide distinction which all this constitutes between Eastern and Western slavery results directly from the legislation on which the former is based. This is simply the old Mosaic law which Mohammed found in the Jewish Scripture, and adapted with few or no material changes to the new family life of Islam. At first, with Moslems as with Jews, slavery was maintained by the legitimate spoils of war, and in both cases it was only when these ceased that the institution was fed by the purchase of imported captives, found, the buyers were not curious to enquire how or where. In all times Africa has been the chief field of supply, and there is no reason to suppose that the cruelties practised in obtaining the victims and bringing them to market—which form the chief, if not almost the only, argument against the mild form of slavery at present existing in the Levant—are greater now than

they were two, three, or four thousand years ago, when the traffic had the sanction first of patriarchal practice, and then of direct Levitical law. Looked at from the standpoint of our higher modern civilization, it is now of course none the better for this; but as the scene of the institution is still the 'unchanging East,' much of whose social life has been stereotyped for a hundred generations, these historical factors in the problem should not be forgotten.

Still, although the conditions of servitude in Egypt are thus comparatively easy, the death-rate among the black slaves especially is, and always has been, higher than in any other class of the population. In the old days of plague they were its first and most numerous victims, and they still suffer from pulmonary diseases to an extent unknown among natives and resident Europeans. Few black slaves, indeed, reach middle age, ten or a dozen years generally sufficing to sweep away a generation, at the end of which the whole have to be replaced. Black slave children, too, as well as white, born in the country, mostly die early, and consequently contribute little or nothing to maintain the class. In this double fact lies the vitality of the trade that recruits the service, in spite of its legal abolition some years ago. The most the Government has been able—or has perhaps desired—to do, has been to abate the cruelties of the traffic within Egyptian territory, to prohibit—i.e. minimise—the import of slaves by the Nile, and to close the public slave-markets in Cairo, Alexandria, Tintah, and other towns of the interior where, till within a few years ago, the trade was openly carried on. To effect the first of these results the old *gazzuas*, or slave hunts, which even in Abbas Pasha's time were regularly organized by Government officers in Upper Nubia and the Soudan, have been put an end to, and kidnapping is now believed to be practised nowhere within the limits of established Egyptian authority, except in the southern districts of Sennaar and Kordofan, where the Khedive's firman is still powerless to completely stamp out a traffic which has formed a staple industry in all these regions since history began. The chief sources of supply are now, therefore, the great oasis of Darfour—annexed only a couple of years ago—

* Except where the mother is the property of one of the master's wives, who has not consented to the concubinage. The child is then a slave, unless before its birth the mother has been sold or presented to the father.

the Shilook country, and the districts south of it watered by the Bahr-el-Gazel, the Sobat, and the Upper White Nile, over most of which the authority of the Cairo Government is as yet only nominal, and powerless, consequently, to prevent the razzias which feed this cruellest of human traffics. After a long desert journey the caravans from Darfour strike the Nile either at Shendy or Dongola, according as they are intended for Souakim and the Hedjaz or for Egypt proper. Those from the south-east embark at various points above Khartoum, and after voyaging down as far as Halfé or Shendy, cross the so-called desert of Bayiouda to Old Dongola, where they again take to the river. In the case of the whole the sufferings and consequent mortality of the victims before they reach the Nile are very great, and form, indeed, the main argument against an institution which, however mild in its subsequent working, is condemned in advance by these antecedent horrors. But once within the jurisdiction of what may be called the Nile police, the condition of the captives becomes fairly tolerable. Even in these remote provinces the trade is nominally illegal, but the law is a dead letter, and the authorities directly control and profit by the traffic. Care is accordingly taken that the slaves are not unduly packed in the large cargo-boats which transport them down the river, and that they have a sufficiency of food and water. Below the First Cataract, however, the law becomes operative, and thence down to Cairo the importation is strictly contraband; but by this time the numbers have been greatly thinned by sales *en route*, and the small 'parcels' that remain are easily enough smuggled into Boulak or landed a few miles higher up. Very few, it may be here remarked, reach Cairo by way of the Red Sea, as nearly all who are sent to the east coast are shipped across to a ready market in the Hedjaz.

Once in the capital, the dealers (*djellabs*) distribute their stock among their agents in various quarters of the city, and there, although the police are supposed to be on the watch to prevent it, buying and selling go on under the thinnest veil of concealment. An intending purchaser goes to one of the private but perfectly well-known entrepôts in which the dealers and their slaves are lodged,

and, after examining the latter, selects what suits him, haggles for a time about the price, and finally closes the bargain then and there, or subsequently through a broker, who receives a small commission for the job. The *djellabs* object to show their ware to Europeans, unless they be introduced by a native who is not merely a dragoman; but with that voucher and the thin disguise of a fez and a Stamboulee coat a sight of whatever is on hand may be easily enough had. Franks are, of course, now forbidden by their own laws to buy or hold slaves, but the prohibition is not always regarded by residents in the native quarters of the city, where, indeed, a single man cannot hire a house nor obtain lodgings unless he have a female slave. Prices range from 10*l.* or 12*l.* for a black boy or girl of as many years old, to 70*l.* or 100*l.* for an Abyssinian girl of from twelve to seventeen or eighteen, and from 500*l.* to 800*l.*, or even 1000*l.*, for a high-class Circassian. Adult women slaves who have already been in service are cheaper unless their skill in cookery, needlework, or some other useful art balance the vice of temper or other grave defect but for which they are rarely resold. The price of males above the age of childhood varies from 20*l.* or 30*l.* to 90*l.* or 100*l.*, Abyssinian youths and men ranging considerably above negroes. The neutral class of eunuchs has a still higher value, but these are now found in only the very wealthiest Moslem families, the rigorous prohibition which the law enforces against their production within Egyptian territory having greatly reduced the supply, and correspondingly heightened their price. Till within a few years ago, boy slaves were bought on their way down the Upper Nile and mutilated at Assiout and some other stations—Coptic priests being amongst the most expert operators—but this practice has now been suppressed, and the whole of the small yearly importation comes ready-made from Kordofan and Darfour. Most of the few who reach Cairo are bought up for Constantinople, where no Turkish 'gentleman's' establishment is 'complete' without one or more of these neutral police. It may be added that the whole of the slaves imported into Egypt readily adopt the established faith, and soon become the most bigoted

and fanatical section of the Moslem population.

Such, briefly noted, are the chief conditions of slavery in Egypt. How widely they differ from those of the institution whose horrors fired our English abolitionists in the beginning of the present century, and twenty years ago thrilled both Europe and America in the pages of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, need not be repeated.* The one is, in short, simply domestic servitude under practically efficient guarantees against ill-treatment, while the other was the cruellest form of tyranny that man ever exercised over his fellow. But the two systems have this in common—that the same initial cruelties are and were necessary to feed both. This is not so, of course, as regards the white slaves, who are freely sold by their parents, and are themselves consenting parties to the bargain. In their case only the ethical sentiment of Christian, as opposed to Mohammedan, civilisation is offended; and an apologist of the institution might plausibly enough contend that this incident of it is vastly less immoral than the promiscuous 'social evil' which, while sternly reprobated by Moslem law and public feeling, flourishes under police license and almost with social sanction in Europe. It is different, however, with the more numerous class of black slaves, the victims of organised kidnappings and petty tribal wars as cruel as any ever waged on the West Coast; and the sufferings of these it is, during their capture and till they reach the Nile, which condemn even the mild domestic servitude that must be supplied at this price as absolutely as the brutal exaggeration of it which fifty years ago cursed our own colonies and the United States. If the class were self-recruiting the case would be very different; but dependent as it is on barbarities to which every African traveller, from Bruce to Schweinfurth, has borne wit-

ness, civilisation pronounces against it the same fiat of extinction that abolished slavery in the West. Egypt, it is true, is only in part answerable for these atrocities in the remote interior, the spoils of which find markets equally at Zanzibar, in the Hedjaz, in Tripoli, Tunis, Morocco, and Constantinople; but her share in the responsibility is still heavy enough to furnish unfriendly critics with a plausible argument against Egyptian civilization, and the credit of the Cairo Government is therefore directly staked on the complete suppression of this traffic. That the Khedive is fully sensible of this is shown by the efforts he has already made to reduce it to the narrowest limits; and, having done this, his determination to put an end to it altogether may be inferred from the enlarged powers he has conferred on Colonel Gordon to crush it everywhere between the First Cataract and the Equator. No ruler of Egypt could do more than entrust such a commission to such a man.* But even with Gordon Pasha in the Soudan, and the Khedive in Cairo, the suppression of the trade and of the institution it keeps alive must needs be slow. Custom and religion have too long consecrated both for any human power to at once stamp out either. With the gradual suppression, however, of slave-hunting and selling in Darfour and along the Upper Nile black slave-holding in Egypt proper must perforce die out; and with the withering of that main trunk of the institution the rest will speedily disappear. In the mean time, while this social revolution is being effected, Egyptian legislation and public sentiment may be fairly credited with having minimised the evils which are inseparable from slavery even in its mildest form.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

* It must be borne in mind that it is a mild and harmless traffic as compared with slave-trading in other parts of Africa, and that domestic slavery in Egypt presents few of the horrible features which have been witnessed in other parts of the world.—*Report of Mr. Beardsley, U. S. Consul-General at Cairo* (1873).

* In a recently published letter on the subject of his new commission Col. Gordon says: 'I am astounded at the powers he [the Khedive] has placed in my hands. With the Governor-Generalship of the Soudan, it will be my fault if slavery does not cease, and if these vast countries are not open to the world. So there is an end of slavery, if God wills, for the whole secret of the matter is in the government of the Soudan, and if the man who holds that government is against it, it must cease.'

CURIOUS DISCOVERIES CONCERNING VISION.

MANY years ago an ingenious tale appeared in one of the magazines, the hero of which had a theory to the effect that the last object seen by a dying person was imprinted on the retina, and could, by suitable means, be photographed, and so preserved. His researches on this subject and his final success were detailed with great appearance of truth, and in the end he discovered the murderer of his sister by recognizing in a chance-met stranger the original of the portrait he had, years before, obtained from the eye of the victim. It is curious how prophetic this seemingly wild fable has turned out to be of a wonderful discovery made within the last few weeks.

A short time since Franz Boll observed that the retinas of all animals, instead of being white or greyish, as was supposed, were of a beautiful purple-red hue. Boll supposed that this color was destroyed during life by strong light and restored by darkness, and that it invariably disappeared, for ever, a few seconds after death.

Since the publication of Boll's results, the subject has been investigated in great detail by Kühne,* who has arrived at conclusions the importance of which can hardly be too highly estimated. He found, first of all, that although the sight-purple (*Schpurpur*) disappears within half a minute after death in bright sunlight, yet that in gaslight it remains unaltered for twenty to thirty minutes, and in the dark, or when exposed only to the yellow light of the sodium flame, for twenty-four to forty-eight hours—after the time in fact, at which decomposition has set in. The color, moreover, exists only in the layer of rods and cones, and although discharged by high temperature and by certain reagents, it remains unaffected by others, such as common salt, alum, and glycerine, and is also unaltered when the retina is spread on a glass plate—of course, in yellow light—and allowed to undergo complete desiccation. Furthermore, when a retina was spread out on glass partly covered

by strips of tinfoil, and then exposed to light, it was found that the otherwise bleached membrane retained its beautiful purple color wherever it had been protected from the action of light by the tinfoil. In other words, there was impressed upon it a *positive photograph* of the strips. It was now necessary to decide the question, How is the sight-purple renewed in the living animal after being bleached by light? The retina from one eye of a frog was removed and placed on a glass plate; an equatorial section was made of the other eye, and its posterior half was exposed to light, under the same conditions as the removed retina, until the latter was completely bleached. The second retina, still in its natural relations to the other coats of the eye, but presumably with its color discharged, was then taken to the sodium chamber, removed, placed on glass, and again brought into ordinary daylight. The purple color was found to be perfectly restored. From another eye the retina was removed in such a way that some black fibres of the underlying choroid coat still adhered to it; it was then spread out on glass and exposed to light. The bleaching effect was less marked when the choroid was left. Still more instructive is an experiment in which a portion of the retina was removed from its natural position until bleached, and then carefully put back, so as to be once more in contact with the choroid; when removed after a few minutes it was found that the sight-purple was completely renewed. It is thus proved that the restoration of the sensitive pigment is the special function of the choroid, the hexagonal cells of which, extending for a short distance between the rods and cones, continually sensitize the latter, as they become bleached by light. It follows from this that, as Kühne observes in a subsequent paper,* normal vision is only possible while a constant balance exists between the bleaching of the rods by light and the purpurogenous action of the retinal epithelium.

* *Zur Photochemie der Netzhaut.* Gelesen in der Sitzung des naturhistorischmedizinischen Vereins zu Heidelberg den 5 Januar, 1877.

* 'Vorläufige Mittheilung über optographische Versuche.' *Centralblatt für die med. Wissenschaften*, 1877, No. 3.

If, therefore, this balance were destroyed by a prolonged exposure to light, it should be possible to obtain a *permanent optograph* of a luminous object; and this Kühne now set himself to accomplish, devoting his attention to the eyes of mammals, in which the purple-forming function of the choroid ceases a few minutes after death.

A rabbit was fixed at a short distance (1.5 metre) from a square hole, of 30 centimetres in the side, in a window-shutter; its head was covered for a short interval with a black cloth, the cloth was removed, and the eye exposed to the light of midday for three minutes. The animal was then instantly beheaded, the eye removed in a chamber lighted by the sodium flame, and placed in a solution of alum. On the second day the retina was removed, and was found to exhibit, on a rose-red ground, a white image about one square millimetre in size, almost quadrate in shape, and with its edges sharp as if drawn by a ruler!

Naturally Kühne was not satisfied with this single experiment, decisive as it was, but a week after its publication brought out a third communication, in which even more beautiful and astonishing results are described.* A rabbit was treated in the same manner as the last, except that it was placed a short distance from an entire window, and not a hole in a shutter: in this case the whole image of the window was accurately photographed—the panes white, the cross-bars red and sharply defined. It was found also, as might have been expected, that a better image was obtained from the eye of a rabbit just killed than from one actu-

ally living, it being difficult in the latter case to overcome the regenerating action of the choroid on the sight-purple.

Lastly, Kühne tried the simplest possible method of optography: the head of a rabbit was cut off, and, without any preparation, held for ten minutes under the middle of a large skylight. After the usual treatment with alum, the retina was examined, and on it was seen the perfectly sharp image of the skylight, with every pane and cross-bar accurately reproduced, and, at some distance, a smaller image of the second skylight of the room, the light from which of course fell obliquely into the eye.

To summarise—the essential conditions of vision are essentially photographic: the purple layer of rods and cones is altogether analogous to a sensitized plate, the color of which is discharged by light, but, during life, immediately renewed by the layer of epithelial cells in contact with it. And thus a great stride has been made in bringing the mysterious processes of life within the grasp of ordinary chemico-physical laws. Much yet remains to be done; the realm of things settled is still but an

isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of a steely sea;

and it will be a long time yet before the desirable though perhaps somewhat dreary, state of things comes to pass, when the biologist may, according to his temperament, sit down and weep that he has no more worlds to conquer, or sing his *Nunc dimittis* at having no more problems to settle and no more battles to fight.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

A LITTLE dreaming, such as mothers know;
A little lingering over dainty things;
A happy heart, wherein Hope all aglow
Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and sings—
And that is all.

A little clasping to her yearning breast;
A little musing over future years;
A heart that prays, "Dear Lord, Thou knowest best,
But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of tears"—
And that is all.

A little spirit speeding through the night ;
 A little home grown lonely, dark, and chill ;
 A sad heart, groping blindly for the light ;
 A little snow-clad grave beneath the hill—
 And that is all.

A little gathering of life's broken thread ;
 A little patience keeping back the tears ;
 A heart that sings, "Thy darling is not dead,
 God keeps her safe through His eternal years"—
 And that is all.

Macmillan's Magazine.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TURKEY. By Lieutenant-Colonel James Baker, M.A. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

This is issued as a "companion volume" to Wallace's "Russia," and may fairly be conceded to take rank with it to the extent that as Mr. Wallace's book is the best and freshest treatise on the great northern empire, so Colonel Baker's is the best and freshest exposition of the condition, antecedents, and character of the Ottomans and their subject peoples; but in other essential respects the two works are in complete contrast with each other. Mr. Wallace is a trained scholar and industrious student; Col. Baker a travelled soldier who, though an acute observer, is not much given to severe intellectual analysis. Mr. Wallace devoted years to the patient accumulation, sifting, and comparison of facts bearing upon the various subjects of which he treats; Col. Baker is satisfied with such evidence as comes before him incidentally, as it were, and without any curious delving into obscure and apparently contradictory phenomena. Mr. Wallace is cautious in forming conclusions, and carefully qualified in their statement; Col. Baker unhesitatingly pronounces an *ex-cathedra* judgment upon any thing that offers itself. Mr. Wallace is perfectly impartial and dispassionate in his search after the truth; Col. Baker starts out with a bias, which, though unquestionably honest, goes through the usual process of selecting and assimilating such facts as conform to it, and rejecting or belittling such as do not, thus becoming stronger at every step. Mr. Wallace's book would be valuable at any time, and is likely to be a standard work for many years to come; Col. Baker's derives much of its importance from its peculiar appositeness to the present condition of affairs in the East, and much of its interest from the presence of that personal element which constitutes the chief charm of a record of travel. Mr. Wallace will

long be the constant companion of all real students of Russian affairs; Col. Baker's animated narrative will be read with pleasure by a still wider circle, but the instruction to be gotten from it may be easily acquired by a single perusal.

Col. Baker left England for Turkey in the summer of 1874, and, after spending a few weeks at Constantinople, observing the changes that have taken place in the city of the Sultans since the epoch of the Crimean War, proceeded to Burgas, a port on the Black Sea just south of the eastern end of the Balkan Mountains. Here he bought horses and obtained a guide, and set out on a horse-back journey of a thousand miles, which carried him nearly across Turkey in Europe from east to west, through the very heart of the Empire. Crossing the Balkan range at its western extremity, he made an excursion into the rich valley of the Danube, and then proceeded southwest to Salonica on the gulf of that name, near which he purchased an extensive farm, and linked his fortunes definitively with those of the country. During his long journey through the interior, and subsequently during his three years' residence on his farm in Macedonia, Col. Baker was brought in contact not only with the ruling caste of Turks, official and unofficial, but with nearly all the subject or Christian peoples. His book, though primarily a record of travel and personal observations, deals in detail and at considerable length with the origin, history, character, and qualities of each branch of the motley population of Turkey-in-Europe; and along with the narrative of personal experiences he gives the results of close study of the best available authorities, and of careful inquiry from natives, residents, and officials wherever he went. His compilations are interesting and apparently trustworthy, his personal testimony to any fact is unimpeachable, and the statistics he has gathered are copious, valuable, and fresh; and the only serious

blemish upon his work is that, as we have already intimated, he is dominated throughout by a strong preconceived bias. His bias is the characteristically English one that comes partly from a sincere belief in the good disposition of the Turks, but chiefly from jealousy and distrust of Russia. Col. Baker evidently believed that he had valuable facts to communicate, and he has communicated them in an interesting and attractive manner; but his book is, in substance, an apology for the abuses and atrocities of the Ottoman rule, and a bitter arraignment of Russian perfidy and intrigue, which he considers responsible for nearly all the recent "troubles."

In casting about for a remedy to the present deplorable condition of affairs, Col. Baker sees very clearly that education must be the great lever in the regeneration of the East; and it is agreeable to American readers to read his cordial and reiterated testimony to the excellent work which Americans are doing in this respect in Turkey. Robert College, founded by American liberality and conducted by American teachers, he pronounces the most useful educational institution in the Empire, and throughout the interior he found that the American missions were centres of a civilizing and enlightening influence among the people. He confesses that at one time he had an absurd prejudice against Americans, but that he was compelled not only to respect them but "to bow down in reverence before them" when he found what noble work they are doing in Turkey and Greece.

The volume is well provided with tables of population, taxation, military resources, etc., and, besides a good index, contains two colored maps—one in skeleton outline of the Turkish Empire in Europe and Asia, and another very full one of Turkey in Europe.

ESSAYS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Frederic Bastiat. English Translation Revised with Notes by David A. Wells. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons*.

Of all the numerous writers who of late years have undertaken the task of expounding Political Economy, it is conceded that none have equalled the late M. Frederic Bastiat in the skill, and force, and lucidity with which he laid bare to men of average intelligence the elementary principles of the science. His works have become classical in this department of literature, and readers who would find in Adam Smith, and Ricardo, and even Mill, only cumulative evidence of the dry and uninteresting nature of the "dismal science," will turn to these brief, simple, and homely expositions with never-failing pleas-

ure and satisfaction. The "Essays" have long since been translated into nearly every European language, and are not unknown in this country; but the current English version was so imperfect that Mr. Wells was induced to undertake such a revision as would display their merits to the best advantage to a new world of readers. In carrying out this idea he has not confined himself to a mere rectification of the text, but has made such changes in the phraseology and illustrations as would make the exposition conform to the changed condition of affairs since 1848 (when it was written) and to the different circumstances of men, laws, and things at present existing in this country. English names have been substituted for French ones, dollars and cents put in place of francs and sous, and a few pertinent notes, drawn mainly from the recent economical experience of the United States, have also been added.

The "Essays" in their present shape are probably precisely what M. Bastiat himself would have addressed to an American audience of this time if he had been writing for us instead of for a French audience of the period of 1848; and we take pleasure in indorsing Mr. Wells's commendation of the book to "all friends of economic studies and reforms in the United States," and in asking their coöperation in extending its circulation among the people.

PERU: Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas. By E. George Squier, M.A., F.S.A. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

Students of American antiquities have already been placed under obligations to Mr. Squier by his researches among the ancient monuments of the Mississippi Valley and in various portions of Central America; and the sense of this obligation will be deepened by the present elaborate and instructive work. Of all the aboriginal civilizations that of the Incas is at once the most important and the most interesting, and has left behind it the grandest and most numerous monuments. Over nearly every portion of modern Peru—along the coast, in the teeming valleys of the interior, and on the lofty mountain-sides—are scattered relics of the "Children of the Sun," including every variety of structure, from the vast ruins of Tiahuanuco, Cuzco, and Grand Chimu, and the stupendous aqueducts and highways, to solitary huacas and nameless graves in the nitrous sands of the desert. These relics have attracted the passing attention of many travellers, and a few native scholars have investigated various limited

areas, while the cupidity of the treasure-seeker has vied with time and the elements in the work of destroying the grandest edifices; but until Mr. Squier began the labors of which the fruit is here garnered, no one had undertaken (or at least no one had performed) the task of giving us a systematic, comprehensive, minute, and accurate survey of the various typical monuments of Peruvian antiquity.

Mr. Squier went to Peru as United States Commissioner, "for the settlement of all outstanding difficulties," and after accomplishing his work in that behalf, began his archæological explorations in the district around Lima. He next proceeded to Truxillo in the north, and carefully explored the ruins in that vicinity, including the vast and remarkable ones of Grand Chimú. He then returned to Lima and crossed the Cordillera to the ancient remains of Tiahuanaco, after surveying which he made a minute examination of Lake Titicaca with its sacred islands and their interesting relics of the Inca civilization. At Silustani he found what he considers remains of a pre-Inca period; and of the ruins of Cuzco he gives the most satisfactory account that has ever been written. Chinchero, Ollantaytambo, Pisac, and other wonderful ruins in and about the valley of Yucay were next visited and closely examined; and another journey over the Cordillera to the coast, during which he saw the famous hanging-bridges over the Apurimac and Pampa, finished his year-and-a-half's wanderings. Mr. Squier is an accomplished archæologist, a trained surveyor, and a veteran observer, while his thorough knowledge of the requirements and difficulties of antiquarian research enables him to make the best use of all his faculties and opportunities. He wastes little time on vague speculations and conjectures, but his book abounds in minute and severely accurate descriptions, in carefully measured ground-plans, charts, and elevations, in photographic illustrations of architectural remains, and in pictorial reproductions of characteristic specimens of pottery, cloth, personal ornaments, and other works of art. He throws much light on the private life, customs, industries, and beliefs of the ancient Peruvians, and may be fairly said to have done more than any other one man to enable us to understand and reconstruct the Inca civilization.

Aside from its archæological value the book is an agreeably-written narrative of travel, always interesting and often sprightly and entertaining; and is richly and copiously illustrated.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. A Monograph. By T. Wemyss Reid. New-York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*

Our readers have already had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the contents of this interesting volume, as the articles of which it is chiefly composed were published in the *ECLECTIC* for December, 1876, and January and February, 1877. These articles, embodying as they did many new letters of Charlotte Brontë which cleared up several obscure points in her career, and which seemed to justify us in taking a more cheerful view of her character and life than that adopted by Mrs. Gaskell in her otherwise excellent biography, were well worthy of reproduction in book form, and will be welcomed in this shape even by those who have already perused them in their original form, particularly as numerous and considerable additions have been made. The author has endeavored to meet more fully such criticism as they evoked in their passage through the magazine, and the interest of the volume is greatly increased by a number of useful illustrations, comprising a portrait of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, views of Haworth village, of Haworth church, of Haworth parsonage and graveyard, of the Roe Head School, of the "Field Head" and "Briarfield Church" of *Shirley*, and of the house that Charlotte visited, and a fac-simile letter of Charlotte Brontë.

POEMS OF PLACES. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Italy. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

The three volumes covering Italy are in several respects the richest and most interesting that have appeared in Mr. Longfellow's series. No scenes and memories have proved such an inspiration to the poets of all lands as those connected with Italy; and, besides a host of less known writers, the list of authors cited includes the names of Homer, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Shakespeare, Byron, Goethe, Addison, Goldsmith, Thomson, Wordsworth, Rogers, Shelley, Southey, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Landor, Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes. Many of the best known descriptive poems in literature are here clustered together, and along with them are numerous others which deserve to have found a wider audience than hitherto. The guide-book makers and writers of travels have done much to smooth the path of the tourist in Italy; but henceforth no traveller who intends to cross the Alps should consider his outfit complete unless it includes Mr. Longfellow's generous volumes.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. TENNYSON, it is said, proposes to write another historical drama.

MR. J. R. GREEN has, we hear, nearly completed the first volume of his revised and enlarged *History of England*.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARE has undertaken the task of writing a memoir of the late Baroness de Bunsen. A selection from her letters will be given.

KEMAL BEY, the founder of the Turkish drama, who has been for some time imprisoned, is now under trial at Constantinople for treason. The chief judge is another distinguished *littérateur*, Subhi Pasha.

A BOOK by a Manchester lady, entitled "The Natural History of Shakespeare," is in the press, and will be ready shortly. It will consist of passages from Shakspeare which refer to flowers, fruits, vegetables, and kindred subjects.

UNDER the title of "Members of the Fourth Estate," Mr. Alexander Bassano, the photographer, is about to issue in twelve five shilling monthly-parts, portraits of some of the leading journalists of the time. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold will edit the work, and contribute an introductory essay on the growth of journalism in England.

Two volumes of Michelet's posthumous works are about to be sent to press. The first, to be entitled *Les Soldats de la Révolution*, comprises a biography of Hoche, of La Tour d'Auvergne, of the brothers Mamelli; the second, entitled *Le Banquet*, includes a descriptive and poetical portion on Italy, and a theoretical portion in which Michelet sketches socialistic and humanitarian dreams.

THE excitement created in France by M. Zola's "L'Assommoir," has prompted M. A. de Secondigné, hitherto known only as a political author, to write an opposition story, entitled "L'Assomé." M. Zola's critics now accuse him of having "gemmed" his novel by transferring to it several pages of a book written by an artisan, some ten years ago, on artisan morals.

AN astonishing report has reached Paris from Siberia, namely, that Petöfi Sándor, the great Hungarian poet, supposed to have perished in the battle of Segesway, is still living, a prisoner in Siberia. A man just returned from the mines, states having seen him, and affirms his identity. The illustrious poet would be now only fifty-six years of age. It is understood that Count Andrassy is instituting inquiries.

A COPY of Beaumont and Fletcher which formerly belonged to Charles Lamb has been bought for the British Museum. It has numerous notes by Lamb, and markings by himself and sister of passages to be extracted for his *Specimens of Early English Dramatic Poets*. Many notes by Coleridge are also in it; one runs: "N.B. I shall not be long here, Charles! I gone, you will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave a relic. S.T.C., Oct. 1811."

M. EUGÈNE REVILHOUT has recently discovered in the Bibliothèque Nationale a long fragment, in demotic, of a history of Egypt, written in the times of the Ptolemies, which has been hitherto supposed to be a volume of prayers. It contains notices of the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth Dynasties, that is, of those princes who fought against the Persians for the independence of their country. M. De Revilhout will shortly publish a complete translation of this interesting work.

M. PHILARÈTE CHASLES wrote a work on Shakespeare's Sonnets, which his widow has translated, and for which she hopes to find an English publisher. M. Chasles held that the Sonnets are addressed, in different sections, to the two Lords Southampton and Pembroke, and to three ladies, one beauty in the summer of her prime, a second younger than the poet, who was then in the decline of his autumn, and a third, the dark, black-eyed musician, who alone is generally recognized. The comment on each sonnet is on its general subject only.

BRUGSCH-BEY, the eminent Egyptologue, has laid historical as well as hieroglyphic scholars under great obligations by the almost simultaneous publication of two important works: one in German, describing the history of Israel under the Pharaohs; the other, a geographical dictionary, in French, containing more than 2000 names of places in Egypt derived from the Egyptian monuments. The former work is complete; it will, we understand, ultimately appear in a French translation. The geographical dictionary contains many passages from the inscriptions never before translated, and also presents the whole available material for the explanation of the names from non-hieroglyphic as well as hieroglyphic sources.

SCIENCE AND ART.

BAROMETRIC TIDES.—Meteorologists are well aware of the fact, that as a rule the barometer rises and falls twice within the twenty-four hours. Wherever observations are made, this movement is seen; and attempts have been made to refer it to the influence of tides in the

air. But what causes the aerial tides? Some observers say magnetism, others say heat and differences of temperature. Mr. Blanford, meteorological reporter to the government of India, has studied the subject; and in a communication to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, he remarks: "It appears in a high degree probable that a great part of the diurnal irregularity of the barometric tides is due to the transfer of air from land to sea, and *vice versa*, and to a similar transfer which may be proved to take place between the plains and the mountains. But the phenomenon is very complex, and much study and labor are yet required to unravel its elements, consisting as they do partly of elastic and reactionary pressure, partly of dynamic pressure, and partly of variations in the static pressure of the atmosphere. Till this shall have been done, and it shall be found, after all, that heat and its effects are insufficient to explain the phenomenon, it seems premature to resort to magnetic and electrical phenomena for the explanation of the barometric tides."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF STELLAR AND PLANETARY SPECTRA.—It is rather singular that while American and English astronomers succeeded almost simultaneously in solving the difficult problem of estimating the rotation of the sun spectroscopically, they should in like manner have attained almost simultaneously the mastery of another difficult task. At Mr. Huggins's observatory, arrangements have been in progress during the last two years for applying photography to the spectra of the stars. For this purpose Mr. Huggins has replaced the 15-inch refractor before used by him with a reflector 18 inches in diameter. The motion of the driving clock was found to be not sufficiently uniform, and the services of Mr. Grubb were called in, who successfully applied to the clock the control of a seconds pendulum, in electric connection with a sidereal clock. The spectroscopic part of the apparatus was constructed with a prism of Iceland spar, and lenses of quartz. This apparatus was so arranged, that a solar or electric spectrum could be taken on the same plate for comparison with the spectrum of the star. After an extensive trial of difficult photographic processes, preference was given to dry plates. Among other advantages, a dry plate could be left in the apparatus until the following day, when a solar spectrum could be taken upon it through that half of the slit which was closed when the instrument was directed to the star. During 1876, spectra were obtained with distinct lines from Sirius, Vega, Venus, and the moon, in juxtaposition with well-defined and well-detailed solar spectra. The American researches

in the same direction have continued longer period. Dr. Henry Draper, York, well known as one of the firstists to obtain really useful photographs of the moon, has been engaged since the 1872 making photographs of the spec stars, planets, and moon, and par among the stars, of α Lyræ (Vega Aquilæ (Altair), with his 28-inch refl 28-inch refractor. In the photograph bands or broad lines are visible in and ultra-violet region, unlike any th solar spectrum. Last October, Dr succeeded in taking photographs of trum of Venus, showing a large n lines. There seems in this spectru weakening of the spectrum toward above that line, of the same charac Draper has photographically observe place in the spectrum of the sun nea

WHY ARE WE RIGHT-HANDED?—I tions which were very recently carried by a French physician, Dr. Fleury deaux, have adduced facts showing natural impulse to use the member right side of the body is clearly tra probably physiological causes. Dr after examining an immense number brains, asserts that the left anterior little larger than the right one. A shows that, by examining a large n people, there is an unequal supply to the two sides of the body. The b phalic trunk, which only exists on of the arch of the aorta, produces, b ence in termination, an inequality in of red blood which travel from right Moreover, the diameters of the subcl teries on each side are different, tha right being noticeably larger. The of the brain, therefore, being more ric atosed than the right, becomes stron as, by the intersection of the nervou commands the right side of the body vious that that side will be more rea trolled. This furnishes one reasor natural preference for the right hand other is found in the increased supply from the subclavian artery. The a tion of blood we have already seen su but the reason for it is here ascribe relative size of the artery, and not rectness of path from the heart. D has carried his investigations thro whole series of mammalia: and he the right-handed peculiarities exist i have arteries arranged similar to thos At the same time such animals, n chimpanzee, the seals, and the beaver most adroit and intelligent.

PORTABLE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—An ingenious little electric light apparatus has been invented by Mr. Facio, of Paris, and is applicable to watches, walking-sticks, and such like. The watch, for instance, to which it is applied, is united by a chain to a link-bar, which may be placed in a button-hole; another chain communicates with a pile which may be carried in the waistcoat pocket; to the link-bar another chain is attached in communication with a receptacle or box containing wick, and a "Geissler" tube, which will transmit the spark produced by the electricity. Thus the light can be easily seen in the dark. The apparatus is composed of other conducting chains coming from the pile, and of a receiver which may be perfectly independent, the receiver being provided with a wick or bobbin, and the receiver may be made like a locket or other article, if desired; communication between pile and locket or other article may be produced by means of a button or other suitable appliance placed in any convenient position. The chains may be formed or composed of two wires and surrounded by insulating material, which latter may be covered with some precious metal or other material, as fancy or taste may dictate. The lighting material may be carried by the watch itself, or the light-generating apparatus may be provided with a case to hold the watch or other object to be lighted up, in such manner that the glass which covers the aforesaid case will receive the action of the lighting tube containing the "Geissler" tube, and the case itself will be independent of the object to be lighted.

TUNGSTATE OF SODA.—*Nature* says: Tungstate of soda has been much talked about lately as valuable, when mixed with ordinary starch, for rendering muslin dresses unflammable. Professor Gladstone and Dr. Alder Wright have both brought it before audiences at the Royal Institution, Dr. Wright showing its efficacy by having a muslin dress so prepared for one of his assistants to wear, in which he walked about over flames. In repeating the demonstration in the course of a lecture at South Kensington, on Saturday evening, it was fortunate that Dr. Wright had the dress placed on a dummy instead of being worn by an assistant, for no sooner was a light applied to it than it blazed up and was consumed. Why this happened could not be explained, as it is believed no mistake had been made in the preparation. No doubt the exact conditions under which the tungstate is reliable will be a subject for further investigation.

UTILIZING SLAG.—How to make iron without producing slag is a question which, if any

one can answer satisfactorily, his reward shall be great in fame and fortune. In Yorkshire alone, the blast-furnaces pour out more than four million tons of slag a year, from which fact the enormous quantity produced throughout the kingdom can be judged of. Sixteen million tons of refuse! What can be done with it? In some places, land has been bought or hired to provide space for the ugly heaps, and many attempts have been made to lessen the accumulation by finding uses for the slag. It has been made into blocks and bricks for paving; into slabs, pipes, brackets, and friezes; into cement; into sand for fertilising purposes; and while in the molten condition, has been blown into a substance resembling cotton-wool. But some of these attempts have failed, and not one has sufficed to diminish the heaps of slag. And now another suggestion, based on the fact that slag is vitreous, is put forth, namely, to convert it into glass. A mixture of sand, soda, and slag melted in a furnace will come out as glass. The experiment would not be expensive, for slag in any quantity may be had for nothing.

THE HEAT WE GET FROM SUN-SPOTS.—In a communication to the Royal Astronomical Society, Mr. W. M. Williams points out that obscure heat, such as that radiated from sun-spots, is much more largely absorbed by our atmosphere than the heat from the luminous parts of the sun's surface. Consequently the obscure heat exerts an influence on terrestrial climate as well as the luminous heat: the former in preventing or modifying the formation of clouds in the upper regions, and in producing thereby meteorological results which would be an interesting study. An illustration of what is meant by this is afforded by a well-known phenomenon, namely, the general clearness of the sky during full moon, the clouds having been dissipated by the obscure heat-rays *reflected from the moon's surface*. If observations of the difference of absorption between the two kinds of heat could be made at different heights, we should have, as Mr. Williams says, "a new means of studying the constitution of the interior of the sun and its relations to the photosphere. Direct evidence of selective absorption by our atmosphere may thus be obtained, which would go far towards solving one of the crucial solar problems—whether the darker regions are hotter or cooler than the photosphere?"

MATHEMATICAL EVIDENCE IN FAVOR OF THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.—Latterly many mathematicians have contributed a variety of evidences in support of the nebular hypothesis. Prof. Pliny E. Chase has produced voluminous essays conveying different proofs of this char-

acter. Quite recently Mr. George H. Darwin of Cambridge, England, has offered a mathematical explanation of the earth's obliquity to its orbit—a circumstance which causes our varying seasons. He starts with the assumption that the planets were nebulous masses that contracted symmetrically through the gravitation of their materials. The law of contraction employed in calculating is that on which Laplace expounded the nebular hypothesis. The results of Mr. Darwin's calculations show that if a nebulous mass is rotating about an axis nearly perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, its equator will tend to become oblique to that orbit as the mass contracts. Applying the theory to this earth, it is found that when the diameter of the nebulous mass of the earth exceeded its present diameter by 1000 times, the obliquity to the ecliptic was only a few minutes of arc; but when contraction brought down the mass to the size of the moon's orbit and the moon itself became detached, the obliquity was nearly the same as at present. When similar calculations are extended to other planets, the results are less satisfactory, but they do not contradict the ascertained facts.

EFFECT OF SUN-SPOTS ON CLIMATE.—The question of the effect of sun-spots on climate has been often discussed, but so many considerations are involved therein that many years must pass before it will be settled. In a paper published in the *Monthly Notices* of the Astronomical Society, Professor Langley, of Allegheny Observatory, Pennsylvania, after showing the different points from which the question must be approached, states, as the result of his own investigations, that "sun-spots do exercise a direct and real influence on terrestrial climates, by decreasing the mean temperature of this planet at their maximum. This decrease is, however, so minute, that it is doubtful whether it has been directly observed or discriminated from other changes. The whole effect is represented by a change in the mean temperature of our globe in eleven years not exceeding three-tenths, and not less than one-twentieth, of one degree of the Centigrade thermometer."

VARIETIES.

NATURE-WORSHIP.—A basis of nature-worship, which, though not essentially mythical, must depend on imagination for its incarnations, is plainly discernible in the ancient conceptions of Nymphs, Oreads, Dryads, river-gods, Sileni, Satyrs, and Fauns, as presiding over wood and water, hill and vale. The striking contrasts that exist among these creations are doubtless owing to their origin-

ation from different local centres. The cognizance of life and beauty in every department of nature, of mystery in the mountain fastness and woodland glade, of strength in the turbulent river, of grace in the gliding brook, was embodied by one race in the most lovely and majestic forms of imaginable humanity. An impression of nature as overflowing with robust health and animal passion fitly uttered itself in the grossest shapes of man, or the yet coarser lineaments of semi-human beasts. If a hint given by Lucian (Θεῶν Ἑκκλήσις) may be accepted as an historical criticism, the contrast is easily accounted for. He speaks of Silenus as having the air of a Lydian, and of the Satyrs as Phrygian figures. The exuberance of Asiatic climes tallies with the forms in which the divinity of nature was thus expressed. The usual association of these rural deities with Dionysus is a confirmation of this view, if the worship of that god had, as some scholars think, an Eastern origin. Though a purer faith and a deeper knowledge have superseded the adoration of nature in Christendom, traces of the older religion are not wanting. The rivers and mountains of Scandinavia and Germany are still haunted by tutelary spirits; our own hills and dales are peopled with floating shapes, fitly reduced in size as fallen from the high estate of "the early gods." The Northern dwarfs are metallurgists, personifications of "the subterranean powers of nature." The Edda represents them as formed from the flesh of Ymir, that is, the earth. In South Germany the peasantry still believe in wood-spirits called Moss-people, attached to trees, like the Greek Hamadryads, and equally "personifications of the vegetable life of plants." Of the worship and sacrifice which were formerly rendered to the rural deities, their modern representatives still retain a trace. We are told that to learn music of the Scandinavian river-Neck, "a person must present him with a black lamb," while "a white kid" is the fitting offering to the Stromkarl, or sprite of the waterfall. The Orkney Islanders not long since used to sacrifice to their Brownies with milk. The Norse peasants leave out wages for the Trolls, and a Welsh spirit resident at Van, in Carmarthenshire, is propitiated with bread and cheese. To the Fée Esterelle, in Southern France, barren women were wont to sacrifice. Food is put aside for the Fadas of Provence, on the 31st of December, and at Whitsuntide the Russian peasants fling garlands to appease the Rusalki, who haunt the streams and woods. We long retained, and perhaps still retain, a relic of similar rites in the practice of setting apart food for Robin Goodfellow and other house-

goblins. The gross persuasion of ancient worshippers, that the god actually ate their oblations, seems still to linger in the generally received tradition that any gift but that of food, clothes for example, offends and banishes the fairy guest.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

CAXTON'S BOOKS.—The divine art of printing, as it has been called, was invented about the year 1457. Fourteen years later, Caxton introduced it into England. It is significant that the art which was to contribute so largely to the Reformation, to the advancement of knowledge, and to the progress of civilization, should have found its first English home in Westminster Abbey. Caxton's printing-office was in what was called the Ambry, which is a corruption of Almonry or Eleemosynary, the house in which the alms of the Abbey were distributed. A meeting of the workmen in a printing-office is still called a "chapel." Caxton's first printed book was the "Recuyel of the Historye of Troy," which he had translated out of the French. The translation was begun at Bruges, continued at Ghent, and finished in the "Holy City" of Cologne. It was undertaken because "every man is bounden by the commandment and counsel of the wise man to eschew sloth and idleness, which is moder and nourisher of vices, and ought to put himself into virtuous occupacion and besyness." With Caxton all true wisdom was divine, and all work that tended to human progress was work done for God. Even the history of the wars of Troy he classed among the Scriptures which St. Paul says are profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness, taking the apostle to refer to every kind of writing. The lesson to be drawn from the "ruyne irreparable of that cytye, that neuer syn was reedefyed," is that it may be an "ensample to al men duryng the world, how dreadfull and jeopardous it is to begin a warre, and what harmes, losses, and death folloueth." The broad principle that all writings are profitable for edification led Caxton to print many purely secular books in the truly Christian spirit that what was done for the good of man was divine work. The "Chronicles of England" are "printed by the sufferance of God." In the "Life of Charles the Great" the printer intends not only to publish nothing which may be blamed, but only what is for "the helth and saluacion of every person." In the prologue to the book on the "Order of Knighthood," Caxton has these words: "O ye knyghts of Englonde, where is the custome and usage of noble chyualry that was used in the dayes? What do ye now but go to the baynes and play at dyse? And some, not well advysed, use not honest and good rule

ageyn all ordre of knyghthode, leue this, leue it, and rede the noble volumes of St. Graal of Lancelot, of Galaad, of Trystram, of Perse Forest, of Percyval, of Gawayn, and many mo, ther shall ye see manhode, curtosye and gentylness." The life of Godfrey of Boulogne is printed because "The hye couragious faytes and ualyaunt acts of noble, illustrious, and vertuous personnes ben digne to be recounted, put in memorye and wreton to th ende that they may be gyuen to them name immortal, souerayn laude and preysyng. And also for to moeue and t enflawme the hertes of the redars and hierers for t eschew and flee werkes vycious, dishonest, and vytuperable, and for tempryse and accomplysshe enterpryses honnestes and werkes of glorious meryte to lyue in remembraunce perpetuel." Even Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" are taken for "good and vertuous," and such as may "prouffyte unto the helth of our sowles," and for this reason, among other deeds of mercy, we are to "remember the sowle of the sayd Gefferey Chaucer."—*Sunday Magazine*.

THE GRAND VIZIER.—The Grand Vizier's court is open on Friday, Saturday, Monday, and Wednesday. It does not rise until night comes, or the causes are ended. Sundays and Tuesdays are set apart for the Sultan's divan. Here, too, the Vizier presides, but right over his head is a semicircular gallery, about half the size of a hogshead, and barred very closely with gilded bars. In this ear of Dionysius the Sultan sits, or may sit, and hear every cause tried. A particular dress is required of all who attend this divan. When the Sultan calls a general council of all his great officers, it is known as "the divan of feet," because all stand during the consultations. When the assessors have given sentence, the Vizier, if he approves, confirms it with the word *salh* (certain). If he does not agree with the sentence, he hears the cause again. The assessors, however, maintain most earnestly their own opinion; for if a judge has been once found guilty of injustice, he cannot keep his place or find another. When the Vizier has any communication to make to his master, he writes a letter, called *talchysh*, the High Chancellor being the penman, and the Vizier dictating. The letter being wrapped up, tied, and sealed, is placed in the hands of a high functionary called *Talchyshchi*, who hastens, letter in hand, to the palace, where he waits until the Sultan's answer is ready. Should the response be unfavorable, it is a very bad sign for the Vizier, whose honor and dignity may be considered in peril. The authority also of the Vizier is considered as sinking if the Sultan does any thing without consulting him; and the ominous words are heard at

court, "*Semeri yere urdi*"—the trappings are thrown to the ground. Viziers are frequently deposed, but not put to death, except for a real or pretended unfaithfulness, or disobedience to the Sultan. If such a thing ever happens, the Sultan sends the Vizier a letter couched in this style: "Whereas for such things thou deservest to die, it is our pleasure that after having performed the *abdest* (that is, the washing of feet, head, and hands), and made the accustomed *namaz*, or prayers, thou deliver thy head to this our messenger, Capuchi Bashi." However able a Vizier may be to resist this mandate, such a thing is unknown; for, if he did so, he would be accounted an infidel and perish everlastingly. A Vizier's fall is ever near, especially with credulous Sultans and designing enemies. One was deposed merely because he amused himself with hawking. Such a simple relaxation from incessant care and business was made to appear like inattention to work, and the Vizier found a day or two after a rival over his head. The post is never long vacant. Once, and once only, was it unoccupied for forty days. But this was so strange that it is specially mentioned, like the twins of Sultan Ahmed the Second, which were such *rare aves* that for eight days the nation was delirious with joy.—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine*.

MOTHER GOOSE.—This, it seems, is no fanciful name got up to please children. There was a real Mrs. Goose, or as she was familiarly called, Mother Goose, who signalled herself by her literature for the nursery. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. She was born at Charlestown, where she resided until her marriage with Isaac Goose, when she became step-mother to ten children. As if that was not a sufficient family to look after, she by-and-by added six children of her own to the number, making "sixteen" "goslings" in all. It was rather a heavy handful, and we do not wonder that she poured out her feelings in the celebrated lines—

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
To entertain her young flock, Mrs. Goose was in the habit of telling little stories in prose and verse, and singing songs, which were highly relished. Though tasked, she spent on the whole an agreeable existence. Her children having grown up, she was very much at her ease. Her daughter Elizabeth became the wife of Thomas Fleet, a printer in a small way in Boston. With this daughter, Mrs. Goose, now a widow, went to live, and had the satisfaction of singing her old songs to an infant grandson. Now begins the literary history of Mother Goose. Fleet, the son-in-

law, was a shrewd fellow, and, as a printer, he thought he might turn the penny by noting down granny's nursery songs, and selling them in a cheap and attractive form. They were issued in a book under the title, "Songs for the Nursery; or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing House, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price two coppers." This title-page also bore a large cut of a veritable goose, with wide open mouth, shewing that the proverbial irreverence of sons-in-law is not a thing of recent origin. We are told that old Mother Goose did not resent the pictorial illustration, but took it just as sweetly as she had taken all the other trials of life. Possessing her soul in patience, and gladdening the hearts of grandchildren, she lived until 1757, dying at the advanced age of ninety-two. There, then, as we are assured, is the true history of Mother Goose. How the little books which she originated have spread over the world, need not be specified.

EHEU, FUGACES!

I.

THE old clock hangs on the sun-kissed wall—
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!
The pulsing seconds to minutes call;
Tick, tock! Morn!

A maiden sits at the mirror there,
And smiles as she braids her golden hair;
O, in the light, but her face is fair!
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!

From over the sea the good ship brings
The lover of whom the maiden sings;
From the orange tree the first leaf springs;
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!

II.

The old clock hangs on the flower-decked wall—
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!
The golden hours the days enthrall;
Tick, tock! Noon!

The lover's pride and his love are blest—
The maiden is folded to his breast;
On her brow the holy blossoms rest:
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!

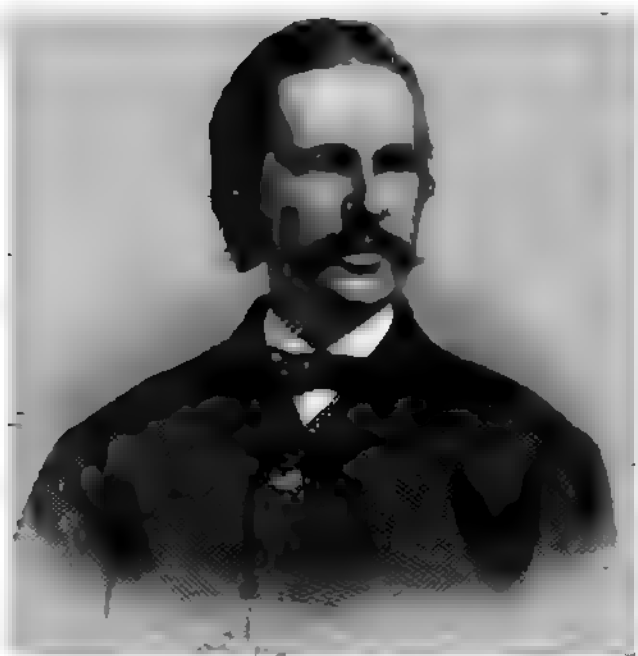
O, thrice—thrice long—may the sweet bells chime,
Thrilling flame through all triumphant time! * * *
Still to my heart beats that measured rhyme—
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!

III.

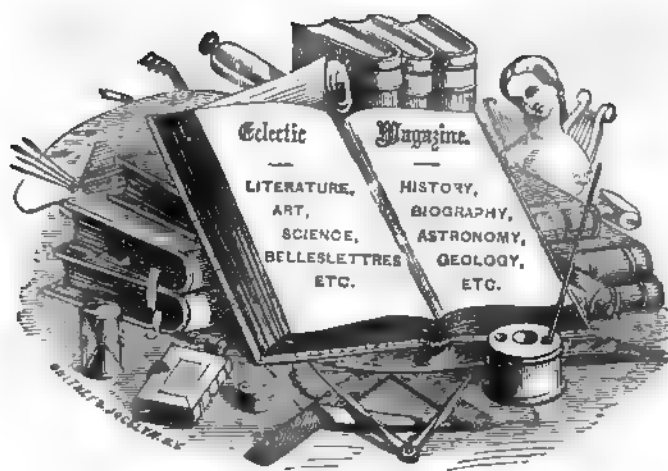
The old clock hangs on the gray, dim wall—
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!
The drear years into Eternity fall;
Tick, tock! Night!

The thread that yon spider draws with care
Across the gleam of the mirror there,
Seems like the ghost of a golden hair:
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!

The sweet bells chime for those who may wed—
The neroli-snow crowns many a head—
But tree and maiden and lover are dead:
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!







Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXVI., No. 2.

AUGUST, 1877.

Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

THE CONTEST OF CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY.

ROME, May, 1877.

THE very natural interest felt by all Englishmen in the issues of the great war now raging on the banks of the Danube should not lead them to overlook the importance of another conflict which is now taking place on the banks of the Tiber. The organs of public opinion in England have, for some time past, appeared too apt to concentrate their attention on certain eventualities more or less distant in the general relations between Church and State in Italy, to the comparative disregard of present occurrences of real moment. No doubt the change which may be effected in the conditions of the Papacy by the decease of the present Pope and the personal character of his successor, is a matter of much concern for the common interests of Christendom; and it is equally a matter of curious speculation to forecast the probable tendencies of the next Conclave as foreshadowed in the habits and opinions of the present members of the

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXVI., No. 2

Sacred College. But notwithstanding the great term of years to which the life of the present Pontiff has already been prolonged, there is nothing improbable, when we take into account the marvellous longevity by which many members of the Mastai Ferretti family have been marked, in the prospect of his living eight or ten years more; whilst the conjectures on the probable character of the next Conclave, based on the known characters of the present Cardinals, may be rendered utterly worthless by a variety of causes—by the different attitude which the same individuals may unexpectedly assume when called upon to act in an independent character, by the different relations in which the Sacred College may only a few years hence stand to the nation and to other European Governments, and by the changes of political opinion which the events of even a few years may bring about in the policy of those Governments themselves. The result of the next Conclave is, perhaps, too hastily assumed to

be necessarily one that must greatly modify the present relations between the Catholic Church and all civil powers. It may, indeed, elevate to the Papal chair an ambitious and aggressive priest who will seek to revive in his own personal career the memories of the Gregories and the Innocents. It may, small as the chances now seem of such an event taking place, furnish a successor to Pius IX. who shall attempt to give again to the world the spectacle of a reforming and liberal Papacy. But if we may judge from the data at present in our possession, it is more probable that when there shall sink into the grave a Pope so far enfeebled by age as to have become incapable of any vigorous personal initiative, he will be succeeded by another Pope as little likely to disturb by the force of his personal character and the energy of his individual action the calculations and the strategy of the real rulers of the Church. It is far more important to keep steadily in mind that whether the occupant of St. Peter's chair be called Pius IX. or Pius X., a great war of aggression by the Roman Catholic Church against all civil Governments has already been proclaimed, and is now actually carried on, and that one of the first campaigns is at this very moment marked by varying fortunes in the capital of Italy. What is now taking place in that country, what especially is taking place in the city of Rome, has an importance for other lands quite as great as any that now attaches to the successes of Russian or Turkish strategy. But its chief importance is of a delicate and subtle character, and it is to be found mainly in the delicate and subtle transformations of national thought and feeling which mark here a state of political affairs eminently transitional in its character.

"Italy in Transition" was the title of a well-known and most instructive work published seventeen years ago, and which may be read with much profit at the present moment. The character of transition which the author then sought to depict in the year when Garibaldi invaded Naples, and Fanti and Cialdini tore Umbria and the Marches from the Pope, was chiefly of a territorial and political nature. The great social, moral, and religious consequences of the Italian Revolution were only dawning upon the

national mind; with advancing day they are now seen in something like their true outline and proportions. But it is still, and will long remain, an Italy in Transition with which native statesmen have to deal, and of which foreign statesmen must calculate the forces. If this be true of all important questions, it has a quite exceptional degree of truth in reference to all matters relating to the religious condition of Italy. The transition is universal. Every day one has occasion to witness some manifestation of it in the minds of the laity. Laymen past middle age, or advanced in years, seem often to feel a positive difficulty in realizing the fact that they are the same men who thirty years ago in the Sardinian States, seventeen years ago in Lombardy, Central Italy, and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, eleven years ago in the Venetian provinces, and not even seven years ago in Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter, were liable at any moment to heavy penalties, to the choice between exile and imprisonment, if they dared to express in public the opinions which are now the recognized and official creed of the Italian State. Legally, as regards all outward acts, these men are free; but can it be matter of wonder if the iron of a lifelong servitude has eaten so deeply into their minds and hearts that at every moment we recognize the traces of a mental bondage? Nevertheless the transition from an anti-national and despotic past to a patriotic, free, and independent future, is steadily going on amongst the Italian laity. Its progress is most observable amongst the peasantry, and for that progress the organization and discipline of the army are mainly to be thanked. The Italian officer has been the untiring and thoughtful teacher of the Italian soldier, and in teaching the Italian soldier he has been the best educator of the Italian people. From official data which will shortly be published by the Ministry of War, but of which the more important results have already been made known to me, it appears that, since the year 1859, when the old Sardinian army began to receive the conscripts from the first of the new provinces successively annexed, not less than a million and a half of common soldiers have received in the Italian army the educational train-

ing imparted to them by the younger officers. It would be difficult to estimate too highly the effect of this process on the national mind. Raw Sicilian and Neapolitan youths, whose entire stock of knowledge until the day of their joining the army has consisted in their acquaintance with strange provincial customs, or their traditional belief in crass local superstitions, have found themselves four times a week, during two hours each day for a period of three years, in mental contact with a class of as highly educated and public-spirited men as Italy can boast of. The mere elementary work of teaching the young recruit to read and to write has been quite secondary to the contemporaneous work of eradicating the prejudices with which his mind was overgrown. And this educational process has been marvellously aided by another, of all processes that best fitted to incarnate in the young soldier's mind the idea of Italian unity — his successive transference from Italian cities and provinces, speaking various idioms, and marked by very different customs, but all agreeing in the recognition of that common country, which, had the illiterate peasant remained in his village, would never have been to him more than a myth. The Neapolitan conscript who has been trained up in the faith of St. Januarius finds, when quartered in Padua, that St. Januarius is there regarded as a very insignificant saint when compared with St. Anthony, and on his removal to his Bologna barrack, learns that neither St. Januarius nor St. Anthony is held fit to be mentioned in the same breath with St. Petronius. What deductions he may draw from the comparison will depend partly on his natural intelligence, partly on the tone of conversation which he holds with his superior officers, partly on the character of the works in the perusal of which he exercises his new sense of intellectual power. One thing is certain, the million and a half of Italian peasants who have passed, or are passing, through this course of training, are a million and a half Italian minds in a most decided state of transition, and one cannot feel surprised at the undoubted fact that amongst this class are found many individuals who subject to a searching criticism, and end

by rejecting, the doctrines of the Romish Church, and who in consequence join the Waldensian or other anti-Papal Italian communions.

If the Italian peasant is in a transition state, and if this fact is chiefly promoted by the experience of the peasant-soldier, a change equally great is taking place in another class of the laity — and their name is legion. I mean those who were in direct contact with, and immediate subjection to, the power of the Church, wherever that power was indirectly dominant, and, of course, far more where it was directly and wholly supreme—at the seat and centre of the Papacy, in Rome itself. Here the process of mental emancipation is commonly ignored, and often stoutly denied, by the very persons who in their hearts rejoice at the blessings it has conferred. The mental is the necessary though gradual and noiseless result of the civil and political liberation. In that memorable Syllabus of 1864, which formed the starting-point of a new and aggressive epoch in the history of the Church of Rome, the Papal State, as then governed by the clerical oligarchy, is virtually represented as the one true model for all civil societies, as that which, whilst approaching the nearest to perfection, exhibits in its grand outlines that relation between virtuous rulers and a happy people which all other countries should reverently and zealously endeavor to reproduce. Far different has been the actual experience of the dwellers in this happy valley, for most of whom escape was made almost as difficult as for the heroes of Johnson's tale! The spiritual control which the State claims to exercise over all the forms of domestic and social life did not suggest the idea of an easy yoke or a light burden. It was, in truth, a monstrous aggregate of tyrannies, covering the whole land with one enormous network of espionage, and rendered only tolerable by a mitigation tenfold worse than the evil itself,—a deadening of the human conscience so complete and general that the worst features of the administration were not perceived in their full extent or felt in their real horror. The most popular of Roman satirists of the present century, Belli, has condensed in one of his sonnets the feelings with which the Papal Government was regarded by every

Roman citizen not utterly destitute of intelligence and self-respect. He represents the brow-beating and bullying practised on all around him by one of the lowest menials of the Vatican; and how, by the simple announcement that he is such, his victims are cowed and scared as effectually as the poor plebeians in Macaulay's lay, when the client Marcus declares that he serves Appius Claudius. Rome contains within its walls many miracle-working relics, but neither in cloister nor basilica can it show a treasure so truly associated with beneficent effects as the least splinter of the cannon-balls employed by General Cadorna on the 20th September, 1870, to batter in the wall at the Porta Pia. Twenty years of previous negotiations between France and the Vatican, Sardinia and the Vatican, and not unfrequently England and the Vatican, had not procured the removal of one abuse, the introduction of one reform, in the dominions subject to the Pope. General Cadorna's cannon-balls brought with them representative institutions, trial by jury, equality before the law, free discussion on every subject affecting man's state here or hereafter, the sweeping away of the system which had made the father a spy on the son, the wife a spy on the husband, the servant a spy on the master, the confessor a spy on the penitent. But the cannon-balls of General Cadorna demolished in great part, if not altogether, something more. They demolished the long-established prestige of the so-called theocratic Government, against which they were levelled. One must have lived in Rome before and after September, 1870, and had the opportunity of comparing the tone of scornful incredulity with which the mere notion of an Italian occupation was scouted in the higher clerical circles with the mingled astonishment and terror that came over the same circles when the event actually occurred, to realize the true character of that transition state into which even the most devoted partisans of the Papacy felt themselves gradually drawn. The mere force of circumstances imparted with each successive day a less pro-Papal character to Roman society. There exists a vast amount of misapprehension in foreign countries, which it is the object of the Ultramontane organs to

uphold, on the character and strength of the Papal tendencies in the population of Rome. No doubt a large proportion of the higher clerical aristocracy hated and still continue to hate a change by which they have been deprived at once of political power and the prospect of great pecuniary gain. But the relatives of these very persons amongst the Roman laity, and, in not a few cases, even the higher clerical dignitaries themselves, have become suddenly so much enriched by the augmented value of all real property in Rome and its neighborhood, that their aversion to the constitutional Government of Italy is not without its tempering influences. Men do not hate violently, very violently, revolutions which have had the immediate effect of trebling their income. Then the attachment of the higher Roman nobility, and, indeed, of all classes sharing their feelings, to the Papacy, has in a great measure a merely personal character. It is not an attachment to the institution but to the person of the reigning Pontiff. It would indeed be strange if during a Pontificate that has now extended over the long term of thirty-one years a Pope who at the commencement of his reign entered on a liberal path, who was compelled to leave that path rather by the inexorable laws of his office than by his own inclinations, who has been singularly kind and affable to all with whom he came in contact, who has been eminently free from that vice of nepotism by which so many of his predecessors were stained, and who, whilst never availing himself of his countless opportunities to enrich himself or his family, has lavished countless benefits on those around him, and in many cases been the chief creator of their fortunes,—it would indeed be strange if such a prince had not fostered in the minds of the many recipients of his bounty and the many objects of his kindness, feelings of gratitude and goodwill. But those feelings, I repeat, cluster solely around the person of the Pope. The individuals in whom they are strongest are day by day dying off. One after another the great Roman princes personally attached to Pius IX. descend into the tomb. A Massimo has been followed by an Orsini; an Orsini has been followed by a Doria; not many weeks ago there occurred the death of Prince Ruspoli; and the head of the

house of Chigi has now shared the common lot. The sons of these great Roman princes will certainly not exhibit the attachment to the Papal cause by which their fathers, including the least Papal of the number, Prince Doria, were marked. They will divide their allegiance between the Vatican and the Quirinal. It may safely be predicted that on the death of Pius IX. their allegiance will be transferred to the Quirinal completely. Prince Torlonia is beyond all question the most prominent financial representative of the old Papal system. And Prince Torlonia has audiences of King Victor Emmanuel, entertains the Ministers of King Victor Emmanuel at the inauguration of his great agricultural works, and receives from the King of Italy the gold medal struck by royal command in commemoration of the same. No member of this class, by the most vigorous aid of self-deception, can hide from himself the fact that the Rome which he is now free at any moment to quit for London or New York, where he can defend his legal rights in an open court against rival interests however powerful, where every phase of public life is the daily subject of free discussion, is separated by a change of opinion far greater than any mere lapse of years from the Rome in which the Vatican Council met during the first six months of 1870, and in which, until the 20th of September of that year, every expression of opinion unwelcome to the ruling powers was kept down by the rifles of the Papal Zouaves.

Even the Sacred College itself, in one of its two antagonistic currents, and precisely from the antagonistic nature of the two currents, is daily affording a marked illustration of this transition state. The character of nearly all the recent nominations has been strongly Ultramontane, and this Ultramontanism it is sought to extend and strengthen by increasing the proportion of foreign cardinals. With each successive appointment of a foreign cardinal, the Italian element in the Sacred College has by a sufficiently natural reaction gained in strength and intensity what it has lost in numbers. That strength and intensity have been clearly enough revealed in the filling up of the vacant posts in the several congregations or separate ministries of the Curia, and

make themselves quite as strongly felt whenever it is necessary to accredit to foreign Governments a Papal nuncio. If this transition character in the civil and social, in the mental and moral condition of the former subjects of the Papacy in the city of Rome itself, is discernible by every calm and impartial observer, the transition character of the governing body of the Church and of the great mass of the Catholic hierarchy is not less decided, though perhaps from the different sphere of its action it may not in the same degree startle and rivet the same observer's mind. How the Papacy, from an attitude comparatively friendly and pacific, should have passed of late years into one so openly hostile and belligerent towards all civil Governments, is only intelligible when we examine much more attentively than it is the fashion to do the successive relations between Church and State in Italy. Nothing at this moment in the various phases of Italian politics and parties is more instructive than the process of continual and universal change, in a reactionary sense, in all branches of the Catholic hierarchy in Italy. Its hundred and seventy-six bishops, four thousand canons, ninety-six thousand priests, and forty thousand monks and nuns may not all obey with the same rigorous discipline the word of command issuing from the Vatican, but a very large proportion of the body act in the same direction with a consistency and unity which it would be vain to look for in any merely political party within the bounds of the Italian Peninsula. They have facilities for action such as no merely political party possesses. The object of the law which was recently submitted by the present Italian Ministry to Parliament, and which, after passing through the Chamber of Deputies, has been rejected in the Senate, was justified on the ground that in the interest of the State such facilities must be curtailed. They did not exist in the old Sardinian legislation. They were not to be found in the Leopoldine and Josephine laws, by which the relations of Church and State were regulated in the Tuscan and Lombard provinces. The policy of Tanucci had carefully removed them from the legislation of Naples. The Republic of Venice, true to the traditions of its great jurist, Paolo Sarpi, had ex-

cluded them with a vigilant jealousy from the body of its laws. Nor will such facilities be found in the new penal code which has already received the sanction of the Italian Senate, and which, so far as regards this branch of penal legislation, is equally certain to meet with the sanction of the Chamber of Deputies. Why, then, it may naturally be asked, should the discussion and rejection of a temporary law which, after all, only seeks to re-establish provisions which a few years ago existed, and which in a few months, perhaps even weeks, are certain to become again the general law of the land,—why, it may well be asked, should this discussion and rejection have given rise to so much excitement, and be regarded in many quarters almost as a turning-point in the relations between Church and State in Italy? If the existence of such facilities was necessary for the independence of the Catholic Church, and is so regarded by foreign States, how comes it that no voice of protest ever proceeded from those foreign States during the long term of years when the facilities were not accorded? Why was no warning voice heard from foreign Governments when the Senate discussed and approved, as a prominent feature of the entire penal legislation, the provisions which it has now discussed and condemned when presented as a special measure? The true answer to these questions will only be found when we look a little below the surface of the political stream and detect the under-currents of party action.

In the Parliamentary session of 1875, the relations between Church and State occupied in a quite exceptional degree the attention of the Italian Chamber of Deputies. The Minghetti Ministry was charged with exhibiting a timid, not to say servile bearing towards the Vatican. It was charged with yielding to Ultramontane influences in its bearing towards the episcopal body, in the character of educational appointments, in the lenity which it observed towards seditious priests. In a word, it was accused of "Vaticanism," and in debate after debate the authority of Mr. Gladstone was invoked to point the moral and adorn the tale of Minghettian reaction. So frequently did this occur, that the Parliament was sometimes satirically nick-

named the Gladstone Parliament. Nor did these charges proceed chiefly from the members of the Left. The Marquis Anselmo Guerrieri Gonzaga, Commendatore Villari, Commendatore Tommasi Crudeli, were amongst the foremost censors of the Ministry, and all three belonged to the ministerial ranks. The first of these three eminent politicians spoke with undisguised severity of the course taken by the Cabinet when dealing with the popular movements in the Mantuan and some portions of the Neapolitan provinces, which in these districts had assumed the form of attempts to wrest from the episcopal body the nomination of the parish priests, and to revive the ancient Christian right of nomination by the parishioners. The motion originated, however, in the ranks of the Left, and found in those ranks a very learned and eloquent exponent of anti-Papal views, the distinguished Neapolitan lawyer, Pasquale Stanislao Mancini. It was therefore not unnatural that with the formation of a Left Ministry, and with the presence in that Ministry of Pasquale Stanislao Mancini as Minister of Grace and Justice, a more decided anti-Papal attitude should have been announced as part of the ministerial programme. But on the actual point, whether the ancient provisions guaranteeing the State against the aggressions of the Church should be recalled into life, the Minghetti Cabinet, whatever its general tendencies, Papal or anti-Papal, had, at least in the matter of penal legislation, shown its resolution to keep a tight hold upon the Church. A great Piedmontese lawyer, the friend and, on many critical occasions, the trusted confidant of Count Cavour, Senator Vigliani, who had most honorably filled the office of Minister of Grace and Justice in the Minghetti Cabinet, and who now discharges the functions of President of the Supreme Court of Cassation, had taken good care to provide ample guarantees in the new penal code against the abuse of the priestly office to the detriment of the State. When the guarantees adopted on his recommendation in the Senate should likewise have received the sanction of the Chamber of Deputies, the State would have reoccupied—and nothing more—the defensive positions which, in the old legislation of the sepa-

rate Italian States, it held against any aggression on the part of the Vatican. But this was not enough for the present Ministry, least of all for that member of the Ministry, Mancini, on whom the task of dealing with legal and ecclesiastical affairs chiefly devolved. A good opportunity appeared to present itself of making party capital, by passing from the general and more defensive bearing of his predecessor to an immediate, special, and aggressive attitude towards the Vatican. Accordingly there was introduced into Parliament the special and temporary law, by which priests who should abuse their spiritual functions to the damage of the State, or the public outraging of its institutions, should become liable to various degrees of fines and terms of imprisonment.

No step could possibly have been more welcome to the Vatican. The Roman Curia believed that it had at last found a grievance which would bear exportation. It had hoped that foreign Catholic States would have prevented the suppression of the religious orders: the hope was cruelly disappointed. It had hoped that the forced conscription of students for the Church would have prevented angry protests from the same Catholic powers: and these powers had not uttered a single syllable of sympathy or consolation. Might not the attempt to awaken the indignation of the faithful by the exhibition of this new grievance prove more successful than the previous efforts? Could anything be more monstrous than the proposal to punish the minister of religion for the conscientious discharge of his religious duties? Where, henceforth, would be the freedom of the pulpit? Where, henceforth, would be the freedom of the confessional? Was the priest, when called on to administer the last sacraments to the dying man, to be watched by gendarmes, and have his words taken down by notaries public, as a safeguard of the rights of the inviolable, infallible State? This is nothing more than an average sample of the tone in which all the Ultramontane journals, from the Alps to Syracuse, have been during the last three months discussing the provisions of the law. All this was intended for exportation, and of course for exportation chiefly to France. The French

bishops were expected, invited, instructed to make themselves the organs of this great pro-Papal demonstration in their relations with Marshal Macmahon's government. Kindred instructions were transmitted to the faithful in other countries. It seems probable that, as happens with the most popular of French and Spanish wines, the instructions were variously branded, according to the tastes and palates of the populations for which they were designed. If Cardinal Cullen's language reflects with any fidelity the instructions addressed to his Eminence, the communication must be regarded as a touching tribute to the vigor of the Hibernian imagination. The Bollandists in their great collection of the Lives of the Saints thought it prudent to put forward a special reservation on the character of their hagiology. They felt it their duty to declare that they could not guarantee the miracles of the Irish saints. The reader of Cardinal Cullen's addresses, on confronting the statement that the Italian Government intends to deal with the present or any other Pontiff after the fashion practised by Napoleon I. to his predecessor, will perhaps feel the necessity of weighing the language of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin at least as carefully as the miracles of the Irish saints were weighed by the Bollandists. The Mancini law passed the Chamber of Deputies by a large majority. It is not perhaps unfair or uncharitable to assume that amongst the members who there voted in its support, not a few were actuated quite as much by the desire to stand well with democratic constituencies as by a hearty approval founded on a careful examination of the measure. Strange to say, the principal speakers against the law were found amongst the ministerial supporters themselves, just as two years before, the chief assailants of Signor Minghetti's ecclesiastical policy had been found amongst the oldest and most consistent members of his party. The true facts are well worthy to be noted, as illustrating the altogether transitional state of public opinion in Italy on these questions. The law as passed in the Chamber of Deputies had then to meet with the approval of the Senate. And it is neither unfair nor uncharitable to affirm that, even before its

provisions were made known to that body, a large proportion of the members of the Italian Upper House had almost made up their minds to reject it, for reasons which had not the most remote connection with any possible phase of Church and State legislation. In plain words the senators believed that they had been treated with disrespect by the present Depretis Cabinet in the discussions of last year on the question of free ports; they were resolved that the disrespect then shown should be resented on the first opportunity; and the first favorable opportunity that happened to occur was the Mancini law on the abuses of the clergy. Of course, not the faintest trace of this sore feeling was to be found in any speech delivered in the Senate. But in the library and reading-room of the Senate House, and in the familiar talk of the members beyond the walls of the Senate House, one heard repeated, with suggestive frequency, the threat, "Now we will pay the Government off, for its way of treating us on the question of the free ports."

It would surely be a mistake to consider the adverse vote by which the discussion in the Senate, entered upon with such feelings, was at length closed, as an important indication of political tendencies in any direction whatsoever. The discussion furnished occasion for at least four remarkable discourses—that in which the Minister Mancini defended the policy of the Government, and those in which it was assailed by Senators Buon Compagni, Cadorna, and Lampertico. The most eminent, at least if we regard profound constitutional knowledge and varied literary attainments of every kind, was undoubtedly Senator Buon Compagni, who opposed the law on the ground that it possessed an arbitrary and exceptional character, that it was a direct deviation from the policy of Count Cavour, and that it ran counter to the provisions of the law on the Papal guarantees, by which full liberty was secured not only to the Pope but to all members of the Catholic clergy in the exercise of their purely spiritual functions. Some of these objections call for a word of comment. The Senate was evidently quite right in its condemnation of the measure as *exceptional*. In condemning it as arbitrary it not only condemned the

former legislation of the different Italian States, but the new penal legislation of the kingdom to which, in its legislative character, it had given a sanction. Any deductions from the policy of Count Cavour ought, in common fairness, to be modified by the recollection of the fact that Count Cavour died in the June of 1861, and that the Roman Curia opened its new batteries against all civil Governments at the close of 1864. How far the law was a violation of that establishing the Papal guarantees, is a question which from different points of view may be differently answered, but from the point of view which it must be presumed presented itself to the Italian Senate, which swept away all the civil rights possessed by the monastic orders in connection with the Papacy, it certainly was no violation at all. But the real importance of the vote lies in the political and party results to which it has given rise. At an early stage of the discussion in the Senate, it became evident that many members of the Opposition, though at first disapproving of the course pursued by the Ministry in bringing forward such a measure, were of opinion that its absolute rejection by the Senate would be an unwise and impolitic concession to the Vatican, the various organs of which in the European press were seeking to make this question the pretext for a general crusade against Italy. Foremost amongst the statesmen who held this view was the acknowledged head of the Opposition and Chairman of the Central Constitutional Club of Rome, the ex-minister Quintino Sella. The *Opinione*, which on this matter was understood to reflect Signor Sella's opinions, had strongly urged upon the Senate the expediency of voting the measure. At the private meetings of the Central Constitutional Club, Signor Sella had clearly expressed his views to the same effect. When, therefore, the Senate threw out the bill by a majority of thirteen, and it became known that, amongst the senators who voted in the majority were several eminent members of the Central Constitutional Club, Signor Sella at once tendered his resignation as president. He has not indeed resigned his post as the recognized chief of the Opposition, but it is only too probable that the same differences between

him and other members of his party which led him to withdraw from the one post, may cause him to resign the other.

And in this last fact may be found another and not the least striking illustration of the general state of transition to which I have referred. The Commendatore Buon Compagni, and the other members of the old Cavour party sharing his views, believe that it is still possible to effect a reconciliation between the Church and the State, and that, in any case, every effort should be made to treat delicately and tenderly what the Catholic Church is pleased to call its liberty. The Commendatore Quintino Sella, the recognized head of the old Cavour party, has broken off all connection with the Central Constitutional Club, because he holds it to be the first duty of a patriotic Italian statesman to present a bold front towards Rome, and because he holds that what, in the language of the Vatican, is termed the liberty of the Church can only be regarded by thoughtful and observant men as a continuous aggression on the liberties of the State. The question raised

on these issues in the Central Constitutional Club of Rome has become more than ever the subject of keen discussion in every Italian journal, and, in truth, in every social circle throughout the peninsula. Meanwhile, within the ranks of the Church itself the transition is becoming more rapidly effected from the comparatively pacific and tranquil character of forty years back to one of openly aggressive Ultramontanism. Once a fortnight the *Civiltà Cattolica* strikes the key-note of an air, which is repeated with endless variations in all the clerical journals of the kingdom. The Central Catholic Club of Rome gives, at the same time, its tone to all the provincial Catholic clubs with which it is in connection. This is a campaign in which the interests of other countries, as well as of Italy, are at stake; and even Englishmen, though they may no longer repeat with equal conviction the words addressed by Cromwell to one of his Parliaments, "Rome is *our* matter," may still hold it to be a matter not unworthy their regard.—*Contemporary Review*.

TWENTY YEARS OF AFRICAN TRAVEL.

THE marvellous way in which Africa has been explored during the last twenty years is scarcely less extraordinary than the sublying fact, that a continent so great and possessing such immense resources should have been reserved, as a *terra incognita* in its central regions, for the travellers of our generation. Within a century and a half almost the whole of North America has been explored, swept over, and occupied by the expanding races of Northern Europe; South America has been occupied, in great part, by offshoots of the Latin race; and yet Africa, with not greatly inferior possibilities of development, has been reserved for its own singular people and for a few adventurous explorers. It is not difficult, however, to explain how such, in the circumstances, should have been the case. The great deserts of the northern portion of Africa, its unhealthy coast-line, and thick tropical vegetation on both sides of the equator, and on both sides of the continent, together with the scanty vegetation and the Kaffir tribes

of its long southern horn, presented most formidable obstacles to even an acquaintance with its elevated, temperate, and productive central regions. A quarter of a century ago our maps of Africa were almost an entire blank from ten degrees of north latitude to the tropic of Capricorn, with the exception of the coast-line, the valley of the Niger, and the central northern region. In some of our maps traces remained of older knowledge and of more recent Portuguese exploration. Livingstone's Lake Nyassa appeared as "Nassa," and Tanganyika occupied an enormous, but quite indefinite, space as "Lake Uniamesi;" but these maps were exceptions rather than the rule, and the most important parts of Central Africa were either left entirely blank, or were filled up with great deserts, *montes lunæ*, and figures of lions and dragons.

There was, no doubt, plenty of ancient knowledge to have taught us better. Ptolemy appears to have known a good deal about the geography of Central Africa;

and even the unadventurous Hindu had contrived to get a rough idea of the great African lake-region; but somehow or other all this older information had fallen back out of sight. A better fate might have been expected for the Portuguese explorations, which had advanced very far into the interior of Africa, and to points which it has been an achievement, on the part of Livingstone and Cameron, to reach within the last few years; but these explorations commanded no general attention, and scarcely affected the general European knowledge of the continent. If you spoke about African exploration, the minds of the listeners at once reverted to the journeys of Bruce and Park, which had become sort of household words, though in a very different way. Bruce was scarcely believed in as a narrator of facts; but he was accepted as a sort of gigantic liar, whose achievements in that way were worthy of respect. An old Scotch lady who knew him well assured us that even in the society in which he was welcome, his African stories were never believed, though the credibility of them has since been abundantly established. Park's quiet, beautiful pictures of Africa met with a different reception, and were unhesitatingly accepted, and became so popular in their abbreviated form, that few visitors to Scotland drive up the valley of the Yarrow without looking with kindly interest upon the cottage where he was born. Bruce's discoveries were the more important, because he had traced up the Blue Nile to its fountains among the mountains of Abyssinia; but the course of the White Nile, the real Upper Nile, remained entirely unknown; and the progress of exploration for many years after Park's time was confined to points in the great west shoulder of Africa accessible from the Mediterranean coast or from the coast of Guinea.

Such a state of matters was incompatible with our modern energy and means for exploration. Some time before twenty years ago the unknown regions of Africa began again to attract attention, and various attacks were made upon them from various quarters. The most important of these was, unquestionably, the expedition subsidised by the British Government, of Richardson, Overweg, and Barth, which started from Tripoli in

1849. The two former of these travellers did not live to return, and an affecting account has been given of Richardson, when he was dying, lying on the sand and calling on his far-distant wife. Dr. Barth's five ponderous volumes recording the results of this expedition are probably the duller narrative of a great journey which has ever been presented to the world. Without going conscientiously through them, it is difficult to realise how absolutely leaden they are, and what their effect might be upon even the strongest mind. As to heaviness they almost rise to a kind of sublimity; but the journey they describe was a very wonderful one, extending over twenty-four degrees of latitude from north to south, and including a visit to the dangerous and then almost fabulous city of Timbuctoo, and to Kano, the great commercial emporium of North-Central Africa. Timbuctoo had been visited before by Park, and again by Major Laing; but neither of these travellers lived to describe it, being murdered on their way back. Lake Tchad had been reached before by Clapperton and Denham, but Dr. Barth examined it thoroughly, and by coming on it from the north, he thus struck the route of explorers from the south-west; while also, on an excursion into the province of Bagirmi to the south-east of Lake Tchad, he approached Darfur, and thus nearly struck the route of explorers like Werne starting from the Nile valley. It was an enormous journey this which Dr. Barth accomplished, and it threw much light on Africa, but not beneath the twelfth degree of north latitude. He established the important fact that the whole of Central Africa lying between the western border of Bagirmi and Timbuctoo was neither desert nor mountainous, but an elevated fertile plain affording many products; but he did not touch the most important and interesting region.

Voyages which had been made up the Niger and its eastern continuations the Chadda and Binue, by Allen, Laird, Oldfield, and Baikie, had discovered a water-way towards the heart of North-Central Africa, but nothing more was accomplished in that direction. Elsewhere on the west coast the pestiferous forests and wild tribes confined our

knowledge to an extremely narrow coastline except where some great river afforded an inlet, and in the southern regions where adventurous unscientific Portuguese traders had pushed far into the interior. The valley of the Congo especially had attracted notice, and about 1816 Captain Tuckey had passed up it some way beyond the great Yellala Falls, or in all about two hundred miles from the coast; but there had been no further travel in that direction, and our settlements on the west of Africa were much more devoted to, and fitted for, a coast trade than interior exploration.

In other directions, however, there were indications of progress in African travel. The Nile, instead of the Niger and the Congo, began once more to excite the attention of geographers. Bruce had, indeed, discovered the source of the Blue Nile; but the source and course of the more important White Nile remained quite unknown. More than one expedition was sent out by Mehemet Ali and his successors for the exploration of that river, but they did not advance far enough to solve, or even to throw light upon, the great problem; and, being to a large extent slave-hunting expeditions, they rather complicated matters, and did not improve the prospects of future travellers. No less than three Egyptian expeditions were sent up about the year 1840; and Roman Catholic missionaries established themselves in 1849 at Gondokoro, about five degrees from the equator, or in north latitude $4^{\circ} 54' 5''$, and nearly about half that distance from the northern end of Baker's lake, Albert Nyanza. Quite a large number of private travellers—such as Brun, Malzac, Rollet, Miani, and Werne—took advantage of the Egyptian advances to try to push up to the sources of the White Nile; but their advance to any important point was prevented, owing to the nature of the country, the martial character of the native tribes, the animosity excited by the Egyptians, and the unsettled state caused by slave-hunting which the Egyptians set in motion, and which extended far beyond the points which they themselves held. Captain Speke, in the last chapter of his 'Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile,' has given a graphic description of the brutal conduct of the Egyptians at their advanced posts

in the upper Nile valley, and so has Colonel Grant. Something must be allowed to the martial and savage character of the negroes in that part of Africa; but Speke managed to pass through them, and so did Sir Samuel and Lady Baker afterwards; and it is chiefly owing to the Egyptians that this door into the lake region remained absolutely closed, and that it is even now again closed, notwithstanding all the humane efforts of Sir Samuel Baker and of Colonel Gordon, when in the employ of the Khedive, to arrange that northern frontier. It is worthy of special notice, however, that the lake region was approached so closely from that quarter long ago, without being reached, and, indeed, without the lakes being even heard of except by Brun. The observations of these travellers may not have been always accurate; but there seems no reason to doubt that Herr Kloblecher, of the Gondokoro Mission, M. d'Arnaud, in the Egyptian employ, Werne, and Miani, got in this direction nearly to the third degree of north latitude, or about 220 miles distant from the Victoria, and about 90 from the Albert Nyanza, but they discovered nothing beyond the uninteresting points they attained. Speke, indeed, at the Geographical Society, spoke of them as having got within 50 miles of the lakes; but that is only a rough way of stating how nearly they approached to his own discoveries, and is evidently not intended to be a geographical statement of the distance.

The source of the Nile was destined to be reached from an entirely different quarter—from the then almost unknown east coast: but there, and also from the southward, a good deal of preparatory exploration went on before the commencement of the grand season of African travel. Especial notice in this respect is due to the work of Dr. Krapf, and his associates, the Rev. Messrs. Rebmann and Erhardt, of what has been called the Mombas Mission—a name which, for our general purpose, quite sufficiently indicates its locality. These reverend pioneers have hardly had sufficient justice done them by secular travellers; but there is no doubt that they did a good deal to prepare the way for the grand achievements which were to follow their humbler efforts—especially

in preparing grammars and dictionaries of the African dialects; in learning the modes of travel and exchange; in proving personally that it was not impossible to advance into the interior some way from the coast; in discovering the snow mountains, Kenia and Kilimandjaro; in collecting a vast mass of information in regard to the interior; and in spreading amongst East Africans an idea of the white man, as just and humane, and very different from the Arab and half-caste slave-hunters. Commander Cameron found a knowledge of Kisahueli sufficient to take him across the African continent; but it was Dr. Krapf who reduced that language (besides several other African dialects) to grammar and dictionary; and we need not say how arduous such a task is, with a purely spoken language and the aid of savages only. Dr. Krapf established himself near Mombas, on the east coast, about four degrees south of the equator, so far back as 1844, and he and his associates made long journeys into the interior. Unfortunately, their geographical knowledge was not sufficient for original scientific observations, and their maps required not a little correction; but still they made a beginning, and, from native accounts, gave us information as to the existence of "Lake Uniamesi" or Tanganyika, which, however, they set down as of altogether gigantic proportions. Commander Cameron has got great credit for his courage and the amount of physical sufferings he endured—though in these respects he cannot, and (we doubt not) would not himself, claim any superiority to the great African explorers; but Dr. Krapf had one experience, which was really more frightful than anything which Cameron or any of the other African travellers had to endure except M. Maizan. On his second journey to Ukumbani, he was attacked by robbers, lost all he had, was separated from his attendants and guides, and travelled homewards alone and unarmed for some days till he reached a friendly tribe, concealing himself during the day, walking by night and subsisting on such raw grain and fruits as he could stealthily pick up. Fancy a poor old German missionary doing this in a country not only occupied by wild savages, but intersected by muddy water-courses full of crocodiles and hippopot-

ami, and covered with forests and thick jungle full of lions, rhinoceroses, elephants, wild buffaloes, leopards, and hyenas! This was really enough to have turned any man mad; but "praise and thanks be to God" was the excellent Dr. Krapf's response for this crowning mercy and manifestation of the divine favor; and he was particularly pleased to find that though his gun was broken so as to be useless for firing, yet the barrels of it could be turned into water-bottles by corking their muzzles "with bits of rag cut off my trousers," and that the water tasted delicious "in spite of the gun-powder flavor imparted to it by the barrels."

Mombas is the best port for starting for the snowy mountains of Eastern Africa; but Bagomayo, opposite Zanzibar, is the point of departure for the lakes, and an attempt was made in 1845, to enter that then wholly unknown region, by M. Maizan, a young French naval officer, who had made great preparations for the journey. He only succeeded in penetrating three days' march from the coast, and met with a dreadful fate, being seized by an African chief Mazungera, tied up to a tree and disjointed, despite his groans and cries. Maizan had given no cause for this hideous barbarity, and he appears not even to have had arms about him when he was seized. The event was ascribed chiefly to the jealousy of the Arab traders, who worked upon the ignorance and superstitions of the Africans, and to the fact that the unfortunate Frenchman injudiciously carried articles with him, such as a gilt knob to his tent-pole, which were supposed to be of enormous value. His death was certainly not an encouragement to future travellers; but it was a most useful warning, and so went some way to secure the opening up of the lake regions. Especially it taught the necessity of conciliating the Arabs, and of the traveller always having a revolver handy. Reckless as the savage sometimes is of his own life, he will never attempt to seize a European who has a revolver in hand. African travel is sometimes, thoughtlessly spoken of as if it were a very light and safe thing, which almost any one might undertake; but events such as this which befell M. Maizan, point to a very different conclusion. In East

Africa alone, since the death of Maizan, we have had the murder of Dr. Roscher, who made an independent discovery of Lake Nyassa nearly about the same time that Livingstone first visited it, and who was killed on his way back to the coast; the murder of Von der Decken and his companions, who had long been travelling in the country between the coast and the great snowy mountains; the murder of Mr. Thornton, the sportsman; the suicide of Dr. Dillon, Commander Cameron's companion, from the delirium of intolerable disease; the deaths of Dr. Livingstone, and his nephew Mr. Moffat, from disease; the loss of about half-a-dozen members of the University Mission on the river Shiré; and the deaths, from whatever cause, of several Europeans who accompanied Mr. Stanley into Africa. Well might Colonel Chaillé Long speak of Africa's poisoned arrows and its poisoned air, and exclaim, when he started from Cairo as the chief of Colonel Gordon's staff, "Central Africa, with all its seductive fields of allurements to the adventurous, could not but be regarded as a bourne from which but few travellers returned,—a path of glory which led but to the grave," and by an extremely unpleasant route.

While these perilous and only partially successful attempts upon Central Africa were being made from the east coast, one of the greatest of African travellers was slowly advancing from the south, and preparing himself for his great work. In the employment of the London Missionary Society, Livingstone established himself, soon after his leaving England in 1840, in Central-Southern Africa, about the twenty-fifth parallel of south latitude, with general instructions from his Society to pay special attention to the regions lying to the north. These instructions he acted upon fully, both in letter and in spirit. He had none of the brilliant dash or the prodigious knowledge of some other explorers; but though he advanced slowly, he did so with marvellous persistence, ingratiating himself with the natives, and losing no opportunity of acquiring the scientific and other knowledge which is required in an explorative traveller. To the last this was Dr. Livingstone's style of travel; he always moved slowly, allowing his reputation to precede him, familiarising him-

self with native customs, and creeping, as it were, from point to point. Cautiously pursuing this course, he in time achieved grand results; and probably no other African traveller (unless, perhaps, Mungo Park) ever so loved the uncomely and unfortunate people of the dark continent. It stands to their credit that they seem instinctively to have felt and appreciated this affection. No other great African traveller has gone over such an extent of ground with such slender means, with so little defence, and meeting with so little dangerous opposition. When provoked beyond endurance, he reminded himself that "our grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden:" but the only occasions on which he even threatened with his revolver were when, on one of his earlier journeys, a chief called Kanaka attempted to take one of his attendants as a slave; and when, on one of his last journeys, he witnessed a brutal massacre by Arab slave-hunters of unoffending villagers, including women and children. Yet his courage was of the highest order; and Mr. Stanley was led to conclude from his demeanor when they were threatened with an attack, that he had literally no fear.

Commander Cameron has mentioned that when he reached the west coast his health was drunk, "to the honor of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from east to west"—and this is literally true; but long before his day Livingstone had succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from west to east, which was quite as difficult an achievement. Starting from St. Paul de Loanda, on the west coast, a considerable way north from Benguela, where Cameron came out, Livingstone came out at the mouth of the Zambesi on the east coast, a considerable way farther south than Bagomayo where Cameron went in. We shall afterwards point out where the lines of these two journeys intersect, and compare them with each other; but meanwhile it is well to note that, so far back as the years 1855-56, Livingstone did cross the African continent within the tropic of Capricorn; that at one point of his journey, far in the interior, he approached within a few degrees of the equator; and that his missionary travels and researches, which

were published in 1857, threw a flood of light upon the whole interior of the continent of Africa. It is almost unnecessary to say that we do not refer to this matter in order to detract in the slightest from the great achievement of Commander Cameron; but only in order to point out what the great lines of African exploration have been, and what are really the achievements which will stand the test of time, and obtain such immortal honor as human civilisation has it in its power to bestow.

It may thus be seen, to sum up generally, how our knowledge of Central Africa stood twenty years ago, when the great period of exploration began. The knowledge of the Greeks, the older Arabs, and the Hindus had been lost sight of. The unscientific journeys of the Portuguese traders had attracted no attention, and established no interesting or important facts. Explorations from the west coast had ceased. Barth had penetrated from the north to within twelve degrees of the equator, and established the existence of an immense fertile zone lying beyond the great desert of the Sahara. Explorations up the White Nile had nearly approached the lake region of Central Africa, but had entirely failed to reach it, or even to collect knowledge of its existence. Explorations, attended with great danger and difficulty, had begun on the east coast; and Livingstone had advanced far from the south, gaining much knowledge of the interior of Africa, which at the time was commonly supposed to be occupied by great deserts.

The great era of modern African travel commenced with the discovery of the lake region of Central Africa by Captain Richard Burton and Captain Hanning Speke. They started from the coast of Africa opposite Zanzibar, and discovered the great lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, the latter being more especially the discovery of Captain Speke, who made a solitary excursion to it, while his companion remained at Kazeh in Unyamwebe, collecting information and making preparations for their return journey. It was a great exploration, looking alike at the results gained and the tremendous difficulties in the way. As to the splendor of the results, we have only to remember that the head-waters of both the

Nile and the Congo were discovered on this expedition, for it was on it that Speke first visited Lake Victoria Nyanza; and notwithstanding Mr. Stanley's curious theory, there can be little doubt that Lake Tanganyika is the great head-water of the Congo, though Lake Bangweolo has also some claim to the distinction. We have already briefly indicated how great were the obstacles to entering Africa from the east coast—how speedy and dreadful was the fate of M. Maizan, who first attempted to penetrate the interior from Bagomayo; and, if time allowed, it might be easy to show how enormous was the force of the slaveholding, slave-hunting, commercial, and other interests opposed to any exploration of Africa from this quarter. And yet the most formidable source of opposition afforded the only possible highway from this, then the only feasible, direction into the heart of Africa. The sovereignty of Zanzibar was an offshoot from that of the Imaum of Muscat; and the Arabs of Zanzibar knew about the great lakes, the paths to them, and the means of conveyance. Slave-dealers and slave-hunters as they all were, they were not all wholly corrupt, wholly vile. In the purer Arabs there was something left of the loftier feelings of the deserts of Arabia—of that now almost lost influence which contested with Charles Martel the battle of Tours, and enlightened the thick ecclesiastical gloom of the early middle ages of Europe with some knowledge of the elements of physical science.

At the time we write of there was only one European who could have turned this Arab element to account in breaking through what, at that time, appeared to be the impenetrable shell of Central Africa. This was Captain Richard Burton, who had not only wandered frequently in Sind in native disguise, but had even visited Medinah and Mecca, the sacred cities of Mohammedanism, disguised as a native-born oriental Islamite, and was thoroughly acquainted with the language, character, and customs of the Arabs, besides possessing a quite exceptional capacity for acquiring languages, and, as Mr. Winwood Reade has remarked, an unusual combination of a most powerful brain and body. Commander Cameron—who, even at this day,

had such painful experience of the route to Tanganyika, on which he lost two of his European companions, and nearly perished himself—has said that Burton's 'Lake Regions of Central Africa' is "a work which, for minuteness of detail, must ever stand foremost among books of descriptive geography;" and Mr. Stanley well speaks of him as "the illustrious Burton." Captain Burton has the merit of having seen that Central Africa could be best approached from the east coast, and of accomplishing that, with Speke's aid, in spite of most formidable difficulties.

But the discovery of the lake region of Central Africa was not the only result of Burton's expedition of 1857-59. He has, unquestionably, the glory of having discovered the lake region, in so far as it was a discovery of modern times, and not a mere re-echo of ancient knowledge, and of the unscientific travels of Arab and Portuguese slave-hunters; just as Speke has the glory of being the modern discoverer of the source of the Nile. The Egyptian expeditions, and the efforts of private travellers up the Nile Valley, had entirely failed to reach this lake region, or even to bring word of it. Dr. Livingstone did not discover Lake Nyassa until the end of 1858; and Dr. Roscher, who had proceeded almost directly to it from the east coast, discovered it a little after. The Mombas missionaries got extremely vague accounts of the lake region; but they did not even approach it, being cut off from it, even at their furthest points of exploration (which were not very far in the interior) by great snowy mountains.

Speke's journey in 1858 from Kazeh to Lake Victoria Nyanza, opened up an entirely new district of Africa, and, succeeded as it was by his longer exploration in company with Captain, now Colonel, Grant, finally resolved the problem of the sources of the Nile. On reaching this new lake, it flashed upon him, almost by inspiration, that he had reached the great source of the Nile; but the inspiration was that of a geographer and traveller who understood the country over which he had passed, and saw that he was on a new watershed. The mere journey itself proved that he possessed explorative powers of the highest order, and that, though deficient in some re-

spects, he was able, like Dryden's 'Alexander, to conquer men if not their languages. His powers in these respects were displayed in a still more splendid manner, when, in his great journey of 1860-61-63, in company with Grant, he returned to Lake Victoria Nyanza, travelled round its western shore, saw the White Nile issuing from its northern extremity, learned of the existence of Lake Albert Nyanza under the name of the Luta Nsige, and pursued the valley of the Nile until he triumphantly emerged at Gondokoro, after having passed through a vast extent of new country, and managed to deal with some of the most powerful and dangerous princes to be found in all Africa. Indeed, had Speke not possessed the most extraordinary powers for dealing with savages and managing his attendants, he could never have made that great journey: and though he was far from being good at expressing his reasons for the faith that was in him, he had an immense power of forming right conclusions; and, in this case, these conclusions have all been firmly established by later exploration. Victoria Nyanza is one immense lake, and not a series of small lakes and overflowed swamps, as at one time there was some reason to suspect. Mr. Stanley's extensive voyages upon Victoria Nyanza have set that question at rest, though it is true there are separate small lakes in its immediate vicinity. Victoria Nyanza is the great reservoir, the head-water, of the Nile, though the river from it enters the northern extremity of Lake Albert Nyanza, which Speke first in a manner discovered, and which Baker first visited—and though the small lake Alexandra, which Mr. Stanley claims to have discovered, is a feeder of the great Victoria. There is now no manner of doubt that Lake Victoria Nyanza is an enormous lake, the largest in Africa, and the great source and head-water of the Nile; but, as regards Speke, that is only the verification of a special great discovery, and proof of his truthfulness as a traveller and of his wonderful geographical judgment and instinct. Even had it turned out otherwise, if Tanganyika or Bangweolo had turned out to be the head-water of the Nile, Captain Speke would still have had the great glory of having been the first to pass from East

Africa near the equator to the sources of the Nile, and from thence down its valley into Egypt, or from the southern to the northern hemisphere within the watershed of the Nile. We could not desire all the great African travellers to be exactly like one another, and in order that they should differ, it is necessarily implied that the one should have powers and advantages which the other does not possess—or, to put it otherwise, that the one shall have defects which the other has not. The discoverer of the source of the Nile was very different from his great compeers; he had greater dash and simple direct power than any of them: and no finer proof can be found of the impression which he made in Central Africa, than the fact that every one who has since gone up to Lake Victoria Nyanza—Baker, Linant, Long, and Stanley—has been welcomed by the savage chiefs on the ground of being “Specky’s brother.”

In his discovery of the source of the Nile, Speke had a most able coadjutor in Captain James Augustus Grant, an Indian officer of genuine and unpretentious character, but singularly well fitted for the work of exploration which devolved upon him. His reputation, in that respect, may not have had full justice done to it by a portion of the public, owing to the generous manner in which he has kept himself in the background, giving Speke all the praise of having discovered the source of the Nile; but his own share in the enterprise was no small one. During a large portion of this arduous journey he was separated from his companion, having to bring up a separate portion of the expedition, being laid up by severe illness, or being sent on in front while Speke made a detour. Even when entirely lame he managed to push on alone, and showed great tact in managing the savage and greedy chiefs with whom he had to deal. His ‘Walk across Africa,’ in which he has recorded his personal experiences of this great journey, is a most interesting volume, full of information as to the new and strange people whose countries he traversed; and as to the botany and meteorology of these countries it is especially valuable, giving us an intelligible account of the products of Central Africa, and the modes of living of the

people. In that respect he is superior to every other African traveller. In reading his unpretending but most valuable pages, we are enabled really to understand the life of the people whom he describes, the character of their country, and the conditions of their existence.

The great supplement to Captain Speke’s discoveries was afforded by Sir Samuel Baker, who, along with his heroic wife, in 1863 moved up the Upper Nile route which Speke had just descended, though not altogether on the same line; passed safely through the territories of several savage chiefs; struck the great lake Luta Nsige, which he named Albert Nyanza; coasted along it for sixty miles, and discovered that the Nile issuing from Victoria Nyanza falls into it close to its northern extremity, and issues out of it towards the north. This was a great gain to African geography, and explained some curious matters which Speke did not see his way to understand, but upon which he was careful to avoid premature theorising. Baker’s journey was also very interesting as proving that, under certain protecting conditions, even a European lady might penetrate into the centre of Africa. His succeeding journeys, when he was made a Pasha, and appointed Governor of the Upper Nile province of Egypt, have added little to our geographical knowledge of Africa, though a good deal to our ethnological. They have aided in dispelling some illusions both as to the exalted character of the savage negro and as to the real meaning and effects of the philanthropic efforts of the Egyptian Government to occupy and civilise new provinces. Some discredit and great distrust were brought upon Sir Samuel Baker by his doings as an Egyptian Pasha; but the apparently similar results of Colonel Gordon’s Pashaship show that the blame rests not so much directly upon the man as upon the position in which the man places himself.

Meanwhile, Livingstone had not been idle. The account of his travels, published in 1857, had brought him so much repute in England, that in 1858 he returned to the Zambesi as her Majesty’s Consul to the Portuguese province there. Ample funds had been placed at his disposal for further exploration, a river-steamboat, and European associates. In this way Livingstone did not distinguish

himself so much as he had done before, and did afterwards, as a solitary traveller. Perhaps he expected too much from his companions, who could hardly be expected to equal him in explorative and African enthusiasm; perhaps they were not well selected for the particular purpose. But in the end of 1858 the veteran traveller, striking to the north of the Zambesi, discovered the minor lake Shirwa, and from that proceeded a few miles farther north to the great lake Nyassa, which had not been visited except by Portuguese traders. As we have mentioned, Dr. Roscher, a German *savant* who had for some time been working away as an explorer in East Africa, made an independent discovery of Nyassa very shortly after this, starting from the coast nearly opposite Zanzibar, thus pursuing a very difficult and dangerous course; but, unfortunately, he was murdered on his return journey, and the narrative of his exploration has been almost entirely lost. Colonel Grant, before starting on his great journey, had the satisfaction of witnessing, and almost directing, the execution of two of Roscher's murderers.

These discoveries of Burton, Speke, Baker, and Livingstone completed, speaking generally, our knowledge of the great African lakes which drain into the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. They had also disclosed the existence of Lake Tanganyika, which, there is every probability, is the head-water of the Congo, which drains into the Atlantic, and is part of a lacustrine region that lies between the water-sheds of the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean, and which, considering where its outlet is, lies wonderfully close to the east coast of Africa. There remained to be accomplished the further examination of this central lake region, which has since been achieved by Dr. Livingstone and Commander Cameron.

The interest thus excited in Africa led to some small explorations on the west coast, interesting enough in themselves, but of no great importance, and throwing little or no light on the interior of the continent. M. Paul du Chaillu examined regions not far from the coast, between the equator and the Congo, which were chiefly remarkable as being the habitat of the gorilla, which was supposed at one time to supply the missing

link between man and the monkey. Captain Burton availed himself of his position as British Consul at Fernando Po, to run over the whole west coast of Africa, touching off its peculiarities, and those of its people, in various books, with his extraordinary knowledge, and in his usual sardonic manner. He explored the Cameroons mountain, went to Abeokuta, was Commissioner to Dahomey, visited the gorilla country, ascended the Congo up to the Yellala Falls, and gathered an immense mass of interesting information in regard to West Africa, but seems to have made no attempt to attack the interior of the continent from that side. Mr. Winwood Reade, also, paid two visits to Western Africa, and presented the English public with many very curious facts and graphic descriptions. Sir Garnet Wolseley's little war, and advance upon Coomassie, also did something to direct attention to that part of the world. The advance, however, in regard to West Africa, was not so much in the way of new exploration as in that of bringing the skill of trained observers and accomplished *littérateurs* to bear on the fauna of the country, including the aboriginal negro. Hitherto it can hardly be said that the centre of Africa has been reached from the portion of the west coast most contiguous to it. There has been no exploration to speak of from that line, so great are the difficulties, and chiefly the climatic difficulties, though it is evident that the most formidable of these latter extend only a short way inland. It is only south of the Congo that we come upon a coast land which does not present almost impenetrable forests and a deadly miasma. Livingstone and the Portuguese who entered, or rather approached, Central Africa from the west coast, had always to avoid the climatic, though not the geographic, tropical region, until they got far inland upon the elevated central plateau.

In pointing out what had now been achieved, we have rather anticipated not so much actual results as the verification of these results. There still remained a reasonable doubt as to whether Tanganyika might not be the head source of the Nile; as to whether, on the contrary, it drained into Lake Nyassa; as to whether it drained anywhere at all; and, in general, as to the whole water-system of

Central Africa. In order to solve these problems and continue his great system (for such it might be called) Dr. Livingstone again entered Africa, and this time alone, in 1866. His funds were rather inadequate for his purpose, and would have been wholly inadequate but for £1000 which were subscribed for him, at the last moment, by the citizens of Bombay, from which place he proceeded to the east coast of Africa. From this—his last and grandest exploration, which extended over nearly seven years—Dr. Livingstone was fated never to return; but it was a splendid achievement, and promises eventually to be of incalculable importance to Africa.

Dr. Livingstone started by a new route for Lake Nyassa, leaving the east coast a little north of the mouth of the Rovuma river, and about the tenth parallel of south latitude; and he desired to have at once struck the north end of Lake Nyassa; but the state of the country, desolated by slave-hunting carried on under the indirect (though, no doubt, as regards the home government, the unconscious) support of Portuguese authority, found him drawn towards the south, and compelled him to turn on his old tracks and go round the south end of Nyassa. This was a great disappointment to him; but it led him into regions where his explorative powers could be turned to better account than if he had at once struck the north end of Nyassa, turned immediately on Tanganyika, and followed out his intense desire of examining the sources of the Nile, which had already been determined sufficiently for all immediate purposes. The result of this detour was that Livingstone struck upon Lake Bangweolo, or Bemba, the river Lualaba, and the great lacustrine region which lies to the west of Tanganyika, and along with that lake constitute the head-waters of the Congo, the great highway into the centre of Africa. We need say little about the further journeyings of this great traveller, of the vast extent of unknown regions which he explored, of the uncertainty which for so long hung over his fate, of his relief by Mr. Stanley when his fortunes were at the lowest, and when, supposing himself to have been forgotten and forsaken by the civilised world, he seems to have quietly made up his mind to sit still and

die in Ujiji. What a wonderful lifting of the clouds, what a wonderful change in the dreary sad outlook it must have been, when Mr. Stanley burst in upon him with the news that he was still valued, still cared for, and that American enterprise had come to aid and encourage him! On this occasion even the fighting reporter becomes pious, recognises the hand of an overruling Providence, and almost rivals the simple Suabian theology of Dr. Krapf.

A hundred chances might have prevented Mr. Stanley from meeting Dr. Livingstone: he had no idea where Livingstone was until he almost stumbled upon him; he went straight on blindly, merely following (with certain necessary detours) the route, which had been twice traversed before, from the coast to Lake Tanganyika; yet he went direct to his aim like an arrow from its bow, which, however, was only an incidental achievement, and is hardly a warrant for his wandering about Africa for unnumbered years, groping into the creeks of lakes and civilising the negroes by means of explosive shells.

While we can sympathise with Livingstone when he was relieved by Mr. Stanley, and with Stanley when he relieved Livingstone, we cannot but feel regret that the great, calm, unpretending African traveller did not, in his last days, know the full value of his explorations. Livingstone had not even the consolation of Moses of seeing the promised land toward which he had wandered and endured for thirty years. In these his last explorations the idea occupied his mind that he was discovering the ultimate sources of the Nile, the Fountains of Herodotus, and, in general, something new and decisive in regard to the old "Father of floods." It will be in the recollection of all how painful to him was the suspicion that he might be really working at the sources of the Congo, and not at those of "the glorious old Nile;" and the homely way in which he expressed his dislike at the idea of running the risk of becoming "black man's meat" for anything less, geographically speaking, than the sources of the Nile. It was, no doubt, one of those illusions which keep men up to their work, and so was one of those tricks of nature which Schopenhauer has so

severely stigmatised; but it was hardly to be expected in so good and sensible a man. However, there it was; and in the painful state of uncertainty which thus arose Livingstone died, on the southern shore of his own lake, Bangweolo, his last thoughts and prayers being for the dark continent which he so much loved. What a consolation would it have been for him had he perceived that his discovery of the sources of the Congo was really a far more important matter than anything he could have done in regard to the sources of the Nile, and was the commencement of opening up a highway for civilisation into the heart of Africa!

While Livingstone was thus completing his great life-work, another intrepid explorer was working towards the sources of the Congo, and visiting an entirely new region of Africa. Dr. Georg Schweinfurth, the German botanist, supported by the Berlin "Humboldt Institution of Natural Philosophy and Travels," turned his attention to the equatorial districts traversed by the western affluents of the Upper Nile. Werne and others had done something in that direction; but Schweinfurth, in his expedition of 1868-70, advanced far beyond these travellers, and entered upon what, in every sense, was entirely virgin ground. Keeping always to the westward of the Nile, and advancing beyond the watershed of its tributaries to rivers which either join the Congo or drain into Lake Tchad, he got to a parallel of latitude nearly corresponding with the northern end of Lake Albert Nyanza. He was well entitled to call the record of his travels 'The Heart of Africa,' because he really reached the heart of the African continent as no one has done either before or since. In the before unknown kingdom of Monbuttoo, which was his farthest point of exploration, Schweinfurth was to the west of the great lake system of Central Africa, and thus advanced into that vast unknown region which lies directly between it and the west coast. He was fortunate in hitting upon a region and a time when he had the aid of Egyptian traders suiting themselves to the necessities and wants of African chiefs, without everything having been thrown into confusion by the conquering ambition of the Egyptian

Government on the one hand, and its attempt, on the other, to meet the European demand for putting down the slave trade. Something, also, may be granted to Dr. Schweinfurth's reputation as a botanist, which was a particularly harmless one, and was very gratifying to the *quidnuncs* of that portion of Africa who are not less bent than the similar class of men in civilised countries to find a satisfactory explanation of anything which appears to them extraordinary. Dr. Schweinfurth's habit of going into the jungle, examining leaves, and pulling up plants, while his negro attendants took every opportunity of having a sleep, was very naturally explained by the supposition (as he had come from vegetationless regions, of which the negroes had some idea from the few of their number who had seen the sandy deserts of Nubia) that he was 'an enormous and abnormal "eater of leaves."' The Niam-Niam, and the strange Negro-Semitic people of Monbuttoo, could quite sympathise with this weakness. They themselves were cannibals, and were quite conscious that their weakness in that respect was looked upon with a pardonable disgust by the Egyptian traders, by the Nubian soldiers, and by some surrounding tribes accompanying these traders. Even Munza, the aristocratic and really self-contained king of Monbuttoo, who, according to rumor, required a young child every day to supply him with tender food, acknowledged that he kept anthropophagism in the background when he was visited by Dr. Schweinfurth. Colonel Long also mentions that, when he made a later visit to the Niam-Niam, which Schweinfurth passed through on his way to Monbuttoo, his Niam-Niam auxiliaries, after a battle with an opposing tribe, had the delicacy to encamp some distance off in order to carry out their culinary operations. It may thus be understood how Dr. Schweinfurth's supposed weakness for the vegetable kingdom was quite a passport of protection for him. It was an abnormal appetite to be sympathised with; and probably was largely availed of by all his attendants for his protection and for their own.

Though they are cannibals, like the Fans of the west coast, whom they greatly resemble, the Niam-Niam and the peo-

ple of Monbutto appear to be out of sight the most civilised and humane of the primitive savage tribes of Africa; and this goes to support the idea that cannibalism, like slavery, is one of the means which lead up to civilisation. It can easily be understood how anthropophagism may give an exceptional advantage to a savage or semi-savage tribe, by increasing the supply of cheap food and by decreasing the number of unproductive people. It is interesting to notice that among the Niam-Niam and Monbuttoos, human fat seems to occupy a place very similar to that which *gänsefett* does in German cookery; and that persons who find themselves getting corpulent in that region become uneasy and alarmed for their own safety, which must be a very powerful incentive to keeping up muscular vigor with consequent health and strength. This is very horrible to contemplate: but modern scientific observation has to do with facts, not fictions; and there are many things much more revolting and much more dreadful involved in the basis and conditions of sentient existence in so far as we are acquainted with it.

Geographically, Dr. Schweinfurth did not determine the most important problem which he had to deal with—namely, whether the rivers he came across drained into the Congo or into Lake Tchad. One of them at least, supposed to be the Welle, was a very large stream. It flowed westward, and, there could be little doubt, took its rise in the Blue Mountains, rising to the west of Baker's lake, Albert Nyanza. In his explorations, Dr. Schweinfurth approached Barth's explorations from the north-west; and though his book is interesting, it is, unfortunately, rather heavy, confused, not very well put together, far too long, and is wanting in that subordination of particulars to generals which even the ordinary German scientific mind is usually so well able to supply.

We may now turn to the explorations in the lake regions which have been lately made from the Nile valley by Colonel Gordon's officers, in the employ of the Khedive of Egypt. In 1874, Col. Chaillé Long, the chief of Gordon's staff, advanced from Gondokoro to Lake Victoria Nyanza, paying a visit to King Mtesa, whom Speke first introduced to

the civilised world. Colonel Long suffered much from climate, as well as from the savage opposition of native tribes, and he writes of the country and of its people in the most condemnatory manner; but he does not seem to have had a sufficient *entourage*, and he too pointedly brings out the moral that Central Africa is a place fitted only for native Egyptian troops. On by far the greater part of his short excursion Dr. Schweinfurth enjoyed perfect health, and Speke and Grant did not find the rainy climate of the lake regions to be at all so bad as it has been represented by Colonel Long. The contributions to geography afforded by the latter traveller are, that he personally determined a very small portion of the Nile's course between the great lakes and Gondokoro—the portion between Urondogani and Mrooli—which neither Speke nor Baker had gone over; and that he discovered, on that line, an insignificant body of water, about twenty miles long, which he has called Lake Ibrahim, which is about north latitude $1^{\circ} 30'$, and which, he seems to think, gives him a claim to be considered one of the discoverers of the Nile sources. He claims to have been the first explorer of the whole portion of the Nile between Urondogani and Kamma Falls; but Speke had gone over the part between Mrooli and the Falls. Colonel Long also made an excursion to the west of the Nile into the country of the Niam-Niam; but he has added little to the information which Schweinfurth had given us before in regard to these (for Africa) really refined cannibals. The most extraordinary thing about his expedition is, that in summing up his results he claims as one of them (Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People, p. 306) that "M'Tsé (Mtesa), King of Ugunda, had been visited, and the proud African monarch made a willing subject; and his country, rich in ivory, and populous, created the southern limit of Egypt." But when we turn to his account of his interviews with the king we find nothing whatever to justify such a conclusion, but something quite the contrary. He says nothing whatever of having broached the subject of submission to Egypt to King Mtesa; and the probability is, that had he done so he would have been immediately beheaded. According even

to his own account, the speech he made (in Arabic) to Mtesa (p. 106) was as follows:—"O M'Tsé, great king of Africa, I have come in the name of the great Sultan at Cairo to present you his gracious salutations. The world has heard of a great African king, and my august sovereign, in sending me to him, wishes me thus to express his kindly friendship and interest for one for whom he wishes only continued health and greatness." This is quite incompatible with the assumption of having added this particular king to the list of Egyptian tributaries; and it is absurd to suppose that a powerful and proud African potentate, who had never bowed to a superior, would consent to, or for a moment entertain, such a proposal, made by a half-dead Egyptian officer, accompanied by a couple of soldiers. Yet it is noticeable that for this achievement the Khedive paid Colonel Long the most flattering compliments, and gave him promotion and decorations.

Another expedition to Lake Victoria Nyanza was made in 1875 by M. Ernest Linant, also one of Gordon's officers, who met Mr. Stanley at the court of Mtesa, and brought back letters from that traveller; but he does not seem himself to have obtained any new geographical results, and on his return he was massacred, along with thirty-six soldiers, actually within sight of Colonel Gordon's headquarters, and new capital of the province, at Bedden, only fifteen miles distant from Gondokoro, which does not say much for the progress which had then been made in pacifying the country. After punishing the tribe guilty of this act, Colonel Gordon himself advanced as far as Mrooli, and attacked the chief Keba Rega, who had always shown himself hostile to the Egyptians. The result of this was that—as officially stated by Cherif Pasha, the Egyptian Foreign Minister—a rival of Keba Rega "a été appelé à lui succéder comme représentant du Gouvernement du Khédive." Keba Rega is better known as Kamrasi, who behaved so badly to Speke, and wanted Lady Baker to be left with him; so it is gratifying to learn that he has at last been cast out on the cold world: but this does not justify the assumption that Mtesa is a vassal, and that the whole lake region has been annexed

by a power itself tributary, insolvent, which manages its old territory so ill, and which uses one or two high-class Englishmen, such as Baker and Gordon, as mere warming-pans for itself and its negroid officers. Military posts have also been established by Colonel Gordon (though apparently not personally) at Urondogani, at a spot not far from the Ripon Falls and Lake Victoria Nyanza, and at Makungo, on the shore of Lake Albert Nyanza, near the mouth of the Somerset river. Certainly Colonel Gordon has not been idle; and Cherif Pasha, in his summing up of the results which Gordon has achieved, goes on to make the following remarkable statement: "Ainsi est accomplie l'annexion à l'Egypte de tous les territoires sis autour des grands lacs Victoria et Albert, qui, avec leur affluents et le fleuve Somerset, ouvrent à la navigation un vaste champ d'explorations que Gordon Pasha prépare jusqu'à présent." This is one of the most gigantic annexations on record, even though the most of it as yet has been done only by stroke of pen. If some nations are now afraid to annex the smallest portion of territory, it is evident that some other nations can still do huge conveyances of that kind. Colonel Gordon has left that portion of "Egyptian" territory, and, so far as we are aware, there are no Englishmen now employed by Egypt in and near that African lake region which Englishmen have discovered, and which, it would even seem, Englishmen have conquered. The Romans were advised not to attempt the Ethiopic portion of the Nile valley, and they drew back from the enterprise; but it has been undertaken in our day by "the great Sultan at Cairo."

Signor Gessi, another of Gordon's agents, succeeded last year in achieving a performance of the same kind in regard to Albert Nyanza. He got up to that lake with a small steamer and two iron life-boats, and established a so-called military station at Makungo, as we have already mentioned. On this occasion, according to Colonel Gordon's telegram to the Geographical Society, they hoisted the Egyptian flag "on the banks of Lake Albert, in the presence of the officers, soldiers, and natives; and all the assemblage prayed for long life and continued victory for his Highness the Khedive,

and the princes his sons, *and all those regions and their inhabitants came under the rule of the Khedival Government.*" This style of announcement is quite Scriptural in its brevity, reminding one of the dealings of Israel with the Canaanites; and there is a fine largeness of grasp in the phrase "all those regions and their inhabitants."

Signor Gessi, however, did something for geography in this region which he so summarily annexed. He managed, in his iron life-boats (we do not hear anything about the steamer), to reach the northern end of Albert Nyanza, and determined it to be a lake 190 miles in length, with an average breadth of 50 miles, but was not able to make an entire circuit of the shore. At the south end the water is very shallow, and the lake is succeeded by great forests. On the west there are high mountains and great forests, presenting almost impenetrable obstacles to travellers. On the east a river empties itself into the lake; but its current is so strong that navigation of it would be dangerous. There is not much new information here; but Baker's accounts are confirmed as well as a little added to,—and it is interesting to notice that, as Colonel Gordon remarks, "Speke, from native report, put Lake Albert in nearly the same position, and about the same size, as Gessi found it." The rapid river coming from the east is rather a curious phenomenon, for it cannot be the Somerset Nile which is referred to.

We must not altogether pass over the independent travels, for they can hardly as yet be called fresh explorations, of Mr. Henry Stanley. That gentleman's discovery of Livingstone brought him so much *éclat* with a large portion of the public that he was sent back into Central Africa, supported by the combined funds of a New York and a London newspaper. He was thus enabled to take an English-built boat from Zanzibar to Victoria Nyanza, and he made a detailed survey of that lake, fully supporting Speke's estimate of its magnitude and importance. M. Linant met him at the court of Mtesa, in Uganda, where he was very well received by that king, whom he claims to have half converted to Christianity. Mr. Stanley's own Christianity appears to be of a rather martial order. On his jour-

ney to Lake Victoria, and when navigating that great inland sea, he had many severe conflicts with the natives, killing and wounding great numbers of them by aid of our modern firearms. Even according to his own showing (and he is not likely to be an unfavorable reporter of his own conduct) he exercised quite unnecessary severity in dealing with the people of the country, and has done almost as much as the Egyptians to make the neighborhood of Victoria Nyanza most dangerous for future travellers.

Mr. Stanley, like Colonel Long with Lake Ibrahim, also claims to be a discoverer of the sources of the Nile. He has discovered an "Alexandra Nile," and a small lake on a higher level than the great Victoria Nyanza, which smaller body of water he proposes to call Lake Alexandra, in honor of the Princess of Wales. We know about the Blue Nile and the White Nile, and even the Somerset Nile and the Giraffe Nile may be allowed to pass; but the line must be drawn somewhere, otherwise we shall have as many Niles as there are streams running into the Nyanza lakes. This "Alexandra Nile" was crossed by Speke and Grant when they were journeying round Lake Victoria, and they call it the Kitangule; but it did not seem to strike them as a very important though a noticeable river. Mr. Stanley does not appear even to have reached this new lake; and it is from native information and "the lie of the country" that he sets it down in his rough map, which was received in this country a few weeks ago, as about forty miles long and thirty in breadth. This is far too sensational geography, and the name of the Kitangule river and lake had better be retained, after the example of the first discoverers of the river.

It was expected that, after his examination of the above-mentioned lake, Mr. Stanley, who was at Mtesa's in 1875, would have taken his boat over to the Albert Nyanza and explored that partially unknown lake. This was clearly the most interesting field of exploration before him, and it was even said that he was going to push his perilous way from that latter lake into the unknown regions lying to the west of it, to determine the course of the Congo, and to emerge triumphantly at the west coast. Instead of doing so, however, Mr. Stanley, for

reasons which do not appear, returned to his old friend Lake Tanganyika, which he had already partially navigated in company with Dr. Livingstone, and which is already better known to us than any of the other great African lakes, thanks to the explorations of Burton and Speke, Livingstone and Commander Cameron. Here the bold navigator, from his letters just received, claims to have made another great discovery, and one even more wonderful than that of Lake Alexandra; but we shall deal with that in connection with Commander Cameron's discoveries.

Leaving Mr. Stanley to continue his travels, and just noticing the ascent, in 1871, by the Rev. Mr. New of the Mombas Mission, of the great mountain Kilimandjaro, which had before been reached (though not ascended to the snow-line) by Baron von der Decken, we now come to the last great African exploration—that of Commander Cameron. This great journey has been fully described in Cameron's work, which has just been published, entitled 'Across Africa;' and, alike from the extent, danger, and novelty of the journey and the results achieved, it gives him a place among the greater African explorers, such as Bruce, Park, Barth, Burton, Speke, Grant, and Livingstone.

The circumstances in which Commander Cameron started were peculiar, and must be in the remembrance of many readers. The first Livingstone Search Expedition from England was sent out in 1872 under the command of Lieutenant Dawson, and proved a great disappointment; for, ere it had well started from the east coast of Africa, Mr. Stanley met it with the news that he had already seen and relieved Dr. Livingstone; and owing to some misrepresentation of Livingstone's wishes, or some misconception of them, Lieutenant Dawson withdrew from any attempt to carry out the object of the expedition, and his example was afterwards followed by its succeeding leaders, Lieutenant Henn and Mr. New. This was extremely unfortunate and provoking, because Dr. Livingstone continued to be in need of aid, as his failing health, and his death soon after abundantly proved; and because the expedition had been fitted out in a very thorough manner at great expense.

To repair this *fiasco* a second expedition was despatched from London in the end of 1872, under Lieutenant Cameron of the Royal Navy, who was a novice in inland African travel, but who had acclimatised himself by three years of surveying work on the east coast of Africa, and had acquired a thorough knowledge of the Kisahueli language, which, of all the African dialects, is the most useful to the traveller moving to the centre of the continent from the east coast, and which Livingstone had found of essential service almost wherever he went. Cameron was accompanied from the outset by an old friend, Dr. W. E. Dillon, R.N.; and he was afterwards joined, as volunteers, by Lieutenant Murphy, R.N., and Mr. Robert Moffat, a nephew of Livingstone, who had sold off his inheritance in Natal, and intended to devote all he possessed to the assistance of his great relative.

Starting from Bagomayo, opposite Zanzibar, on the usual route for Lake Tanganyika, this expedition met with even more than the usual difficulties and climatic dangers, and soon was deprived of three out of its four Englishmen. Poor Moffat died of fever close to the coast, almost at the same time as his uncle expired by Lake Bangweolo. The expenses of the route were found to have so greatly increased beyond what they were when Burton and Speke first traversed it, that Cameron could get only twenty natives for a *doti* where Burton got sixty-four. Lieutenant Cameron had the advantage of having with him the experienced "Bombay," a Seedy who had been in responsible positions on all the three preceding expeditions into the lake region from the east coast; but we are sorry to observe that this distinguished traveller had not improved with years and renown. Burton had given him the highest character for honesty, even saying, in his sardonic way, of a distinguished British officer and consul, that "Bombay's honest black face appeared beautiful by comparison." Speke and Grant found him very useful on their great journey, and bestowed on him high praise, though they also pointed out his defects; but Stanley suffered some loss from relying on his trustworthiness, and Cameron found him all but useless, and was much provoked by his indifference and insolence. Something of the same

falling off is often visible in Alpine guides, English butlers, and many other classes of people who are not negroes; nor is it only in Africa that the not unreasonable idea prevails that when a man becomes unfit for the work which has gained his reputation, his experience and past labors should elevate him into an easier position.

On reaching his first great stage in Unyanyembe, about 450 miles from the coast, Lieutenant Cameron was most kindly received by Said ibn Salim, the Governor of the Arab settlement, who had accompanied Burton, and Speke and Grant, on a portion of their journeys, and who, we are glad to learn, "cherished an affectionate memory for his former masters, and was very kind to us for their sakes; not only lending the house, but giving us a supply of milk morning and evening, and constantly sending presents of fowls, eggs, and goats." In this unhealthy place they were detained for several months, owing to the difficulty of obtaining porters, and from the direct route to Ujiji being closed by Mirambo, a native chief, who had formerly been a great friend of the Arab traders, and had shown [much generosity in giving them credit when in difficulties, but had been turned into a bitter enemy by their repudiation of their engagements. Commander Cameron writes of this chief as if he were a new phenomenon; but Mr. Stanley had before described the position of Mirambo, and the unsettled state into which he had thrown the country. By aiding the Arabs in fighting Mirambo, Stanley committed a great and uncalled-for mistake. It identified white travellers with Arab crimes. The Arabs, or half-castes, whom he joined for this purpose, deserted him at a critical moment, occasioned the death of some of his people, and nearly caused him to lose his own life.

The sufferings endured by all the members of the expedition in this region show that previous accounts of the effects of its fever were not at all exaggerated; and they had also the misery of being nearly blinded by ophthalmia. When in this wretched condition, a letter arrived from Livingstone's servant, Jacob Wainwright, announcing the Doctor's death, and that he and Chumah and {Susi were close at hand with the

dead body. A few days after the body arrived, and it remained to be determined what was to be done with the expedition. Lieutenant Murphy resigned his position, and announced his determination of returning to the east coast, on the ground that the work of the expedition was completed. Dillon was desirous to go on; but he was so ill that he also resolved to return. Cameron at this time was nearly blind with ophthalmia, almost unable to walk from pains in his back; and fever, which was still hanging about him, had reduced him to a skeleton, and to a weight little over seven stone. Nevertheless, in these desperate circumstances, he determined to go on, in order to secure a box of books which Livingstone had left at Ujiji and had referred to anxiously with his dying breath, and also to follow up the great traveller's explorations. It was a heroic determination, and was justified by the splendid result. He had a terrible warning immediately after starting; but even that did not deter him. He had only started when he learned that Dillon had destroyed himself; and he made the next march in an almost unconscious state. Strong must have been the internal impulse which drove him across Africa.

For the next two years Cameron was alone, so far as Europeans were concerned, and for the most part upon entirely new ground. On reaching Tanganyika he set to work to sail round that mysterious lake, and did so round its larger half—that is to say, from Ujiji, on its east coast and on the fifth parallel of south latitude, to the southern end of the lake, and up the west coast to a point not far from opposite Ujiji. Burton and Speke had left that portion of the lake almost unexamined, and Livingstone had gone round the greater portion of it, but chiefly by land, so that Cameron's was really the first survey of the larger part of the lake upon the lake itself.

Of much interesting information which Cameron gathered in regard to Tanganyika, we shall only refer to his discovery of its outlet. This question as to an outlet had caused a great deal of curious surmise. When Burton and Speke visited its northern end they came to the conclusion that the river Lusize was an affluent, but they could not sufficiently determine the point; and afterwards

Burton inclined to the opinion that it was an effluent, and connected Tanganyika with the Nile. That idea was disproved by the examination of the Lusize in 1871; but then Livingstone found that the streams ran into it at the south end also, so that it had no connection with Lake Nyanza. No stream, it was well known, issued from its eastern side, towards the Indian Ocean; and Livingstone sought, entirely without success, to find any effluent on its western side. Hence he inclined to the opinion that there must be a subterranean outlet for this immense lake, connecting it with the Lualaba river and series of lakes, which he believed to be the headquarters of the Nile, but which there is now scarcely a doubt are those of the Congo. It is no wonder Livingstone came to this conclusion about a subterranean outlet; and it is still far from improbable that there may be such an outlet among its limestone rocks, notwithstanding Cameron's discovery and Mr. Stanley's ingenious but absurd supposition that Tanganyika is a lake which has not yet got filled up. Livingstone's objection to the notion that this lake has no outlet is, that if such a body of deep water were relieved only by evaporation, the deposit of saline matter in it would long since have made it a salt lake—there being no other instance in the world of a large, deep, fresh-water lake without an outlet, and there is a great deal of saline matter in the country round it. Lake Tchad, indeed, there is reason to believe, has no outlet, and it is fresh water; but then it is not so much a deep-water lake as an immense shallow lagoon, held within bounds by the surface which it exposes to evaporation, and kept fresh by the absorption of the ground, which is a kind of outlet. In the extremely salt Dead Sea, it is worthy of notice that the amount of river-water poured into it is extremely small. But whether a subterranean outlet exists or not, Livingstone detected the part of the coast where there might be a superterranean exit in Tanganyika. Commander Cameron saw that there was a break in the mountains of the western shore where such an outlet was likely to be, and, from such examination as he was able to bestow upon it, came to the conclusion that the Lukuga river was that outlet. Livingstone had

noticed the same break, and had suggested that the Logumba river, which appears to be the same as Cameron's Lukuga, or at least is close to it, was an outlet; and he also opined that there might be some other outlets farther north on the same coast. Unfortunately, Commander Cameron's examination of the Lukuga was not an altogether conclusive one. This part of the coast was between, and some distance from, the great trade-routes to the west, so that the Arabs knew nothing about it or about the river. A local chief declared that his people often travelled for more than a month along its banks until it fell into the Lualaba; but local chiefs appear to say anything on such points. The African traveller cannot always pursue the exact path he wishes, though he may continue in the direction, and Cameron was prevented from descending (or ascending) this river; but he went four or five miles into it, until progress was rendered impossible by dense masses of *floating* vegetation. There was neither open water nor solid land; but he found in this large river, six hundred yards broad and three fathoms deep, an outward current from the lake of one knot and a half, sufficient to drive his boat well into the edge of the vegetation; and on various points of his journey afterwards, he obtained corroborative evidence that this Lukuga river flows into the Lualaba.

So far everything seems quite clear and satisfactory; but Mr. Stanley suddenly appears at this outlet, laboring under the painful burden that something new and extraordinary must be found to justify his wandering about in Africa for years with unlimited funds. His discovery is, that Lake Tanganyika has not yet been filled up, that it is a young and rising lake, and that Cameron "was both right and wrong,"—the Lukuga is not an outlet of the lake, but it is going to be, when Tanganyika has risen up to the height of its great destiny. We must give Mr. Stanley credit for his ingenuity in this matter, and all the more that it will be exceedingly difficult to prove that he is not right in his wonderful supposition. However satisfactorily it may be proved afterwards that Tanganyika has an outlet in the Lukuga, it will still remain open for Mr. Stanley to assert that it had no such outlet up to the

period of his great discovery ; and really there is some reason for being thankful that so ingenious a mind should have been relegated to the (comparatively) uninteresting and innocuous region of African geography. It is alarming to contemplate what might have been the results had it been let loose on the more practically important affairs of European or American politics !

But, to look at the matter scientifically, there are many reasons for supposing that Commander Cameron is right in regard to this subject. We should much more readily trust the observations and judgment of a practical and scientific sailor in regard to whether the Lukuga is an affluent or an effluent, than those of a wandering American reporter. The supposition that Lake Tanganyika has not yet filled up to its level, is wholly incompatible with our knowledge of that lake and of the geology of Central Africa. Had its basin been a creation of post-tertiary times, it might possibly (though by no means probably) be now in process of being filled up to the brim. But Tanganyika dates far back in the geological ages—to a period represented not by hundreds of thousands but by millions, and perhaps hundreds of millions, of years. The rainfall upon it is itself enormous. Besides the rainfall, there are the rivers which run into it, and of these Cameron says ('Across Africa,' ii. 304), "I found no less than *ninety-six rivers*, besides torrents and springs, flowing into the portion of the lake which I surveyed." The drainage of an immense rainy area flows into Tanganyika, and the country round it "was like a huge sponge full of water." Commander Cameron further came to the conclusion that this lake was "fed by springs in its bed in addition to the numerous rivers and torrents." Considering these facts, it is extremely difficult to believe that Tanganyika is a lake in process of being filled up. The enormous rainfall and flow of streams into it could hardly be arrested to any extent by evaporation under skies so often cloudy, and would serve to fill up the basin in a few centuries. It is hardly credible that such excellent geologists as Livingstone and Burton could have examined the shores of Tanganyika without perceiving traces of its chasm having

been recently formed if such had been the case. Sir Samuel Baker says ('Albert Nyanza,' ii. 317) that Central Africa is composed of granitic and sandstone rocks, which do not appear to have been submerged, or to have undergone any volcanic or aqueous changes, and have been affected only by time "working through countless ages, . . . no geological change having occurred in ages long anterior to man." One of the greatest of geologists, Sir Roderick Murchison, said, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society of the 23d May 1864—

"In former addresses I suggested that the interior mass and central portions of Africa, constituting a great plateau, occupied by lakes and marshes, from which the waters escaped by cracks or depressions in the subtending older rocks, had been in that position during an enormously long period. I have recently been enabled, through the apposite discovery of Dr. Kirk, the companion of Livingstone, not only to fortify my conjecture of 1852, but greatly to extend the inferences concerning the long period of time during which the central parts of Africa have remained in their present condition."

One of the chief grounds for this conclusion is the absence of all eruptive rocks which could have been thrown up since the tertiary rocks began to form.

Had Mr. Stanley taken these considerations into account, or had he possessed more knowledge of science, he would probably have never brought forward his fanciful hypothesis. What seems to have misled him was the fact that the volume of water in Tanganyika has been increasing of late years. This had been observed by both Livingstone and Cameron ; but they had too much knowledge and judgment to jump to the conclusion that Tanganyika was a lake not yet filled up. The inhabitants on its shores date this increase from after the visits of white men, and ascribe it to these visits. There is also evidence that Tanganyika has been before at a much higher level. In brief, its level alters considerably, and the cause is not far to seek. Subterranean passages (sometimes blocked up by falling pieces of rock) may have something to do with it ; but another cause is much more apparent. The vast masses of floating vegetation which there are in this, as in the other Central African lakes, are quite sufficient to choke up the out-

lets either periodically or for long irregular seasons.* Unable, from various circumstances, to trace down the Lukuga river, Commander Cameron moved westward from Tanganyika to Nyangwe, on the Lualaba river, the farthest point which Livingstone had reached in his last great explorations. His desire was to float down this river to the Congo as it is already known to us, and so emerge on the west coast of Africa, but scarcity of means and local difficulties prevented him from carrying out this design. The disappointment was exceedingly great to our traveller; and it is so to his readers also; because, before him, and almost inviting his footsteps, lay the immense unknown regions lying between Nyangwe and the western sea, including the mysterious Lake Sankorra and the great valley of the Congo. There was no help for it; but the interest of the journey which Cameron might have achieved, had circumstances been more favorable, detracts from the interest of that which it remained for him to achieve, and where he had to descend so far to the south as to cross the previous lines of exploration.

Nyangwe had been visited before by Livingstone; and from thence Cameron had to strike almost directly south to Lake Kassali, between the 8th and 9th parallels of south latitude. All this was entirely new ground; but, having after this to strike still further south, though now also in a westerly direction, he crossed the line of exploration of Dr. Lacerda in 1798, and of Livingstone's early journey across Africa. Lacerda went up from the east coast as far as Kabebe, a place about S. lat. 8° , and long. 23° , and lying between Cameron's route and the great valley of the Congo and the Lake Sankorra.

Livingstone, again, in his journeys of 1855-56, crossed Cameron's route at Katema about $12^{\circ} 30'$ S. lat., and 21° long., and went as far north as Kabango, about nine degrees south of the equator. We also notice that in 1796 Pereira

reached a point on the twelfth degree of south latitude, and the twenty-fourth of east longitude. Hence, as an explcation, Cameron's journey is not so new as some might think; but still, from Nyangwe it was over almost entirely new ground, though crossed at points by Livingstone's and Lacerda's routes. His laborious determination of positions by astronomical observations has been of immense service to our knowledge of Africa. He has also determined the heights along his route, so as to be able to present in his map a most interesting section of the country, displaying at a glance the elevations from sea to sea. He has exposed the villanies of the slave-trade, still carried on by negroid Portuguese; and he managed so well with the natives as to open, not shut, the way for future travellers. And though the literary excellences of his narrative are not of a very striking character, yet they are charming in their way, the details being very clearly presented, and there being throughout an unobtrusive tinge of humor and almost poetic feeling.

We have now indicated the great explorations which have penetrated and lit up the darkness of the African continent. A very fair general idea has been obtained of what that continent is, of what it is capable of being made, and of the people by whom it is occupied at present. The most important facts which all this discovery has brought to light are the existence in Central Africa of great lakes and great navigable rivers, and innumerable smaller rivers, many of which are also navigable—the existence of a fertile soil and of an elevated region, with, in many parts, a temperate climate. These facts obviously point out the existence of a vast region in Central Africa where, by means of the introduction and judicious employment of the members of the more civilised races of the world, there may be a new field for the development of humanity. As to the people of these regions, much is to be hoped for. It is quite clear, from the accounts of all the great travellers, that the more we get away from the miasmatic swamps of the coast-lands, and from the absolutely ruinous effects of slave-hunting—whether Arab, Portuguese, or Egyptian—the more do we find a half-savage, but also half-civilised, people, with many fine and at-

* Colonel Long says of Lake Ibrahim, "The almost tranquil lake is only relieved of its heavy pressure of water when the vegetable matter decays, is annually loosened, and bearing upon its bosom the *Pistia stratiotes*, and detached islands of papyrus, rushes down and past Karuma Falls into the Lake Albert, and thence to the north."

tractive qualities. The truth seems to lie between Dr. Livingstone's extreme affection for them, and Colonel Long's horror of their naked deformities. It seems clear that in the African (speaking generally) there are qualities of much promise. He has a larger, more exuberant *physique* than any other of the savage or semi-civilised races. His in consequence and fancifulness are those of the undeveloped human being, and are not stereotyped in his nature as in that of the ordinary Hindu. If we take his stage of development into account, we find a remarkable amount of common-sense. In this respect he approaches the Chinaman; but he has more affection and sentiment. He has not that hardness of nature which gives such a metallic sound to the Chinese voice, and that square-skulled immobility which prevents the Chinaman, even under the most favorable circumstances, from amalgamating with other races, or departing from the lines of his own stereotyped civilisation. There is good hope that the African may improve vastly under more favorable circumstances than those in which, hitherto, he has been imbedded.

The history of that dark continent, so far as known to us, presents an awful retrospect, and one all the more dreadful when we take into account the kindly and affectionate qualities of so many of its primitive people to which Mungo Park, Livingstone, Grant, Schweinfurth, and Cameron have borne witness. It is inexpressibly sad to think of the unnumbered ages through which these poor dark savages have continued, scarcely advancing beyond the elements of art and science and even of language: from within, destroying and devouring one another, willingly offering their throats to the knives of sorcerers, or paving the deep grave-pit of some bloody monarch with the living trembling bodies of a hundred of his young wives: from without, hunted down and destroyed or captured by aid of the weapons of civilisation, until every man's hand is turned against his brother, and terror reigns

over vast regions. The bounty of Nature has provided for them such abundance that they continue to exist despite all the cruel conditions of that existence. But they are arrested at a position, not so much between heaven and earth, as between earth and hell. There is an old touch, a tertiary or pre-tertiary touch about them, affiliating them with the ancient hippopotamus and the crocodile; but there is also a touch of a sensitiveness and of an affection as keen as any to which the more civilised races have attained. This has exposed them to a torture which the crocodile and the hippopotamus do not know; but it has been insufficient to elevate them to a platform of order and happiness. Surely here is a case where the introduction of European civilisation would be most justifiable, and might well repay the cost. But if that is to be done at all, it should be done effectually,—not as in India, to the great loss of the agents of civilisation, and in the fostering of a weak native conceit, in itself incapable of developing or even retaining the benefits which have been conferred upon the country,—not as in America, to the extermination of the aborigines. In the interests of England, the African continent might be made really to correct the balance of the Old World, and enable us to keep in front of such expanding nations as Germany and Russia. Then, perhaps, it might be given us, in the evening of our days, to wander meditatively on the shore of Tanganyika, that mighty Ulleswater of Africa, or of Lake Nyassa, its softer Windermere. It does not seem at all likely at present that England will undertake such a work, but Germany has of late displayed some distinct symptoms of being inclined to do so. But however that may be, it is to Englishmen belongs the glory of having first penetrated into the centre of tropical Africa, and of having achieved there a series of grand individual explorations which has no parallel in the history of the human race.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

GENIUS AND VANITY.

THE critic who aims at the highest triumph of his art, the revelation to the world of unrecognised genius, must often feel a disagreeable qualm. May he not be puffing a charlatan, instead of heralding the advent of a great man? The doubt is still more perplexing when the genius to be proclaimed is his own, and the responsibility correspondingly greater. And hence arises a problem which has often occurred to me when reading about two eminent men of the last generation.

Wordsworth and Haydon were friends. Each sympathised with the aims of the other. Wordsworth wished to reform poetry as Haydon wished to reform painting. Each of them endeavored to breathe a loftier spirit into the devotees of his favorite art. Each of them persevered heroically in spite of the most depressing reception. The enthusiasm which animated Haydon was not less elevated above the ends of a commonplace selfishness than that which animated Wordsworth. If the painter was undeniably vain, the poet pushed vanity to the verge of the sublime. One, however, failed where the other succeeded. Poor Haydon's life-long exertions were not, one may hope, entirely thrown away; but his most cherished ambition came to naught. He produced no work which might entitle the English school to rank amongst the great schools of the world. Wordsworth, on the contrary, breathed new life even into the rich and vigorous growth of English poetry; he set his mark upon a generation; and enjoyed, before he died, the profound homage of the best and purest minds of the succeeding generation.

Haydon, then, made a fatal mistake, whereas Wordsworth's daring was justified by the result. That is clearly a reason for pity in the one case and congratulation in the other. But is it a reason—as it is certainly a common pretext—for pronouncing a different moral judgment upon the two men? Is success to be the sole test of virtue in this as in so many other cases? When a hero burns his ships, scorns the counsels of cool common sense, plucks the flower safety from the nettle danger, and ends by winning an empire in defiance of all calculation,

we are ready with our hosannahs. But, if he fails, should we therefore stone him? If Columbus had met with a little more adverse weather, his courage would not have prevented the failure of his enterprise. Had our Arctic voyagers chanced upon a better route, they might have reached the pole without expending more devotion. The hero is the man who dares to run a risk; who is not deterred, because an element of the radically unknowable enters into his calculations. If he knew more than others he would be a wiser, but not a better, man than his fellows. He would be playing the great game with loaded dice. His insight, not his daring, would deserve our wonder. But he who risks life and fame upon an uncertainty deserves equal credit, for his intrinsic merit is the same, whether the cards turn up for him or against him. Our life is little but a wandering in a trackless desert. We throw out exploring parties in every direction. Ten die of starvation and misery; one hits upon the right path. Too often we praise the man already rewarded by fortune, and attribute his good luck to some mysterious power of intuitive judgment. But, if we were just, we should bestow equal praise and more sympathy upon the luckless ones whose steps led them to the barren places, and whose failures, it may be, served as warning beacons to their more favored successors.

Why not apply this rule to the pioneers of intellectual or artistic progress? Hundreds of men have wasted lives of energetic endeavor in following delusive paths in that great labyrinth of human knowledge, where the clue is so hard to find, and where at every stage so many paths hold out equal promise. We, enlightened by slow experience, or by wider knowledge, can see that these wanderings were predestined to failure. But why not honor equally the high faith which scorned meaner aims, and was unchilled by the indifference of the vulgar? Is devotion to knowledge so common a quality that we can afford to despise it unless it bears fruit in appreciable results? We often laugh at the poor would-be philosophers who waste years in trying

to discover perpetual motion, or to square the circle. They are, we may be sure, grossly ignorant, and, in all likelihood, intolerably arrogant. They must be ignorant of other men's work, or blind to the vast improbability that they should be right, and all the great intellects of the world hopelessly wrong. Yet, even in this case, pity as much as scorn may be due to the ignorance; and the arrogance itself is but the ugly side or the exaggerated development of the quality which, more than any other, is necessary for intellectual progress. We have never a sufficient supply of originality and intellectual daring. We always need more men able to cast aside the traditional spectacles, to see for themselves and once more test the dogmas which our indolence tempts us to accept with too easy a faith. Such courage is good, even when misguided. Find men who will dare, and all is possible. Let obedience to authority be installed as the first intellectual virtue, and knowledge will be petrified into Chinese finality. And, if even such eccentricity deserves that contempt should be tempered with mercy, may we not rightfully honor many others who have thrown away their lives, like poor Casaubon in *Middlemarch*, in labors fruitless because accidentally misdirected? It is a great misfortune, but it is not a vice, to be an anachronism.

But what are we to say to that great army of martyrs, amongst whom poor Haydon is to be reckoned—the epic poets, the rivals of Shakspeare, the would-be eclipsers of Raphael or Phidias—the men whose efforts to sing or to paint have supplied the world with mountains of waste-paper, and spoilt acres of good canvas? One of the most pathetic of Balzac's minor stories describes the fate of a poor painter, who had labored for years at a picture destined to create a new era in art. All his hopes in life, his love and his ambition, were involved in its success. No one had been admitted to the room in which he labored with unremitted devotion. At last, the day came when the favored person stood before the curtain which concealed the masterpiece. The painter drew it aside, slowly and solemnly, and revealed a meaningless confusion of chaotic coloring. The artist's mind was of course unhinged; but his melancholy story is a

symbol of the fate of many men still outside Bedlam. Any one who has seen the darker side of the literary and artistic worlds can match Balzac's hero with numerous instances of similar self-delusion. The pictures are not often mere random blotches of color; the poems frequently obey the laws of grammar, and even of metre; but, for all good purposes, the artist might as well have thrown his brush at the canvas, or the author taken his words at random from the dictionary. And what should be our feeling? Contempt or pity or admiration for the devotion, combined with compassion for the error? Should we honor, say, a Chatterton who is a martyr to his ambition, because the poems unrecognized during his life-time turned out really to have something in them (though, after all, not very much!) and despise the numerous Chattertons who have hopelessly failed, because there was nothing in them at all? The moral quality was the same. The difference was that one man judged his powers rightly, whilst the hundreds judge of their powers wrongly. But this is an error to which almost every man is liable. Our squarers of the circle are silly, because they can appeal to a court which is practically infallible. A hundred professors of mathematics are ready not only to tell them that they are wrong, but to explain to them how and why they are wrong. But the poet can appeal to no such court. If he is not appreciated, it may be that he is in advance, not in rear, of his time. A century hence, his work may be winning recognition, and his descendants be ridiculing the blindness of their ancestors. Why, then, should he not persevere, and trust his work to time? Do we not, in any case, owe to him the tribute of admiration for a devotion, of which it is premature to pronounce that it was directed to a mistaken object?

The easiest answer is that a false estimate of our own merits is in fact immoral. Vanity is weakness which we can all condemn unreservedly, because we all feel that we are free from it ourselves, and recognise its existence throughout the rest of the species. The appointed chastisement of vanity is ridicule. Therefore we are right in laughing at the man who thinks himself to be

a Milton when he is merely a Satan Montgomery. The victim may reply that we are begging the question, and that what we call his vanity will hereafter be called consciousness of genius. And, in truth, the dilemma is in one sense insoluble. Critics are fallible; cliques are fallible. The outside public is so fallible as to be generally wrong; no literary court is infallible except that to which the best minds of all ages are admitted as judges, and in which many of our most dogmatic utterances would look foolish enough. Yet we must take our chance. Judges must sentence prisoners, though now and then they may condemn an innocent person. Critics must laugh at charlatans, though they may now and then mistake a man of genius for a fool. But there is a more fundamental difficulty. Granting that a man's confidence in his own powers really implies vanity, are we therefore justified in condemning him? Is vanity a vice at all? Is it not in any case a vice so universal that none of us have a right to cast the first stone? Nay, if we lay aside the conventional attitude of mind, in which our little cut-and-dried maxims pass for legitimate currency, ought we not rather to call vanity a virtue, or at lowest a desirable quality? Listen to the ordinary moralising of the pulpit and the moral essayist, and we, of course, must condemn vanity, as on the same showing we condemn many of the most essential qualities by which the world is carried on. There is a sense—nobody denies it—in which these commonplaces have a sound, if a rather obvious, meaning. But all maxims that have been much used by preachers—lay or clerical—become so strained and perverted in the process that, like worn-out muskets, they are apt to produce very random shooting. Who that has looked at the world for himself can deny that vanity may be reckoned amongst the most enviable of possessions? It deserves, even more than the original object of the panegyric, the praise which Sancho bestowed upon sleep. Vanity does indeed wrap a man up like a cloak. It bestows its blessings freely upon the poet striving against general misappreciation; it enables the poor loser in the great battle of life to make himself happy with some trifling success; it softens the

bitter pangs of disappointment and gives fresh strength for new struggles; it prevents resentment and facilitates the intercourse of society; it can make any man contented with his lot and lets the poor drudge in the kitchen think without envy of the statesman in the parlor. Who would not be tempted to frequent irritation if he could enjoy that gift for which the poet so foolishly prayed, the gift of seeing himself as others saw him, and recognise his infinitesimal importance in the eyes of his fellows? It is because of the tender illusions of vanity that a man can accept the petty sphere of his own activity for the wider circle of the world, and shut out the annihilating image of the vast forces beyond. It is the safeguard against a depressing fatalism. Vanity has as many virtues as the vaunted panaceas of medical quackery; and were it not for that softening oil, the wheels of life would grate harsh music too discordant for mortal ears.

Yet in singing the praises of vanity we become aware of a certain vagueness of outline about this Protean goddess. She can take many shapes; and changes so rapidly and completely that we are unable to fix any definite portrait upon our canvas. Sometimes there is a scowl upon her features, and sometimes a complacent smile. She can pass herself off in the likeness of her conventional opposite, humility, or ape the gestures of pride, or be undistinguishable from mere sullen egotism. All our definitions of the passions have this provoking vagueness, because, in truth, we do not know what are the ultimate elements of character. We cannot find chemical formulæ for human nature, or say how many atoms of spiritual oxygen or hydrogen must be combined to form a definite product. Our efforts at analysis break down at every instant. Every new light thrown by new circumstances brings out previously unsuspected aspects of bewildering complexity. Every new character seems to require a new category for its description. There seem to be as many species of men as there are individuals. Our complacent little formulæ may guide our conduct with tolerable accuracy; but, when we confront theory with the infinite variety of facts, we recognise the futility of any claim to scientific accuracy. We class men as good or

bad, humble or vain ; and when looking at exceptional cases, or dealing only with large classes and average results, our words have a kind of meaning. The saint and the sinner, St. John and Judas Iscariot, may be distinguished easily enough. But between the extremes we may interpose any number of terms, varying so strangely, in so many directions, and combining so many apparent contradictions, that our lines of demarcation become hopelessly blurred and confused. Our compartments may be most logically subdivided, but no real being will quite fit into any one of them. The inferior classes multiply on our lands ; they cross, blend, overlap and confuse each other till we admit them to be useless. We can seldom apply a rule to a dozen cases without finding twelve exceptions. The qualifications to our statements become so numerous that the statements are practically worthless. The poet can create characters ; the man of science cannot define them or assign their composition.

Thus the condemnation of vanity collapses when we try to answer the plain question, what is vanity ? Try to define accurately the various cognate terms, vanity, conceit, pride, egotism, and their numerous allies, to mark out accurately their points of resemblance and contrast, and then test your conclusions by appropriate examples. Take a few cases at random. Here is Miss Martineau, for example, who says in her autobiography that all the distinguished men of her time were vain—and she does not add that the limits of time or sex are a necessary part of the assertion. But was she not vain herself ? No, for she formed a singularly modest and sound estimate of her own abilities. But again, yes, for she certainly seems to have considered that to one person at least Miss Martineau was incomparably the most interesting person in the universe, that coming generations would be profoundly interested in the analysis of her character and the genesis of her works ; and also that the merits of her contemporaries might be accurately gauged by the extent to which they did or did not sympathise with Harriet Martineau. Is not egotism of this kind mere vanity disguised by a superficial air of impartiality ? Take the vanity, again, which is revealed so curiously

in the recently published letters of Balzac. Here it becomes a force which leads a man to reckon himself amongst the four greatest heroes of his age and goes far to make him what he supposes himself to be. It develops a kind of monomania leading to utter absorption in his own affairs, in his literary ambition, and, above all, in calculations as to the number of francs into which his genius can be coined. Was it a strength or a weakness ? Contrast it with the vanity—for many people will call it vanity—of his contemporary Doudan. Doudan's letters reveal to us a man of that admirable fineness of intellect so conspicuous in the best French writers, which may be defined as the sublimated essence of common sense. But his exquisite sensibility was pushed to such a point as to destroy his fertility, and but for his letters his name would have been known to his fellows only through a passing allusion of Ste.-Beuve. Shall we say that Balzac's vanity led him to produce the *Comédie Humaine*, and Doudan's humility made him produce—nothing ? Then vanity is so far a good and humility a bad thing. Or shall we say that this excessive sensibility is but vanity disguised ?—that a man who trembles before criticism thinks too much of his own importance ? The theory is a common one and enables us verbally to condemn vanity in all forms ; but it implicitly admits, too, that vanity may produce diametrically opposite results and at times co-operate hand-in-hand with humility.

Infuse vanity into such a man as Goldsmith, and it adds a child-like charm to his character ; it gives a tinge of delightful humor to his writing, and enables his friends to love him the more heartily because they have a right also to pay themselves by a little kindly contempt. Make a Byron vain, and half his magnificent force of mind will be wasted by silly efforts to attract the notice of his contemporaries by attacking their best feelings and affecting (a superfluous task !) vices which he does not possess. The vanity of a Wordsworth enables him to treat with profound disdain the sneers of Edinburgh reviewers, and the dull indifference of the mass of readers ; but it encourages him also to become a literary sloven, to spoil noble thought by groveling language, and to subside into supine

obstructiveness. Conversely, the vanity of a Pope makes him suffer unspeakable tortures from the stings of critics compared to whom Jeffrey was a giant, condescend to the meanest artifices to catch the applause of his contemporaries, and hunger and thirst for the food which Wordsworth rejected with contempt. But it also enables him to become within his own limits the most exquisite of artists in words; to increase in skill as he increased in years; and to coin phrases for a distant posterity even out of the most trifling ebullition of passing spite. The vanity of a Milton excites something approaching to awe. The vanity of a Congreve excites our rightful contempt. Vanity seems to be at once the source of the greatest weaknesses, and of the greatest achievements. To write a history of vanity would be to write the history of the greatest men of our race; for soldiers and statesmen have been as vain as poets and artists. Chatham was vain; Wolfe was vain; Nelson was childishly vain; and the great Napoleon was as vain as the vainest. Must not our condemnation of the quality undergo some modification before we can lay it down as an absolute principle?

If, to set aside some ambiguities, we declare that man to be vain, who, for whatever reason, overestimates his own merit or importance in the world, we shall naturally infer that vanity is so far bad as it implies an error. A man is the better for knowing the truth, in this as in all other cases. But we may still ask whether the error is of such a nature as to deserve moral disapproval. We do not blame a man because he gives the wrong answer to one of those problems which have tasked the ingenuity of countless thinkers of the highest ability. The difficulty of discovering the truth about one individual, especially about our own individuality, is as great as the difficulty of discovering the truth about a general problem of philosophy and theology. The moralist who, in this latter case, admits that sincerity is no guarantee against error, orders men to be candid, but cannot order them to arrive at right conclusions. A mistake in judgment is not wicked, precisely because mistakes are the necessary consequence of candid examination by our imperfect reason. Sincerity, not infallibility, is our moral

duty. Similarly, it is right to judge of ourselves as fairly as we can; but the difficulties which beset the task of at once seating ourselves on the bench and taking our place at the bar are so great, that the least prejudiced of self-critics will often blunder. The sanguine observer will differ from the melancholy; the man of quick sympathies will be more apt to be affected for good or evil by his neighbor's judgment, than the man whose affections may be stronger though less mobile; the excitable man will be led into one extreme or the other more easily than the phlegmatic; a vivid imagination predisposes us to accept a set of tests different from that which would commend themselves to the severe logician; and, moreover, a man's judgment of his own character will vary from day to day, like his judgment of all other matters, according to the state of his liver or his banker's balance. All these—and many other—difficulties are so inevitable, that we must look with compassion upon a wrong estimate so long as it is not palpably due to some irrelevant cause. Only when a man is vain for some bad reason—because he has a longer purse or a more uncommon disease than his neighbors—and cases of far more eccentric judgment are not uncommon—he is admitting evidence which he clearly ought to have excluded. The errors of the judge in this case imply not only fallibility but corruption; he has taken a bribe from some of his passions, and he deserves some of the indignation due to such unworthy leanings.

I am, you say, capable of being a great poet; my talents shall not be lost to the world; I will brave poverty, anxiety, contempt; my fellow creatures may repent their indifference, and render a tardy homage over my grave or to my declining years. Brave words! but words as easy to the fool, the knave, and the charlatan as to the neglected martyr of the race. Is your first judgment beyond all suspicion—not only of error but of sincerity? Are you not biassed by some baser motive, when you pronounce yourself to be one of the elect? If you really hold that your wretched dribble of mechanical metre is equal to the mighty harmony of a Milton, you must be wanting in ear for the music of verse; if you take your tinsel-decked platitudes for the

passionate utterance of a great intellect, stirred to its depth by the sadness of the world's tragedies, you are probably deficient in philosophical insight; if you cannot see the difference between your conception of the world as a gigantic pot-house, or a magnified stock-exchange, and that which represents in their full force the purifying and ennobling passions, it is probable that there is a gap or two in your morality. Making all allowances for the difficulty of self-judgment, there remains a strong presumption that the man who takes a daub—even a daub of his own manufacture—for a true masterpiece, is deficient in the power of sharing, as well as in the power of uttering, the loftiest thoughts. You cannot put colors on canvas because you cannot see them in nature. Your artistic standard is low because you are incapable of the high emotions which it is the true function of the best art to express, and the full utterance of which is the one true test of artistic excellence. You appeal to vulgar tastes because you are wanting in innate refinement. It is due to other bad qualities if you take size for sublimity, contortion for force, intricacy for subtlety; if brutality appears to you to be strength of feeling, and sensuality to be masculine vigor. If you succeed, you are a charlatan; and if you fail, your failure is deserved. Your vanity is the index, not of the inevitable illusion of self-contemplation, but of a mean, or narrow, or degraded nature.

Such a verdict would be inevitable, if the power of representing, were always proportioned to the power of feeling, emotions; if productivity and receptivity were but opposite forms of the same power. Notoriously this is not the case. Silence may sometimes indicate a defect of the organs of speech, not an absence of thought. Many a man enjoys nature heartily, who cannot put together two lines of description; and yet he may fancy himself to be eloquent, because he naturally infers that the clumsy phrases which express his own sentiment must express the sentiments of others. Molière's old woman is a typical case. Thousands can enjoy for one who can create, or even assign intelligible reasons for his judgment. Unluckily, many such old women fancy that their appreciation of their Molière entitles them to

write comedies. The weakness is an amiable one. We ought to pity those poor dumb poets who have music in their souls, and strive in vain to embody it in artistic shape. So long as they do not insist upon our reading their verses, we will tolerate and even love them. Sincere devotion to art is perhaps most touching in those to whom art never makes any return of praise and success. But it is the more necessary to distinguish clearly between these victims of an innocent delusion and those whose delusion implies incapacity, not only to produce but to enjoy. One class worships at the true shrine, though its offerings are poor; the other grovels before an ugly idol, because it is dead to the true instinct of veneration, and admires the reflection of its own base passions.

How shall we tell whether the vanity of an artist be of the noxious or innocent kind? The most applicable test is perhaps to be found in the nature of the alleged motive. When a man says or insinuates that his primary object is the good of the world, we may reasonably set him down as a humbug. The transparency of the pretext is too obvious; and the implied belief that his final success is really a result in which the world at large can be seriously interested, indicates a vanity too gigantic to be quite innocent. In truth, there are two and only two excuses which can be accepted as a sufficient justification for adding to the masses of existing literature. One is that you want money; the other that you cannot help it. Johnson went so far as to say that any man must be a fool who wrote for anything but money. The statement is a little too sweeping; but we must admit—when it is genuine—the plea of necessity. Writing, at all events, is an honest trade provided that the author does not lie or flatter base passions. It is rather difficult for a professional author to comply with that proviso; but, so long as he supplies good wholesome food, sells his wares for what they are worth, and pretends to no higher motive, he is an innocent and even useful member of society. He may rank with other honest tradesmen, and is at least as well employed in selling his literary talents to publishers as a lawyer in selling his rhetorical powers to attorneys.

The best work, indeed, is probably ascribable to loftier motives. It has been accomplished not under pressure of want, but because an active mind, dominated by new thoughts, or set on fire by an imaginative impulse, is constrained to utter itself in some way to the world. It must speak or burst; action of some kind is an imperative necessity; and it is a question of circumstance and character whether the impulse spends itself in producing philosophy, or poetry, or art, or practical activity. The spontaneity characteristic of such work is the quality which determines whether a poem is to live or to die; it is the discriminating mark between the manufactured article and the genuine organic growth. The test, of course, covers that other variety of literature—including much of the very highest—in which the writing is considered not as an end, but a means; where the polished style and strict order are the symptoms of an intense desire to accomplish some ulterior object—to strike down a pestilent fallacy, to encourage the supporters of a good cause, to disseminate ideas which may lift mankind to a higher social order. In such cases a man may be excused if he is eager for some testimony of success. The degree of attention which he excites is the measure of the work which he has done. He looks for praise as the artillery officer looks for the cloud of dust which shows that his shot has struck home at the right point of the hostile lines. Unluckily, there are many people who seem to be content so long as they can make the dust fly without reference to the means adopted or to the purpose contemplated.

This is, in fact, the motive which is excluded by our suggested tests. The affected desire to do good to the world means really a desire that the world may sing our praises. The love of praise as praise, the simple appetite for incense, as thick and stupefying as may be, is the really bad symptom, as it is the bane of our modern literature. This is the true mark of the charlatan, and the natural fruit of that kind of vanity which deserves all the contempt that can be poured upon it. No stings can be too severe which help to kill down the noxious swarm of parasites which find their natural food in the fulsome stream of

adulation. For, unluckily for us, there was never a time when this weakness was so prevalent, because there never was a time when the power of advertising, and therefore of winning notoriety without attaining excellence, was so enormous. The evil tends to corrupt the highest and most sensitive natures. A man can scarcely keep his head, when the voice of real sympathy is drowned by the chorus of insincere jubilation. By an anachronism—which has too many parallels—we are still employed in denouncing an excess which has long been supplanted by its contrary. We abuse the severe critics who quench youthful genius. The true evil is different. The really mischievous persons are those appreciative and generous critics who force all eminent writers to live, whether they wish it or not, in an atmosphere so thick with the fumes of incense as to be enervating to the strongest constitutions. A clique is notoriously bad; with our customary twaddle about generous criticism, we are going far to make the whole literary world into one gigantic clique. Youthful genius is no longer crushed—it is puffed into imbecility. We long for some of the bracing air of the old slashing criticism, which, if it caused much useless pain, did at least promote the growth of tough fibres instead of fatty degeneration of tissue.

But, leaving this aside, let us assume that a man's vanity is harmless and his ambition pure. He really thinks that he can bestow upon his fellow men gifts of truth and beauty. He fancies, to put the case distinctly, that he can produce a new *Hamlet*. He sees that he must choose between his bread-and-butter and his literary ambition. Which course deserves our approval? Shall we praise him for daring greatly or for listening to the voice of respectability? If we prefer the more venturesome course, we must, of course, admire the Haydons, and many men without Haydon's talent, who have been martyrs to their courage. If not, we prefer Philistia to Bohemia, and sympathise with the numerous parents who have condemned Pegasus to harness. There are, it is to be observed, two distinct problems. First, we may ask whether it is better to pay your bills or to produce a *Hamlet*? Secondly, as nobody can be certain that his work is

really a *Hamlet*, we must ask whether it is better to pay or to take the chance of producing what may possibly turn out to be a *Hamlet*?

Most people will answer the first question with little hesitation. Better, they will say, that Shakspeare's butchers, bakers, and landlady should have gone unpaid, though want of payment had meant starvation; better that the debt should have gone on accumulating at compound interest from that day to the present, than that *Hamlet* should have been burked. What would be the loss of a few tradesmen compared to the loss of one of the few imperishable monuments of human genius? The two things are not comparable. A man who could pronounce against *Hamlet* would be capable of breaking up Westminster Abbey to mend the Thames Embankment. But is this so very clear? Are we perfectly certain that our valuation is just? Assuming that *Hamlet* deserves all the praises it has received from Shakspeare's most lavish idolaters, I confess that I should still have certain twinges of doubt. What, after all, is the worth of any creation of human genius? What is the proportion between the value of a work of art and the artist's ordinary discharge of his daily duties? What—for that seems to be the real question—is the value to the world of its greatest men? What is the value of a Shakspeare, as measured against the value of an honest grocer?

We cannot adjust the proportion to a nicety, nor even with approximate accuracy. The right point would doubtless lie somewhere between the extravagance of the hero-worshipper and the deprecatory view of that kind of spiritual democracy which holds that the individual is nothing and the multitude everything. But it is equally clear that the average opinion has been hitherto deflected from the true line by the enthusiast far more than by the cynic. The more we know, the more clearly we realise the vastness of the debt which even the greatest owe to their obscure contemporaries. Every advance of criticism diminishes the share of glory due to the great man, and increases the merit of his co-operators. History sees everywhere, not the work of a solitary legislator, but processes im-

plying the slow growth of many generations. The scattered stars of the firmament are but bright points in vast nebulae revealed by closer observation. In art, the importance of the social medium, relatively to the single performer, assumes ever greater proportions. But what is this but to diminish the extravagant value attributed to single performances? Their intrinsic excellence may not be lessened, but we must lower our estimate of their importance as self-originated and creative forces. *Hamlet* may be incomparably superior to *The Maid's Tragedy* or the *Duchess of Malfi*; but we must admit that Shakspeare was but a co-operator with Fletcher and Webster. The general character of the period would not have been greatly altered had Shakspeare died of the measles; though it would have left behind it a less superlative relic. The disregard of the second-rate performers has fallen in with the tendency to adulate success. What passes for criticism of great men has become a mere competition in extravagance. Each man tries to raise a loftier cloud of incense, and grovel more profoundly in the dust. He wins a cheap praise of generosity and generality by tacitly depressing the mass, in order to give a more imposing air to the pinnacle on which he erects his solitary hero.

Without speaking, however, of those monstrous accumulations of hyperbolic panegyrics, which form the monuments of our great men, we should rather alter our view of the importance than of the excellence of the supreme poets and thinkers. Let them tower above their fellows as much as you please. Say, if you will, that the powers implied by the greatest achievements are different in kind, as well as degree, from those possessed by their humbler brethren. Still it will remain true, first that the greatest of men is but the organ through which thoughts and feelings common to thousands and millions of his fellows find their fullest expression. He is not an isolated phenomenon dropped into the world from without, but the finest of flowers, which appears when the soil and the atmosphere are fully prepared for his development. Cut the flower down and it could not be replaced; but its disappearance would have but a minor influence upon the conditions to which it

was due. The same conceptions of the world and of man's place in it would mould the thoughts of the time, though they would be less sharply impressed and less obvious to their successors. And, in the next place, a man's influence upon his own contemporaries is that which is incomparably the most important. We are what we are because Shakspeare's contemporaries were what they were: and doubtless Shakspeare's influence in forming them must count for something. But we are not what we are because we read Shakspeare's plays. Of course, we derive a good deal of pleasure from them. They influence our literature—very often for evil—and they supply us with innumerable quotations and imaginative symbols. But their effect upon the race is almost a vanishing quantity. For, first, not one man in a hundred reads them; secondly, of those who read, few understand; and, finally, of those who understand, few can count the influence of any particular author as amongst the forces which have really moulded their lives. Do half a dozen men in a generation really trace any great spiritual change to the power of any one writer—especially of a distant period? This is indeed a point upon which we wilfully deceive ourselves, and doubtless the implied assertion may at first sight be denied. But let any man examine frankly what are the forces which have really moulded his nature. He has been profoundly affected by his family, by his school, by his profession; by the religious faith in which he has been educated; by the moral standard accepted around him; and sometimes by the artistic tastes and intellectual biasses which are prevalent in his day. But how many men can say frankly, after real self-examination, that their characters have been altered or their views of life materially modified by reading any author, whatever his fame, who died even a century ago? So far as he affected the development of the thoughts and history of his race, he has, of course, affected the development of all subsequent time. But I speak of the direct influence—of the difference between our character as it actually is, and that which it would have been if we had not read a particular book of a past century. A

few literary persons will, of course, attribute great weight to such readings, and literary people generally speak as if they were the whole world. They are really, I fancy, a superficial ornament, counting almost for zero in the great forces which really move mankind. But, of course, this is a sentiment not to be indulged even in private.

If, however, there be any share of truth in these statements, they naturally limit our estimate of the value even of the greatest works. Every man has an influence, powerful in proportion to his character, upon his own circle. That will be exerted, whether he wishes it or not, and whether he puts his thoughts in print or expresses them in life. His influence as a writer reaches and affects—often very deeply—a wide circle of congenial minds, who are prepared to receive his teaching. Beyond that circle, again, he has a vague influence upon people who may hear his name and think it becoming to have some opinion about him. But this last influence, if it deserves the name, is one which no wise man should desire, and which has but a small and uncertain effect. Why should I care whether a number of ignorant people clatter about my name or not, when of me, as I really am, they are radically incapable of knowing anything whatever? Yet the knowledge which an indifferent contemporary has of a Shakspeare is probably as vivid and as influential as the knowledge of any but the very finest critics in the later generations, when the writer's language is already growing dim, and his thoughts are embodied in unfamiliar images. Even of great men it may be true that their influence either upon their children, their friends, or their dependents is far more important than that which they exercise by direct communication with distant ages. The most powerful voice becomes faint as it spreads into ever-widening spheres. It then becomes but the ghost of a real utterance—a faint murmur of half-forgotten meaning, loud enough to be heard in the study, but not to guide men amidst the rough shocks of vivid present experience. My relations to my butcher and baker belong to the inner sphere, where my influence is still potent; and my dealings with them may

be more effectual than my dealings with posterity, though bearing upon smaller matters.

But you cannot be certain that you are a Shakspeare, or even distantly akin to Shakspeare. The difficulty of judging ourselves, which makes error venial, makes dogmatism madness. Nobody has a right to say positively that he has drawn the one prize out of the many million blanks. The English writers of past centuries, whose books are still alive for any but professed students, may be counted on the fingers. Granting that you have talents and even genius, the probability that you will be added to the sacred band, instead of perishing with the unknown rank and file, is almost infinitesimal. The lad who runs away to sea, in hopes of becoming an admiral or a Captain Cook, is scarcely making a less judicious venture. Genius is rare enough, and it is the rare exception when even genius bears its perfect fruit. The Shakspeare is not merely the man of greater power than his neighbors, but that particular man of great powers who appeared when the times were ripe and circumstances propitious. To stake your happiness on the chance that you are an exceptional being under exceptional circumstances is, to say the least, daring to the verge of rashness. But, if I do not, the world will lose its chance of another great poet! Make yourself easy; the world will get on perfectly well. Nobody is so great in politics, but that society could struggle along its path of development without him; nor so great in song, but that somehow the emotions of the world will find some channel of utterance. Death—to our ignorance at least—is like a dark power stalking through the world, striking left and right at random, crushing the happy and leaving the miserable, and destroying the genius as well as the fool. But his blow never strikes an individual with whom we could not dispense. Thought will continue to push along every line of development. The disappearance of one inquirer only transfers to another the discoveries which are held to confer immortality; the social problem is being worked out by unconsciously co-operating millions, and they will find a leader to replace the old one; if one man is removed, posterity will have to inscribe the

name of the immortal Jones in its pantheon instead of honoring the immortal Smith; the problem may be solved a day later or a day sooner, and there may be some differences in the terms of the answer; but the answer will be found, and must be the same in essence. The great man puts the clock on; he does not determine the direction of its movement. And it is equally true that when thoughts are fermenting in the mind of age, and new aspects of nature become conspicuous, and new emotional phases diminish utterance, people will be found to provide the imaginative symbols fitted for the embodiment; and the man who does, at last will be regarded as the creator instead of the product. At any rate, it is quite needless for any man to fret himself about the fate of the universe. There are within this realm five hundred, probably five thousand, as good as he, and those will do best who leave the world and their fame to take their chance, and aim only at doing the work which lies next to hand.

Leave the universe alone. When a regard for the interests of things in general is not hypocritical, it is the very madness of arrogance. Here, as in so many cases, it is the law, though it is an apparent paradox, that a man contributes to an end most effectually by putting any direct reference to the end out of his mind. Here, indeed, is a plainer, if not more powerful, consideration. Is not the supposed act of heroism a folly in any case? It requires courage to neglect one's bread-and-butter in order to win glory; but what if the neglect of bread-and-butter be the shortest way to wreck your genius as well as your prospects? Good work, as a rule, is only done by people who have paid their bills. Why was Shakspeare so far ahead of all contemporary dramatists? Because Shakspeare had the good sense to make money, and was therefore able to command the market, and write his later works without undue pressure. Others could only write in a tavern, or to get out of a creditor's clutches. Shakspeare's mind was at ease by the consciousness of his comfortable investments at Stratford. *Hamlet* was written because Shakspeare was solvent. Pope was able to polish his verses because he judiciously made himself independent by

his *Homer*. Wordsworth, like Haydon, wished to shake the world; but, unlike Haydon, he recognized and acted upon the truth that the first condition of such power is personal independence. Live for art, if you will; but first be sure that you have not to live by your art, otherwise the only harvest that you can reap will be that of the first reckless ebullitions, when the responsibility of life does not weigh upon the buoyancy of youth. Some good work has come out of Bohemia; but any one who sojourns permanently in that seductive region is sure to lose his vigor as well as his money, and produces in the end mere scraps and outlines and rough indications of what he might have done. When we are asked to consider how much may have been crushed in poets condemned to writing ledgers, we can only reply by pointing out how much has certainly been lost by poets who have run to seed in spunging-houses. From the days of Marlowe to those of the unhappy Edgar Poe, we have innumerable warnings that genius runs to waste when it does not condescend to be respectable.

We have fallen upon a very commonplace and humble moral. It is none the worse for that, and certainly not the less often overlooked. The truth which it is really important to enforce more than ever is the simple one, that all really good and permanent work is the expression, not of a single mood of passionate excitement or prurient desire for enjoy-

ment, but of a mind fully developed, strengthened by conflict with the world, and enriched by reflection and experience. The first condition of such a development is independence of spirit, which is seldom obtainable without independence of pocket. The first, though not the loftiest, duty of man is to pay his way; though it must, of course, be added, that limitation of wants, rather than increase of means, is the legitimate mode of securing that object. If, like Wordsworth, you think that you can be a great man by living upon bread and water, you are certainly right in not aiming at the vulgar prizes of money and preferment. But a career is honorable even if it fails; and we may safely honor the man who limits himself to a modest livelihood in order to devote himself to great work. The evil is that most men want to have both advantages; to live splendidly, and yet to stake their means of living upon literary fame; to gain the praise of the world as well as the praise of posterity; and, in short, to set about a campaign which can only be justified by success without counting the cost beforehand. That is why so many men of genius run to seed, and so many men of no genius fancy that they are acting nobly when they neglect their ordinary duties in search for glory, and fancy that the greatness of their ambition is an apology for the imperfection of their work.—*Cornhill Magazine*.



TO VICTOR HUGO.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Victor in Poesy, Victor in Romance,
 Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,
 French of the French, and Lord of human tears;
 Child-lover; Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance
 Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance,
 Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy peers;
 Weird Titan by thy winter weight of years
 As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France!
 Who dost not love our England—so they say;
 I know not—England, France, all man to be
 Will make one people ere man's race be run:
 And I, desiring that diviner day,
 Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy
 To younger England in the boy my son.

The Nineteenth Century.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.*

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

AMONG the earliest efforts of the modern sacerdotal party in the Church of England was an attempt to re-establish the memory of the martyr of Canterbury. The sacerdotal party, so far as their objects were acknowledged, aspired only to liberate the Church from bondage to the State. The choice of Becket as an object of adoration was a tacit confession of their real ambition. The theory of Becket was not that the Church had a right to self-administration, but that the Church was the supreme administrator in this world, and perhaps in the next; that the secular sword as well as the spiritual had been delivered to Peter; and that the civil power existed only as the delegate of Peter's successors. If it be true that the clergy are possessed in any real sense of supernatural powers; if the 'keys,' as they are called, have been actually granted to them; if through them, as the ordinary and appointed channel, the will of God is alone made known to mankind—then Becket was right, and the High Churchmen are right, and kings and cabinets ought to be superseded at once by commissions of bishops. If, on the other hand, the clergy are but like other orders of priesthoods in other ages and countries—mere human beings set apart for peculiar functions, and tempted by the nature of those functions into fantastic notions of their own consequence—then these recurring conflicts between Church and State resolve themselves into phenomena of social evolution, the common sense of mankind exerting itself to control a groundless assumption. To the student of human nature the story of such conflicts is always interesting—comedy and tragedy winding one into the other. They have furnished occasion for remarkable exhibitions of human character. And while Churchmen are raising up Becket as a brazen serpent, on which the world is to look to be

healed of its incredulities, the incredulous world may look with advantage at him from its own point of view, and, if unconvinced that he was a saint, may still find instruction in a study of his actions and his fate.

We take advantage, then, of the publication of new materials and the republication of old materials in an accessible form to draw a sketch of Becket as he appears to ourselves; and we must commence with an attempt to reproduce the mental condition of the times in which he lived. Human nature is said to be always the same. It is no less true that human nature is continuously changing. Motives which in one age are languid and even unintelligible have been in another alive and all-powerful. To comprehend these differences, to take them up into his imagination, to keep them present before him as the key to what he reads, is the chief difficulty and the chief duty of the student of history.

Characteristic incidents, particular things which men representative of their age indisputably did, convey a clearer idea than any general description. Let the reader attend to a few transactions which occurred either in Becket's lifetime or immediately subsequent to it, in which the principal actors were persons known to himself.

We select as the first a scene at Chignon in the year 1183. Henry Plantagenet, eldest son of Henry the Second, Prince of Wales as we should now call him, called then 'the young king,' for he was crowned in his father's lifetime, at that spot and in that year brought his disordered existence to an end. His career had been wild and criminal. He had rebelled against his father again and again; again and again he had been forgiven. In a fit of remorse he had taken the cross, and intended to go to Jerusalem. He forgot Jerusalem in the next temptation. He joined himself to Lewis of France, broke once more into his last and worst revolt, and carried fire and sword into Normandy. He had hoped to bring the nobles to his side; he succeeded only in burning towns and

* *Materials for the History of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.* Edited by James Craigie Robertson, Canon of Canterbury. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. 1876.

churches, stripping shrines, and bringing general hatred on himself. Finding, we are told, that he could not injure his father as much as he had hoped to do, he chafed himself into a fever, and the fever killed him. Feeling death to be near, he sent a message to his father begging to see him. The old Henry, after past experience, dared not venture. The prince (I translate literally from a contemporary chronicler)—

then called his bishops and religious men to his side. He confessed his sins first in private, then openly to all who were present. He was absolved. He gave his cross to a friend to carry to the Holy Sepulchre. Then, throwing off his soft clothing, he put on a shirt of hair, tied a rope about his neck, and said to the bishops—

‘By this rope I deliver over myself, a guilty and unworthy sinner, to you the ministers of God. Through your intercession and of his own ineffable mercy, I beseech our Lord Jesus Christ, who forgave the thief upon the cross, to have pity on my unhappy soul.’

A bed of ashes had been prepared on the floor.

‘Drag me,’ he went on, ‘by this rope out of this bed, and lay me on the ashes.’

The bishops did so. They placed at his head and at his feet two large square stones, and so he died.

There is one aspect of the twelfth century—the darkest crimes and the most real superstition side by side coexisting in the same character.

Turn from Chinon to Oxford, and go back seventeen years. Men who had so little pity on themselves were as pitiless to others. We quote from Stowe. The story is authenticated by contemporary chroniclers.

1166. There came into England thirty Germans, as well men as women, who called themselves Publicans. Their head and ruler, named Gerardus, was somewhat learned; the residue very rude. They denied matrimony and the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, with other articles. They being apprehended, the king caused a council to be called at Oxford, where the said Gerard answered for all his fellows, who being pressed with Scripture answered concerning their faith as they had been taught, and would not dispute thereof. After they could by no means be brought from their errors, the bishop gave sentence against them, and the king commanded that they should be marked with a hot iron in the forehead and whipped, and that no man should succour them with house-room or otherwise. They took their punishment gladly, their captain going before them singing, ‘Blessed are ye when men hate you.’ They were marked both in the forehead and

the chin. Thus being whipped and thrust out in winter, they died with cold, no man relieving them.

To the bishops of Normandy Henry Plantagenet handed the rope to drag him to his death-bed of ashes. Under sentence from the bishops of England these German heretics were left to a fate more piteous than the stake. The privilege and authority of bishops and clergy was Becket's plea for convulsing Europe. What were the bishops and clergy like themselves? We will look at the bishops assembled at the Council of Westminster in the year 1176. Cardinal Hugezun had come as legate from Rome. The council was attended by the two archbishops, each accompanied by his suffragans, the abbots, priors, and clergy of his province. Before business began there arose *dura lis et contentio*, a dreadful strife and contention between these high personages as to which archbishop should sit on the cardinal's right hand. Richard of Canterbury said the right was with him. Roger of York said the right was with him. Words turned to blows. The monks of Canterbury, zealous for their master, rushed upon the Archbishop of York, flung him down, kicked him, and danced upon him till he was almost dead. The cardinal wrung his hands, and charged the Archbishop of Canterbury with having set them on. The Archbishop of York made his way, bruised and bleeding, to the king. Both parties in the first heat appealed to the pope. Canterbury on second thoughts repented, went privately to the cardinal, and bribed him into silence. The appeal was withdrawn, the affair dropped, and the council went on with its work.

So much for the bishops. We may add that Becket's friend John of Salisbury accuses the Archbishop of York, on common notoriety, of having committed the most infamous of crimes, and of having murdered the partners of his guilt to conceal it.*

As to the inferior clergy, it might be enough to quote the language used about them at the conference at Montmiraux in 1169, where their general character was said to be atrocious, a great number

* John of Salisbury to the Archbishop of Sens, 1171. The Archbishop of York is spoken of under the name of Caiaphas.

of them being church-robbers, adulterers, highwaymen, thieves, ravishers of virgins, incendiaries, and murderers.* For special illustration we take a visitation of St. Augustine's Abbey at Canterbury in the year 1173, undertaken by the pope's order. The visitors reported not only that the abbot was corrupt, extravagant, and tyrannical, but that he had more children than the patriarchs, in one village as many as ten or twelve bastards. '*Velut equus hinnit in fœminas,*' they said, '*adeo impudens ut libidinem nisi quam publicaverit voluptuosam esse non reputet. Matres et earundem filias incestat pariter. Fornicationis abusum comparat necessitati.*' This precious abbot was the host and entertainer of the four knights when they came to Canterbury.

From separate pictures we pass to a sketch of the condition of the Church of England written by a monk of Christ Church, Canterbury, a contemporary of Becket, when the impression of the martyrdom was fresh, and miracles were worked by his relics every day under the writer's eyes. The monk's name was Nigellus. He was precentor of the cathedral. His opinion of the wonders of which he was the witness may be inferred from the shrug of the shoulders with which, after describing the disorders of the times, he says that they were but natural, for the age of miracles was past. In reading him we feel that we are looking on the old England through an extremely keen pair of eyes. We discern too, perhaps, that he was a clever fellow, constitutionally a satirist, and disappointed of promotion, and we make the necessary allowances. Two of his works survive, one in verse, the other in serious prose.

The poem, which is called *Speculum Stultorum* ('The Looking-Glass of Fools') contains the adventures of a monk who leaves his cloister to better his fortunes. The monk is introduced under the symbolic disguise of an ass. His ambition is to grow a longer tail, and he wan-

ders unsuccessfully over Europe, meeting as many misfortunes as Don Quixote, in pursuit of his object. Finally he arrives at Paris, where he resolves to remain and study, that at all events he may write after his name *magister artium*. The seven years' course being finished, he speculates on his future career. He decides on the whole that he will be a bishop, and pictures to himself the delight of his mother when she sees him in his pontificals. Sadly, however, he soon remembers that bishops were not made of such stuff as learned members of the universities. Bishops were born in barons' castles, and named as children to the sees which they were to occupy. 'Little Bobby' and 'Little Willy' were carried to Rome in their nurses' arms before they could speak or walk, to have the keys of heaven committed to them. So young were they sometimes that a wit said once that it could not be told whether the bishop elect was a boy or a girl. An abbey might suit better, he thought, and he ran over the various attractions of the different orders. All of them were more or less loose rogues, some worse, some better. On the whole the monk-ass concluded that he would found a new order, the rules of which should be compounded of the indulgences allowed to each of the rest. The pope would consent if approached with the proper temptations; and he was picturing to himself the delightful life which he was thenceforth to lead, when his master found him and cudgelled him back to the stable.

More instructive, if less amusing, is the prose treatise *Contra Curiales et Officiales clericos* ('Against Clerical Courtiers and Officials'), dedicated to De Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, Cœur de Lion's chancellor, who was left in charge of the realm when Richard went to Palestine. De Longchamp's rule was brief and stormy. It lasted long enough, however, to induce Nigellus to appeal to him for a reform of the Church, and to draw a picture of it which admirers of the ages of faith may profitably study.

At whatever period we get a clear view of the Church of England, it was always in terrible need of reform. In the twelfth century it has been held to have been at its best. Let us look then at the actual condition of it.

* '*Quum tamen clerici immundissimi et atrocissimi sunt, utpote qui ex magnâ parte sacrilegi, adulteri, prædones, fures, raptores virginum, incendiarii et homicidæ sunt.*'—John of Salisbury to the Bishop of Exeter. Letters, 1169.

According to Nigellus, the Church benefices in England, almost without exception, were either sold by the patrons to the highest bidders, or were given by them to their near relations. The presentees entered into possession more generally even than the bishops when children.

Infants in cradles (says Nigellus) are made archdeacons, that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings praise may be perfected. The child is still at the breast and he is a priest of the Church. He can bind and loose before he can speak, and has the keys of heaven before he has the use of his understanding. At an age when an apple is more to him than a dozen churches, he is set to dispense the sacraments, and the only anxiety about him is the fear that he may die. He is sent to no school. He is idle and is never whipped. He goes to Paris to be polished, where he learns 'the essentials of a gentleman's education,' dice and dominos *et cætera quæ sequuntur*. He returns to England to hawk and hunt, and would that this were the worst! but he has the forehead of a harlot, and knows not to be ashamed. To such persons as these a bishop without scruple commits the charge of souls—to men who are given over to the flesh, who rise in the morning to eat, and sit down at evening to drink, who spend on loose women the offerings of the faithful, who do things which make their people blush to speak of them, while they themselves look for the Jordan to flow into their mouths, and expect each day to hear a voice say to them, 'Friend, go up higher.'

Those who had no money to buy their way with, and no friends to help them, were obliged to study something. Having done with Paris they would go on to Bologna, and come back knowing medicine and law and speaking pure French and Italian. Clever fellows, so furnished, contrived to rise by pushing themselves into the service of bishop or baron, to whom 'they were as eyes to the blind and as feet to the lame.' They managed the great man's business; they took care of his health. They went to Rome with his appeals, undertook negotiations for him in foreign courts, and were repaid in time by prebends and rectories. Others, in spite of laws of celibacy, married a patron's daughter, and got a benefice along with her. It was illegal, but the bishops winked at it. Others made interest at Rome with the cardinals, and by them were recommended home. Others contrived to be of use to the king. Once on the road to preferment the ascent was easy. The

lucky ones, not content with a church or two, would have a benefice in every diocese in England, and would lie, cheat, 'forget God, and not remember man.' Their first gains were spent in bribes to purchase more, and nothing could satisfy them. Fifteen or twenty rectories were not enough without a stall in each cathedral. Next must come a deanery, and then an archdeaconry, and then 'peradventure God will yet add unto me something more.'

The 'something more' was of course a bishopric, and Nigellus proceeds to describe the methods by which such of these high offices were reached as had not been already assigned to favorites. The prelates expectant hung about the court; making presents, giving dinners, or offering their services for difficult foreign embassies. Their friends meanwhile were on the watch for sees likely to be vacant, and inquiring into their values. The age and health of the present occupants were diligently watched; the state of their teeth, their eyes, their stomachs, and reported disorders. If the accounts were conflicting, the aspirant would go himself to the spot under pretence of a pilgrimage. If the wretched bishop was found inconveniently vigorous, rumors were spread that he was shamming youth, that he was as old as Nestor, and was in his dotage; if he was infirm, it was said that men ought not to remain in positions of which they could not discharge the duties; they should go into a cloister. The king and the primate should see to it.

If intrigue failed, another road was tried. The man of the world became a saint. He retired to one or other of his churches. He was weary of the earth and its vanities, and desired to spend his remaining days in meditating upon heaven. The court dress was laid aside. The wolf clothed himself in a sheepskin, and the talk was only of prayers and ostentatious charities. Beggars were fed in the streets, the naked were covered, the sick were visited, the dead were buried. The rosy face grew pale, the plump cheeks became thin, and the admiring public exclaimed, 'Who was like unto this man to keep the law of the Most High?' Finally some religious order was entered in such a manner that it should be heard of everywhere. Vows

were taken with an affectation of special austerities. The worthy person (who cannot see and hear him?) would then bewail the desolations of the Church, speak in a low sad voice, sigh, walk slowly, and droop his eyelids; kings were charged with tyranny, and priests with incontinency, and all this that it might be spoken of in high places, that, when a see was vacant at last, it might be said to him, 'Friend, go up higher; "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."'

'Such,' said Nigellus, 'are the steps in our days by which men go up into the house of the Lord.' By one or other of these courses success was at last attained; the recommendation of the Crown was secured, and the nomination was sent to the chapter. But the *cong  d' lire* was not yet peremptory. The forms of liberty still retained some shadow of life in them, and fresh efforts were required to obtain the consent of the electors. The religious orders were the persons used on these occasions to produce the required effect; and flights of Templars, Cistercians, Carthusians, hurried to the cathedral city to persuade the canons that the pastor whom they had never seen or never heard of, except by rumor, had more virtues than existed together in any other human being. Nigellus humorously describes the language in which these spiritual jackals portrayed their patron's merits.

He is a John the Baptist for sanctity, a Cato for wisdom, a Tully for eloquence, a Moses for meekness, a Phinees for zeal, an Abraham for faith. Elect him only, and he is all that you can desire. You ask what he has done to recommend him. Granted that he has done nothing, God can raise sons to Abraham out of the stones. He is a boy, you say, and too young for such an office—Daniel was a boy when he saved Susannah from the elders. He is of low birth—you are choosing a successor to a fisherman, not an heir to C sar. He is a dwarf—Jeremiah was not large. He is illiterate—Peter and Andrew were not philosophers when they were called to be apostles. He can speak no English—Augustine could speak no English, yet Augustine converted Britain. He is married and has a wife—the apostles ordered such to be promoted. He has divorced his wife—Christ separated St. John from his bride. He is immoral—so was St. Boniface. He is a fool—God has chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise. He is a coward—St. Joseph was a coward. He is a glutton and a wine-bibber—so Christ was said to be. He is a sluggard—St. Peter could not remain for an

hour awake. He is a striker—Peter struck Malchus. He is quarrelsome—Paul quarrelled with Barnabas. He is disobedient to his superiors—Paul withstood Peter. He is a man of blood—Moses killed the Egyptian. He is blind—so was Paul before he was converted. He is dumb—Zacharias was dumb. He is all faults, and possesses not a single virtue—God will make his grace so much more to abound in him.

Such eloquence and such advocates were generally irresistible. If, as sometimes happened, the Crown had named a person exceptionally infamous, or if the chapter was exceptionally obdurate, other measures lay behind. Government officers would come down and talk of enemies to the commonwealth. A bishop of an adjoining see would hint at excommunication. The canons were worked on separately, bribed, coaxed, or threatened. The younger of them were promised the places of the seniors. The seniors were promised fresh offices for themselves, and promotion for their relations. If there were two candidates and two parties, both sides bribed, and the longest purse gained the day. Finally the field was won. Decent members of the chapter sighed over the disgrace, but reflected that miracles could not be looked for.* The see could not remain vacant till a saint could be found to fill it. They gave their voices as desired. The choice was declared, the bells rang, the organ pealed, and the choir chanted *Te Deum*.

The one touch necessary to complete the farce was then added:—

The bishop elect, all in tears for joy, exclaims, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man. Depart from me, for I am unworthy. I cannot bear the burden which you lay upon me. Alas for my calamity! Let me alone, my beloved brethren—let me alone in my humble state. You know not what you do.' . . . He falls back and affects to swoon. He is borne to the archbishop to be consecrated. Other bishops are summoned to assist, and all is finished.†

The scene now changed. The object was gained, the mask was dropped, and the bishop, having reached the goal of

* 'Non sunt h c miraculorum tempora.'

† Now and then it happened that bishops refused to attend on these occasions, when the person to be consecrated was notoriously infamous. Nigellus says that one bishop at least declined to assist at the consecration of Roger, Archbishop of York.

his ambition, could afford to show himself in his true colors.

He has bound himself (goes on Nigellus) to be a teacher of his flock. How can he teach those whom he sees but once a year, and not a hundredth part of whom he even sees at all? If anyone in the diocese wants the bishop, he is told the bishop is at court on affairs of state. He hears a hasty mass once a day, *non sine tædio* (not without being bored). The rest of his time he gives to business or pleasure, and is not bored. The rich get justice from him; the poor get no justice. If his metropolitan interferes with him, he appeals to Rome, and Rome protects him if he is willing to pay for it. At Rome the abbot buys his freedom from the control of the bishop; the bishop buys his freedom from the control of the archbishop. The bishop dresses as the knights dress. When his cap is on you cannot distinguish him at council from a peer. The layman swears, the bishop swears, and the bishop swears the hardest. The layman hunts, the bishop hunts. The layman hawks, the bishop hawks. Bishop and layman sit side by side at council and Treasury boards. Bishop and layman ride side by side into battle.* What will not bishops do? Was ever crime more atrocious than that which was lately committed in the church at Coventry?† When did pagan ever deal with Christian as the bishop did with the monks? I, Nigellus, saw with my own eyes, after the monks were ejected, harlots openly introduced into the cloister and chapter house to lie all night there, as in a brothel, with their paramours.‡ Such are the works of bishops in these days of ours. This is what they do, or permit to be done; and so cheap has grown the dignity of the ecclesiastical order that you will easier find a cow-herd well educated than a presbyter, and an industrious duck than a literate parson.

* Even in the discharge of their special functions the spiritual character was scarcely more apparent. When they went on visitation, and children were brought to them to be confirmed, they gave a general blessing and did not so much as alight from their horses. Becket was the only prelate who observed common decency on these occasions. 'Non enim erat ei ut plerisque, immo ut fere omnibus episcopis moris est, ministerium confirmationis equo insidendo peragere, sed ob sacramenti venerationem equo desilire et stando pueris manum imponere.' (*Materials for the History of Thomas Becket*, vol. ii. p. 164.)

† In the year 1191, Hugh, Bishop of Coventry, violently expelled the monks from the cathedral there, and instituted canons in their places.

‡ 'Testis mihi Deus est quod dolens et tristis admodum refero quod in ecclesiâ Coventrensi oculis propriis aspexi. In claustris et capitulis vidi ego et alii nonnulli ejectis monachis meretrices publice introductas et totâ nocte cum lenonibus decubare sicut in lupanari.'

So far Nigellus. We are not to suppose that the state of the Church had changed unfavorably in the twenty years which followed Becket's martyrdom, or we should have to conclude that the spiritual enthusiasm which the martyrdom undoubtedly excited had injured, and not improved, public morality.

The prelates and clergy with whom Henry the Second contended, if different at all from those of the next generation, must have been rather worse than better, and we cease to be surprised at the language in which the king spoke of them at Montmiraux.

Speaking generally, at the time when Becket declared war against the State, the Church, from the Vatican to the smallest archdeaconry, was saturated with venality. The bishops were mere men of the world. The Church benefices were publicly bought and sold, given away as a provision to children, or held in indefinite numbers by ambitious men who cared only for wealth and power. The mass of the common clergy were ignorant, dissolute, and lawless, unable to be legally married, and living with concubines in contempt or evasion of their own rules. In character and conduct the laity were superior to the clergy. They had wives, and were therefore less profligate. They made no pretensions to mysterious power and responsibilities, and therefore they were not hypocrites. They were violent, they were vicious, yet they had the kind of belief in the truth of religion which bound the rope about young Henry's neck and dragged him from his bed to die upon the ashes, which sent them in tens of thousands to perish on the Syrian sands to recover the sepulchre of Christ from the infidel. The life beyond the grave was as assured to them as the life upon earth. In the sacraments and in the priest's absolution lay the one hope of escaping eternal destruction. And while they could feel no respect for the clergy as men, they feared their powers and revered their office. Both of laity and clergy the religion was a superstition, but in the laity the superstition was combined with reverence, and implied a real belief in the divine authority which it symbolised. The clergy, the supposed depositaries of the supernatural qualities assigned to them, found it probaby more difficult to believe in

themselves, and the unreality revenged itself upon their natures.

Bearing in mind these qualities in the two orders, we proceed to the history of Becket.

Thomas Becket was born in London in the year 1118.* His father, Gilbert Becket, was a citizen in moderate circumstances.† His name denotes Saxon extraction. Few Normans as yet were to be found in the English towns condescending to trade. Of his mother nothing authentic is known,‡ except that she was a religious woman who brought up her children in the fear of God. Many anecdotes are related of his early years, but the atmosphere of legend in which his history was so early enveloped renders them all suspicious. His parents, at any rate, both died when he was still very young, leaving him, ill provided for, to the care of his father's friends. One of them, a man of wealth, Richard de l'Aigle, took charge of the tall, handsome, clever lad. He was sent to school at Merton Abbey, in Surrey, and afterwards to Oxford. In his vacations he was thrown among young men of rank and fortune, hunting and hawking with them, cultivating his mind with the ease of conscious ability, and doubtless not inattentive to the events which were going on around him. In his nursery he must have heard of the sinking of the White Ship in the Channel with Henry the First's three children, Prince William, his brother Richard, and their sister. When he was seven years old, he may have listened to the jests of the citizens at his father's table over the misadventure in London of the cardinal legate, John of Crema. The legate had come to England to preside at a council and pass laws to part the clergy from their wives. While the council was going forward, his Eminence was himself detected *in re meretriciâ*, to general astonishment and scandal. In the same year the Emperor Henry died.

His widow, the English Matilda, came home, and was married again soon after to Geoffrey of Anjou. In 1134 the English barons swore fealty to her and her young son, afterwards King Henry the Second. The year following her father died. Her cousin, Stephen of Blois, broke his oath and seized the crown, and general distraction and civil war followed, while from beyond the seas the Levant ships, as they came up the river, brought news of bloody battles in Syria and slaughter of Christians and infidels. To live in stirring times is the best education of a youth of intellect. After spending three years in a house of business in the City, Becket contrived to recommend himself to Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury. The archbishop saw his talents, sent him to Paris, and thence to Bologna to study law, and employed him afterwards in the most confidential negotiations. The description by Nigellus of the generation of a bishop might have been copied line for line from Becket's history. The question of the day was the succession to the crown. Was Stephen's son, Eustace, the heir? Or was Matilda's son, Henry of Anjou? Theobald was for Henry, so far as he dared to show himself. Becket was sent secretly to Rome to move the pope. The struggle ended with a compromise. Stephen was to reign for his life. Henry was peaceably to follow him. The arrangement might have been cut again by the sword. But Eustace immediately afterwards died. In the same year Stephen followed him, and Henry the Second became king of England. With all these intricate negotiations the future martyr was intimately connected, and by his remarkable talents especially recommended himself to the new king. No one called afterwards to an important position had better opportunities of acquainting himself with the spirit of the age, or the characters of the principal actors in it.* If his services were valu-

* Or 1119. The exact date is uncertain.

† 'Nec omnino infimi' are Becket's words as to the rank of his parents.

‡ The story that she was a Saracen is a late legend. Becket was afterwards taunted with the lowness of his birth. The absence of any allusion to a fact so curious if it was true, either in the taunt or in Becket's reply to it, may be taken as conclusive.

* Very strange things were continually happening. In 1154 the Archbishop of York was poisoned in the Eucharist by some of his clergy. 'Eodem anno Wilhelmus Eboracensis archiepiscopus, proditiōe clericorum suorum post perceptionem Eucharistiæ infra ablutiones liquore lethali infectus, extinctus est.' (Hoveden, vol. i. p. 213.) Becket could not fail to have heard of this piece of villany and to have made his own reflections upon it.

able, his reward was magnificent. He was not a priest, but, again precisely as Nigellus describes, he was loaded with lucrative Church benefices. He was Provost of Beverley, he was Archdeacon of Canterbury, he was rector of an unknown number of parishes, and had stalls in several cathedrals. It is noticeable that afterwards, in the heat of the battle in which he earned his saintship, he was so far from looking back with regret on this accumulation of preferments that he paraded them as an evidence of his early consequence.* A greater rise lay immediately before him. Henry the Second was twenty-two years old at his accession. At this time he was the most powerful prince in Western Europe. He was Duke of Normandy and Count of Anjou. His wife Eleanor, the divorced queen of Lewis of France, had brought with her Aquitaine and Poitou. The reigning pope, Adrian the Fourth, was an Englishman, and, to the grief and perplexity of later generations of Irishmen, gave the new king permission to add the Island of the Saints to his already vast dominions. Over Scotland the English monarchs asserted a semi-feudal sovereignty, to which Stephen, at the battle of the Standard, had given a semblance of reality. Few English princes have commenced their career with fairer prospects than the second Henry.

The state of England itself demanded his first attention. The usurpation of Stephen had left behind it a legacy of disorder. The authority of the Crown had been shaken. The barons, secure behind the walls of their castles, limited their obedience by their inclinations. The Church, an *imperium in imperio*, however corrupt in practice, was aggressive as an institution, and was encroaching on the State with organised system. The principles asserted by Gregory the Seventh had been establishing themselves gradually for the past century, and in

theory were no longer questioned. The power of the Crown, it was freely admitted, was derived from God. As little was it to be doubted that the clergy were the ministers of God in a nearer and higher sense than a layman could pretend to be, holding as they did the power of the keys, and able to punish disobedience by final exclusion from heaven. The principle was simple. The application only was intricate. The clergy, though divine as an order, were as frail in their individual aspect as common mortals, as ambitious, as worldly, as licentious, as unprincipled, as violent, as wicked, as much needing the restraint of law and the policeman as their secular brethren, perhaps needing it more. How was the law to be brought to bear on a class of persons who claimed to be superior to law? King Henry's piety was above suspicion, but he was at all points a sovereign, especially impatient of anarchy. The conduct of too many ecclesiastics, regular and secular alike, was entirely intolerable, and a natural impatience was spreading through the country, with which the king perhaps showed early symptoms of sympathising. Archbishop Theobald, at any rate, was uneasy at the part which he might take, and thought that he needed some one at his side to guide him in salutary courses. At Theobald's instance, in the second year of Henry's reign, Becket became Chancellor of England, being then thirty-seven years old.

In his new dignity he seemed at first likely to disappoint the archbishop's expectations of him. Some of his biographers, indeed, claim as his perpetual merit that he opposed the *bestias curiæ*, or court wild beasts, as churchmen called the anticlerical party. John of Salisbury, on the other hand, describes him as a magnificent trifler, a scorner of law and the clergy, and given to scurrilous jesting at laymen's parties.* At any rate, except in the arbitrariness of his character, he showed no features of the Becket of Catholic tradition.

Omnipotent as Wolsey after him, he

* Foliot, Bishop of London, told him that he owed his rise in life to the king. Becket replied: 'Ad tempus quo me rex ministerio suo præstitit, archidiaconatus Cantuariensis, præpositura Beverlaci, plurimæ, ecclesiæ, præbendæ nonnullæ, alia etiam non pauca quæ nominis mei erant possessio tunc temporis, adeo tenuem ut dicis, quantum ad ea quæ mundi sunt, contradicunt me fuisse.'

* 'Dum magnificus erat nugator, in curiâ, dum legis videbatur contemptor et cleri, dum scurriles cum potentioribus sectabatur ineptias, magnus habebatur, clarus erat et acceptus omnibus.'—John of Salisbury to the Bishop of Exeter. Letters, 1166.

was no less magnificent in his outward bearing. His dress was gorgeous, his retinue of knights as splendid as the king's. His hospitalities were boundless. His expenditure was enormous. How the means for it were supplied is uncertain. The revenue was wholly in his hands. The king was often on the continent, and at such times the chancellor governed everything. He retained his Church benefices—the archdeaconry of Canterbury certainly, and probably the rest. Vast sums fell irregularly into Chancery from wardships and vacant sees and abbeys. All these Becket received, and never accounted for the whole of them. Whatever might be the explanation, the wealthiest peer in England did not maintain a more costly household, or appear in public with a more princely surrounding.

Of his administration his adoring and admiring biographer, the monk Grim, who was present at his martyrdom, draws a more than unfavorable picture, and even charges him with cruelty and ferocity. 'The persons that he slew,' says Grim, 'the persons that he robbed of their property, no one can enumerate. Attended by a large company of knights, he would assail whole communities, destroy cities and towns, villages and farms, and, without remorse or pity, would give them to devouring flames.' *

Such words give a new aspect to the demand afterwards made that he should answer for his proceedings as chancellor, and lend a new meaning to his unwillingness to reply. At this period the only virtue which Grim allows him to have preserved unsullied was his chastity.

In foreign politics he was meanwhile as much engaged as ever. The anomalous relations of the king with Lewis the Seventh, whose vassal he was for his continental dominions, while he was his superior in power, were breaking continually into quarrels, and sometimes into war. The anxiety of Henry, however, was always to keep the peace, if possi-

ble. In 1157 Becket was sent to Paris to negotiate an alliance between the Princess Margaret, Lewis's daughter, and Henry's eldest son. The prince was then seven years old, the little lady was three. Three years later they were actually married, two cardinals, Henry of Pisa and William of Pavia, coming as legates from the pope to be present on the august occasion. France and England had been at that time drawn together by a special danger which threatened Christendom. In 1159 Pope Adrian died. Alexander the Third was chosen to succeed him with the usual formalities, but the election was challenged by Frederic Barbarossa, who set up an antipope. The Catholic Church was split in two. Frederic invaded Italy, Alexander was driven out of Rome and took shelter in France at Sens. Henry and Lewis gave him their united support, and forgot their own quarrels in the common cause. Henry, it was universally admitted, was heartily in earnest for Pope Alexander. The pope, on his part, professed a willingness and an anxiety to be of corresponding service to Henry. The king considered the moment a favorable one for taking in hand the reform of the clergy, not as against the Holy See, but with the Holy See in active co-operation with him. On this side he anticipated no difficulty if he could find a proper instrument at home, and that instrument he considered himself to possess in his chancellor. Where the problem was to reconcile the rights of the clergy with the law of the land, it would be convenient, even essential, that the chancellorship and the primacy should be combined in the same person. Barbarossa was finding the value of such a combination in Germany, where, with the Archbishop of Cologne for a chancellor of the Empire, he was carrying out an ecclesiastical revolution.

It is not conceivable that on a subject of such vast importance the king should have never taken the trouble to ascertain Becket's views. The condition of the clergy was a pressing and practical perplexity. Becket was his confidential minister, the one person whose advice he most sought in any difficulty, and on whose judgment he most relied. Becket, in all probability, must have led the king

* 'Quantis autem necem, quantis rerum omnium proscriptionem intulerit, quis enumeret? Validâ namque stipatus militum manu civitates aggressus est. Delevit urbes et oppida; villas et prædia absque miserationis intuitu voraci consumpsit incendio.'—*Materials for the History of Thomas Becket*, vol. ii. pp. 364-5.

to believe that he agreed with him. There can be no doubt whatever that he must have allowed the king to form his plans without having advised him against them, and without having cautioned him that from himself there was to be looked for nothing but opposition. The king, in fact, expected no opposition. So far as he had known Becket hitherto, he had known him as a statesman and a man of the world. If Becket had ever in this capacity expressed views unfavorable to the king's intentions, he would not have failed to remind him of it in their subsequent controversy. That he was unable to appeal for such a purpose to the king's recollection must be taken as a proof that he never did express unfavorable views. If we are not to suppose that he was deliberately insincere, we may believe that he changed his opinion in consequence of the German schism. But even so an honorable man would have given his master warning of the alteration, and it is certain that he did not. He did, we are told, feel some scruples. The ecclesiastical conscience had not wholly destroyed the human conscience, and the king had been a generous master to him. But his difficulties were set aside by the casuistries of a Roman legate. Archbishop Theobald died when the two cardinals were in Normandy for the marriage of Prince Henry and the Princess Margaret. There was a year of delay before the

choice was finally made. Becket asked the advice of Cardinal Henry of Pisa. Cardinal Henry told him that it was for the interest of the Church that he should accept the archbishopric, and that he need not communicate convictions which would interfere with his appointment. They probably both felt that, if Becket declined, the king would find some other prelate who would be more pliant in his hands. Thus at last the decision was arrived at. The Empress Matilda warned her son against Becket's dangerous character, but the warning was in vain. The king pressed the archbishopric on Becket, and Becket accepted it. The Chief Justice Richard de Luci went over with three bishops to Canterbury in the spring of 1162 to gain the consent of the chapter; the chapter yielded not without reluctance. The clergy of the province gave their acquiescence at a council held afterwards at Westminster, but with astonishment, misgiving, and secret complaints. Becket at this time was not even a priest, and was known only to the world as an unscrupulous and tyrannical minister. The consent was given, however. The thing was done. On the 2nd of June (1162) Becket received his priest's orders from the Bishop of Rochester. On the 3rd he was consecrated in his own cathedral.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

(To be continued.)

PERA.

PERA is the "Frank," or, as some would say, the Christian suburb of Constantinople. The name is derived from a Greek word signifying "beyond," as it is beyond and opposite to the city of Constantine, now more especially known as Stamboul. Pera is built on the steep slopes of a little promontory which separates the Golden Horn from the Bosphorus, and, extending also for a considerable distance along the sharp ridge of the hill, it commands on all sides exquisite views of the surrounding country. The winter residences, called here the "palaces," of the Christian embassies, are situated on or near the main thoroughfare, the "Grande Rue," or High Street, and the suburb contains many handsome and

luxurious houses belonging to Greek, Armenian, and foreign families, besides shops of all nationalities well stocked with merchandise imported from the West.

Pera, with the business quarter of Galata at the foot of the hill, is the most polyglot town in Europe: here each of the different foreign communities lives its own life, administers its own justice, works its own postal system, circulates its native coin, maintains its national churches, has houses, furniture, and servants, as if still living in the father-land, and although beyond the limit of the diplomatic circle, there is little social intercourse amongst the groups by which the nationalities of Europe are represented;

the shops stand in goodly rank and file along the narrow "Grande Rue," which is almost the only line of street between Galata and the upper portion of the "Frank" town, and it is undeniable that there exist here greater facilities for procuring articles of foreign (i.e., un-English) manufacture than in any of the great capitals of civilization. English, French, Italian, German, Swiss, and Greek display the goods for which their respective countries are most renowned, while three wonderful bazaars seem to offer to the public a little of everything that can benefit the human race. Then there are the churches and chapels of all denominations, which have their entrance on or near the principal street; and, while the air resounds with the bells calling Christian people to their places of worship, it is hard indeed to believe in the Moslem "fanaticism" which is such a favorite rallying cry of the Opposition orators of the day, who, had they a true knowledge of the people about whom they discourse so freely and so ignorantly, might realise, with considerable astonishment, the fact that in no country of Europe, England and France excepted, is religious liberty for Christians of all denominations so freely and completely given as in Turkey, the Sultan or the government giving the ground for most of the churches and charitable buildings, admitting, entirely free of custom-house dues, all goods imported for the use of the Christian missions, and protecting, and as far as possible keeping order amongst so-called religious processions, that too often afford, by their violent and indecorous behavior, a humiliating contrast to the sober and quiet demeanor of their Turkish guards.

It is not, however, the Pera of the diplomatic or controversial world that interests us at present, but the polyglot city, its street merchants and street cries in many languages, and the trivial incidents of its daily life, which give so peculiar a character to the aspect of the place.

Almost the whole of the itinerant commerce of Constantinople is carried on by peasants from the provinces and the tributary states, who come up to the capital to seek their fortunes, remaining for various periods ranging from several months to as many years, according to the distance and difficulties of transit

from their native villages, where they have left their wives and families. They revisit their homes from time to time, then return to their labors, until, having amassed a sufficient sum on which to retire, they settle down in the "Memleket" (the native place), to cultivate the ground, and end their days amongst their own people.

These street merchants and laborers are estimated at between 60,000 and 70,000, of whom a small proportion only are genuine Turks, the greater number being Armenians; the last, a sober, honest, and industrious body of men, are the "hammals," or street porters, who are also employed as the guardians of banks, counting-houses, and shops, besides which they take service willingly as household drudges in their leisure hours. Other Armenians are the "sakas," or water-carriers, and in both capacities they are members of an organized society, under the direction of a chief of their own appointing. It is amongst these "hammals" that the descendants of the ancient kings of Armenia may principally be traced, and the name of many a humble individual staggering under his load, or counting the coppers gained by his hard day's toil, is high-sounding enough to suit the most exalted destiny: Tigranes and Argashenz (Artaxerxes), it may be, carry between them the port-manteau, or sedan-chair which is their joint property; Tiridates, Balthazar, and Arisdaghez are bringing water to your cistern, while Mithridates stands by with a leathern hump upon his shoulders, ready for the first load that may offer.

The Albanians are also numerous; they are the sellers of "Mohalibé," "Khalwah" (sesame seed and honey), "salep," and of a sort of fermented acid drink, much favored by the Turks. The "bakals" (grocers) and the makers of stove pipes and of iron work in general, come from Kaïseriah (Cæsarea in Asia Minor), while Maïtos opposite the Dardanelles and other places in Roumelia send us carpenters, and Yanina and Salonica, masons.

The wood-cutters are mostly Turks, from the neighborhood of Trebizond and the interior of Anatolia, and it is also the Turks who manufacture and sell the sweetmeats so attractive to the public of all ages. Greeks and Bulgarians arrive

from the barren slopes of the Pindus mountains to pass a season in selling fruits and vegetables, and many engage as milkmen, and as journeyman gardeners, carrying about plants and flowers, out of which they make a lucrative trade.

The Persians are the principal donkey-drivers of the capital; they and their patient little beasts form an important element in the moving panorama of the street scenes, as, in default of sufficient roads and proper vehicles, it is the fate of the little donkeys to stumble along, encased in monstrous planks, or bearing their heavy panniers loaded with brick and stone. The Kurds work as hammers of an inferior degree; they are much employed about the quays and custom-house in unloading vessels, and are supposed in a general way to be devoted to coal, while the Montenegrins and Croats flourish spade and pickaxe, in companies and under the orders of a chieftain, to whom they pay feudal obedience.

There is in Pera an unpretending stone house on the sharp slope of the hill looking towards the Sea of Marmora, and under the shadow of the rough height, which is crowned by a government school; it stands away from the neighboring street, but an irregular pathway, a kind of short cut towards the upper end of Pera, passes before the door. People remark that it is a very "quiet" corner; it is in fact so quiet, so out of the way, that all the noises which strive in vain to obtain a hearing in the crowded and bustling "Grande Rue," take refuge here, and unaided imagination would fail to realize the cries, the shouts, the barks, the growls, the laughter and the lamentation, which find expansion and relief in this our "very quiet corner"—to gain some idea of the polyglot sounds, the fantastic and picturesque groups, the comedy of life in short, that passes across the stage of this little open-air theatre between sunrise and sunset. Let us take a day—at hazard—and note the different scenes, which the revolving hours bring forward.

It is spring time, about six o'clock in the morning; already in the grey dawn, the first faint murmurs of awakening town life have breathed in the mournful sounding cry of the Bulgarian milkmen,

coming slowly in from the surrounding villages with great cans, jogging along on horses or mules; they are the pioneers of the almost countless street sellers of the city. The voice of the "sout-dji" dies in the distance, as a flock of Maltese goats run jingling by on its way to some pasturage on the outskirts of Pera; then a bright merry call wakes up the neighborhood—"Frangiolà!" "frangiolà!" "frangioladji—i!" It is the itinerant vendor of rolls, who has his customers among the small houses round about. The quarter rubs its eyes, gives itself a shake, and is wide awake and on the move, for by this time men and beasts of burden, street sellers and building materials, begin their customary progress around the hill of Galata Serai.

In Pera, everything can be procured at the street door, from the most necessary elements of daily food, to the most needless articles of fashion; these last, perhaps, rather out of date and behind the times, but none the less highly appreciated by the simple neighbors of our "quiet corner." There are sounds of active bargaining going on below. On the door-step, a large basket, decked all round its border with bunches of poppies and elder-flower, takes up the entire space; it is a charming little bit of the fresh country, very tastefully arranged with beds of bright green foliage—but the contents of the basket, although equally suggestive of fields and gardens, lacks the charm and the grace of the floral bordering; it is—snails! fine, fat, juicy snails, briskly alive! They overflow their boundaries, and some are making a stately progress, with horns erect, over the stone entrance-step, they are picked up by the Greek servant, upon which they retire promptly into their native seclusion. But this modesty will not save them, for they must form part of a Greek Lenten dish, much esteemed by that ancient people, almost as much so, indeed, as the cuttle-fish, which they eat in great quantities during the same season; and the worthy man who intends a treat of the last-named delicacy for the family supper, does not shrink from carrying home the loathsome creature, suspended by a string, with all its livid-looking tentacles flapping, as he walks along, reflecting on the rich flavor of the "ink" sauce with which it is to be

dressed. The bag of dark-colored fluid which is found in the body of the cuttlefish, and called by the natives "ink," is the sepia well-known to the artistic and commercial world.

What is that old man calling for sale? "Lambs!" says he in Turkish, "little lambs!" "home-raised, tender, milk-drinking lambs!" The basket on his back displays only green stuff; green balls of some sort ornament the rim. They are artichokes, young artichokes, cut probably in the market gardens, which fill a great part of the moat beneath the ancient walls of Constantinople, and the merit of being home-grown, which is insisted upon by all the vendors of spring produce, may be explained by the fact that the greater proportion of the early fruit and vegetables is supplied from Broussa, Smyrna, the Greek Islands, and even from Egypt, where they come in much earlier than in this cooler climate, but being gathered too soon and badly packed, they arrive faded and flavorless, very inferior, indeed, in quality to those that are truly "home-grown." What is there in the undeveloped artichoke, to evoke poetic fancies? In Paris they are offered by the mysterious cry of "*la tendresse et la verdurette!*"—here they are "sucking lambs!" We cannot pause to solve the question, for the man has wandered away with his little green "lambs," and it is again a gardener who follows him down the path; he holds beneath his arm a large bundle of green weeds, telling the public that "Birds do not alight upon it!" "Birds do not alight upon it!" So be it! but how does this ornithological fact interest us? The honest man is offering some wild asparagus, and the descriptive name of the plant is the Turkish suggestion of the feathery lightness of the green sprays.

After poesy comes the prosaic fact of a hideous burden, borne by a miserable and much enduring horse, whose load is hidden by a ghastly blood-stained cloth; it is the itinerant butcher's stall, with a stock of goat's flesh and Caramanian mutton of inferior quality; sloping planks on either side form both the shop front and the block, on which the uninviting viands are cut up. There are butchers' shops in Pera which furnish the tables of the better classes with excellent

meat, the beef coming principally from Odessa, but the wandering meatman is the purveyor of humble households, who patronize also the trade of another individual somewhat in the same line of business, the "djighirdji," or dealer in liver and lights. He comes forward balancing a long pole duly garnished with dangling hearts and pallid lungs. The street dogs sympathize keenly with the national taste, and a pack of the yellow dusty creatures follow the fascinating garland licking their lips in eager anticipation, but not, as yet, daring to advance to the assault: perhaps the man will stop at that piece of open ground, and share the treat amongst them, as animals are frequently fed in this way through the bequest of pious Musulmans; but no, he is moving onward. The stir in the canine kingdom has aroused Marco, the patriarch of the tribe, a tawny brute, whose rough old body shews the scars of many a hard encounter,—they call him the "king of the quarter," and few in dogdom venture to resist his will; he rises and shakes himself, then moves forward with a sublime indifference to learn the cause of the commotion. "Ah, ah! those dangling bits look good!" he mounts a little hillock for nearer inspection, and a drop of blood falls on his nose. It is too much! He forgets himself and the dignity of his position, springs upwards and tears away a large sheep's heart, upon which, in one wild moment of combined attack, the whole of the long pole is stripped. The man turns gently round; his merchandise has vanished, and, without a word, he calmly retraces his steps: it is his "kismet!"

In the meantime our dogs enjoy their feast, gazed at with hungry envy by the members of a neighboring tribe gathered near their boundary-line, for the invisible frontier which separates the various states of the wild-dog kingdom is as clearly defined and as strictly guarded as if laid down by commissioners and international law. Many a tough and hard-fought battle takes place at the entrance of a street within a stone's throw; it is the recognized limit of another band or family, and woe to the grown-up dog who, tempted by the allurements of the rubbish thrown out in readiness for the morning dust-cart, shall venture to creep quietly towards an enticing bone: the

clamor which instantly echoes through the neighborhood warns the intruder; he retreats within the limit of his own domain, then turns to defy the enemy, strongly supported by his tribe, and bleeding, limping forms retire after a few minutes of fierce and desperate encounter. A young puppy, if very small and ignorant, is permitted to stray across the boundaries unscathed; he is sniffed at then with supreme contempt, ignored, but a grown dog is expected to know and to obey the unflinching laws and regulations of dogdom.

"Tam! tam! tam!" the sound of a native drum comes from the narrow alley beside the house; the dogs burst into a chorus of defiance in howls and cries and smothered growls; the noise is deafening; our little Maltese throws itself against the window with a shriek of impotent fury: no need for inquiry; we know that a wandering bear has paused on its weary round, to rest and exhibit in the "quiet corner." Yes! there he is, held at the end of a long chain by his owner, an Asiatic peasant. The two have travelled from the gorges and forests of Mount Ida in Bithynia, and it is hard to say which of the combatants presents the wildest appearance when they begin to struggle together for the gratification of an admiring circle of idlers, principally composed of Greek maid-servants, whose heads are dressed in tumbled muslin, trailing down the back over a cascade of uncombed hair, while their feet are shod in heelless slippers. Some "bacalâkis" also have joined the group, grocers' boys on their way to collect orders: they pause to share in the excitement, and to watch for the glorious opportunity for a sly pinch or a wrench of the tail of the furry monster as he lumbers heavily about; but the little crowd dissolves as if by magic when the poor peasant holds out his shabby tambourine for halfpence. What a study for a painter, this bronzed visage of the Asiatic mountaineer, with his dark eyes glowing through a forest of ebony locks escaping from a tattered turban; his teeth gleam like pearls in a copper setting as he catches a lump of bread, which he faithfully shares with the hairy comrade who sits beside him, panting, weary, and very limp.

An elderly Turk next appears upon

the scene; he carries on his head a large tray with a raised back, and, under one arm a three-legged wooden stand, which he presently sets up with the tray upon it: this is a "schekerdji," or "sweet-stuff" man, and the bright many-colored display consists of sugared-almonds, lemon-drops, rahatlakoum, sweet mastic, preserved apricots, and every variety of native-made bon-bon, all tastefully arranged, and preserved from flies, by means of a large pliable whisk that waves like a plume of feathers at the head of the board.

Another collection of sweet temptations much carried about, is of the "stick-jaw" description: the black, brown, red, white, and yellow substances are disposed on a flat metal dish divided into compartments radiating from the centre, where there is a revolving stick which the appreciative twirl round, and the dealer, with an iron skewer that serves for all, scoops out a halfpenny or a farthing lick from the sweet at which the point may stop. But these dealers are generally Persians: our Osmanli is of a superior order, and he gravely waits the approach of customers; they quickly gather round, amongst them two little Turkish girls under the charge of an old man in a cotton dressing gown and large white turban. The little maidens are on their way to the day school of the quarter, for their gold-embroidered school bags are slung over their shoulders, but they stop soberly at sight of the "scheker," and enter upon a serious bargain on the subject of candy, exacting with much show of experience, the largest lumps obtainable for ten parâs; they are, however, slightly distracted during the negotiations by the rival charms of the "mohalibé" which an Albanian is dispensing at a neighboring house door. "Mohalibé" is a sort of cold jelly composed of ground rice and milk; it is served in saucers powdered with sugar and sprinkled with rose-water: in the proper season a lump of clotted cream, called caïmak, is added. There is nothing prettier and more tempting than the mohalibé trays, when the white jelly is covered with a clean wet cloth and surrounded with gaily-colored and gilded saucers, while a richer display of ornamental porcelain rises in tiers at the back. Then there are the slim metal arrow-

shaped spoons, and the oriental-looking flask of rose-water with its slender neck. The costume of the "mohalibédji" completes the picture; he wears the broad Albanian fez with a ponderous dark blue tassel, and a large striped cloth is bound round him like an apron.

While the little girls are consuming their sweets, the turbaned guardian, like a true old Turk, fond of an easy life, and especially gentle and indulgent towards children, has patiently subsided on to his heels, and is sipping black coffee, provided by a wandering "cafedji" who has set up a little brazier of lighted charcoal on the open ground in hopes of custom from a band of workmen employed in levelling a part of it. Not far off a barber is in full work, all the laborers seeming suddenly impressed with the necessity of having their heads shaved, much to the inconvenience of the numerous passers-by, as the barber is operating on the edge of the pathway. But no one thinks of police supervision or street order in this out of the way "quiet corner," so every one does just as he likes, and the hungry are consuming masses of greasy pillaw, green lettuces and raw onions all round and about.

"Ya! moubârek!" ("Oh ye merciful!") cries a voice in rather a supplicating tone, "nine lemons remain to me! Only nine lemons!" The owner of the voice has sold the greater part of his stock-in-trade, and invokes the pity of the public to clear out his basket. "My soul! my lamb!"—to an idler who is gazing vacantly upon him—"only nine lemons!" Does he dispose of his fruit? We cannot say, for the streets are by this time full of life and movement, and the place of the lemon merchant is now occupied by a Bulgarian carrying a large crate filled with live poultry. The poor birds mingle their lamentations with the piteous cries of a bunch of fowls which he holds in his right hand, tied together by the claws, and head downwards, and with the screams of terror from a fine goose, in an equally painful situation on the left. "Callo la—thi!" calls out the Greek oil-man, with a prolonged and unctuous intonation. "Callo Kslthi!" cries, in a sharp incisive tone, another individual, who drags behind him a little donkey, laden with small barrels of vinegar. "O—djak—dji—i!" This last an-

nouncement, majestic and impressive, proceeds from a being of gigantic height, black from head to foot, who bears as a sceptre, a vast bundle of dishevelled brooms; his aspect is formidable, but he is only the chimney-sweep of the quarter, a mild and perfectly harmless creature.

Presently there labor along the pathway two heavy sacks of charcoal; some one is beneath them, as is proved by the stifled call of "Kumûr var!" ("There is charcoal"), the two-legged beast of burden stating the fact, without strength or energy left to press it further on the public notice.

Twelve o'clock, one of the hours of Musulman prayer. The call of the "Muezzin" is heard from every minaret of the hillside and of the valley beyond, which is a Turkish quarter of the town, and some amongst the laborers respond to the call, leaving work to rub their hands and feet with earth in default of water, according to the injunctions of the Koran. There is a little hillock covered with fresh blades of grass and tangled wild flowers; it stands back from the pathway, and a poor workman chooses the spot in order to perform there his "namaz" without interruption; he has no prayer carpet; he simply turns towards Mecca and begins his devotions. Every change of attitude in the Musulman prayer has a special meaning, being accompanied by pious phrases and ejaculations; it may therefore be interesting to note his movements, although the murmured words are, of course, quite inaudible. He stands at first upright, with his arms hanging down, his bare feet a little apart; next, the hands are raised, open, on each side of the face, the thumbs touching the lobe of the ear; this is the introduction. The worshipper begins the prayers by placing his hands together, the right uppermost; then bows low from the waist, his hands slightly spread upon his knees; then raises himself for a moment and afterwards kneels down, and, with his hands on the ground before him, touches it with his nose and forehead; without rising, he then sinks backwards—this bowing is performed twice—after which he rises in one movement (the feet still remaining on the same spot), and stands again, the right hand clasping the left, and all the previous at-

titudes are repeated four or five times. At one period of the devotions, the worshipper sitting back turns his head first over the right shoulder, then the left, with murmured salutations, supposed to be addressed to the good and evil angels of his destiny; finally, he stands, holding his hands before his face as if reading, then gently strokes face and beard, and the "namaz" is completed; the poor man slips on his worn old shoes, and sitting down begins tranquilly to eat his dinner, a large lump of coarse dry bread.

While watching the flowery hillock with its humble devotee, we have been for some time aware of a heavy tramping sound, audible above the noises of the street; an irregular procession of Armenian water-carriers is slowly making its way upwards, recalling a subject which in the summer season weighs heavily on the minds of the inhabitants of Pera; a problem as difficult of solution as the dreaded "Eastern question"—it is the question of the water supply. These Armenians are the authorized "sakas;" they climb the stairs, each bearing slung across the shoulders a sort of leathern box, narrowing towards one end, from which a flap of leather, when raised, lets out between two and three gallons of yellow turbid water; in the dry season even this can hardly be obtained, although the price charged is very high. As each summer comes round the terrible insufficiency of the supply to the needs of the overgrown suburb, is the leading topic of the moment; projects and plans without number are brought forward, talked over and abandoned, leaving us at length, as before, to the tyranny of the "sakas," the bitter enemies of the Kurds and Persians, who strive to meet the wants and to gain a scanty pittance by the aid of their water-jars and little barrels, filled drop by drop at the half-dry fountains. The independent housekeeper, defying the "sakas," will assert the right to purchase of the Kurds or of any who may offer water for sale, and the bare-legged Armenians leave you with a haughty disdain; but the irregular supply failing, perhaps, you entreat them to return. No, the fountain of the quarter is shut, they say, they can attend to regular customers only. There are indications of a change in the weather, and the cistern beneath the house will

be partly filled; but at the first symptoms of such relief from the pitying rain, the irresistible string of the leather "courbas" once more appears on the scene; deaf to all prohibition, they carry the kitchen by assault; they fill, they inundate everything, and leave no room for collecting a poor little pint of the precious element without expense.

The Jews take here, as everywhere, a prominent part in all street commerce: here is one of the "Yahoudys" (men of Judea) bending under a heavy bale; while he waves the "aretime" or rod for measuring his unbleached calico, which he calls vigorously, as he goes, "Américanico," his comrade passes lightly along with boxes filled with what the French call "mercerie," or, it may be, a glass tray filled with tawdry trinkets, suspended in front of him. Next there is a Maltese dealer in straw hats and sponges; he has an impudent jaunty look, and wears his hat very much on one side, while the two men who follow shortly afterwards form the most striking contrast that can be imagined: two turbaned natives of Morocco, grave and quiet; they have no need to proclaim the contents of their bundles; it is well known to consist of fezzes and brilliant stuffs for scarves and waistbands, and that the bags thrown over the shoulder of that slim Persian, who comes next across our little scene, are full of gaily painted boxes, which can be bought at a very low price, but are rarely to be found without scratch or damage, owing to the long and difficult land journey through which they have been jolted.

Scraping, groaning, shrieking sounds, the agonized cries of unoiled wheels, endeavoring to drag forward a lumbering buffalo-cart; it is the removal of a neighboring Armenian family that is flitting early to the Islands or to Belgrade. The "araba" upholds a veritable mountain of mattresses and cushions, together with enormous sacks made of camel's hair, into which all the smaller articles are collected. The heap is crowned by a few straw chairs, and an invalid table or two. The start is at length accomplished, but, after a few yards, the ground rises a little, and the buffaloes, in spite of the utmost exertion of their dogged strength, stop short, amidst a tempest of blows and cries; spectators gather round,

most of them with the benevolent offer of advice; one or two put shoulder to the wheel, and again the araba is under weigh, surging ominously from side to side.

Sharp cries now pierce the murmurs of the streets, a woman's shrieks; they ring through the neighborhood. These cease, and the low sound of a religious chant swells up gradually from the narrow lane; it becomes sharp and nasal as the procession, turning into the roadway, proceeds in the direction of the Greek church: it is a funeral, and, according to the custom of this communion, the poor body, alive perhaps the day before, is carried, dressed as for a festival and the face uncovered. It is a sad, and often a revolting spectacle, these corpses, scarcely cold, decked out in gaudy colors, shod and gloved, and bedizened with artificial flowers; the little children look like waxen angels, but the disfigured countenances of those who have succumbed to long and painful illness should be, at least, veiled; this is only done in cases of smallpox and other alarming epidemics. Not long since, the well-known funeral cries were heard: a woman, a near neighbor, was being borne from her cottage for interment, she was clothed in the dress which she had been seen to wear on the previous day in perfect health, but instead of the pale hue of death, a glow was on her features, her forehead even was flushed. The miserable creature had been strangled the evening before by her only son. They buried her, and some sort of inquiry was made by the police; but it was conducted with such astounding apathy and negligence, that the murderer was able to return to the desecrated home to seek his property and then depart. "It can't be helped," observes a Greek servant, shrugging his shoulders; "it is all finished now."

The shadows are by this time beginning to lengthen, and the unconscious actors of our imaginary stage have greatly altered in style and character; the street merchants have almost disappeared; the beautiful flock of silky Maltese goats, brought back from their morning's round, are feeding on the rough hillocks, under the care of the goatherd, who is stretched fast asleep upon his back amongst the grasses. Perote ladies

drag their dresses through the dust, as they proceed, armed with the seductions of their Parisian toilettes, and followed by a servant, to accomplish their daily task of visits; and as the first grey tints of evening gather over the picture, a straggling, but scarcely interrupted stream of men winds slowly up the hill—the merchants and their clerks from the counting-houses and stores of Galata, returning to their homes in the higher and more healthy neighborhoods; many of these ride, and the bare-footed, panting "suredji," or horse-boy, can scarcely keep pace with his steed though he hold on with all his might by the horse's tail.

The report of a cannon announces the close of the day—twelve o'clock, Turkish time—and at the same moment throughout the city thousands of watches are consulted and regulated; after which every one dines, and Pera becomes silent, with the exception of the main street, along which a restless throng of pedestrians, carriages and sedan-chairs, press towards the theatres or to the balls and receptions of the various embassies. In the quiet quarters of the town, excepting an occasional furious outbreak amongst the dogs, few sounds disturb the stillness of the evening hours. There is one cry, however, which beginning late, echoes at intervals, and with various degrees of strength and distinctness, far on into the night; in winter it is "salep" which, in a plaintive tone, is offered to the public; during the summer it is "caïmakli dondourma—a" ("Penny cream ices!"), and looking out you see a lantern, like a wandering meteor, flickering through the gloom, and settling here and there upon a door-step.

And there is yet again one other signal which too often breaks upon the solemn hush of night; the dreaded boom of the fire-gun, quickly followed by strokes of an iron-shod staff upon the pavement: you listen with suspended breath to the cry of the "beckdji," "Yangheun va—ar!" ("There is a fire!"), then the name of the locality and of the "mahalle" or quarter. It may be, "Stambouldah Sultan Mehemedeh"—meaning the district of the mosque of Sultan Mehemet in Stamboul, or it may be "Escudardah," "Hissardah," or "Bebekdeh," or any of the villages fringing the Bosphorus or the Golden Horn.

You feel that the fiery enemy is far off ; but, if the hoarse voice of the night watchman announces "Beyogloundah," meaning Pera (called in Turkish "Beyoglou" or the son of the Bey), then it behoves you to rise to ascertain that the fire may not be sweeping onwards to engulf your own cluster of houses. Within a year or two the organization of a fire brigade under the Hungarian Count Szechényi has done much to check the spread of this terrible scourge, which in 1870 destroyed in a few hours nearly the half of Pera. On that fearful night, a change in the direction of the wind might have converted into a mass of glowing embers, the whole of this busy, populous Christian suburb of Constantinople, but the lower half of the town overhanging the quarters of Galata and Toptaneh was spared. The gale, continuing steadily from the same point, and increasing in force as acres of burning houses strengthened the fiery blast, bore full upon the British Embassy as if impelled from a gigantic blow-pipe ; no human exertion could have saved the building, and the stream of death and ruin rushed down the crowded hillside, till stopped by the waters of the Golden Horn. In this ghastly furnace, in which whole companies of the brave but ill-organized "touloumbadjis," or native firemen, perished, no fire brigade could have worked with success ; but on the edges of the burning stream the "touloumbadjis" exerted themselves effectually ; not, however, without previously driving terrible bargains with the distracted owners of house and property : nearly £1,000 was paid down in gold to save a large wooden building standing near a corner of the High Street, of little value in itself, but which by its position forms the apex of a vast triangle of crowded dwellings covering the slope towards Galata, which must have been entirely destroyed, if that one building had caught the flames. It was in consequence of this great fire of 1870, and of the alarm afterwards felt at every recurrence of the fire signal, that the new

brigade service was at length established, many of the former touloumbadjis being enrolled in it. When reduced to discipline and order, their courage and energy are found most valuable in quelling the flames, instead of being very frequently exerted as hitherto in breaking one another's heads : it often happened, under the old *régime*, that two rival companies of half-naked firemen, rushing wildly through the streets, yelling and shouting and carrying all before them, would meet at some cross road, and setting down their little painted pumps engage in a free fight, utterly oblivious of the conflagration to which they were both bound.

With the exception of this great disaster there occurs happily, on the occasion of fires, very little loss of human life. Most of the native houses built of wood are low, having one or at the most two stories ; the furniture consisting almost entirely of mattresses, carpets and bedding, is made up into bundles on the first alarm and turned out of the windows ; due care being taken for the reception of the property ; but, in more than one instance during the terror and confusion of the Pera fire, distracted householders, endeavoring to follow the native system, forgot this rather necessary precaution, and goods were showered down in haste, to vanish amongst an admiring and appreciative crowd beneath.

Throughout the history of Constantinople, destructive fires have occurred so frequently that most parts of the city are said to have been renewed every ten years : the new houses are run up upon the ashes of the former building, and it is for this reason that, comparatively speaking, so few remains of great antiquity are brought to light ; they lie buried fifteen or twenty feet below the present level of the ground, and it is only when excavating for the foundations of some structure of great importance, or in the cutting of a railway, that the workmen come upon the masonry and sculpture of Greek and Roman times.—*Temple Bar*.

IS THE MOON DEAD?

THE idea generally prevailing, among astronomers, respecting the moon's condition is that she is a dead planet, an orb which circles around the sun like her companion planet the earth, but is not, like the earth, the abode of living creatures of any sort. Formerly, indeed, other views were entertained. It was thought that the dark regions were seas, the bright regions continents—a view embodied by Kepler in the saying, 'Do maculas esse maria, do lucidas esse terras.' But the telescope soon satisfied astronomers that there are no seas upon the moon. It has been noted that in two well-known passages of the *Paradise Lost*, in which Milton touches on the work of Galileo with the telescope, he speaks of lands, mountains, rivers, and regions, but not of oceans or seas, upon the moon. Thus, in describing the shield of Satan, he compares it to

The moon, whose orb,
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
On in Val d'Arno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.

While again, in the fifth book, Raphael views the earth

As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon.

We may well believe that had Galileo, in his interviews * with Milton, described appearances which (with his telescopic power) resembled seas or oceans, the poet would not have used so vague a word as 'regions' in the third line of the last quoted passage, where the word 'oceans' would so obviously have suggested itself. From the very beginning of the telescopic observation of our satellite, it became clear that no seas or oceans exist upon her surface. And as telescopic power has increased, and the minute details of the moon's surface have been more searchingly scrutinised, it has been seen that there are no smaller water regions, no lakes, or rivers, not even any ponds, or rivulets, or brooks.

But indeed, while the close telescopic scrutiny of the moon was thus showing that there are no water surfaces there, it was becoming also clear that no water

could remain there under the sun's rays; that is, on the parts of the moon which are illuminated. For it was found that the moon has an atmosphere so rare that water would boil away at a very low temperature indeed. How rare the lunar atmosphere is we do not certainly know; but a number of phenomena show that it must be very rare indeed. Some of these have been already considered, along with other lunar phenomena, in an article which appeared in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for August, 1873; * and for this reason (especially as that article has since been republished) we do not here enter into this portion of the evidence, our object being to discuss here certain relations which were not dealt with in that earlier paper.

But now that astronomers have almost by unanimous consent, accepted the doctrine of the development of our system, which involves the belief that the whole mass of each member of the system was formerly gaseous with intensity of heat, they can no longer doubt that the moon once had seas and an atmosphere of considerable density. The moon has, in fact, passed through the same changes as our own earth, though not necessarily in the same exact way. She was once vaporous, as was our earth, though not at the same time nor for so long a time. She was once glowing with intensity of heat, though this stage also must have continued for a much shorter time than the corresponding stage of our earth's history. Must we not conclude that after passing through that stage the moon was for a time a habitable world as our earth is now? The great masses of vapor and of cloud which had girt our moon's whole globe, even as in the youth of our earth her seas enwrapped her in cloud form, must at length have taken their place as seas upon her surface. The atmosphere which had supported those waters must at first have been dense by comparison with the present lunar atmosphere, perhaps even by comparison with the present atmosphere of our earth. Then the glowing surface of the moon gradually

* See Milton's *Areopagitica*.

* See ECLECTIC for October, 1873.

cooled, until at length the moon must have been a fit abode for life. But whether, when thus swept and garnished into fitness for habitation, the moon actually became an inhabited world, is a question which will be variously answered according to our views respecting the economy of nature in this respect. Those who hold that nature makes nothing in vain, will need only to ask whether the support of life is the one sole purpose which a planet can subserve; if that should appear probable, they would at once decide that the moon must during its habitable stage have been inhabited. Others who, looking around at the workings of nature as known to us, perceive, or think they perceive, that there is much which resembles waste in nature, will be less confident on this point. They may reason that as of many seeds which fall upon the ground, scarce one subserves the one purpose for which seeds can be supposed to have been primarily intended, as many younglings among animals perish untimely, as even many races and types fail of their apparent primary purpose, so our moon, and possibly many such worlds, may never have subserved and never come to subserve that one chief purpose for which the orbs peopling space can be supposed to have been formed, if purpose indeed reigns throughout the universe.

But we are not here concerned to inquire carefully whether the moon ever was inhabited; we care only to show the probability, the all but certainty, that the moon during one stage of her existence was a habitable body, leaving the questions whether she ever actually had inhabitants, and what (if she had) their nature may have been, to the imagination of the reader. Most certainly there is little reason for believing that on *this* point men will ever have any real information for their guidance.

Combining together several considerations—viz., first that the moon must have been fashioned as a planet many millions of years before the earth, that her original heat must have been greatly less than that of the earth (corresponding to a reduction of many millions of years in the time required for cooling down to the habitable condition), that each stage of the moon's cooling must have lasted less by many millions of years than the cor-

responding stage for the earth's cooling, and that lunar gravity being so much less than terrestrial gravity the moon's vulcanian vitality must have lasted for a much shorter time than the earth's—we perceive that the moon must have passed that stage of her history which corresponded to that through which our earth is now passing, many many millions of years ago. It would probably be no exaggeration whatever of the truth to say that more than a thousand millions of years have passed since the moon was a habitable world. But we may quite confidently assert that fully a hundred millions of years have passed since that era of her history. And as the changes which she has undergone since then have occurred at a much more rapid rate than those by which the earth is now passing on and will continue to pass on, for ages yet to come, towards planetary decrepitude, we may assert with equal confidence that the moon in passing through a stage [of planetary existence which the earth will not reach for many hundreds of millions of years yet to come. The moon, thus regarded, presents to us a most interesting subject of study, because she illustrates, in general respects if not perhaps in details, the condition which our earth will attain in the remote future.

Let us then examine the principal features of the moon,—those which may be regarded as characteristic, which at any rate distinguish her from the earth—and consider how far it is probable that our earth will one day present similar features. We can also inquire how far the moon's present condition may be regarded as that of a dead world, in this sense that she can neither now be, nor (under any conceivable circumstances) hereafter become, once again a habitable world as formerly she presumably was.

There is one very remarkable feature of the moon's motions which is commonly not explained as we are about to explain it, but in a way which would correspond better with the general views indicated in this article, than the interpretation which seems to us preferable. We refer to the circumstance that the moon's rotation on her axis takes place in precisely the same time as her revolution around the earth. This is, in reality, a very strange feature, though it is often

dismissed as if there were nothing very remarkable about it. In whatever way the arrangement was brought about, it is absolutely certain that the earth had her share in the work; and again, no matter what explanation or set of explanations we accept, we find most interesting evidence suggested as to the moon's past condition.

According to one account, the moon was originally set spinning at a rate closely corresponding to her present rotation rate, and the earth, having by her attractive power somewhat elongated the moon towards herself, acted on this not perfectly round body in such sort as gradually to coerce its motion of rotation into exact agreement with its motion of revolution. It is known that this would necessarily happen if the original approach to agreement between these motions had been sufficiently close. If we adopted this view, we should find ourselves in presence of the somewhat remarkable fact that the small moon was in the beginning set rotating so slowly that its day lasted as long as a lunar month. Such a rotation, as the results of some process of systematic evolution, could be readily accepted; but that this motion, which presents no recognizable advantages, and many most manifest inconveniences (for creatures living in the moon), should have been specially communicated to the moon by the creative hand, would not be an acceptable theory, even if we were not forced by overwhelming evidence to throw special creative acts very much farther back (to say the least) than the formation of our moon, or of any part of the solar system.

Another explanation which has been offered runs as follows. When the moon had oceans, the earth must have acted on those oceans in the same way as the moon now acts on the oceans of our earth. In one respect the earth must have acted more energetically, in another less. Being very much (eighty-one times) more massive than the moon, the earth necessarily exerts much more force on the moon's substance than the moon exerts on hers.* On the other

hand, the relative *difference* between the pull on the nearest and remotest parts of the globe is less in the case of the earth drawing the waters of the moon (in old times) than in the case of the moon drawing the waters of the earth; for the moon is a much smaller globe than the earth; and this difference is the really effective force in the production of tides. Also it is probable that the moon never had a relatively large ocean-surface, as will presently be shown, and small seas (probably disconnected) could not be swept by a great tide-wave. Still we may suppose that there was once a tidal wave, greater or less, sweeping athwart the lunar seas much in the manner of our own tidal wave. Now, our tidal wave is beyond doubt slowly checking the earth's motion of rotation, for the wave travels so as to meet the motion of rotation, which therefore to some slight degree it opposes. This will go on, until at length the rotation has been so reduced that the tidal wave no longer affects it; or, in other words, until the earth's period of rotation corresponds with the period of the tidal wave, viz., with the lunar month. Hundreds of millions of years will pass before that happens; but then we have seen that the moon *may* fairly be regarded as illustrating the earth's condition hundreds of millions of years hence. Accordingly, there is nothing absolutely incredible in the theory that during the remote ages when the moon had seas the tidal wave which traversed them, continually retarding the moon's motion of rotation, gradually coerced it into absolute agreement with her motion of revolution around the earth. Still it must be admitted that the theory is not very easily to be accepted as it stands. The seas of the moon were probably less in relative extent, even when at their largest, than those of Mars now are, and such seas could have no tidal waves which even in thousands of millions of years could reduce the

erts on another solely, but a mutual force. But what mathematicians call the moving force exerted by the earth on the moon is eighty-one times greater than the corresponding force exerted by the moon on the earth; for the mutual attraction between these bodies has in the former case to move the moon, whereas in the latter it has to move the much larger mass of the earth.

* In one sense the moon pulls the earth just as strongly as the earth pulls the moon, for gravity is not a force which one body ex-

moon's rate of rotation in any considerable degree; and, as we shall presently see, the duration of the era when the moon had seas can hardly have been measured by periods so vast. On the whole, while we may admit the probability that at some very distant time in the past the earth may have exerted influences on lunar seas resembling those which the moon now exerts on our seas, it does not appear to us probable that the peculiar feature we are now considering can be attributed either wholly or in very large degree to the retarding influence of tidal waves upon the moon.

One other theory remains which seems to have more in its favor than either of those hitherto considered. Before the moon became a separate planet her frame, then vaporous, must have been enwrapped in the vaporous frame of the earth. While this continued the moon was necessarily compelled to move as a portion of the earth's outer envelope, and therefore, of course, turned upon her axis in the same time that that exterior portion of the earth revolved. So soon as the contraction of the earth's vaporous frame left the moon outside, she was free *if she could* to change her rate of rotation; that is to say, the earth's enwrapping vapor-masses no longer prevented the moon from changing her rotation rate. And there were two causes at work, either of which, if in action alone, would have markedly changed the moon's rate of turning on her axis. *One* was the gradual contraction of the moon's frame in cooling. This would have made her turn more quickly on her axis. *The other* was the continually gathering in of meteoric matter from without, which was a process taking place probably far more rapidly then than now, seeing that the meteoric systems now remaining are the merest residue of a residue compared with those existing hundreds of millions of years ago. This process would tend to make the moon turn more slowly upon her axis. However, the former process would probably operate far more effectively, and thus the moon would on the whole have acquired a more rapid rate of rotation, and the coincidence between rotation and revolution existing when she first had separate existence would have disappeared. But there was all the

time a force at work to check the tendency to change in this respect. The earth was there, exerting that very force which we have already described in considering another theory—a force competent, we may infer, to check the tendency to a slow increase in the moon's rate of rotation, and to preserve that relation which existed when the moon was first formed. We say that the competence of this force may be inferred—meaning that the observed coincidence between the moon's rate of turning round upon her axis, and her rate of revolution around the earth, shows that the force was sufficient for that purpose. A similar force exerted by the sun upon the earth since she was first separately formed has not proved competent, as we know, to make the earth turn on her axis in the same time exactly that she travels round the sun; that is, in a year. Nor have any of the planets been forced to behave in this way. But we can readily understand that a great difference should exist between the formation of a planet which, having an enormously high temperature when first formed, would have an enormous amount of contraction to undergo; and the formation of a subordinate orb like the moon, which, though no doubt intensely hot when first thrown off* by the contracting earth, cannot have been nearly so hot as a planet at the corresponding stage of its existence. On the whole, there are (so it seems to us) good reasons for believing that that peculiar law of the moon's motion which causes the same lunar hemisphere to be constantly turned earthwards had its origin during the birth itself of our satellite. We may, indeed, find in that peculiarity one of the strongest arguments in favor of the theory that our solar system reached its present condition by a process of development, since on no other theory can a satisfactory solution be obtained of the most striking peculiarity of the moon's motions.

But the inhabitants of earth are more directly interested—not for their own sake, but for the sake of their remote descendants—in the subject of the moon's

* We here use the words "throw off" as equivalent to "left behind." The theory that the moon was thrown off by the earth, or the earth by the sun, is altogether inconsistent with mechanical possibilities.

present airless and waterless condition, regarded as the result of systematic processes of change. If we can ascertain what those processes may have been, and if we should find that similar processes are taking place, however slowly, on the earth, then the moon's present condition has in a sense the same sort of interest for us that a man in the full vigor of life might be supposed to find in the study of the condition of aged persons, if through some strange chance he had never had an opportunity of observing earlier the effects of old age upon the human frame. The inhabitant of earth who contemplates the moon's present wretched condition, may be disposed—like Lydia Van den Bosch when she saw Madame Bernstein's shaky hands and hobbling gait—to hope we "shan't be like her when we're old, anyhow;" but the probabilities are in favor of a young world following in the same path which those now old have followed, and so reaching the same condition. If the moon is really a much older world than the earth—and we have seen that in all probability she is—then she presents to us a picture of the condition which our earth will hereafter attain.

We had occasion in the article on the Moon, referred to above, to notice the theory advanced by Frankland in this country respecting the way in which the lunar air and seas have been caused to disappear; but we did not then enter into any very careful discussion of that theory, our purpose leading us to consider other matters. But in this place the theory must occupy a larger share of our attention. In passing, we may remark that the originator of the theory was Seeman, the German geologist; but it was independently advanced by Frankland in England, Stanislas Meunier in France, and Sterry Hunt in America.

In the first place, it is to be noted that no other theory seems available. Of three others which have been advanced, only one, Hansen's, according to which the seas and atmosphere of the moon have been drawn by lunar gravity to the farther or unseen hemisphere of the moon, needs serious refutation. (The other two are Whiston's theory, that a comet carried off the lunar seas and air; and the theory—whose author is unknown to us—that the lunar seas, and later

the lunar atmosphere, have been frozen through the intensity of cold to which, in the long lunar nights, the moon is exposed.) But this theory is no longer entertained by astronomers, simply because it has been shown that the peculiarity of the moon's shape which had suggested the theory has been found, first, to have no real existence; and, secondly, to be incapable, if it existed, of exercising the supposed effect.*

The theory independently advanced by the four students of science named above is simply this, that seas formerly existing on the surface of the moon have been gradually withdrawn into the moon's interior, and that a similar process, but chemical rather than mechanical, has led to the withdrawal of the greater portion

* The idea was that the moon, though nearly spherical, is somewhat egg-shaped, the smaller end of the egg-shaped figure being directed towards our earth. Now, while it is perfectly clear that on this supposition the greater part of the moon's visible half would be of the nature of a gigantic elevation above the mean level, and would therefore be denuded (or might be denuded) of its seas and the denser parts of the air formerly covering it, yet it is equally clear that all round the base of this monstrous lunar elevation the seas would be gathered together, and the air would be at its densest. But it is precisely round the base of this part of the moon, or, in other words, round the border of the visible lunar hemisphere, that we should have the best chance of perceiving the effects of air and seas, if any really existed; and it is because of the absolute absence of all evidence of the kind that astronomers regard the moon as having no seas and very little air. It is worthy of notice that Hansen's theory was anticipated by the author of that clever little pamphlet called *The Lunar Hoax*, who places the human inhabitants (the Bat-men) in the regions near the edge of the lunar disc, on the strength of some such views as Hansen advanced a quarter of a century later. Recently the *Chicago Times* published several columns of lunar-hoax matter, purporting to be an account of observations made in France with a new and exceedingly powerful reflecting telescope. The observations made with this instrument showed a number of lunar folks, whose movements rendered it manifest that they were prisoners undergoing some kind of penal servitude, the visible lunar hemisphere being a sort of Botany Bay or Cayenne for lunar offenders, while the other hemisphere is a comfortable place of abode for good moon people. But what an unhappy state of things is here suggested! Conceive a world, one half of whose surface is required as an abode for its malefactors!

of the air which formerly enveloped the moon's frame.

It may be well, first, to inquire whether the moon is likely to have had originally an atmosphere of considerable density and oceans of considerable extent. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the materials of the moon's mass (including air and water) were originally proportioned as to quantity very much like those of our earth's mass, it is easily seen that the quantity of air above each square mile of the moon's surface, at the time when the moon had reached the stage of planetary development through which our earth is now passing, must have been very much less than the quantity of air now existing above each square mile of the earth's surface. For, the moon's mass being about an eighty-first part of the earth's, the mass of the lunar air must have been about an eighty-first part of the mass of our present atmosphere. But the moon's surface bears a much greater proportion to the earth's, being about a thirteenth. Whence it follows that, on the assumptions we have made, the quantity of air above each square mile of the moon's surface would be only about one sixth part of the quantity above each square mile of the earth's surface. And this air being drawn downwards only by lunar gravity, which has but about a sixth part of the energy of our terrestrial gravity, would be less compressed in the same degree on this account. One sixth of the quantity of air being thus compressed with one sixth the amount of force, it is clear that the density of the lunar air in that stage of the moon's existence would only be about one thirty-sixth of the density of our air. Similar reasoning applies to the water, except as to the compression under lunar gravity. The average quantity of water to each square mile of the moon's surface would be but about one sixth part of the quantity there is for each square mile of the earth's surface. The relative extent of the lunar oceans would not be less in precisely the same degree, however. For, speaking generally, the bed of the ocean slopes downwards from the shore-line in such a way that more than half, or a third, or a fourth, or so on, would have to be removed to diminish the surface by a half, a third, or a fourth, or so on, respective-

ly. We may illustrate our meaning here by considering the relation between the quantity of water in a wine-glass (supposed to be cone-shaped) and the surface of the water. Suppose the wine-glass full at first, and the circular surface of the water to be three square inches, then if five sixths of the water are thrown out, so that only one sixth remains, the surface will not be reduced to one sixth its former extent—that is, to one half of a square inch—but will be about nine tenths of a square inch. It is clear that in the case of an ocean having a bottom very steeply sloping near the shore-line, and nearly level elsewhere, a large proportion of the water might be drawn off, and the ocean-surface still remain almost as great as before. We may assume as a mean and sufficiently probable hypothesis that the lunar oceans had a relative surface equal to between one half and one third of the present relative surface of the terrestrial oceans. That is to say, our oceans covering about 72 hundredths of the entire surface of the earth, we may assume that the lunar oceans covered between 36 and 24 hundredths of the entire surface of the moon. It will be seen presently that some importance attaches to this question of the probable surface of the seas on the moon, a portion of the evidence for the theory we are examining depending on this relation.

Let us next consider in what way the withdrawal of the lunar oceans into the moon's interior probably took place. On this point, Frankland's presentation of the theory is undoubtedly defective. In fact, it has been the weakness of the theory in this respect, as presented in England, which has in all probability prevented it from receiving the attention here which it fairly deserves. "The cooling of the moon's mass must," said Frankland, "in accordance with all analogy, have been attended with contraction, which can scarcely be conceived as occurring without the development of a cavernous structure in the interior. Much of the cavernous structure would doubtless communicate, by means of fissures, with the surface, and thus there would be provided an internal receptacle for the ocean, from the depths of which even the burning sun of the long lunar day would be totally unable to dislodge

more than traces of its vapor." And he proceeds thus to analyse the amount of space which would be rendered available for the retreat of the lunar oceans. "Assuming the solid mass of the moon to contract on cooling at the same rate as granite, its refrigeration through only 180° of the Fahrenheit thermometer (the difference between the boiling and the freezing points) would create cellular space equal to nearly $14\frac{1}{2}$ millions of cubic miles, which would be more than sufficient to engulf the whole of the lunar oceans, supposing them to bear the same proportion to the mass of the moon as our own oceans bear to that of the earth."

But in reality no such cavernous structure could possibly be developed in the interior of a planet like the moon. Frankland's mistake here, is similar to that made by Brewster and others, who have suggested that possibly the small mean density of the outer planets might be due to the existence of great void spaces in the interior of those bodies. So soon, however, as we make the roughest calculation of the pressures existing in the interior of even a small planet like the moon, we perceive that there could be no cavities. The most solid materials—steel, adamant, platinum—become plastic under pressures far less than those brought into action by the attractive energy of a planet's mass upon all parts of its interior, except those not far from the surface. Be it noticed that it is not, as some seem to suppose who have written on this subject, the force of gravity at different depths which has to be considered. *That* diminishes as the centre of the planet is approached. What we have really to consider is the pressure produced by the weight of the superincumbent mass above any given level, and this of course becomes greater and greater as the depth below the surface increases. If the rigidity of the solid substances forming the solid crust of a planet were such that any amount of pressure could be borne without impairing it, then of course the various layers of the crust would form a series of arches, stronger and stronger with approach to the centre, because of the increased compression, and therefore the increased density of their substance. There is no *à priori* reason, perhaps, why

this should not be so. Compression, for example, *might* increase the rigidity or force-resisting power of the materials of the earth's substance in such sort that mines might be dug to any depth, and horizontal tunnelling carried out from the lowest parts of any mine. But experiment shows that the fact is otherwise. Under great pressures the most solid substances become plastic. Steel behaved like a liquid in Tresca's experiments, affording the most conclusive evidence that at a depth of ten or twelve miles no steel walls, however massive, could defend a cavernous space from the surrounding pressures, which would simply crush in the steel until it formed one solid mass without interstices—at least with no interstices which could be seen if the steel were afterwards brought up from that depth to be cut open and examined. It will be readily understood that at the depth of ten or twelve miles there can be no caverns into which the water of the oceans could be bodily withdrawn. Extending similar considerations to the moon, we perceive that there can be no caverns in the moon's interior at a greater depth than sixty or seventy, or at the utmost 100 miles. Now 100 miles is less than the twentieth part of the moon's diameter, and the entire mass of the moon exceeds the mass of the outermost layer (to a depth of 100 miles) in about the proportion of four to one. So that even on the assumption that all the external parts of the moon, to the depth of 100 miles, contracted in such a way as to leave cavernous spaces in the manner conceived by Frankland, there would not be nearly enough space for the lunar oceans, supposing them to bear the same proportion to the moon's mass which our ocean bears to the mass of the earth.

But, though cavernous spaces would not form throughout the interior of a planet, room would yet be found, even to the degree conceived by Frankland, for the waters of the planet. The greatest possible pressure to which the most solid rock can be exposed would not fill the capillary spaces which exist throughout the material of the rock, while the pressure on the water at great depths would force it into even minuter than capillary spaces. This has been conclusively shown during experiments entered upon

for another purpose—viz., to determine the compressibility of water. For when in 1661 Florentine academicians tried to compress water which had been enclosed within a globular shell of gold, they found that the water under great pressure forced its way through the pores of the gold, and stood on the outside of the globe like dew; and since that time the experiment has been repeated with globes of other metals, a similar result being obtained.

It follows from these considerations that, as a planet cools, more and more space is formed for the retreat of the planet's seas; and that in all probability in the extreme old age of a planet, when its whole frame to the very centre has been sufficiently cooled, space enough is thus formed to hold all the water which had once adorned the planet's surface.

If we consider the whole history of the moon's cooling, partly as indicated by her actual aspect, partly by the evidence given by the aspect of other planets, and partly as justly inferrible from the laws of physics, we shall find abundant reason for believing that *her* seas at any rate might thus have been withdrawn. During the earlier stages of a planet's history, considered in the essay entitled "When the Seas were Young" (CORNHILL for August and October last),* the seas are floating in the form of cloud and vapor above the planet's surface. In the next stage, when the crust is still hot, but not too hot for the waters to rest upon it, the process of cooling must take place more rapidly in the crust of the planet than in the planet's interior. All this time, then, the crust would be contracting upon the nucleus—a process which would leave no cavernous spaces between the crust and the nucleus for the waters to retreat to. From time to time the contracting crust would give way, exactly as a non-contracting crust would give way under the pressure of an expanding nucleus. The scene of such a catastrophe would be marked thereafter by a great crater at the place where the crust first gave way, and a series of radiating streaks marking the places where the crust was split open all around that spot. The signs of events such as these in the moon's earlier

history are very manifest. There is the great lunar crater Tycho, which is clearly visible to the naked eye, near the lower part of the disc of the moon; and from this as a centre radiations extend in all directions, some of which run right across the visible lunar hemisphere, and probably extend right round the moon. These also can be seen with the naked eye; and they are so well marked in photographs of the moon that some supposed the earlier photographs by Draper and Rutherford in America, and by De la Rue in this country, were in reality only photographs of a peeled orange, the crater Tycho representing one end of the core, and the [radiations corresponding to divisions between the sections of the orange. Besides this most remarkable case, there are six others, centres of radiating streaks on the moon's visible hemisphere, and doubtless others upon the unseen hemisphere. We have here clear evidence of the tremendous nature of the forces which were at work throughout the moon's frame in the earlier stages of her history, the disturbance in particular by which the radiations from Tycho were made having apparently wracked the whole frame of the moon. Directly, indeed, these considerations do not affect the theory we are considering, because no large portion of the lunar seas can by any possibility have retreated beneath the surface during this stage of her existence. But as showing the enormous store of heat which existed at that time (by far the larger part of which must have remained unexhausted when the next stage began) the consideration of these amazing evidences of disturbance has an important though indirect bearing on our subject.

After the crust had parted with the greater portion of the heat which it had possessed when first formed, it would cool and therefore would contract but slowly. The nucleus, on the other hand, which had before contracted more slowly than the crust, would now contract more rapidly, leaving spaces between itself and the crust. And then two things would happen. One would be the manifestation of vulcanian energy in consequence of the heat generated by the crust as it crushed its way downwards upon the retreating nucleus. The other would be the influx of water wherever it

* ECLECTIC for October and December, 1876.
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found access to the cavernous spaces between the crust and the nucleus. It is probable that before this vulcanian era of the moon's history was completed a considerable portion of the lunar waters had taken its place permanently beneath the crust. It should be noticed that this era corresponds with a part of the earth's existence which is as yet far from being completed, even if it can be regarded as much more than begun. It is far from unlikely that the era during which a planet's crust is thus kept in constant activity by the retreating motion of the nucleus synchronises with the period during which life exists on the planet's surface. During all this period, which may have lasted tens of millions of years, not only were portions of the waters of the moon gradually taking up their place in cavernous spaces between the crust and the retreating nucleus, but another process must have been at work to exhaust the lunar seas. When water falls upon a large land-surface in the form of rain, so that the surface is thoroughly drenched, a portion probably disappears permanently from the water-circulation of the globe. Of course, the greater portion is conveyed into the sea in the form of running-water. Then, again, the drying of the surface means that the water which had moistened it is taken into the air again in the form of aqueous vapor. And this eventually assumes the form of visible cloud, and after sundry changes (during which it may many times in turn appear as cloud or disappear as vapor) it falls again in rain, and *may* be either restored in this way directly to the sea from which it came, or so fall on land-surface as to run into some stream communicating by brook, rivulet, river, and estuary with the ocean. And some portion of the water which falls on land-surfaces, passing below the surface, feeds internal streams, and eventually appears again in the form of spring-water. But it cannot be doubted that a portion of the water which falls on dry land soaks its way downwards, very slowly, perhaps, but steadily and continuously, thus removing itself from sight, and *pro tanto* diminishing the planet's surface-waters.

How much of the water would be removed by these causes, before the last stage of all began (at least the last change of a planet's existence as a body under-

going change) is not easily determined. Probably a quarter or a third of the water forming the original oceans of a planet might be withdrawn in one or other of these ways, leaving the rest to be removed during the refrigeration of the nucleus itself—a process requiring many millions, possibly hundreds of millions, of years for its completion.

In whatever way the withdrawal of the lunar seas was accomplished, it is certain that every particle of water has disappeared from the surface of the moon; and as there are clear signs of the former existence of extensive lunar seas, apart from the strong *à priori* considerations showing that the moon must once have had water on her surface, we have little choice but to admit that the waters of the moon have been withdrawn by such gradual processes as have been described above, and consequently that the era of the moon's existence as a habitable world is really removed from the present epoch by the enormous time-intervals required for the completion of those processes. In fact, we can see clearly pictured on the moon's face the evidence which shows that she has passed through all the stages of planetary life, from the time when her whole frame was glowing with intensity of heat, down to the period when she had reached the condition which our earth in the remote future must attain—that of a cold dead orb, neither living itself (regarding physical changes as corresponding with vitality) nor capable of being the abode of living creatures. Extending the range of our survey, we find in the giant planets, Jupiter and Saturn, the evidence of an earlier stage than any of which the moon's present aspect affords direct evidence. The sun presents a yet earlier stage, while the gaseous nebulæ or masses of luminous star-vapor scattered through the immensity of space illustrate the earliest of all stages of cosmical existence of which we have any direct evidence. On the other hand we see in Mars, with his small ocean-surface and rare atmosphere, the picture of a stage intermediate between that through which the earth is now passing, and the decrepit or death-like condition of the moon. Mercury, if we could examine his condition more satisfactorily than is the case, would probably illustrate a stage somewhat nearer to the moon's

present condition. Venus, on the other hand, so far as can be judged, though a somewhat smaller planet than the earth, is in a somewhat earlier stage of planetary existence.

Although the moon may be regarded as to all intents and purposes dead, it must not be supposed that no changes whatever take place upon her surface. On the contrary, some of the peculiarities of the moon's condition must tend to cause even more rapid changes of certain orders than take place in the case of our own earth. Thus the great length of the lunar day, and the moon's waterless condition and rare atmosphere, must help to cause a comparatively rapid crumbling of the moon's surface. During the long and intensely hot lunar day the rock substance of the moon's surface must expand considerably, for it is raised to a degree of heat exceeding that of boiling water. During the long lunar night the surface is exposed to a degree of refrigeration far exceeding that of the bitterest winter in the Arctic regions, and must contract correspondingly. This alternate expansion and contraction must gradually crumble away all the loftiest and steepest portions of the moon's surface, and will doubtless, in the long run—that is, some few hundreds of millions of years hence—destroy all the most marked irregularities of the moon's surface.

The cases of change which have been recognised by telescopists who have carefully studied the moon's surface, may all, without exception, be referred to this process of gradual but steady disintegration. The most remarkable case hitherto known, for example, the disappearance of the lunar crater Linné, is far better explained in this way than as the result of volcanic outburst. This case has recently been described as follows, by the present writer:—In the lunar Sea of Serenity there was once a deep crater, nearly seven miles across, a very distinct and obvious feature, even with the small telescope (less than four inches in aperture) used by Beer and Mädler in forming their celebrated chart. But, ten years ago, the astronomer Schmidt, a selenographer of selenographers (who has in fact given the best energies of his life to moon-gazing), found this crater missing. When he announced the fact to the scien-

tific world, other astronomers, armed with very powerful instruments, looked for the crater which had been so clearly seen with Mädler's small telescope; but though they found a crater, it was nothing like the crater described by Mädler. The present crater is scarcely two miles in diameter, and only just visible with powerful telescopes; all around it there is a shallow depression, occupying a region about as large as the whole crater had been before. It seems impossible to doubt that a great change has taken place here, and the question arises whether the change has been produced by volcanic activity or otherwise. Sir John Herschel pronounced somewhat confidently in favor of the former hypothesis. 'The most plausible conjecture,' said he, 'as to the cause of this disappearance, seems to be the filling up of the crater from beneath, by an effusion of viscous lava, which, overflowing the rim on all sides, may have so flowed down the outer slope as to efface its ruggedness, and convert it into a gradual declivity casting no stray shadows.' 'But how tremendous the volcanic energy,' we note in the passage referred to, 'required to fill with lava a crater nearly seven miles in diameter, and more than half a mile deep! The volcanic hypothesis seems on this account utterly incredible, for if such energy resided in the moon's interior we should find her whole surface continually changing. Far more probable seems the idea that the wall of this crater has simply fallen in, scattering its fragments over what had once been the floor of the crater. The forces at work on the moon are quite competent to throw down steep crater-walls like those which seem formerly to have girt about this deep cavity.'*

That the kind of vitality evidenced by such changes as these still exists in the moon's frame, is not merely probable but certain. Other changes, however, which were once supposed to have been observed, must be dismissed as having had no real existence. The effects of various kinds of illusion have to be taken into account in considering such phenomena. Thus the theory that the process of monthly change, due perhaps to vegeta-

* The present writer, in the *Spectator* for June 24, 1876.

tion, affects the floor of the large lunar crater Plato (called by Hevelius the greater Black Lake), is now rejected, because the supposed change has been shown to be a mere effect of contrast. The apparent change is of this nature:—As the sun first begins to rise above the floor of the crater—or, in other words, as the light of the filling moon gradually flows over the crater—the floor appears bright, getting brighter and brighter as the sun rises higher and higher, up to a certain point. But afterwards the floor darkens, becoming darkest towards lunar mid-day. Lastly, as the lunar afternoon progresses, the floor of Plato gets gradually lighter again. The mid-day darkening was attributed to some process of vegetation or else to chemical changes. It has no real existence, however, but is due simply to the effect of contrast with the great brightness of the crater-wall all around, which is formed of some very white substance, and looks peculiarly bright and lustrous at the time of lunar mid-day, so that contrasted with it the floor looks peculiarly dark. On the other hand, during the morning and evening hours, the black shadow of the crater-wall is thrown across the floor, which by contrast looks brighter than it really is. This explanation has indeed been denied very confidently by some who formerly advocated the theory that lunar vegetation causes the darkening of the floor; but there can be no doubt of its justice, for no one (not prejudiced in favor of a theory) who has tested the matter experimentally, eliminating the effects of contrast, has failed to find that there is no real darkening of the floor of Plato.

It seems as certain as any matter not admitting of actual demonstration can be that the moon is, to all intents and purposes, dead. Her frame is indeed still undergoing processes of material change, but these afford no more evidence of real planetary life than the changes affecting a dead body are signs of still lingering vitality. Again, it seems certain that the processes through which the moon has passed in her progress towards planetary death, must be passed through in turn by all the members of the solar system, and finally by the sun himself. Every one of these orbs is constantly radiating its heat into space, not

indeed to be actually lost, but still in such sort as to reduce all to the same dead level of temperature, whereas vitality depends on differences of temperature. Every orb in space, then, is tending steadily onwards towards cosmical death. And, so far as our power of understanding or even of conceiving the universe is concerned, it seems as though this tendency of every individual body in the universe towards death involved the tendency towards death of the universe itself. It may indeed be said that since the universe is of necessity infinite, whereas we are finite, we cannot reason in this way from what we can understand, or conceive, to conclusions respecting the universe, which we cannot even conceive, far less understand. Still it must be admitted that, so far as our reasoning powers can be relied upon at all, the inference, from what we know, appears a just one, that the life of the universe will have practically departed when the largest and therefore longest-lived of all the orbs peopling space has passed on to the stage of cosmical death. So far as we know, there is but one way of escape from this seemingly demonstrated, but in reality incredible, conclusion. May it not be that as men have erred in former times in regarding the earth as 'the centre of the universe, as they have erred in regarding this period of time through which the earth is now passing as though it were central in all time, so possibly they may have erred in regarding the universe we live in, and can alone comprehend, as though it were the only universe? May there not be a higher order of universe than ours, to which ours bears some such relation as the ether of space bears to the matter of our universe? and may there not, above that higher order, be higher and higher orders of universe, absolutely without limit? And, in like manner, may not the ether of space, of which we know only indirectly though very certainly, be the material substance of a universe next below ours,* while below that are lower and lower orders of universe absolutely without limit? And, as the seemingly

* The work called the *Unseen Universe* presents a portion of the evidence to this effect, but unfortunately the style of that work is not sufficiently lucid to bring its reasoning within the range of the general non-scientific reader.

wasted energies of our universe are poured into the universe next below ours, may it not well be that our universe receives the supplies of energy wasted (in seeming) from the universe next in order above it? So that, instead of the absolute beginning and the absolute end which we had seemed to recognise, there may be in reality but a continual interchange between the various orders of universe constituting the true universe, these orders being infinite in number even as each one of them is infinite in extent. We find ourselves lost, no doubt, in the contemplation of these multiplied infinities; but we are equally lost in the contemplation of the unquestioned infinities of space and time amidst which our little lives are cast, while the mystery of infinite waste, which seems so inscrutable when we consider the universe as we know it, finds a possible interpretation when we admit the existence of other orders of universe than the

order to which our lives belong. Thus should we find a new argument for the teaching of the poet who has said—

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That, mind and soul according well,
May make our music as before,
But vaster;

a new significance in the vision of him who said—

See all things with each other blending,
Each to all its being lending,
All on each in turn depending;
Heavenly ministers descending,
And again to heaven uptending,
Floating, mingling, interweaving,
Rising, sinking, and receiving—
Each from each, while each is giving
On to each, and each relieving
Each—the pails of gold; the living
Current through the air is heaving;
Breathing blessings see them bending,
Balanced worlds from change defending,
While everywhere diffus'd is harmony unending.

Cornhill Magazine.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

THERE is a striking resemblance between the genius and characters of Cooke and Edmund Kean. Both were gifted with splendid talents that through their own vices became a curse rather than a blessing to their possessors; their style of acting was similar; most of their triumphs were secured in the same parts; both destroyed health and fortune, lost the respect of the world, and sank into utter degradation through dissipated habits; and both commonly committed acts of extravagant eccentricity, to put it in the mildest form, that it is difficult to ascribe to sane men.

Cooke's parentage and place of birth are both doubtful; he has been claimed as an Irishman and a Scotchman, but, according to his own statement on his death-bed, he was born in Westminster in 1756, and soon afterwards removed to Berwick, where he was brought up. He was in the habit of boasting that his father was an army captain, but it is more probable that he was a sergeant. At all events, his mother was left a widow, in very straightened circumstances, while he was quite a child.

The Edinburgh theatrical company coming to Berwick for a short season ap-

pears to have decided George Frederick's destiny. He was taken to see 'The Provoked Husband,' and from that time he says, in a 'Chronicle' which was found after his death among his papers, plays and playing were never absent from his thoughts. By-and-by he formed an amateur company of boys of his own age. Their theatre was a deserted barn, their scenery a motley patchwork of mat and paper, and their costumes such finery as they could borrow. He was at this time only thirteen years old; his mother was dead, and he was then under the protection of two aunts, who apprenticed him to a printer.

Three years after their first visit the Edinburgh actors paid a second to the town. Fain would young Cooke have attended every performance; but his funds would not permit, and many were the schemes he devised for a surreptitious entrance. One of these, told by himself, is extremely ludicrous. One night he slipped through the stage door before the keeper was posted, or any of the employés about, and groping his way behind the scenes sought for a place where he might remain concealed until the curtain rose, when he hoped to be

able to ensconce himself in some obscure spot unobserved and get a glimpse of the performance. In a remote corner he found a very large barrel—nothing could be better for his purpose. Dropping himself into it he found at the bottom two twenty-four pound cannon-balls, about which, however, he did not trouble himself. Little did he imagine that he had taken refuge within the machine by which the Theatre Royal, Berwick, produced its stage thunder. But so it was. Just as the last bars of the overture were being played, the property man tied a piece of carpet over the top of the barrel, without perceiving in the dark its living occupant, raised it in his arms, no doubt wondering at its extra weight, and carried it to the side scenes. The play was 'Macbeth,' which opens with thunder and lightning. As the curtain bell sounded away he sent the machine rolling. Horribly frightened, and pounded by the cannon-balls, Cooke roared out lustily, and fighting to release himself, sent the barrel on to the stage, burst off the carpet head, and rolled out in front of the audience, scattering the three witches right and left.

Cooke's account of his early years is not sufficiently trustworthy to be quoted. It appears, however, he did not long remain in the printer's office, that he went to sea, and afterwards spent some time in London, where he saw Macklin and Garrick in several of their finest parts. At twenty we find him making his professional début in a strolling company in the large room of a public-house at Brentford, as Dumont, in Rowe's 'Jane Shore.' For two years he strolled about the towns of the south coast, Hastings, Rye and others; and in 1778 appeared for a benefit at the Haymarket as Castalio in Otway's 'Orphan.' The next year he played several other parts in the same theatre, but without attracting any attention. Back to strolling again in the midland counties, until he appeared at Manchester in 1784 as Philotas in Murphy's 'Grecian Daughter,' in which, although a poor part, he made a most favorable impression; Lancaster and Liverpool followed, and in 1786 he played Baldwin to Mrs. Siddon's Isabella in Southerne's tragedy, at York. Again the years roll on, and we still find him a provincial actor in petty towns, for that

epithet was equally applicable both to Manchester and Liverpool, at least in a theatrical point of view, in those days. During most of these years he kept a diary, a strange record of various and desultory reading—upon which he wrote remarks that indicate a shrewd though but half cultivated intellect—of hard professional labor, of sad dissipation and attendant repentance, but yet no record of such miserable struggles as those of poor Kean.

At length, in 1794, he was engaged for Dublin, and after eighteen years of probation appeared for the first time before an audience worthy of those great talents which were already fully developed. But alas, so convivial a city as the Irish capital was a bad home for one of Cooke's habits; and although his success as an actor was great, his dissipation, which there became worse than ever, ruined his prospects. Dunlap, in his life of Cooke, published in 1813, and Mathews, in his 'Memoirs,' relate an anecdote of this period which well illustrates his outrageous conduct. Mathews, then a very young man, was a member of the same company, and lived in the same house with him. One night, having played Mordecai to Cooke's Sir Archy Macsarcasm in Macklin's 'Love à la Mode,' much to the latter's satisfaction, he was invited to sup and share a jug of whisky punch in the tragedian's room. The young novice delightedly accepted the invitation, thinking himself much honored, and failed not to pour forth those laudations upon his host's talents which were so grateful to George Frederick's ears. One jug of punch was quickly emptied and a second filled, and Cooke began to praise his guest in a patronising way. "You are young," he said, "and want some one to advise and guide you. Take my word for it, there is nothing like industry and sobriety. In our profession, dissipation is the bane of youth, villainous company, low company, leads them from study," &c. Holding forth thus, the jugs of punch continued to disappear with ever increasing rapidity. Mathews rose to leave, but was pushed back into his seat again: "You shan't stir; we'll have one more cruiskeen lawn, my dear fellow, and then you shall go to bed," said the tragedian, now growing very drunk. "You

don't know me. The world don't know me. Many an hour that they suppose I've wasted in drinking, I have devoted to the study of my profession; the passions and all their variations; their nice and imperceptible gradations. You shall see me delineate the passions of the human mind, by facial expressions." The power of the whisky, however, acting in direct opposition to the will on his strong and flexible features produced contortions and distortions of which he was insensible. Mathews, a little hazy himself from the potent liquor, half alarmed, and yet with difficulty repressing his laughter at these extraordinary grimaces, sat staring at him, endeavoring to understand these delineations, and wishing himself out of the room. After each horrible face, Cooke demanded with an air of intense self-approval, "Well, sir, and what is that?" "It's very fine, sir," answered Mathews, without the remotest conception of what he should say. "Yes, but what is it?" "Well—a—oh, yes—anger?" "You're a blockhead," roared the tragedian; "the whisky has muddled your brains. It's fear—fear, sir." Then followed more contortions and more questions, but Mathews never guessed right. "Now, sir," said the angry delineator at last, "I will show you something you cannot possibly mistake." And he made a hideous face, compounded of Satanic malignancy and the leering of a drunken satyr. "What's that, sir?" "That? oh, revenge!" "Dolt, idiot! despite o'erwhelm thee," burst forth Cooke furiously; "it is love!" This was too much, and forgetful of consequences, Mathews fell back in his chair and roared with laughter. "What, sir! Do you laugh? Am I not George Frederick Cooke? born to command a thousand slaves like thee!" Mathews immediately apologised, averring that the punch had stupefied him. This mollified his host's indignation, and finding the jug empty he called out for his landlady to refill it. But he had faithfully promised the previous one should be the last, and Mrs. Burns intended to keep him to his word. "Sure, Mr. Cooke," she answered from below, "I am gone to bed, and you can't have any more to-night." "Indeed, but I will," he replied. Mathews tried to get away, but was again thrust into his chair,

while Cooke reiterated his demand for more punch. But Mrs. Burns remained obdurate. Cooke took up the jug and smashed it upon the floor over her head. "Do you hear that, Mrs. Burns?" "Yes, I do, Mr. Cooke." Then smash went the chairs, the fire-irons, the table and between each the question "Do you hear that, Mrs. Burns?" "Indeed, but I do, and you'll be sorry for it to-morrow." Up went the window, and out, one after another, went the fragments of the broken furniture into the street. Mathews, believing he was in company with a madman, and now thoroughly frightened, endeavored to make a bolt, but was seized and dragged back. Finding him struggle violently, Cooke threw up the window and shouted, "Watch, watch!" A watchman attracted by the uproar was already beneath. "I give this man in charge," roared Cooke; "he has committed murder." "What do you mean?" cried the alarmed youth. "Yes, to my certain knowledge he has this night committed an atrocious, cold-blooded murder. He has most barbarously murdered an inoffensive Jew gentleman named Mordecai; I charge him with it in the name of Macklin, the author of 'Love à la Mode.'" Here Mathews, by a desperate effort, wrenched himself away and fled, Cooke hurling after him the candle and candlestick.

The disgrace attending the notoriety of this transaction, drove him on to further mad intemperance; the stage was abandoned, and, in a fit of drunkenness and despair, he enlisted as a private in a regiment destined for the West Indies. Fortunately for him, however, sickness prevented him embarking. Yet he remained in the army until 1796. In that year, Maxwell, the manager of the Portsmouth theatre, being in Southampton was accosted by a soldier, in whom he recognised Cooke. He asked him for assistance to purchase his discharge; with the aid of the managers of the Manchester theatre, this was accomplished. Maxwell heard no more of the truant for some weeks. One day a boy came to the Portsmouth theatre, and accosted him with, "A poor sick man who has been a soldier, sir, is now at my mother's, and wishes to see you before he dies." He went to a low public-house, and there found Cooke in a state of the most

abject misery. His Manchester friends had procured his discharge, and sent him money to pay his journey to that city; the money was spent in drink, he was taken ill, crawled from Southampton to Portsmouth, and sank exhausted at this public-house. Again the managers came to the rescue, sent him money and clothes, and had him conveyed to London, where a friend of theirs received him, and undertook his escort into the north. But, stopping upon the road just before he arrived in Manchester, he got so intoxicated that the managers were obliged to disappoint a crowded house that had assembled to greet his return.

In 1797 he reappeared at Dublin, and spoke the address on the occasion of the opening of the new Theatre Royal in Crow Street. During the engagement he played for the first time with John Kemble, who came to star. One night while he was waiting at the side scene for his cue to go on, Kemble came up and said: "Mr. Cooke, you distressed me exceedingly in my last scene, I could scarcely get on. You did not give me more than one cue; you were very imperfect." "Sir, I was perfect," replied Cooke. "Excuse me, sir, you were not." "I was, sir." "You were not." "I'll tell you what: I'll not have your faults fathered upon me. And d— me, black Jack (Kemble's nickname), if I don't make you tremble in your pumps one of these days yet."

At length the opening came, and in the year 1800, Cooke, then in the forty-fifth year of his age, was engaged for Covent Garden, for three years, at six, seven, and eight pounds a week; there he appeared on the 31st of October, as Richard the Third. "Never," he says, "was a reception more flattering, nor did ever I receive more encouraging, indulgent, and warm approbation than on that night, both through the play and at the conclusion. Mr. Kemble did me the honor of making one of the audience."

"His superiority over all other" (Richards), says his biographer, Mr. Dunlap, "in the dissimulation, the crafty hypocrisy, and the bitter sarcasm of the character, is acknowledged by every writer who has criticised his acting. . . . His triumph in this character was so complete, that after a struggle Mr. Kemble resigned it altogether to him."

During the season he played the part twenty-three times. A German writer quoted by Dunlap, gives the following contrasted picture of Cooke:

"Cook does not possess the elegant figure of Kemble; but his countenance beams with great expression. The most prominent features in the physiognomy of Cooke, are a long and somewhat hooked nose, of uncommon breadth between the eyes, which are fiery, dark, and at times terribly expressive, with prominent lids and flexible brows; a lofty and broad forehead, and the muscles around the mouth pointedly marked. His countenance is certainly not so dignified as Kemble's, but its expression of passion, particularly the worst passions of our nature, is stronger. His voice, though sharp, is powerful, and of great compass, a pre-eminence which he possesses by nature over Kemble, and of which he skilfully avails himself. His attitudes are far less picturesque than those of Kemble, but they are just, appropriate, and natural."

His second character was Shylock:

"Those who were present at Mr. Cooke's first exhibition of Shylock upon the London boards, say that in the great scene of the third act he was greeted with shouts of applause. The savage exultation of his laugh when the full amount of his enemy's loss is stated, were frightfully impressive."

Strange, that a few years afterwards Kean, who, as I have before remarked, so strongly resembled him, should have won his first two triumphs in the same parts, with only the order reversed. Cooke's third character was Sir Archy Macsarcasm, his fourth Iago, which added another to his list of successes. Macbeth followed, but here he was much inferior to Kemble; yet he played it four nights to crowded houses. Kiteley, in which he had seen Garrick, and remembered him, was his next part, and was deemed the most perfect of all he had yet performed.

"In depicting the restless starts and sallies of the soul," says a critic of the period, "under the influence of the green-eyed monster Jealousy, he marked every varied working of the mind, every abrupt transition of passion, with most felicitous and energetic glow. But the scene in which, struggling with the apprehension of danger, and the shame of avowing that apprehension, he attempts to disclose, yet at the same time fears to betray his jealous humor to his confidential servant Cash, is justly entitled to superior commendation. Here his powers found ample scope for exertion, and deservedly called forth tumultuous bursts of applause."

Sir Giles Overreach was another tri-

umph; but in the *Stranger*, which he performed for his benefit, he could not approach Kemble's pre-eminence. The managers of Covent Garden gave him this benefit free of all expenses, and the receipts were £560.

During this period he seems by an effort of will to have reformed, or at least to have modified his former vicious habits. But at the close of the London season he went "starring" in the provinces, and, returning to his old haunts and his old bad companions, fell back into dissipation and degradation. When on the opening night of his second season he was advertised to appear as Richard, he was playing at Newcastle with "a small undisciplined set," to use his own words. The house was crowded, and the audience made a great disturbance when Lewis, the acting manager, was compelled to announce to them that Cooke had not arrived. Considerable excitement had been aroused on the occasion by the fact that Kemble, entering the lists with his rival, had announced the same play at Drury Lane.

And not until five weeks afterwards did George Frederick make his appearance. How that interim was passed may be surmised. But after some clamor upon his first entrance, and an apologetic speech on his part, in which there was not one word of truth, the audience forgave him and applauded his acting as enthusiastically as ever. Although his conduct had already diminished his attractiveness, Harris, the manager, after giving him a second free benefit, the receipts of which, however, fell to £409, re-engaged him for another three years at £14 a week; a miserable salary after all, for a man of his abilities. His waning popularity rose again with his representation of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in Macklin's *'Man of the World.'*

"Macklin," says Mrs. Inchbald, "performed Sir Pertinax himself, and so excellently that it was imagined he could never be surpassed by any other representative of the Scotch politician. Cooke, his successor, has proved the falsity of this conjecture. Macklin performed Sir Pertinax most excellently; but Cooke performs Sir Pertinax with talents as pre-eminent as Macklin displayed above all others in the character of Shylock."

I subjoin some extracts from one of

Leigh Hunt's criticisms upon his acting in this part:

"You may see all the faults and all the beauties of Cooke in this single character. . . . If Cooke bows it is with a face that says, 'What a fool you are to be deceived with this fawning!' If he looks friendly it is with a smile that says, 'I will make use of you, and you may go to the devil.' A simple rustic might feel all his affections warmed at his countenance, and exclaim, 'What a pure-hearted old gentleman!' but a fine observer would descry under the glowing exterior, nothing but professions without meaning, and a heart without warmth. The sarcasm of Cooke is at all times most bitter, but in this character its acerbity is tempered with no respect either for its object or for himself. His tone is outrageously smooth and deep; and when it finds its softest level, its under monotony is so full of what is called hugging one's self, and is accompanied with such a dragged smile and viciousness of leer, that he seems as if he had lost his voice through the mere enjoyment of malice. It is in thus acting that in characters of the most apparent labor, as well as in a total neglect of study, this excellent actor surpasses all his contemporaries. His principal faults are confined to his person, for they consist in a monotonous gesture, and a very awkward gait. His shrinking rise of the shoulders, however, may give an idea of that contracted watchfulness with which a mean hypocrite retires into himself. His general air, indeed, his sarcastic cast of countenance, with its close wideness of smile and its hooked nose, and his utter want of study, joined to the villainous characters he represents, are occasionally sufficient to make some people almost fall out with the actor."

To this criticism Dunlap adds the following observations, which add some additional touches to this fine picture of Cooke's style of acting:

"The neglect of study in Mr. Cooke, at least such study as is necessary to create excellence in other men, is a curious fact in his history; and one of the most extraordinary traits in the character of this extraordinary man is that ability which he possessed of seizing the perfect image of the person he would represent; and identifying it with his own feelings, so as to express every emotion designed by the author, as if that emotion was his own. And all this as if by intuition, for nobody knew of his studying, except in that hasty and desultory manner which his journal at times indicates. But his perception was uncommonly quick, and his earlier observations of men and their passions, must have been uncommonly accurate. . . . Cooke, when he improved his own playing by what he had seen excellent in other players, did not imitate those players, but only seized what he saw natural in them, and made it his own in his own manner."

It was in this neglect of study, after

he rose to eminence, for which no genius could compensate, that Cooke was so far inferior to his great successor, Kean, who, with all his faults, was an indefatigable student, and rendered the elder actor's failure in all the subtler parts of tragedy, such as Hamlet, so apparent.

The restraint he had put upon his inclinations during the first two years of his London engagement soon gave way: one night, in his third season, he came upon the stage in an evident state of intoxication, pleaded indisposition as an apology, attempted to play, was hissed, and, unable to proceed, was obliged to retire. After this we find "too indisposed to act" frequently entered in his diary of provincial tours. How little, spite of his talents, he was estimated in private life, is evident from the fact that we find no mention in that record of any person of standing seeking his society or inviting him to their houses; an omission so complete it would be impossible to find in the career of any other distinguished actor, the society of such being usually eagerly sought after. With each succeeding season his irregularities became more frequent. But at his next appearance he was always ready with a plausible address to the outraged public—he had been confined to his bed "by a violent disorder—" whatever acts of imprudence he "may have" committed in *this* instance his conduct was unimpeachable; and a good-natured audience was ever ready to condone his past offences and applaud his new efforts to amuse them. Yet, for all this, such conduct told heavily upon his attractiveness, since the announcement was never any guarantee of his appearance. One night he came on the stage as Sir Archy Macsarcasm, with Johnstone, who was playing Sir Callaghan. There was a dead pause. Then Johnstone, advancing to the footlights said, with a strong brogue, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Cooke *says* he can't spake." After a shout of laughter at this real Irish bull, the curtain fell amidst a shower of hisses. At another time, after making a few ineffectual attempts to speak the dialogue, Cooke came forward, pressed his hand upon his chest, and, with a most pitiable face, stammered out, "Ladies and gentlemen—my old complaint—my old complaint." The humor of the naïve confession, although not intended as such,

was irresistible, but the roar of laughter was quickly succeeded by loud sounds of indignation.

In the season of 1803-4, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons came to Covent Garden. Kemble played Richmond to Cooke's Richard, Old Norval to his Glenalvon, Rolla to his Pizarro, Jaffier to his Pierre, Antonio to his Shylock, Henry IV. to his Falstaff, while Mrs. Siddons sustained the heroines of these plays. Such a cast had not been seen since the days of Garrick; but the infant phenomenon, Master Betty, could draw more by his parroted pipings at the other house than this splendid array of talent.

In the season of 1807-8, he did not appear until March. He had been passing the interim in Appleby Gaol, where his creditors had placed him. For, in spite of the large sums he had made by his London benefits and provincial engagements, he was overwhelmed with debt. His extravagance and reckless waste were terrible. One night he went into a low public-house in Manchester with the proceeds, amounting to nearly four hundred pounds, of his engagement in that town in his pocket. Some fellows began abusing the King and the Constitution. Cooke, who was a strong loyalist, entered into a dispute, and challenged one of the men to determine the controversy by an appeal to fists. The fellow replied that he took the liberty of abusing him because he was rich and knew him to be a poor man. "Do I?" cried Cooke, "I'll show you that. There—look!" and he pulled a roll of banknotes out of his pocket and thrust them into the fire. "There, that's all I have in the world; now I am as poor as you, and now come on!"

His opening part upon his return from *durance vile* was Sir Pertinax, and the 'Mirror,' noticing the performance, says:—

"The many rumors of his sufferance by his spirits, and by bailiffs, of 'disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood, of hairbreadth 'scapes, of being taken by the insolent foe, and his redemption thence,' seemed to have had such an effect upon the audience, that they appeared the more 'to love him for the dangers he had passed,' and with not three but six rounds of applause greeted his return. Such a house had not been seen since 'the little hour of little Betty.'"

From an entry in his diary under date

of the 30th of January, 1809, in which he complains of losing £3 6s. 8d. "by order of the State, this being the martyrdom of King Charles the First" (on which day the theatres were then closed), his salary must have been raised to £20 a week. But he was sinking more rapidly than ever in public estimation. Journals depreciated his acting, compared it unfavorably with far inferior players, and made him besides a butt to shoot their frequently dull and coarse witticisms upon. His last season in London (1809-10) culminated his degradation. More than once he came upon the stage only to be led off incapable of speech. The management could not depend on him from one hour to another. Even when he was comparatively sober a sudden caprice would determine him not to play, and from some place where he was not likely to be found, he would send word he should not act that evening. At others, after he had been given up in the theatre, and another, perhaps Kemble himself, was about to step on the stage for the part, he would appear suddenly at the wing dressed for the character. After each of his escapades there was a humble apology to be made to the audience, until indignation gave way to contempt. The 5th of June, 1810, when he played Falstaff, one of his finest parts, in the first part of Henry IV., was his last appearance upon the London stage. Thence he went to Liverpool, always one of his strongholds. One night, however, being attacked with his "old complaint," the audience angrily demanded an apology. "Apology from me! from George Frederick Cooke!" he cried. "Take it from this remark: There's not a brick in your infernal town which is not cemented by the blood of some slave." Cooper, the American actor, was in the town at the time, and offered him an engagement for America at £25 a week. He was still bound, however, to Harris, the Covent Garden manager. But Cooper, who knew he would be a splendid speculation in New York, was determined to have him, and after much manœuvring contrived to carry him off out of some vile Liverpool slum while in a state of intoxication, and got him on board a ship bound for America, where he landed in the November of the same year.

He was the first great English actor who crossed the Atlantic, and Dunlap, himself an American, says:

"It appeared as impossible that the great London actor should be removed to America, as that St. Paul's Cathedral should have been transported across the ocean. Englishmen in New York swore roundly it could not be. It was some other performer of the same name—it was even insinuated that the whole thing was an imposition."

Dunlap, describing his first introduction to him, continues:

"The neatness of his dress, his sober suit of grey, his powdered grey hairs, and suavity of address, gave no indication of the eccentric being whose weaknesses had been the theme of the English fugitive publications; nor could the strictest examination detect any of those marks by which the votaries of intemperance, falsely called pleasure, are so universally stigmatized."

He goes on to relate that Price, the American manager, on opening the door of the room where he was informed that Cooke awaited him, upon seeing a man so different to what he imagined the eccentric, depraved Cooke to be, shut the door, and told the servants he had been directed to the wrong apartment.

He appeared on the 21st of November as Richard. The excitement was enormous, the crush was unprecedented, hundreds were unable to gain admission, such a house had never before been seen in America. His reception was splendid.

"His appearance," continues Dunlap, "was picturesque and proudly noble; his head elevated, his step firm, his eye beaming fire. I saw no vestige of the venerable, grey-haired old gentlemen I had been introduced to at the coffee-house; and the utmost effort of my imagination could not have reconciled the figure I now saw, with that of imbecility and intemperance."

He was sober, played with all his old greatness, and his success was enormous. His other celebrated parts followed, the houses, spite of snowstorms, which would on any other occasion, says his biographer, have rendered the theatre "a heartless void," were nightly crammed. In seventeen nights there were taken \$21,578. But alas, he quickly fell into his old vices. The night of his benefit he appeared as Cato, without having once refreshed his memory by reading the part, and intoxicated as well; he uttered a string of incoherences, but

scarcely one word of Addison's. This escapade was followed by others, and the old life of riot and excess recommenced; the old story of disappointed audiences, of disappearances for days together, until he was found penniless in some squalid den in the vilest purlieu of the city.

The second city of the States he visited was Boston, where he was also enthusiastically received. Thence he returned to New York, but his evil habits, his wild extravagancies, and, above all, his insolence to the people, had, even during his brief first visit, destroyed his popularity. He had a hatred of republican institutions, and never lost an opportunity of displaying it. A gentleman mentioning that his family were amongst the first settlers in Maryland, Cooke demanded if he had kept the family jewels: "I mean *the chains and handcuffs*," he added. Hearing the President was coming to see him act, he said, "What! I, George Frederick Cooke, who have played before the majesty of Britain, play before your Yankee president! I'll not play before him. It is degradation enough to play before rebels, but I'll not go on for the amusement of a king of rebels, the contemptible king of Yankee-doodles." He asserted that when a youth he had been in the army during the American rebellion. Upon the heights of Brooklyn being pointed out to him, he exclaimed: "That's the spot we marched up; the rebels retreated; we charged; they fled; we mounted the hill. I carried the colors of the 5th; my father carried them before me; my son now carries them. I led—Washington was in the rear of the rebels. I pressed forward, when at this moment Howe cried 'Halt!' But for that, sir, I should have carried the position, and there would have been an end of the rebellion."

One night he was lamenting over his cups that he had no children, but shortly afterwards filled up a bumper and proposed the health of his eldest son, a captain in the 5th. "What is his name?" inquired one of his companions. "What is my name, sir? George Frederick Cooke." A little time afterwards he proposed the health of his second son. "And what is his name?" was again the query. "What should it be, sir, but George Frederick Cooke?" That same

night, being very intoxicated, he was put into a coach by his host, who bore him company; and all the way along he abused the country. The coachman driving a little recklessly, the gentleman put his head out of window and cautioned him. "What, sir," cried Cooke, "do you pretend to direct my servant? Get out of my coach. Stop, coachman." "Drive on," commanded his companion. "Do you dare order my coachman? Get out, or this fist shall—" "Sit still, sir, or I'll blow your brains out!" was the quiet reply. For a moment Cooke sat still, petrified with astonishment; then began: "Has George Frederick Cooke come to this infernal country to be treated thus? Shall it be told in England? Well, sir, if you will not get out, I will." And out he got and sat down on the roadside. He threatened that on his return to England he would publish such a satirical picture of the country and of its inhabitants as had never been seen or heard of in any other part of the world.

"The Yankee-doodles" were certainly a milder race then than now, or George Frederick's career would have been speedily cut short by bullet or bowie-knife. But as the last anecdote indicates, rash valor was not among his failings. Indeed, he was always ready to retreat before the consequences of his insolence. One day he had a hot dispute with a bullying fellow in company with some others, and assailed him with the most abusive language. The fellow showed fight; Cooke cooled down. Then one of his companions took up the quarrel, and ejected his opponent. There was a row and a scuffle on the stairs. Cooke retired to his bedroom; and called his servant. "Sam, it's very late; help me off with my clothes; I'll go to bed." Just then one of the party from below came running up, and finding the tragedian already half undressed exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Cooke! why are you here, while Price is fighting that rascal for you?" "Where is the scoundrel?" cried Cooke, fiercely. "Sam, why are you so slow? Give me my boots. Where is the scoundrel? My coat, Sam. Where is the blackguard?" But the scrimmage was over long before Cooke was ready to take part in it. Some of his American friends generously entered

into the humor of his Pistol-like bravery, and challenged him. "You must apologise or fight," said one of these, after the actor had been as usual railing against the country. "I will not apologise, young gentleman," he answered loftily; "I will fight you. But if I fight you I shall shoot you. I am the best shot in Europe. If *you insist* upon it I will shoot you. I would not willingly shed blood." But it may be doubted whether Cooke did not see through the quiz, for the whole routine of the duel was carried through; the pistols, loaded only with powder, were discharged; the antagonist, pretending to be shot, fell, and the actor, cutting the sleeve of his coat, made believe he was wounded in the shoulder.

At Philadelphia his success almost equalled that of New York. In sixteen nights the receipts were \$17,360. Upon his return to Boston

"Such was the rage," says Dunlap, "for seeing Cooke, that though it was the depth of winter, and excessively cold, the box office has been surrounded from three o'clock in the morning until the time of opening, which was ten."

From the time of his landing in America his health began to fail, and on several occasions he was incapacitated from appearing through real indisposition. A constitution of iron alone could have withstood such years of debauchery, but it gave way at last. On the 31st of July, 1812, while playing Sir Giles Overreach at Boston, he was taken for death, but lingered till the following September, when he died. He was preparing at the time to return to England, Harris having written to him to come back to Covent Garden. "John Bull," says the letter, "is as fond of you as ever, and would be most happy to see his favorite again." We could have no better proof of Cooke's great abilities than such an offer after all his disgraceful escapades. There is not in the whole history of the stage a career more pitiable than this, not one for the errors of which we can plead so few excuses.

But not even after the grave closed over him had George Frederick, at least in body, ended his eccentric career. I will conclude this article with two extraordinary anecdotes of the *post mortem* period; the first is given on the authority of Dr.

Doran, the second on that of Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall in his 'Life of Edmund Kean').

After his death the doctors not only opened his body to discover the cause, but one, Dr. Francis, took possession of his head for phrenological purposes, and kept the skull in his surgery. One night 'Hamlet' was performed at the 'Park;' at the last moment the property man found he had no skull, and hastened to the doctor's to borrow one. The one lent was Cooke's. It was returned that night, but next evening at a meeting of the Cooper Club, the circumstance being known to several there, a desire was expressed to examine the head of the great tragedian, which was again produced for the investigation of Daniel Webster, Henry Wheaton, and other celebrities. Anecdote number one. Now for number two.

Kean was a great admirer of Cooke, and when he was in New York visited his grave. Finding it without a memorial stone, he had the body taken up, removed to another place, and a handsome monument placed over it. In the transition from one grave to another he contrived to abstract one of the toe-bones, and this he brought back with him to London as a precious relic. Upon his arrival in England Elliston and several of the Drury Lane company went as far as Barnet to meet him. When he arrived at the hotel where they were, to breakfast, he stopped all their greetings with, "Before you say a word, Behold! Fall down and kiss this relic! This is the toe-bone of the greatest creature that ever walked the earth—of George Frederick Cooke. Come, down with you all and kiss the bone!" Elliston, to humor him, dropped upon his knees and kissed the relic, and the others followed his example. Arriving home Kean's first words to his wife were, "I have brought Charles a fortune. I have something that the directors of the British Museum would give ten thousand pounds for; but they shan't have it. Here it is, the toe-bone of the greatest man that ever lived—George Frederick Cooke. Now, observe; I put this on the mantel-piece; but let no one dare to touch it. You may all look at it—at a distance, but be sure no one presumes to handle it." Here it lay for months an object of pride

to the possessor, who never failed to point it out to his visitors. But Mrs. Kean, far from sharing her husband's satisfaction, held the relic in disgust. One day, resolved to no longer endure its sight, she caught hold of it with a piece of paper and threw it over the wall into the next garden. That night Kean returned, as was his wont, very inebriated. He missed the bone. He stormed, raved, summoned the servants out of their beds, and searched every likely and unlikely spot. At last the conviction was forced

upon him that it was gone. Sinking into a chair he exclaimed, with drunken lachrymoseness, "Mary, your son has lost a fortune. He was worth £10,000; now he is a beggar!"

It may be remarked that if Kean contrived to extract a toe-bone, how was it that he did not discover the corpse to be headless? Mr. Procter, however, vouches for the truth of the story, but considers it to be doubtful whether the body exhumed was really that of Cooke. —*Temple Bar.*

EX-VOTO.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

WHEN their last hour shall rise
Pale on these mortal eyes,
Herself like one that dies,
And kiss me dying
The cold last kiss, and fold
Close round my limbs her cold
Soft shade as raiment rolled,
And leave them lying,

If aught my soul would say
Might move to hear me pray
The birth-god of my day
That he might hearken,
This grace my heart should crave,
To find no landward grave
That worldly springs make brave,
World's winters darken,

Nor grow through gradual hours
The cold blind seed of flowers
Made by new beams and showers
From limbs that moulder,
Nor take my part with earth,
But find for death's new birth
A bed of larger girth,
More chaste and colder.

Not earth's for spring and fall,
Not earth's at heart, not all
Earth's making, though men call
Earth only mother,
Not hers at heart she bare
Me, but thy child, O fair
Sea, and thy brother's care,
The wind thy brother.

Yours was I born, and ye,
The sea-wind and the sea,
Made all my soul in me
A song for ever,

A harp to string and smite
For love's sake of the bright
Wind and the sea's delight,
To fail them never:

Not while on this side death
I hear what either saith
And drink of either's breath
With heart's thanksgiving
That in my veins like wine
Some sharp salt blood of thine,
Some springtide pulse of brine,
Yet leaps up living.

When thy salt lips well nigh
Sucked in my mouth's last sigh,
Grudged I so much to die
This death as others?
Was it no ease to think
The chalice from whose brink
Fate gave me death to drink
Was thine,—my mother's?

Thee too, the all-fostering earth,
Fair as thy fairest birth,
More than thy worthiest worth,
We call, we know thee,
More sweet and just and dread
Than live men highest of head
Or even thy holiest dead
Laid low below thee.

The sunbeam on the sheaf,
The dewfall on the leaf,
All joy, all grace, all grief,
Are thine for giving;
Of thee our loves are born,
Our lives and loves, that mourn
And triumph; tares with corn,
Dead seed with living;

All good and ill things done
In eyeshot of the sun
At last in thee made one
Rest well contented;
All words of all man's breath
And works he doth or saith,
All wholly done to death,
None long lamented.

A slave to sons of thee,
Thou, seeming, yet art free;
But who shall make the sea
Serve even in seeming?
What plough shall bid it bear
Seed to the sun and the air,
Fruit for thy strong sons' fare,
Fresh wine's foam streaming?

What oldworld son of thine,
 Made drunk with death as wine,
 Hath drunk the bright sea's brine
 With lips of laughter?
 Thy blood they drink; but he
 Who hath drunken of the sea
 Once deeplier than of thee
 Shall drink not after.

Of thee thy sons of men
 Drink deep, and thirst again;
 For wine in feasts, and then
 In fields for slaughter;
 But thirst shall touch not him
 Who hath felt with sense grown dim
 Rise, covering lip and limb,
 The wan sea's water.

All fire of thirst that aches
 The salt sea cools and slakes
 More than all springs or lakes,
 Freshets or shallows;
 Wells where no beam can burn
 Through frondage of the fern
 That hides from hart and hern
 The haunt it hallows.

Peace with all graves on earth
 For death or sleep or birth
 Be alway, one in worth
 One with another;
 But when my time shall be,
 O mother, O my sea,
 Alive or dead, take me,
 Me too, my mother.

Athenæum.

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Squire had made use of that discretion which is the better part of valor. When Randolph for the second time insisted upon coming to an understanding on family affairs, which meant deciding what was to be done on the Squire's death, Mr. Musgrave, not knowing how else to foil his son, got up and came away. "You can settle these matters with Mary," he said, quietly enough. It would not have been dignified to treat the suggestion in any other way. But he went out with a slight acceleration of his pulses, caused half by anger and half

by the natural human thrill of feeling with which a man has his own death brought home to him. The Squire knew that there was nothing unnatural in this anticipation of his own end. He was aware that it required to be done and the emergency prepared for; but yet it was not agreeable to him. He thought they might have awaited the event, although in another point of view it would have been imprudent to await the event. He felt that there was something undesirable, unlovely in the idea of your children consulting over you for their own comforts afterwards. But then his children were no longer children, whose do-

ings affected his affections much—they were middle-aged people, as old as he was—and in fact it *was* important that they should come to an arrangement and settle everything. Only he could not—and this being so, would not—do it; and he said to himself that the cause of his refusal was no reluctance on his own part to consider the inevitable certainty of his own death, but only the intolerableness of the inquiry in other respects. He walked out in a little strain and excitement of feeling, though outwardly his calm was intense. He steadied himself mind and body by an effort, putting a smile upon his lip and walking with a deliberate slow movement. He would have scorned himself had he showed any excitement; he strolled out with a leisurely slow step and a smile. They would talk the matter out, the two whom he had left; even though Mary's heart would be more with him than with her brother, still she would be bound to follow Randolph's lead. They would talk of his health, of how he was looking feeble, his age beginning to tell upon him, and how it would be very expedient to know what the conditions of his will were, and whether he had made any provision for the peculiar circumstances, or arrangement for the holding of the estate. "I ought to be the first person considered," he thought he heard Randolph saying. Randolph had always thought himself the first person to be considered. At this penetration of his own the Squire smiled again, and walked away very steadily, very slowly, humming a bar of an old-fashioned air.

He went thus into the broken woodland towards the east, and strolled in the chase like a man taking a walk for pleasure. The birds sang overhead, little rabbits popped out from the great tree trunks, and a squirrel ran up one of them and across a long branch, where it sat peering at him. All was familiar, certain, well known; he had seen the same sights and heard the same sounds for the last seventy years; and the sunshine shone with the same calm assurance of shining as at other times, and all this rustling, breathing life went on as it had always gone on. There was scarcely a leaf, scarcely a moss-covered stone that did not hide or shelter something living. The air was full of life; sounds of all

kinds, twitter and hum and rustle, his own step among other movements, his own shadow moving across the sunshine. And he felt well enough, not running over with health and vigor as he had sometimes felt long ago, not disposed to vault over walls and gates in that unlicensed exuberance which belongs to youth only, but well enough, quite well in short, steady afoot, his breathing easy, his head clear, everything about him comfortable. Notwithstanding which his children were discussing, as in reference to a quite near and probable event, what was to be done when he should die! The Squire smiled at the thought, but it was a smile which got fixed and painful on his lip and was not spontaneous or agreeable. The amusement to be got from such an idea is not of a genial kind. He was over seventy, and he knew, who better? that threescore and ten has been set down as the limit of mortal life. No doubt he must die—every man must die. It was a thing before him not to be eluded; the darkness, indeed, was very near according to all ordinary law; but the Squire did not feel it, was not in his soul convinced of it. He believed it of course; all other men of his age die, and in their case the precautions of the family were prudent and natural; in his own case it is true he did not feel the necessity; but yet no doubt it must be so. He kept smiling to himself; so living as he was, and everything round, it was an odd sort of discord to think of dying. He felt a kind of blank before him, a sense of being shut in. So one feels when one walks along a bit of road surrounded with walls, a *cul de sac* from which there is no outlet. A sense of imprisonment is in it, of discouragement, too little air to breathe, too little space to move in—certainly a disagreeable, stifling, choking sensation. Involuntarily a sigh came from his breast; and yet he smiled persistently, feeling in himself a kind of defiance to all the world, a determination to be amused at it all, notwithstanding the sentence they were passing against him.

While the Squire continued his walk, amid the twitter of the birds and the warble and the crackle and rustle and hum in the woods, and all the sounds of living, now and then another sound struck in—a sound not necessarily near, for in

that still summer air sounds travel easily—an echo of voice, now one soft cry or laugh, now a momentary babble. It struck the old man as if an independent soul had been put into the scene. He knew very well what it meant—very well—no one better. By very dint of his opposition to them he recognised the sound of the children wherever they were. They were there now, the little things whose presence had moved Randolph to this assault upon his father. They were altogether antagonistic to Randolph, or rather he to them; this gave them a curious perverse interest in their grandfather's eyes. They offered him an outlet from his *cul de sac*; the pressure seemed suddenly removed which had bowed him down; in a moment he felt relieved, delivered from that sense of confinement. A new idea was like the opening of a door to the old man; he was no longer compelled to contemplate the certainty before him, but was let softly down into the pleasant region of uncertainty—the world of happy chances. The very character of the smile upon his face changed. It became more natural, more easy, although he did not know the children nor had any intention of noticing them. But they were there, and Randolph might scheme as he liked; here was one who must bring his schemes to confusion. A vague lightening came into the Squire's thoughts. He was reprieved, if not from the inevitable conclusion at least from the necessity of contemplating it; and he continued his walk with a lighter heart. By and by, after a somewhat long round, and making sundry observations to himself about the state of the timber, which would bear cutting, and about the birds which, without any keeper to care for them, were multiplying at their own will and might give some sport in September, Mr. Musgrave found himself by the lake again with that fascination towards the water which is so universal. The lake gleamed through the branches, prolonging the blue of the sky, and calling him with soft plashing upon the beach, the oldest of his friends, accompaniment of so many thoughts, and of all the vicissitudes of his life. He went towards it now in the commotion of feeling which was subsiding into calm, a calm which had something of fatigue in

it; for reluctant as he was to enter into the question of age and the nearly approaching conclusion, the fact of age made him easily tired with everything, and with nothing more than excitement. He was fatigued with the strain he had been put to, and had fallen into a languid state which was not unpleasant; the condition in which we are specially disposed to be easily amused if any passive amusement comes in our way.

So it happened that as he walked along the margin of the lake, with the water softly foaming over the pebbles at his feet, Mr. Musgrave's ear was caught by a series of sharp little repetitions of sound, like a succession of small reports, one, two, three. He listened in the mild, easily-roused, and not very active curiosity of such a moment, and recognised with a smile the sound of pebbles skipping across the water, and presently saw the little missiles gleaming along from ripple to ripple, flung by a skilful but not very strong hand. The Squire did not even ask himself who it was, but went on quietly, doubting nothing. Suddenly turning round a corner upon the edge of a small bay, he saw a little figure between him and the shining water, making ducks and drakes with varying success. The Squire's step was inaudible on the turf, and he paused in sympathy with the play. He himself had made ducks and drakes in the Penninghame water as long as he could recollect. He had taught his little boys to do it; he could not tell how it was that this suddenly came to his mind just now—though how it should do so with Randolph, a middle-aged, calculating parson, talking about family arrangements—Pah! but even this recollection did not affect him now as it did before. Never mind Randolph. This little fellow chose the stones with judgment, and really for such a small creature launched them well. The Squire felt half disposed to step forward and try his skill too. When one shot failed he was half-sorry, half-inclined to chuckle as over an antagonist; and when there came a great success, a succession of six or seven reports one after another as the flat pebble skimmed over fold after fold of the water, he could not help saying "Bravo!" in generous applause; generous, for somehow or other he felt as if he were playing on the

other side. This sensation aroused him; he had not been so self-forgetting for many a day. "Bravo!" he cried with something like glee in his voice.

The little boy turned round hastily. What a strange meeting! Oddly enough it had never occurred to the Squire to think who it was. Strangers were rife enough in these regions, and people would now and then come to Penninghame with their families—who would stray into the chase, taking it for public property. But for the ducks and drakes which interested him, he would probably have collared this little fellow and demanded to know what right he had to be here. He was therefore quite unprepared for the encounter, and looked with the strangest emotions of wonder and half-terror into the face which was so familiar to him, but so strange, the face of his grandson and heir. When once he had seen the child no further doubt was possible. He stared at him as if he had been a little ghost. He had not presence of mind to turn on his heel and go away at once, which would have been the only way of keeping up his former tactics; he was speechless and overpowered; and there was nobody by to spy upon him, no grown-up spectators—not even the other child to observe what he did, or listen to what he said. In this case the Squire did not feel the need to be vigilant, which in other circumstances would have given him self-command. Thus the shock and surprise, and the perfect freedom of his position unwatched and unseen, alike broke down all his defences. After the first start he stood still and gazed at the child, as the little boy, more frankly and with much less emotion, gazed at him.

"Who are you, sir?" the grandfather said with a tone that was meant to be very peremptory. The jar in it was incomprehensible to Nello: but yet it gave him greater courage.

"I am Ne—that is to say," the little fellow answered with a sudden flush and change of countenance, "my name, it is John."

"John what? Speak up, sir. Do you know you are a little trespasser, and have no business to be here?"

"Oh yes, I have a business to be here," said Nello. "I don't know what it is to be a trespasser. I live at the

Castle, me. I can come when I please, and nobody has any business to send me away."

"Do you know who I am?" asked the Squire, bending his brows. Nello looked at him curiously, half amused, though he was half frightened. He had never been so near, or looked his grandfather in the face before.

"I *know*, but I may not tell," said Nello. He shook his head, and though he was not very quick-witted, some latent sense of fun brought a mischievous look to his face. "We know very well, but we are never to tell," he added, shaking his head once more, looking up with watchful eyes as children have a way of doing to take his cue from the expression of the elder face, and there was something very strange in that gleam of fun in Nello's eyes. "We know, but we are never, never to tell."

"Who told you so?"

"It was Martuccia," said the boy, with precocious discretion. His look grew more and more inquisitive and investigating. Now that he had the opportunity, he determined to examine the old man well, and to make out the kind of person he was.

Mr. Musgrave did not answer. He on his side was investigating too, with less keenness and more feeling than the child showed. He would have been unmoved by the beauty of Liliass, though it was much greater than that of Nello. The little girl would have irritated him; but with the boy he felt himself safe, he could not tell how; he was more a child, less a stranger. Mr. Musgrave himself could not have explained it, but so it was. A desire to get nearer to his descendant came into the old man's mind; old recollections crept upon him, and stole away all his strength. "You know who I am; do you know who you are, little fellow?" he asked, with a strange break in his voice.

"I told you; you are—the old gentleman—at home," said Nello. "I know all about it. And me? I am John. There is no wonder about that. It is just—me. We were not always here. We are two children who have come a long way. But now I know English quite well, and I have lessons every day."

"Who gives you lessons, my little boy?" The Squire drew a step nearer.

He had himself had a little brother sixty years ago, who was like Nello. So it seemed to him now. He would not think he had likewise had a son thirty years ago, whom Nello was like. He crept a little nearer the child, shuffling his foot along the turf, concealing the approach from himself. Had he been asked why he changed his position, he would have said it was a little damp, boggy, not quite sure footing, just there.

"Mr. Pen gives us lessons," said Nello. "I have a book all to myself. It is Latin, it is more easy than English. But it takes a great deal of time; it does not leave so much for play."

"How long have you been at your lessons, my little man?"

The Squire's eyes began to soften, a smile came into them. His heart was melting. He gave a furtive glance round, and there was nobody near to make him afraid, not even the little girl.

"Oh, a long, long time," said Nello. "One whole hour, it was as much as that, or perhaps six hours. I did not think anything could be so long."

"One whole hour!" the Squire said in a voice of awe; and his eyes melted altogether into smiling, and his voice into a mellow softness which it had not known for years. Ah! this was the kind of son for an old man to have, not such as Randolph. Randolph was a hard, disagreeable equal, superior in so much as he had, or thought he had, so many more years before him; but this child was delightful. He did the Squire good. "Or perhaps six hours! And when did this long spell of study happen? Is it long ago?"

"There was no spell," said Nello. "And it was to-day. I readed in my book, and so did Lily; but as she is a girl it was different from mine. Girls are not clever, Martuccia says. She can't make the stones skim. That was a good one when you said 'Bravo!' Where did you find out to say bravo? They don't talk like that here."

"It was a very good one," said the Squire; "suppose we were to try again."

"Oh! can *you* do it?" said Nello, with round eyes of wonder. "Can you do it as well as me?"

"When I was a child," said the Squire, quite overcome, "I had a little brother just like you. We used to come out

here, to this very place, and play ducks and drakes. He would make them go half across the water. You should have seen them skimming. As far out as that boat. Do you see that boat——"

"When he was no bigger than me? And what did you do? were *you* little too? did you play against him? did he beat you? I wish I had a brother," said Nello. "But you can't have quite forgotten, though you are an old gentleman. Try now! There are capital stones here. I wish I could send one out as far as that boat. Come, come! won't you come and try?"

The Squire gave another searching look round. He had a sort of shame-faced smile on his face. He was a little shy of himself in this new development. But there was no one near, not so much as a squirrel or a rabbit, which could watch and tell. The birds were singing high up in the tree-tops, quite absorbed in their own business: nothing was taking any notice. And the child had come close to him, quite confiding and fearless, with eager little eyes, waiting for his decision. He was the very image of that little brother so long lost. The Squire seemed to lose himself for a moment in a vague haze of personal uncertainty whether all this harsh, hard life had not been a delusion, and himself still a child.

"Come and try," cried Nello, more and more emboldened, and catching at his coat. When the old man felt the touch, it was all he could do to suppress a cry. It was strange to him beyond measure, a touch not like any other—his own flesh and blood.

"You must begin then," he said in a strange falter, half-laughing, half-crying. That is one sign of age that it is so much nearer to the springs of emotion than anything else, except youth. Indeed are not these two the fitting partners, not that middle state, that insolent strength which stands between? The Squire permitted himself to be dragged to the margin of his own water, which lay all smiling in soft ripples before him as it had done when he was a child. Nello was as grave as a judge in the importance of the occasion, breathless with excitement and interest. He sought out his little store of stones with all the solemnity of a connoisseur, his little

brows puckered, his red lips drawn in; but the Squire was shy and tremulous, half-laughing, half-crying, ashamed of his own weakness, and more near being what you might call happy (a word so long out of use for him!) than he had been, he could not remember when.

Nello was vexed with his first throw. "When one wants to do very good, one never can," he said discomfited as his shot failed. "Now you try, now you try; it is your turn." How the Squire laughed, tremulous, the broken red in his old cheeks flushing with pleasure and shame! He failed too, which encouraged Nello, who for his part made a splendid shot the second time. "Two, three, four, *five*, SIX, SEVEN!" cried the child in delight. Don't be afraid, you will do better next time. Me too, I could not make a shot at all at first. Now come, now come, it is your turn again."

What a thing it is to have a real long summer afternoon! It was afternoon when the Squire's calm was broken by his son Randolph; and it was afternoon still, dropping into evening, but with a sun still bright and not yet low in the sky when Mr. Musgrave warmed to his work, and encouraged by Nello, made such ducks and drakes as astonished himself. He got quite excited as they skimmed and danced across the water. "Two, three, four, five, *six*, *seven*, EIGHT!" Nello cried, with a shriek of delight. How clever the old gentleman was—how much nicer than *girls*. He had not enjoyed his play so much for—never before Nello thought. "Come back to-morrow—will you come back to-morrow?" he said at every interval. He had got a playmate now after his own heart—better than Mr. Pen's Johnnie, who was small and timid—better than any one he had ever seen here.

The two players did not in the growing excitement of their game think any more of the chance of spectators; and did not see a second little figure which came running across the grass through the maze of the trees, and stopped wondering in the middle of the brushwood, holding back the branches with her hands to gaze at the strange scene. Liliass was never quite clear of the idea that this wood was fairy-land: so she was not surprised at anything she saw. Yet at this, for the first moment, she was

tempted to be surprised. The old gentleman! playing at ducks and drakes with Nello! He who pretended never to see them, who looked over their heads whenever they appeared, for whom they always had to run out of the way, who never took any notice! Liliass stood for two or three whole minutes, holding the branches open, peeping through with a rapt gaze of wonder; yet not surprised. She applied her little faculties at once, on the instant, to solve the mystery; and what so natural as that the old gentleman had been "only pretending" all the time? Half the pleasure which Liliass herself had in her life came from "pretending." Pretending to be Queen Elizabeth, pretending to be a fairy and change Nello into a lion or a mouse, both of which things Nello "pretended" to be with equal success; pretending to be Mr. Pen preaching a sermon, pretending to be Mary, pretending even now and then to be "the old gentleman" himself sitting up in a chair with a big book, just like him. She stood and peeped through the branches, and made up her mind to this in a way that took away all her surprise. No doubt he was only "pretending" when he would not let it be seen that he saw them. Motives are not necessary to investigators of twelve; there was nothing strange in it; for was not pretending the chief occupation, the chief recreation of life? She stood and made this out to her own satisfaction, and then with self-denial and with a sigh went back to Martuccia. It was very tempting to see the pebbles skimming across the water, and so easy it seemed! "Me too, me too," Liliass could scarcely help calling out. But then it came into her head that perhaps it was herself whom the old gentleman disliked. Perhaps he would not go on playing if she claimed a share, perhaps he would begin "pretending" not to see her. So Liliass sighed, and with self-denial gave up this new pleasure. It was very nice for Nello to have some one to play with—some one *new*. He was always the lucky one; but then he was the youngest, such a little fellow. She went back and told Martuccia he was playing, he was coming soon, he was not in any mischief—which was what the careful elder sister and mild, indulgent nurse most feared.

When Lillas let the branches go, however, with self-denial which was impulsive though so true, the sweep with which they came together again made more sound than could have been made by rabbit or squirrel, and startled the Squire, who was quite hot and excited in his new sport. He came to himself with a start, and with the idea of having been seen, felt a pang of shame and half-anger. He looked round him and could see nobody; but the branches still vibrated as if some one had been there; and his very forehead, weather-beaten as it was, flushed red with the idea of having been seen, perhaps by Randolph himself. This gave him a kind of offence and resentment and self-assertion which mended matters. Why should he care for Randolph? What had Randolph to do with it? Was he to put himself under tutelage, and conform to the tastes of a fellow like that, a parson, an interloper? But all the same this possibility stopped the Squire. "There, my little man," he said with some confusion, dropping his stone, "there! I think it is time to stop now——"

"Oh!—was it some one come for you?" said Nello, following the direction of the old gentleman's eyes. "Stay a little longer, just a little longer. Can't you do just what you please—not like me?"——

"Can you not do what you please, my little boy?" The Squire was a little tremulous with the unusual exertion. Perhaps it was time to stop. He stooped down to lave his hand in the water where it came shallow among the rocks, and that act took away his breath still more, and made him glad to pause a moment before he went away.

"It is a shame," said Nello, "there is Lily, and there is Martuccia, and there is Mary,—they think I am too little to take care of myself; but I am not too little—I can do a great many things that they can't do. But come to-morrow, won't you *try* to come to-morrow?" said the child, coming close up to his grandfather and taking hold of the skirt of his coat. "Oh please, please *try* to come! I never have anyone to play with, and it has been such fun. Say you will come! Don't you think you could come if you were to *try*?"

The Squire burst out into a broken

laugh. It would have been more easy to cry, but that does not do for a man. He put his soft old tremulous hand upon the boy's head. "Little Johnny," he said, "little Johnny!—that was my little brother's name long, long ago."

"Did he play with you? I wish I had a little brother. I have nothing but girls," said Nello. "But say you will come to-morrow—do say you will try!"

The Squire gave another look round him. Nobody was there, not a mouse or a bird. He took the child's head between his trembling hands, and stooped down and gave him a hasty kiss upon his soft round forehead—"God bless you, little man!" he said, and then turned round defiant, and faced the world—the world of tremulous branches and fluttering leaves, for there was nothing else to spy upon the involuntary blessing and caress. Then he plunged through the very passage in the brushwood where the branches had shaken so strangely—feeling that if it was Randolph he could defy him. What right had Randolph to control his actions? If he chose to acknowledge this child who belonged to him, who was the image of the little Johnny of sixty years ago, what was that to any one? What had Randolph,—*Randolph*, of all men in the world, to do with it? He would tell him so to his face if he were there.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE same day on which these incidents occurred the Stanton family were in full conclave at Elfdale. It was the birthday of Laura, and there were various merrymakings on hand, an afternoon party, designed to include all her "young friends," besides a more select company in the evening. As Laura was the one whom the family intended to be Lady Stanton, her affairs, with the willing consent, and indeed by the active energy of her sister were generally pushed into the foreground. And Geoff and his mother were the chief of the guests specially invited, the only visitors who were staying in the house.

To say that the family intended Laura to be Lady Stanton is perhaps too wild a statement, though this settlement of conflicting claims had been tacitly decided upon when they were children. It

was chiefly Lydia who actively intended it now, moved and backed up by some of the absent brothers, who thought it "hard luck" that the young unnecessary Geoff should have interfered between their father and the title, and vowed by Jove that the only fit thing to do in the circumstances was to marry him to one of the girls. Lydia, however, was the most active mind in the establishment at Elfdale, and carried things her own way, so that though Sir Henry disliked fuss, and disliked Geoff's mother, who had done him so much wrong, yet there were two different sets of people invited, and Maria Lady Stanton was established in the house.

"It can't last long, papa," Lydia said, "but we can't have Geoff without her."

"What do you want with Geoff?" growled Sir Henry.

"Papa! in the first place he is our cousin; and Laura likes him; and you know we girls must marry somebody. You can't get commissions and nominations for us, more's the pity, so we must marry. And Laura may as well have Stanton as any one else, don't you think? and of course in that case she ought to be on good terms with her mother-in-law, and people expect us—"

"Oh, that will do," said Sir Henry, "ask whom you like, only free me from all this clatter. But keep that woman off me with her sanctified airs, confound her," said the baronet. He had forgiven Geoff for being born, but he could not forgive Geoff's mother for bringing him so unnecessarily into the world.

And thus it was that Geoff and his mother were at Elfdale. Maria Lady Stanton was no more disposed to go than Sir Henry was to ask her. How often are visits of this kind paid and received—the inviters unwilling to ask, the invited indisposed to go; and with such cordial results as might be anticipated. "I care for nobody in that house except Cousin Mary," Lady Stanton said, "and even she perhaps—though it is wrong to say so, Geoff, my dear boy, for of course everybody means for the best." With these mutual objections the party had met all the same. The elder Lady Stanton was very mild and very religious. She could not restrain herself from having an occasional opinion—that is to say, as she explained it herself, for "not car-

ing for" one person more than another, but that was because she had not seen enough of the others perhaps; had not quite understood them. "Yes, Geoff, I do not doubt, my dear, that the girls are very nice. So many things are changed since my time. Manners are different. And we are all such prejudiced, unjust creatures, we constantly take the outside for our standard as if that was everything. There is but One that sees fully, and what a blessing, Geoff, that it is Him whom we have most to deal with!" said his mother. For it was one of her troubles in life that she had uneasy instincts about the people she met with, and likings and dislikings such as she felt—the latter at least—a true Christian ought not to indulge in. There was a constant conflict of duty in her against such rebellious feelings. As for Cousin Mary, Sir Henry Stanton's wife, she was one of those whom Geoff's mother had no difficulty in liking, but a cold doubt had been breathed into her mind as to the "influence" which this lady might exercise over her boy. She could not quite get it out of her thoughts. Mary could mean no harm that was certain, but—and then Lady Stanton would upbraid herself for the evil imagination that could thus believe in evil. So that altogether she was not happy to go to Elfdale. When she was there, however, the family paid her a sort of court, though the girls frankly considered her a hypocrite. What did that matter? "All the people one meets with are humbugs more or less," Lydia said with superior philosophy. Lydia was the one who saw through everybody, and was always unmasking false pretensions. Laura only acquiesced in the discoveries her sister made, and generally followed her in whatever was going on.

The morning of the birthday dawned brightly and promised to be all that could be desired, and the presents were pretty enough to please any *debutante*. Laura was only eighteen, but so far as the county gaieties went she had been already "out" for nearly a year. Any more splendid introduction into society had been denied to the girls. They had entertained dreams of London, and had practised curtseys for a problematical drawing-room during one whole year, but it had come to nothing, Sir Henry being economical and Lady Stanton shy. It was

to their stepmother's account that Laura and Lydia set down this wrong, feeling convinced that if she had been their *real* mother she would have managed it somehow. "You'll see she'll find some way of doing it when these little things grow up," the elder sisters said to each other, and they bore her a grudge in consequence, and looked at her with glances of reproaches whenever the Court was spoken of, though that she was not their real mother could not be held to be poor Mary's fault. However, all this was forgotten on the merry morning, when with the delights of the garden party and a dance before them they came to breakfast and found Laura's place at table blocked up with presents. Many of them it is true were not of very much value, but there was a pretty bracelet from Geoff and a locket from his mother, which amply rewarded the young ladies for their determination to have their cousin and his mother invited. The opening of the presents made a little pleasant commotion. The donors were all moved by an agreeable curiosity to see how their gifts were received, and as Laura was lavish in her expressions of delight and Lydia in generous admiration, and the little girls hovered behind in fluttering awe, curiosity, and excitement, a general air of family concord, sympathy, and happiness was diffused over the scene. There was not very much love perhaps in the ill-compacted household. But Sir Henry could not help sharing the infection of the half-real amiability of the moment, and his wife could not but brighten under any semblance of kindness. They sat down quite happily to breakfast and began to chatter about the amusements of the afternoon. Even little Fanny and Annie were allowed to have their say. To them was allotted a share in the croquet, even in the delightful responsibility of arranging the players. All the old fogies, the old-fashioned people, the curate and his sister, the doctor and his niece, the humbler neighbors, were reserved for that pastime which is out of fashion—the girls kept the gayer circle, and the more novel amusements for Geoff and their own set. And moved by the general good-nature of the moment Sir Henry made apologies to his guests for the occupations which

would occupy his morning. He was an active magistrate, and found in this version of public duty a relief from the idleness of his retired life.

"I have that scamp Bampfylde in hand again," he said; "he is never out of mischief. Have you ever seen that fellow, Geoff? Wild Bampfylde they call him. He was out of the country for a long time and a blessed riddance; but now he's back again. I think the keepers have a sneaking kindness for him. There is no poaching trick he is not up to. I must have had him or his name fifty times before me the little time he has been back."

"What did you say was his name?" said Geoff's mother.

The other Lady Stanton had looked up too with a little start, which attracted Geoff's attention. He stopped short in the middle of an animated discussion on the respective merits of lawn tennis and Badminton to hear what was being said.

"Ah! to be sure—Bampfylde; for the moment I had forgotten," Sir Henry said. "Yes—that family of course, and a handsome fellow; as fine a man as you could see in the north country. Certainly they are a good-looking race."

"I suppose it is gipsy blood," said the elder Lady Stanton, with a sigh. "Poor people! Yes, I say poor people, Sir Henry, for there is no one to care what evil ways they take. So far out of the way among the hills, no teaching, no clergyman; oh, I make every excuse for them! They will not be judged as we are with our advantages."

"I don't know about our advantages," said Sir Henry, somewhat grimly; "but I sha'n't make excuses for them. A pest to the country; not to speak of the tragedy they were involved in——"

"Oh, don't let us speak of that," said Mary, under her breath.

Sir Henry gave her a look which irritated young Geoff. The young man felt himself his beautiful cousin's champion, and he would have liked to call even her husband to account for such a glance under frowning eyebrows at so gentle a creature. Sir Henry for his part did not like his wife to show any signs of recollecting her own past history. He did not do very much to make her forget it, and was a cold and indifferent hus-

band, but still he was affronted that she should be able to remember that she had not always been his wife.

"I wish it did not hurt you, Cousin Mary," said Geoff, interposing, "for I should like to speak of it, to have it all gone into. I am sure there is wrong somewhere. You said yourself about that young Musgrave——"

"Oh hush, hush, Geoff!" she said under her breath.

"He cannot be young now," said the elder lady. "I am very sorry for him too, my dear. It is not given to us to see into men's hearts, but I never believed that John Musgrave——. I beg your pardon, Mary, for naming him before you, of course it must be painful. And to me too. But it is such a long time ago, and I think if it were all to do over again——"

"It would have been done over again and the whole case sifted if John Musgrave had not behaved like a fool, or a guilty man," said Sir Henry. "It is not a pleasant subject for discussion, is it? I was an idiot to bring up the fellow's name. I forgot what good memories you ladies have," he said, getting up and breaking up the party. And there was still a frown upon his face as he looked at his wife.

"What is the matter with papa?" cried the girls in a breath. "You have been upsetting him. You have worried him somehow!" exclaimed Lydia, turning upon her stepmother. "And everything was going so well, and he was in such a good humor. But it is always the way just when we want a little peace and comfort. I never saw such a house as ours! And he is not very unreasonable, not when you know how to manage him—papa."

As for Mary she broke down and cried, but smiled again trying to keep up appearances. "It is nothing," she said; "your father is not angry. It will all be right in a moment. I suppose I am very silly. Run, little ones, and bring me some eau-de-cologne, quick! You must not think Sir Henry was really annoyed," she said, turning to Lady Stanton. "He is just a little impatient; you know he has all his old Indian ways; and I am so silly."

"I don't think you are silly," said Lady Stanton, who herself was flushed

and excited. "It was natural you should be disturbed, and I too. Sir Henry need not have been so impatient; but we don't know his motives," she added hastily with the habitual apology she made for everybody who was or seemed in the wrong.

"Oh, how tiresome it all is," cried Lydia, stamping her foot, "when people will make scenes! Come along, Geoff; come with us and let us see what is to be done. Everything has to be done still. I meant to ask papa to give the orders; but when he is put out, it is all over. Do come; there are the nets to put up, and everything to do. Laura, never mind your tiresome presents. Come along! or the people will be here, and nothing will be done."

"That is how they always go on," said Laura, following her sister with her lap full of her treasures. "Come, Geoff. It is so easy to put papa out; and when he is put out he is no good for anything. Do come. I do not think this time, Lydia, it was *her* fault."

"Oh, it is always her fault," said the harsher sister; "and sending these two tiresome children for the eau-de-cologne. She always sends them for the eau-de-cologne. As if that could do any good; like putting out a fire with rose-water. There, now, Laura, put your rubbish away, and I will begin settling everything with Geoff."

The young man obeyed the call unwillingly; but he went with his cousins, having no excuse to stay, and did their work obediently, though his mind was full of very different things. He had put aside the Musgrave business since his visit to Penninghame, not knowing how to act, and he had not spoken of it to his mother; but now it returned upon him with greater interest than ever. Bampfylde he knew was the name of the girl whom John Musgrave had married, whom his brother Walter had loved, and whom the quarrel was about, and who with her mother had been accused of helping young Musgrave's escape. All the story seemed to reopen even upon him with the name; and how much more upon those two ladies who were so much more deeply interested. The two girls and their games had but a slight hold of Geoff's mind in comparison with this deeper question. He did what they

wanted him, but he was *distract* and pre-occupied; and as soon as he was free went anxiously in search of his mother, who, he hoped, would tell him more about it. He knew all about it, but not as people must do who had been involved in the circumstances, and helped to enact that sad drama of real life. He found his mother very thoughtful and preoccupied too, seated alone in a little sitting-room up stairs, which was Lady Stanton's special sanctum. The elder Lady Stanton was very serious. She welcomed her son with a momentary smile and no more. "I have been thinking over that dreadful story," she said; "it has all come back upon me, Geoff. Sometimes a name is enough to bring back years of one's life. I was then as Mary is now. No, no, my dear, your good father was very different from Sir Henry; but a stepmother is often not very happy. It used to be the other way, the story-books say. Oh, Geoff, young people don't mean it, they don't think; but they can make a poor woman's life very wretched. It has brought everything back to me. That—and the name of this man."

"You have never told me much about it, mother."

"What was the use, my dear? You were too young to do anything; and then what was there to do? Poor Mr. Musgrave fled, you know. Everybody said that was such a pity. It would have been brought in only manslaughter if he had not escaped and gone away."

"Then it was madness and cowardice," said Geoff.

"It was the girl," said his mother. "No, I am not blaming her; perhaps she knew no better. And his father and all his family were so opposed. Perhaps they thought to fly away out of everybody's reach, the two together, was the best way out of it. When young people are so much attached to each other," said the anxious mother, faltering, half-afraid even to speak of such mysteries to her son, "they are tempted to think that being together is everything. But it is not everything, Geoff. Many others, as well as John Musgrave, have lost themselves for such a delusion as that."

"Is it a delusion?" Geoff asked, making his mother tremble. Of whom could

the boy be thinking? He was thinking of nobody till it suddenly occurred to him how the eyes of that little girl at Penninghame might look if they were older; and that most likely it was the same eyes which had made up to John Musgrave for the loss of everything. After all, perhaps this unfortunate one, whom everybody pitied, might have had some compensation. As he was thinking thus, and his mother was watching him, very anxious to know what he was thinking, Lady Stanton came in suddenly by a private door, which opened from her own room. She had a little additional color on her cheeks, and was breathless with haste.

"Oh, where is Geoff, I wonder?" she said; then seeing him ran up to him. "Geoff, there is some one downstairs you will like to see. If you are really so interested in all that sad story—really so anxious to help poor John——"

"Yes, who is it? tell me who it is and I will go."

"Elizabeth Bampfylde is downstairs," she said, breathless, putting her hand to her heart. "The mother of the man Sir Henry was speaking of—the mother of—the girl. There is no one knows so much as that woman. She is sitting there all alone, and there is nobody in the way."

"Mary!" cried the elder lady, "is it right to plunge my boy into it? We have suffered enough already. Is it right to make Geoff a victim? Geoff who knows nothing about it. Oh, my dear, I know you mean it for the best!" Mary fell back abashed and troubled.

"I did not mean to harm him, Lady Stanton. I did not think it would harm him. Never mind; never mind, if your mother does not approve. After all, perhaps, she knows no more than we do," she said with an attempt at a smile. "The sight of her made me forget herself."

"Where is she?" said the young man.

"Ah! that is just what overcame me," said Mary with a sob, and a strange smile at the irony of fate—"down stairs in my husband's room—I have seen her in the road and in the village—but here, in my house! Never mind, Geoff; it was she that helped him to get out of prison. They were bold, they had no fear of anything; not like us, who are

ladies, who cannot stir a step without being watched. Never mind, never mind! it is not really of any consequence. She is sitting there in—in *my* husband's room!" Mary said, with a sob and a little hysterical laugh. It was not strange to the others, but simple enough and natural. She alone knew how strange it was. "But stop, stop—oh, don't pay any attention. Don't go now, Geoff!"

"Geoff! my dear, Geoff!" cried his mother running to the door after him, but for once Geoff paid no attention. He hurried down stairs, clearing them four or five steps at a time. The ladies could not have followed him if they would. The door of Sir Henry's business room stood open, and he could see an old woman seated like a statue, in perfect stillness, on a bench against the wall. She wore a large gray cloak with a hood falling back upon her shoulders, and a white cap, and sat with her hands crossed in her lap, waiting. She raised her eyes quickly when he came in with a look of anxiety and expectation, but when she found it was not the person she expected, bowed her fine head resignedly and relapsed into quiet. The delay which is always so irksome did not seem to affect her. There was something in the pose of the figure which showed that to be seated there, quite still and undisturbed, was not disagreeable to her. She was not impatient. She was an old woman and glad to rest; she could wait.

"You are waiting for Sir Henry?" Geoff said, in his eagerness. "Have you seen him? Can I do anything for you?"

"No, sir. I hope you'll forgive me rising. I have walked far and I'm tired. Time is not of so much consequence now as it used to be. I can bide." She gave him a faint smile as she spoke, and looked at him with eyes undimmed, eyes that reminded him of the child at Penninghame. Her voice was fine too, large and melodious, and there was nothing fretful or fidgety about her. Except for one line in her forehead everything about her was calm. She could bide.

And this is a power which gives its possessor unbounded superiority over the impatient and restless. Geoff was all curiosity, excitement, and eagerness. "I don't think Sir Henry will have any

time for you to-day," he said; "tell me what it is. I will do all I can for you. I should like to be of use to you. Sir Henry is going to his luncheon presently. I don't think you will see him to-day."

Just at this moment a servant came in with the same information, but it was given in a somewhat different tone. "Look here, old lady," said the man, "you'll have to clear out of this. There's a party this afternoon, and Sir Henry he hasn't got any time for the likes of you. So march is the word. I beg your lordship ten thousand pardons. I didn't see as your lordship was there."

"You had better learn to be civil to every one," said Geoff, indignantly; "beg *her* pardon not mine. You are—Mrs. Bampfylde, I think? May I speak to you since Sir Henry cannot see you? I have very urgent business——"

She rose slowly, paying no attention to the man—looking only at Geoff. "And you are my young lord?" she said with an intent look. There was a certain dignity about her movements, though she seemed to set herself in motion with difficulty, stiffly, as if the exertion cost her something. "I've had a long walk," she added, with a faint smile and half apology for the effort, "there's where age tells. And all my trouble for nothing!"

"If I can be of any use to you I will," said Geoff. Then he paused and added, "I want you to do something for me."

"What is this that old Lizabeth Bampfylde could do for a fine young gentleman? Your fortune? ay, I'll give you your fortune easy; a kind tongue and a bright eye carries that all over the world. And you look as if you had a kind heart."

"It is not my fortune," he said with an involuntary smile.

"You're no believer in the like of that? May be you have never met with one that had the power. It runs in families; it runs in the blood. There was one of your house, my young lord, that I could have warned of what was coming. I saw it in his face. And oh, that I had done it! But he would not have been warned. Oh! what that would have saved me and mine, as well as you and yours!"

"You think of my brother then when

you see me?" he said, eager at once to follow out this beginning. She looked at him again with a scrutinizing gaze.

"What had I to do with your brother, young gentleman? He never asked me for his fortune any more than you, he did not believe in the likes of me. It is only the silly folk and the simple folk that believe in us. I wish they would be guided by us that are our own flesh and blood—and then they would never get into trouble like my boy."

"What has he done?" asked Geoff, thinking to conciliate. He had followed her out of the house, and was walking by her side through the shrubberies by the back way.

"What has he done? Something, nothing. He's taken a fish in the river, or a wild beast in the snare. They're God's creatures, not yours, or Sir Henry's. But the rich and the great that have every dainty they can set their face to, make it a crime for a poor lad when he does that."

Geoff did not make any answer, for he had a respect for game and would not commit himself; but he said, "I will do anything I can for your son, if you will help me. Yes, you can help me, and I think you know you can, Mrs. Bampfylde."

"I am called 'Lizabeth,'" said the old woman with dignity, as if she had said I am called Princess. Her tone had so much effect upon Geoff that he cried, "I beg your pardon," instinctively, and faltered and colored as he went on.

"I want to know about what happened when I was a child—about my brother's death—about—the man who caused it. They tell me you know more than any one else. I am not asking for idle curiosity. You know a great deal, or so I have heard, about John Musgrave."

"Hus—sh!" she cried, "it is not safe to say names—you never know who may hear."

"But all the world may hear," said Geoff. "I am not afraid. I want him to come home. I want him to be cleared. If you know anything that can help him tell me. I will never rest now till I have got that sentence changed and he is cleared."

The old woman looked at him, growing pale, with a sort of alarmed admira-

tion. "You're a bold boy," she said, "very bold! It's because you're so young—how should you know? When a man has enemies we should be careful how we name him. It might bring ill-luck or more harm."

"I don't believe much in ill-luck, and I don't believe in enemies at all," said Geoff, with the confidence of his years.

"Oh!" she cried, with a long moan, wringing her hands. "Oh, God help you, innocent boy!"

"No," Geoff repeated more boldly still, "neither in enemies nor in ill-luck, if the man himself is innocent. But I believe in friends. I am one; and if you are one—if you are his friend, his true friend, why, there is nothing we may not do for him," the young man cried, stopping to secure her attention. She paused too for a moment, gazing at him, with a low cry now and then of wonder and distress; her mind was travelling over regions to which young Geoff had no clue, but his courage and confidence had compelled her attention at least. She listened while he went on repeating his appeal; only to tell him what she knew, what she remembered—to tell him everything. It seemed all so simple to Geoff; he went on with his pleadings, following through the winding walk. It was all he could do to keep up with her large and steady stride as she went on, quickening her pace. The stiffness had disappeared, and she walked like one accustomed to long tramping over moor and hill.

"My young lord," she exclaimed abruptly, stopping him in the midst of a sentence, "you've talked long enough; I know all you can say now; and here's the bargain I'll make. If my boy gets free, I'll take his advice—and if he consents, and you have a mind to come up to the fells and see me where I bide——"

"Certainly I will come," cried Geoff, feeling a delightful gleam of adventure suddenly light up his more serious purpose. "Certainly I will come; only tell me where I shall find you——"

"You're going too fast, my young gentleman. I said if my boy gets free. Till I have talked to him I'll tell you nothing. And my bit of a place is a lonely place where few folk ever come near."

"I can find it," said Geoff. "I do not mind how lonely it is. I will come—to-morrow, whenever you please."

"Not till my lad comes to fetch you," said 'Lizabeth, with a gleam of shrewd humor crossing her face for a moment. "I must see my lad first, and hear what he says, and then I'll send him to show you the way."

"It would be better not to make it dependent on that chance," said Geoff, prudently. "He might not care to come; I don't know your son; why should he take so much trouble for me? He may decline to do it, or he may dislike my interference, or——"

"Or he may not get free," said 'Lizabeth, stopping short, and dismissing her young attendant almost imperiously. "Here you and me part paths, my young lord. It will be soon enough to say more when my lad is free."

Geoff was left standing at the outer gate, startled by the abruptness of his dismissal, but incapable he felt of resisting. He gazed after her as she sped along the road with long swift steps, half-appalled, greatly excited, and with a touch of amusement too. "I am to cheat justice for her and elude the law," he said to himself as he watched her disappearing along the dusty road.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE result of this interview was that Geoff, as was natural, threw himself body and soul into the cause of Wild Bampfylde. When he had once made up his mind to this, a certain comic element in the matter delighted him and gave him double fervor. The idea of defeating justice was delightful to the young man, not much older than a schoolboy. He talked to all the people he met about the case of this wild man of the woods, this innocent savage, to whom all the sylvan sins came by nature; and he engaged the best lawyer who could be had to defend him, and if possible get the wild fellow free. Where was the harm? Wild Bampfylde had never been guilty of violence to any human creature, he ascertained. It was only the creatures of the woods he waged war against, not even the gamekeepers. And when Sir Henry, coming home from Quarter Sessions, informed the party that Wild

Bampfylde had managed to get off by some quibble, the magistrates being fairly tired of convicting him, everybody was delighted to hear of the safety of Geoff's *protégé*, except the two elder ladies, who showed no satisfaction. Neither of them were glad, notwithstanding that Geoff was so much interested; Lady Stanton from a vague concern for her son, and Mary because of the prejudice in her which all her gentleness could not eradicate. She looked at Geoff with tears in her eyes. "You will have nothing to do with them," she said; "him nor any of them? Oh, Geoff, promise!" which was inconsistent, as it was she herself who had put the old mother in his way. But Geoff only laughed, and asked what he could have to do with them? and made no promise. This episode had not interfered with the business of life, with the afternoon party or the dinner, the Badminton or the croquet. All had "gone off" as well as possible. Laura and Lydia had "enjoyed themselves" to their heart's content. They had been admired and praised and fêted, and every one had said it was a delightful party. What more could any young lady of eighteen desire? Geoff was very good-natured, and did everything that was asked of him. And Laura wore his bracelet, which was much admired by her friends, and gave rise to many pleasant suggestions. "He is just the very person for you," Lydia said reflectively, as she examined it. "Now I should have liked emeralds or diamonds, or grown-up jewels; but the turquoises are the very thing for you. He sees your taste. If he were not Lord Stanton, just for simple suitableness you should marry Geoff—he is the very person for you."

"I do not see why I should be made to marry any one for simple suitableness, as if I were a baby," was Laura's protestation; but she liked the turquoises, and she did not dislike the hints and smiling gossip. And when young Lord Stanton and his mother went away, the house regretted them from the highest to the lowest. The little girls stood behind backs, crying, when the carriage drove away. "I should like to know what they have to cry about," Lydia said; "what is Geoff to them? It is such nonsense; but they always are encouraged in everything. You two little things stop that,

and be off with you. You are always in some one's way."

"He is as much our cousin as yours," said Fanny, who was always known to be saucy; but they skimmed away in a panic when Lydia turned round upon them, not knowing what she might do. "Oh, how nice it would be to have nothing but a mamma!" they said to each other as they alighted in her room, where it was always quiet, and smoothed down their ruffled plumes. Poor little doves! it was not for Geoff alone they were crying, for Geoff's mother had been very good to them. They had hung about her for hours, and had stories told to them, and the world seemed an empty sort of place when these two visitors went away.

The mother and son drove home to their own house, he a little sorry, she a little glad. It was wrong perhaps to be glad, implying a kind of tacit censure on the people she had left; but there was no harm in being happy to get home. Stanton Hall was not an immemorial place like Penninghame, nor a cosy unpretending country house like Elfdale, but a great mansion intended to be grand and splendid, and overawe the country. The splendor had fallen into a little disuse during Geoff's long minority, but as he had lived chiefly at home with his mother, it had proportionately gained in comfort, and the home aspect which only being lived in can give to a house. They lived chiefly in one wing, leaving the state part of the mansion almost unoccupied. Geoff had not been brought up as most youths of his age are brought up. His mother had been too timorous, both physically and spiritually, to trust her child amid all the appalling dangers and indulgences of a public school. And he had not even, more wonderful still, gone to any university. She was his sole guardian, no one sharing her powers, for it never had been supposed that little Geoff would be anybody in particular, or that it was of the least importance how his mother brought him up. His education had therefore been chiefly conducted at home by a tutor, chosen rather for his goodness than his learning. Did it matter very much? Geoff was not very clever, and it does not require much learning, as Mrs. Hardcastle concluded

in the case of her son Tony Lumpkin, to spend fifteen thousand a year. Geoff had learned a great many things which university men do not much meddle with, and he had forgotten as successfully as any university man could do. He had a great deal less Greek, but a good deal more French than most of those heroes; and he was a good, honest, simple-hearted boy as, Heaven be praised, in spite of their many advantages, a great many of those same university men manage to be. And, in short, he was very much like his contemporaries, though brought up so very differently—a fact which would have wounded his mother's feelings more than anything else you could have said; for if the result is just about the same as it would have been by the other process, what is the good of taking such pains to show a difference? Mr. Tritton, the tutor, had been all alone at Stanton during this visit to Elfdale. He was a very good man. He had been as kind as a father to Geoff from the moment he took charge of him, and had watched over him with unfailing care—indeed he was like a second mother as well—perhaps more like that than the other—very anxious not to "overtire" his pupil, or to put any strain on his faculties. They were the most peaceful household that could be conceived, and Geoff, according to all rule, ought to have grown up a very feminine youth. But by good luck he had not done so. In that demure household he got to be a lively, energetic, out-door sort of person, and loved adventure, and loved life perhaps all the better in consequence of the meek atmosphere of quietness which surrounded him. To tell the truth it was he who, for a long time, had held the helm of the house in his hand, and had everything his own way.

Mr. Tritton was upon the steps to welcome them, and the servants, who were glad to see them back after the week of quiet. Who does not know the kind of servants Lady Stanton would have? men and women who had seen the boy grow up, and thought or seemed to think there was nobody in the world like Geoff: a housekeeper to whom her mistress was very obsequious and conciliatory; but whom Geoff treated with a familiarity which sometimes froze the very

blood in his mother's veins, who would not for the world have taken such liberties; and a butler, who felt himself an independent country gentleman, and went and came very much at his own pleasure, and governed his inferiors *en bon prince*, but with a lively sense of his own importance. These all received the travellers with cordiality at the door, and brought them tea and were very kind to them. It was quite touching and gratifying to Lady Stanton that they should always be so kind. Harris, the butler, took her little travelling-bag, and carried it into the drawing-room with his own hand; and Mrs. Benson herself came to pour out her cup of tea. "And I hope your ladyship is not too much tired with your long drive," Mrs. Benson said; and Harris kindly lingered to hear her reply, and to assure her that all had been going on well at Stanton while she was away.

Geoff did not pay so much attention to the kindness of the servants. He went off to the stables to give some orders, leaving Mr. Tritton with his mother. Geoff called his tutor old Tritton as easily as if he had mixed in the world of men at Eton or Oxford, and went off about his own business unconcerned. But when he had turned the corner of the house to the stables Geoff's whistle stopped suddenly. He found a man standing there with his back against the wall, whose appearance startled him. A poacher is a thing that is obnoxious to every country gentleman, however easy his principles may be on the question of game; and a tramp is a thing that nobody with a house worth robbing can away with. The figure that presented itself thus suddenly before Lord Stanton's eyes was the quintessence of both; a tall, loose-limbed man, with strong black locks and an olive skin, in coarse velvet-eeen and gaiters, and a coat with multitudinous pockets, with a red handkerchief knotted round his neck, and a soft felt hat crushed into all manner of shapes, and a big stick in his hand. He stood in a careless attitude, at his ease, leaning against the wall. What had such a man to do there? and yet there he was for a purpose, as any one could see, lying in wait; was it to rob or to kill? Geoff's heart gave a little leap at the sight of the intruder. He had not had much experience of this kind.

"What are you doing here?" he asked sharply, the instincts of property and authority springing up in disapproval and resistance. What had such a fellow to do here?

"I am doing nothing," said the man, not changing his attitude or even taking off his hat or showing the smallest mark of respect. He continued even to lounge against the wall with rude indifference. "I am here on your business, not on mine," he said carelessly.

"On my business! Yes, I know," said Geoff, suddenly bethinking himself; "you're Bampfylde. I am glad you've got off—and you come to me from——"

"Old 'Lizabeth; that is about it. She's a funny woman: whatever silly thing she wants she always gets her way. She wants you now, and I've come to fetch you. I suppose you'll come since she says it. And you'd better make up your mind soon, for it does not suit me to stay here."

"I suppose not," said Geoff, scarcely noticing what he said.

"Why should you suppose not?" said the man, rousing himself with an air of offence. He was taller than Geoff, a lanky but muscular figure. "I have eyes and feelings as well as you. I like a fine place. Why shouldn't I take my pleasure looking at it? You have a deal more and yet you're not content."

"We were not discussing our feelings," said Geoff, half-contemptuous, half-sympathetic. "You have brought me a message perhaps from your mother?"

"I've come from old 'Lizabeth. She says if you like to start to-night along with me we'll talk your business over, and if she can satisfy you she will. Look you here, my young lord, your lordship's a deal of consequence to some, but it's nothing to her and me. Come, if you like to come; it's your business, not ours. If there's danger it's your own risk, if there's any good it's you that will have it, not us——"

"Danger!" said Geoff; "the danger of a walk up the fells! and good—to me? Yes, you can say it is to me if you like, but you ought to be more interested than I am. However, words don't matter. Yes, let us say the good is mine, and the danger, if any, is mine——"

"Have it your own way," said Bampfylde. "I'll come back again, since

you've made up your mind, at ten to-night, and show you the way."

"But why at night?" said Geoff; "to-morrow would be better. It is not too far to go in a day."

"There's the difference between you and us. Night is our time, you see. It must be by night or not at all. Would you like to walk with me across country, my lord? I don't think you would, nor I wouldn't like. We shouldn't look natural together. But at night all's one. I'll be here at ten; there's a moon, and a two hours' walk, or say three at the most, it's nothing to a young fellow like you."

This was a very startling proposition, and Geoff did not know what to make of it. It grew more and more like a mysterious adventure and pleased him on that side, but he was a modern young man, with a keen perception of absurdity, and everything melodramatic was alarming to him. Why should he walk mysteriously in the middle of the night to a cottage about which there need be no mystery on a perfectly innocent and honest errand? He stared at his strange visitor with a perplexity beyond words.

"What possible object could be gained," he said at last, "by going in the night?"

"Oh, if you're afraid!" said this strange emissary, "don't go—that's all about it: neither me nor her are forcing you to hear what we may happen to know."

"I am not afraid," said Geoff, coloring. It was an accusation which was very hard to bear. "But there is reason in all things. I don't want to be ridiculous—" The man shrugged his shoulders—he laughed—nothing could have been more galling. Geoff standing, looking at him, felt the blood boiling in his veins.

"Quite right too," said Bampfylde. "What can we know that's worth the trouble? You'll take a drive up some day in your coach and four, and oblige us. That is just what I would do myself."

"In Heaven's name, what am I expected to do?" cried Geoff; "make a melodramatic ass of myself, and go in the middle of the night?"

"I'm no scholar: long words are not my sort. Do or don't, that's the thing.

I understand; and it is easy to settle. If you're not coming, say No, and I'll go. If you are coming, let me know, and I'll be here. There's nothing to make such a wonder about."

Geoff was in great doubt what was best to do. The adventure pleased him; but the idea of ridicule held him back. "It is not pleasant to be thought a fool," he said. Then, nettled by the jeer in the face of this strange fellow who kept his eyes—great, dark, and brilliant as they were—fixed upon him, the young man cut the knot, hurriedly. "Never mind the absurdity; be here at ten, as you say, and wait if I am not ready. I don't want everybody to know what a fool I am," he said.

"You are coming then," said the man with a laugh. "That's plucky, whatever happens. You're not afraid?"

"Pooh!" cried Geoff, turning away. He was too indignant and annoyed to speak. He went on impatiently to the stables, leaving the stranger where he stood. He was not afraid; but his young frame thrilled in every fibre with excitement. Had not adventures of this kind sounded somewhat ridiculous to the ideas of to-day, the mysterious expedition would have been delightful to him. But that uneasy sense of the ridiculous kept down his anticipations. What could old 'Lizabeth have to tell that could justify such precautions? But if she chose to be fantastic about her secret, whatever it was, he must humor her. When he went in again, there was no sign of his visitor, except the half-effaced mark of a footstep on the soft gravel. The man had ground the heel of his boot into it while he stood talking, and there it was, his mark to show the place where he had been.

The evening passed very strangely to young Lord Stanton. He heard his mother and Mr. Tritton talking calmly of to-morrow. To-morrow the old family lawyer was expected, and some of the arrangements attendant on his coming of age, which was approaching, were to be discussed; and he was asked, What he would like?—in one or two respects. Should this be done, or that, when his birthday came? Geoff could not tell what curious trick of imagination affected him. He caught himself asking, Would he ever come of age? Would to-mor-

row be just as the other days, no more and no less? How absurd the question was! What could possibly happen to him in a long mountain walk, even though it might be through the darkness? There is nothing in that homely innocent country to make midnight dangerous. Wild Bampfylde might be an exciting sort of companion; but what more? As for enemies Geoff remembered what he had said so short a time before. He did not believe in them; why should he? he himself, he felt convinced, possessed no such thing in all the world.

But it was astonishing how difficult it was that evening to get free. Lady Stanton, who generally was fatigued with the shortest journey, was cheerful and talkative to-night, and overflowing with plans; and even Mr. Tritton was entertaining. It was only by saying that he had letters to write that Geoff at last managed to get away. He disliked writing letters so much that the plea was admitted with smiles. "We must not balk such a virtuous intention," the tutor said. He went into the library with a beating heart. This room had a large window which opened upon the old-fashioned bowling green. Geoff changed his dress with great speed and quiet, putting on a rough shooting suit. The night was dark, but soft, with stars faintly lighting up a hazy sky. He stepped out from

the big window and closed it after him. The air was very fresh, a little chilly, as even a midsummer night generally is in the North Country. He gave a little nervous shiver as he came out into the darkness and chilliness. "There's some one walking over your grave," said a voice at his elbow. Geoff started, to his own intense shame and annoyance, as if he had received a shot. "Very likely," he said, commanding himself; "over all our graves perhaps. That harms nobody. You are there, Bampfylde? That's well; don't talk, but go on."

"You're a good bold one after all," said the voice by his side. Geoff's heart beat uneasily at the sound, and yet the commendation gave him a certain pleasure. He was more at his ease when they emerged from the shadow of the house, and he could see the outline of his companion's figure, and realise him as something more than a voice. He gave a somewhat longing look back at the scattered lights in the windows as he set out thus through the silence and darkness. Would any one find out that he was gone? But his spirit rose as they went on, at a steady pace, swinging along under the deep hedgerows, and across the frequent bridges where so many streamlets kept crossing the road, adding an unseen tinkle to the sounds of the summer night.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE SAND.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE months go round, and anniversaries return; on the ninth of June George Sand had been dead just one year. She was born in 1804; she was almost seventy-two years old when she died. She came to Paris after the revolution of 1830, with her *Indiana* written, and began her life of independence, her life of authorship, her life as *George Sand*. She continued at work till she died. For forty-five years she was writing and publishing, and filled Europe with her name.

It seems to me but the other day that I saw her, yet it was in the August of 1846, more than thirty years ago. I saw her in her own Berry, at Nohant, where

her childhood and youth were passed, where she returned to live after she became famous, where she died and has now her grave. There must be many who, after reading her books, have felt the same desire which in those days of my youth, in 1846, took me to Nohant—the desire to see the country and the places of which the books that so charmed us were full. Those old provinces of the centre of France, primitive and slumbering—Berry, La Marche, Bourbonnais; those sites and streams in them, of name once so indifferent to us, but to which George Sand gave such a music for our ear—La Châtre, Ste. Sévère, the *Vallée-Noire*, the Indre, the Creuse; how

many a reader of George Sand must have desired, as I did, after frequenting them so much in thought, fairly to set eyes upon them. I had been reading *Jeanne*. I made up my mind to go and see Toulx Ste. Croix and Boussac, and the Druidical stones on Mont Barlot, the *Pierres Jaunâtres*. I remember looking out Toulx in Cassini's great map at the Bodleian Library. The railway through the centre of France went in those days no farther than Vierzon. From Vierzon to Châteauroux one travelled by an ordinary diligence, from Châteauroux to La Châtre by a humbler diligence, from La Châtre to Boussac by the humblest diligence of all. At Boussac diligence ended, and *patache* began. Between Châteauroux and La Châtre, a mile or two before reaching the latter place, the road passes by the village of Nohant. The Château of Nohant, in which Madame Sand lived, is a plain house by the road-side, with a walled garden. Down in the meadows, not far off, flows the Indre, bordered by trees. I passed Nohant without stopping, at La Châtre I dined and changed diligence, and went on by night up the valley of the Indre, the *Vallée-Noire*, past Ste. Sévère to Boussac. At Ste. Sévère the Indre is quite a small stream. In the darkness we quitted its valley, and when day broke we were in the wilder and barer country of La Marche, with Boussac before us and its high castle on a precipitous rock over the Little Creuse. That day and the next I wandered through a silent country of heathy and ferny *landes*, a region of granite-stones, holly, and broom, of copsewood and great chestnut-trees; a region of broad light, and fresh breezes, and wide horizons. I visited the *Pierres Jaunâtres*. I stood at sunset on the platform of Toulx Ste. Croix, by the scrawled and almost effaced stone lions—a relic, it is said, of the English rule—and gazed on the blue mountains of Auvergne filling the distance, and, south-eastward of them, in a still further and fainter distance, on what seemed to be the mountains over Le Puy and the high valley of the Loire.

From Boussac I addressed to Madame Sand the sort of letter of which she must in her lifetime have had scores, a letter conveying to her, in bad French, the

homage of a youthful and enthusiastic foreigner who had read her works with delight. She received the infliction good-naturedly, for on my return to La Châtre I found a message left at the inn by a servant from Nohant that Madame Sand would be glad to see me if I called. The midday breakfast at Nohant was not yet over when I reached the house, and I found a large party assembled. I entered with some trepidation, as well I might, considering how I had got there; but the simplicity of Madame Sand's manner put me at ease in a moment. She named some of those present; amongst them were her son and daughter, the Maurice and Solange so familiar to us from her books, and Chopin with his wonderful eyes. There was at that time nothing astonishing in Madame Sand's appearance. She was not in man's clothes, she wore a sort of costume not impossible, I should think (although on these matters I speak with hesitation), to members of the fair sex at this hour amongst ourselves, as an out-door dress for the country or for Scotland. She made me sit by her and poured out for me the insipid and depressing beverage, *boisson fade et mélancolique*, as Balzac called it, for which English people are thought abroad to be always thirsting—tea. She conversed of the country through which I had been wandering, of the Berry peasants and their mode of life, of Switzerland whither I was going; she touched politely, by a few questions and remarks, upon England and things and persons' English—upon Oxford and Cambridge, Byron, Bulwer. As she spoke, her eyes, head, bearing, were all of them striking; but the main impression she made was an impression of what I have already mentioned—an impression of *simplicity*, frank, cordial simplicity. After breakfast she led the way into the garden, asked me a few kind questions about myself and my plans, gathered a flower or two and gave them to me, shook hands heartily at the gate, and I saw her no more. In 1859 M. Michelet gave me a letter to her, which would have enabled me to present myself in more regular fashion. Madame Sand was then in Paris. But a day or two passed before I could call, and when I called, Madame Sand had left Paris and gone back to Nohant. The impression of

1846 has remained my single impression of her.

Of her gaze, form, and speech, that one impression is enough; better perhaps than a mixed impression from seeing her at sundry times and after successive changes. But as the first anniversary of her death draws near there arises again a desire which I felt when she died, the desire, not indeed to take a critical survey of her—very far from it. I feel no inclination at all to go regularly through her productions, to classify and value them one by one, to pick out from them what the English public may most like, or to present to that public, for the most part ignorant of George Sand and for the most part indifferent to her, a full history and a judicial estimate of the woman and of her writings. But I desire to recall to my own mind, before the occasion offered by her death passes quite away—to recall and collect the elements of that powerful total impression which, as a writer, she made upon me; to recall and collect them, to bring them distinctly into view, to feel them in all their depth and power once more. What I here attempt is not for the benefit of the indifferent; it is for my own satisfaction, it is for myself. But perhaps those for whom George Sand has been a friend and a power will find an interest in following me.

Yes; and it is *here* that one should speak of her, in this Review, not dominated by the past, not devoted to things established, not overoccupied with theology, but in search of some more free and wide conceptions of human life, and turned towards the future and the unrealised. George Sand felt the poetry of the past, she had no hatreds; the furies, the follies, the self-deceptions of secularist and revolutionist fanatics filled her in her latter years with pity, sometimes with dismay; but still her place is with the party and propaganda of organic change. For any party tied to the past, for any party, even, tied to the present, she is too new, too bold, too uncompromisingly sincere.

Le sentiment de la vie ideale, qui n'est autre que la vie normale telle que nous sommes appelés à la connaître—"the sentiment of the ideal life, which is none other than man's normal life as we shall

one day know it"—those words from one of her last publications give the ruling thought of George Sand, the ground-motive, as they say in music, of all her strain. It is as a personage inspired by this motive that she interests us. The English public conceives of her as of a novel-writer who wrote stories more or less interesting; the earlier ones objectionable and dangerous, the later ones, some of them, unexceptionable and fit to be put into the hands of the youth of both sexes. With such a conception of George Sand, a story of hers like *Consuelo* comes to be elevated in England into quite an undue relative importance, and to pass with very many people for her typical work, displaying all that is really valuable and significant in the author. *Consuelo* is a charming story. But George Sand is something more than a maker of charming stories, and only a portion of her is shown in *Consuelo*. She is more, likewise, than a creator of characters. She has created, with admirable truth to nature, characters most attractive and attaching, such as Edmée, Geneviève, Germain. But she is not adequately expressed by them. We do not know her unless we feel the spirit which goes through her work as a whole. In order to feel this spirit it is not, indeed, necessary to read all that she ever produced. Even three or four only out of her many books might suffice to show her to us, if they were well chosen; let us say, the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, *Mauprat*, *François le Champi*, and a story which I was glad to see Mr. Myers, in his appreciative notice of Madame Sand, single out for praise—*Valvèdre*. In these may be found all the principal elements of their author's strain: the cry of agony and revolt, the trust in nature and beauty, the aspiration towards a purged and renewed human society. Of George Sand's strain, during forty years, these are the grand elements. Now it is one of them which appears most prominently, now it is another. The cry of agony and revolt is in her earlier work, and passes away in her later. But in the evolution of these three elements—the passion of agony and revolt, the consolation from nature and from beauty, the ideas of social renewal—in the evolution of these is George Sand and George Sand's life.

and power. Through their evolution her constant motive declares and unfolds itself, that motive which we set forth above: "the sentiment of the ideal life, which is none other than man's normal life as we shall one day know it." This is the motive and through these elements is its evolution; an evolution pursued, moreover, with the most unfailing resolve, the most absolute sincerity.

The hour of agony and revolt passed away for George Sand, as it passed away for Goethe, as it passes away for their readers likewise. It passes away and does not return; yet those who, amid the agitations, more or less stormy, of their youth, betook themselves to the early works of George Sand, may in later life cease to read them, indeed, but they can no more forget them than they can forget *Werther*. George Sand speaks somewhere of her "days of *Corinne*." Days of *Valentine*, many of us may in like manner say—days of *Valentine*, days of *Lélia*, days never to return! They are gone, we shall read the books no more, and yet how ineffaceable is their impression! How the sentences from George Sand's works of that period still linger in our memory and haunt the ear with their cadences! Grandiose and moving, they come, those cadences, like the sighing of the wind through the forest, like the breaking of the waves on the sea shore. *Lélia* in her cell on the mountain of the Camaldoli—

"Sibyl, Sibyl forsaken; spirit of the days of old, joined to a brain that rebels against the divine inspiration; broken lyre, mute instrument, whose tones the world of to-day, if it heard them, could not understand, but yet in whose depth the eternal harmony murmurs imprisoned; priestess of death, I, I who feel and know that before now I have been Pythia, have wept before now, before now have spoken, but who cannot recollect, alas, cannot utter the word of healing! Yes, yes; I remember the cavern of truth and the access of revelation; but the word of human destiny, I have forgotten it; but the talisman of deliverance, it is lost from my hand. And yet, indeed, much, much have I seen; and when suffering presses me sore, when indignation takes hold of me, when I feel Prometheus wake up in my heart and beat his puissant wings against the stone which confines him—oh! then, in prey to a frenzy without a name, to a despair without bounds; I invoke the unknown master and friend who might illumine my spirit and set free my tongue; but I grope in darkness, and my tired arms grasp nothing save delusive shadows. And for

ten thousand years, as the sole answer to my cries, as the sole comfort in my agony, I hear astir, over this earth accurst, the despairing sob of impotent agony. For ten thousand years I have cried in infinite space, *Truth! Truth!* For ten thousand years infinite space keeps answering me, *Desire, desire.* O Sibyl forsaken! O mute Pythia! dash then thy head against the rocks of thy cavern, and mingle thy raging blood with the foam of the sea! for thou deemest thyself to have possessed the almighty Word, and these ten thousand years thou art seeking him in vain."

Or Sylvia's cry over Jacques by his glacier in the Tyrol—

"When such a man as thou art is born into a world where he can do no true service, when, with the soul of an apostle and the courage of a martyr, he has simply to push his way among the heartless and aimless crowds which vegetate without living, the atmosphere suffocates him and he dies. Hated by sinners, the mock of fools, disliked by the envious, abandoned by the weak, what can he do but return to God, weary with having labored in vain, in sorrow at having accomplished nothing? The world remains in all its vileness and in all its hatefulness; this is what men call, 'the triumph of good sense over enthusiasm.'"

Or Jacques himself, and his doctrine—

"Life is arid and terrible, repose is a dream, prudence is useless; mere reason alone serves simply to dry up the heart; there is but one virtue, the eternal sacrifice of one's self."

Or George Sand speaking in her own person in the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*—

"Ah no, I was not born to be a poet, I was born to love. It is the misfortune of my destiny, it is the enmity of others, which have made me a wanderer and an artist. What I wanted was to live a human life; I had a heart, it has been torn violently from my breast. All that has been left me is a head, a head full of noise and pain, of horrible memories, of images of woe, of scenes of outrage. And because in writing stories to earn my bread I could not help remembering my sorrows, because I had the audacity to say that in married life there were to be found miserable beings, by reason of the weakness which is enjoined upon the woman, by reason of the brutality which is permitted to the man, by reason of the turpitudes which society covers and protects with a veil, I am pronounced immoral, I am treated as if I were the enemy of the human race."

And if only, alas, together with her honesty and her courage, she could feel that she had also light and hope and power; that she was able to lead those whom she loved and who looked to her for guidance! But no; her own very children, witnesses of her suffering, her un-

certainly, her struggles, her evil report, may come to doubt her:—

“My poor children, my own flesh and blood, will perhaps turn upon me and say: ‘You are leading us wrong, you mean to ruin us as well as yourself. Are you not unhappy, reprobated, evil spoken of? What have you gained by these unequal struggles, by these much trumpeted duels of yours with Custom and Belief? Let us do as others do; let us get what is to be got from this easy and tolerant world.’

“This is what they will say to me. Or at best, if, out of tenderness for me, or from their own natural disposition, they give ear to my words and believe me, whither shall I guide them? Into what abysses shall we go and plunge ourselves, we three?—for we shall be our own three upon earth, and not one soul with us. What shall I reply to them if they come and say to me, ‘Yes, life is unbearable in a world like this. Let us die together. Show us the path of Bernica, or the Lake of Sténio, or the glaciers of Jacques.’”

But the failure of the impassioned seekers of a new and better world proves nothing for the world as it is. Ineffectual they may be, but the world is still more ineffectual, and it is the world’s course which is doomed to ruin, not theirs. “What has it done,” exclaims George Sand in her preface to Guérin’s *Centaure*, “what has it done for our moral education, and what is it doing for our children, this society shielded with such care?” Nothing. Those whom it calls vain complainers and rebels and madmen, may reply:—

“Suffer us to bewail our martyrs, poets without a country that we are, forlorn singers, well versed in the causes of their misery and of our own. You do not comprehend the malady which killed them; they themselves did not comprehend it. If one or two of us at the present day open our eyes to a new light, is it not by a strange and unaccountable good providence, and have we not to seek our grain of faith in storm and darkness, combated by doubt, irony, the absence of all sympathy, all example, all brotherly aid, all protection and countenance in high places? Try yourselves to speak to your brethren heart to heart, conscience to conscience! Try it!—but you cannot, busied as you are with watching and patching up in all directions your dykes which the flood is invading; the material existence of this society of yours absorbs all your care and requires more than all your efforts. Meanwhile the powers of human thought are growing into strength and rise on all sides around you. Amongst these threatening apparitions, there are some which fade away and re-enter the darkness, because the hour of life has not yet struck, and the fiery spirit which quickened them could strive no longer with the horrors of this present chaos;

but there are others that can wait, and you will find them confronting you, up and alive, to say, ‘You have allowed the death of our brethren, and we, we do not mean to die.’”

She did not, indeed. How should she faint and fail before her time because of a world out of joint, because of the reign of stupidity, because of the passions of youth, because of the difficulties and disgusts of married life in the native seats of the *homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man, she who could feel so well the power of those eternal consolers, Nature and Beauty? From the very first they introduce a note of suavity in her strain of grief and passion. Who can forget the lanes and meadows of *Valentine*? George Sand is one of the few French writers who keep us closely, truly, intimate with rural nature. She gives us the wild-flowers by their actual names — snow-drop, primrose, columbine, iris, scabious. Nowhere has she touched her native Berry and its little-known landscape, its *campagnes ignorées*, with a lovelier charm than in *Valentine*. The winding and deep lanes running out of the high road on either side, the fresh and calm spots they take us to, “meadows of a tender green, plaintive brooks, clumps of alder and mountain ash, a whole world of suave and pastoral nature,”—how delicious it all is! The grave and silent peasant whose very dog will hardly deign to bark at you, the great white ox, “the inevitable dean of these pastures,” staring solemnly at you from the thicket; the farmhouse “with its avenue of maples, and the Indre, here hardly more than a bright rivulet, stealing along through rushes and yellow iris in the field below”—who, I say, can forget them? And that one lane in especial, the lane where Athénaïs puts her arm out of the side window of the rustic carriage and gathers May from the over-arching hedge—that lane with its startled blackbirds, and humming insects, and limpid water, and swaying water-plants, and shelving gravel, and yellow wagtails hopping half-pert, half-frightened, on the sand—that lane with rushes, cresses, and mint below, honey-suckle and traveller’s-joy above—how gladly might one give all that strangely English picture in English, if the charm of Madame Sand’s language did not here defy translation! Let us try something.

less difficult, and yet something where we may still have her in this her beloved world of "simplicity, and sky, and fields and trees, and peasant life, peasant life looked at, by preference, on its good and sound side." *Voyez donc la simplicité, vous autres, voyez le ciel et les champs, et les arbres, et les paysans, surtout dans ce qu'ils ont de bon et de vrai.*

The introduction to *La Mare au Diable* will give us what we want. George Sand has been looking at an engraving of Holbein's *Laborer*. An old thick-set peasant, in rags, is driving his plough in the midst of a field. All around spreads a wild landscape, dotted with a few poor huts. The sun is setting behind a hill; the day of toil is nearly over. It has been hard; the ground is rugged and stony, the laborer's horses are but skin and bone, weak and exhausted. There is but one alert figure, the skeleton Death, who with a whip skips nimbly along at the horses' side and urges the team. Under the picture is a quotation in old French, to the effect that after the laborer's life of travail and service, in which he has to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow, here comes Death to fetch him away. And from so rude a life does Death take him, says George Sand, that Death is hardly unwelcome; and in another composition by Holbein, where men of almost every condition—popes, sovereigns, lovers, gamblers, monks, soldiers—are taunted with their fear of Death and do indeed see his approach with terror, Lazarus alone is easy and composed, and sitting on his dung-hill at the rich man's door, tells Death that he does not mind him.

With her thoughts full of Holbein's mournful picture, George Sand goes out into the fields of her own Berry.

"My walk was by the border of a field which some peasants were getting ready for being sown presently. The space to be ploughed was wide, as in Holbein's picture. The landscape was vast also; the great lines of green which it contained were just touched with russet by the approach of autumn; on the rich brown soil recent rain had left, in a good many furrows, lines of water, which shone in the sun like silver threads. The day was clear and soft, and the earth gave out a light smoke where it had been freshly laid open by the plough-share. At the top of the field an old man, whose broad back and severe face were like those of the old peasant of Holbein, but whose clothes told no tale of

poverty, was gravely driving his plough of an antique shape, drawn by two tranquil oxen, with coats of a pale buff, real patriarchs of the allow, tall of make, somewhat thin, with long and blunt horns, the kind of old workmen who by long habit have got to be *brothers* to one another, as in our country-side they are called, and who, if one loses the other, refuse to work with a new comrade, and fret themselves to death. People unacquainted with the country will not believe in this affection of the ox for his yoke-fellow. They should come and see one of the poor beasts in a corner of his stable, thin, wasted, lashing with his restless tail his lean flanks, sniffing with uneasiness and disdain at the provender offered to him, his eyes for ever turned towards the stable door, scratching with his foot the empty place left at his side, smelling the yokes and bands which his companion has worn, and incessantly calling for him with piteous lowings. The ox-herd will tell you: There is a pair of oxen gone! his *brother* is dead, and this one will work no more. He ought to be fattened for killing; but one cannot get him to eat, and in a short time he will have starved himself to death."

How faithful and close it is, this contact of George Sand with country things, with the life of nature in its vast plenitude and pathos! And always in the end the human interest, as is right, emerges and predominates. What is the central figure in the fresh and calm rural world of George Sand? It is the peasant. And what is the peasant? He is France, life, the future. And this is the strength of George Sand, and of her second movement, after the first movement of energy and revolt was over, towards nature and beauty, towards the country, primitive life, the peasant. She regarded not with the selfish and solitary joy of the artist who but seeks to appropriate them for his own purposes, she regarded them as a treasure of immense and hitherto unknown application, as a vast power of healing and delight for all, and for the peasant first and foremost. Yes, she cries, the simple life is the true one! but the peasant, the great organ of that life, "the minister in that vast temple which only the sky is vast enough to embrace," the peasant is not doomed to toil and moil in it for ever, overdone and unawakened, like Holbein's laborer, and to have for his best comfort the thought that death will set him free. *Non, nous n'avons plus affaire à la mort, mais à la vie.* "Our business henceforth is not with death but with life." And joy is the great lifter

of men, the great unfolders. *Il faut que la vie soit bonne afin qu'elle soit féconde.* "For life to be fruitful, life must be felt as a blessing."

"Nature is eternally young, beautiful, bountiful. She pours out beauty and poetry for all that live, she pours it out on all plants, and the plants are permitted to expand in it freely. She possesses the secret of happiness, and no man has been able to take it away from her. The happiest of men would be he, who, possessing the science of his labor and working with his hands, earning his comfort and his freedom by the exercise of his intelligent force, found time to live by the heart and by the brain, to understand his own work and to love the work of God. The artist has satisfactions of this kind in the contemplation and reproduction of nature's beauty; but when he sees the affliction of those who people this paradise of earth, the upright and human-hearted artist feels a trouble in the midst of his enjoyment. The happy day will be when mind, heart, and hands shall be alive together, shall work in concert; when there shall be a harmony between God's munificence and man's delight in it. Then, instead of the piteous and frightful figure of Death, skipping whip in hand by the peasant's side in the field, the allegorical painter will place there a radiant angel, sowing with full hands the blessed grain in the smoking furrow.

"And the dream of a kindly, free, poetic, laborious, simple existence for the tiller of the field is not so hard to realise that it must be sent away into the world of chimæras. Virgil's sweet and sad cry: 'O happy peasants, if they but knew their own blessings!' is a regret; but like all regrets, it is at the same time a prediction. The day will come when the laborer may be also an artist—not in the sense of rendering nature's beauty, a matter which will be then of much less importance, but in the sense of feeling it. Does not this mysterious intuition of poetic beauty exist in him already in the form of instinct and of vague reverie?"

It exists in him, too, adds Madame Sand, in the form of that *nostalgia*, that home-sickness, which for ever pursues the genuine French peasant if you transplant him. The peasant has, then, the elements of the poetic sense and of its high and pure satisfactions.

"But one part of the enjoyment which we possess is wanting to him, a pure and lofty pleasure which is surely his due, minister that he is in that vast temple which only the sky is vast enough to embrace. He has not the conscious knowledge of his sentiment. Those who have sentenced him to servitude from his mother's womb, not being able to debar him from reverie, have debarred him from reflexion.

"Well, for all that, taking the peasant as he is, incomplete and seemingly condemned to an eternal childhood, I yet find him a more

beautiful object than the man in whom his acquisition of knowledge has stifled sentiment. Do not rate yourselves so high above him, many of you who imagine that you have an imprescriptible right to his obedience, for you yourselves are the most incomplete and the least seeing of men. That simplicity of his soul is more to be loved than the false lights of yours."

In all this we are passing from the second element in George Sand to the third—her aspiration for a social new-birth, a *renaissance sociale*. It is eminently the ideal of France; it was hers. Her religion connected itself with this ideal. In the convent where she was brought up she had in youth had an awakening of fervent mystical piety in the Catholic form. That form she could not keep. Popular religion of all kinds, with its deep internal impossibilities, its "heaven and hell serving to cover the illogical manifestations of the Divinity's apparent designs respecting us," its "God made in our image, silly and malicious, vain and puerile, irritable or tender, after our fashion," lost all sort of hold upon her.

"Communion with such a God is impossible to me, I confess it. He is wiped out from my memory; there is no corner where I can find him any more. Nor do I find him out of doors either; he is not in the fields and waters, he is not in the starry sky. No, nor yet in the churches where men bow themselves; it is an extinct message, a dead letter, a thought that has done its day. Nothing of this belief, nothing of this God, subsists in me any longer."

She refused to lament over the loss, to esteem it other than a benefit:—

"It is an addition to our stock of light, this detachment from the idolatrous conception of religion. It is no loss of the religious sense, as the persists in idolatry maintain. It is quite the contrary, it is a restitution of allegiance to the true Divinity. It is a step made in the direction of this Divinity, it is an abjuration of the dogmas which did him dishonor."

She does not attempt to give of this Divinity an account much more precise than that which we have in Wordsworth—"a presence that disturbs me with the joy of animating thoughts."

"Everything is divine," she says, "even matter; everything is superhuman, even man. God is everywhere; he is in me in a measure proportioned to the little that I am. My present life separates me from him just in the degree determined by the actual state of childhood of our race. Let me content myself, in

all my seeking to feel after him and to possess of him as much as this imperfect soul can take in, with the intellectual sense I have."

And she concludes—

"The day will come when we shall no more talk about God idly, nay, when we shall talk about him as little as possible. We shall cease to set him forth dogmatically, to dispute about his nature. We shall put compulsion on no one to pray to him, we shall leave the whole business of worship within the sanctuary of each man's conscience. And this will happen when we are really religious."

Meanwhile the sense of this spirit or presence which animates us, the sense of the divine, is our stronghold and our consolation. A man may say of it, 'It comes not by my desert, but the atom of divine sense given to me nothing can rob me of.' *Divine sense*—the phrase is a vague one; but it stands to Madame Sand for that to which are to be referred "all the best thoughts and the best actions of life, suffering endured, duty achieved, whatever purifies our existence, whatever vivifies our love."

Madame Sand is a Frenchwoman, and her religion is therefore, as I have said, with peculiar fervency social. Always she has before her mind "the natural law which *will have it* (the italics are her own) that the species *man* cannot subsist and prosper but by *association*." Whatever else we may be in creation, we are, first and foremost, "at the head of the species which are called by instinct and led by necessity to the life of *association*." The word *love*, the great word, as she justly says, of the New Testament, acquires from her social enthusiasm a peculiar significance to her:—

"The word is a great one, because it involves infinite consequences. To love means to help one another, to have joint aspirations, to act in concert, to labor for the same end, to develope to its ideal consummation the fraternal instinct, thanks to which mankind have brought the earth under their dominion. Every time that he has been false to this instinct which is his law of life, his natural destiny, man has seen his temples crumble, his societies dissolve, his intellectual sense go wrong, his moral sense die out. The future is founded on love."

So long as love is thus spoken of in the general, the ordinary serious Englishman will have no difficulty in inclining himself with respect at what Madame Sand says of it. But when he finds that love implies, with her, social equality, he will begin to be staggered. And in truth

for almost every Englishman Madame Sand's strong language about equality, and about France as the chosen vessel for exhibiting it, will sound exaggerated. "The human ideal," she says, "as well as the social ideal, is to achieve equality." France, which has made equality its rallying cry, is therefore "the nation which loves and is loved," *la nation qui aime et qu'on aime*. The republic of equality is in her eyes "an ideal, a philosophy, a religion." She invokes the "holy doctrine of social liberty and fraternal equality, ever reappearing as a ray of love and truth amidst the storm." She calls it "the goal of man and the law of the future." She thinks it the secret of the civilisation of France, the most civilised of nations. Amid the disasters of the late war she cannot forbear a cry of astonishment at the neutral nations, *insensibles à l'égorge-ment d'une civilisation comme la nôtre*, "looking on with insensibility while a civilisation such as ours has its throat cut." Germany, with its stupid ideal of corporatism and *Kruppism*, is contrasted with France, full of social dreams, too civilised for war, incapable of planning and preparing war for twenty years, she is so incapable of hatred—*nous sommes si incapables de haïr*. We seem to be listening, not to George Sand, but to M. Victor Hugo, half genius, half charlatan; to M. Victor Hugo, or even to one of those French declaimers in whom we come down to no genius and all charlatan.

The forms of such outbursts as we have quoted will always be distasteful to an Englishman. It is to be remembered that they came from Madame Sand under the pressure and anguish of the terrible calamities of 1870. But what we are most concerned with, and what Englishmen in general regard too little, is the degree of truth contained in these allegations that France is the most civilised of nations, and that she is so, above all, by her "holy doctrine of equality." How comes the idea to be so current, and to be passionately believed in, as we have seen, by such a woman as George Sand? It was so passionately believed in by her, that when one seeks, as I am now seeking, to recall her image, the image is incomplete if the passionate belief is kept hidden.

I will not, with my scanty space, now discuss the belief, but I will seek to indicate how it must have commended itself, I think, to George Sand. I have somewhere called France "the country of Europe where *the people* is most alive." *The people* is what interested George Sand. And in France *the people* is, above all, the peasant. The workman in Paris or in other great towns of France may afford material for such pictures as those which M. Zola has lately given us in *L'Assommoir*, pictures of a kind long ago labelled by Madame Sand as "the *literature of mysteries of iniquity*, which men of talent and imagination try to bring into fashion." But the real people in France, the foundation of things there, both in George Sand's eyes and in reality, is the peasant. The peasant was the object of Madame Sand's fondest predilections in the present, and happiest hopes in the future. The Revolution and its doctrine of equality had made the French peasant. What wonder, then, if she saluted the doctrine as a holy and paramount one?

And the French peasant is really, so far as I can see, the largest and strongest element of soundness which the body social of any European nation possesses. To him is due that astonishing recovery which France has made since her defeat, and which George Sand predicted in the very hour of ruin. Yes, in 1870 she predicted *ce réveil général qui va suivre, à la grande surprise des autres nations, l'espèce d'agonie où elles nous voient tombés*, "the general arising which, to the astonishment of the other nations, is about to follow the sort of agony in which they now see us lying." To the condition, character, and qualities of the French peasant this recovery is in the main due. His material well-being is generally known. M. de Laveleye, the well-known economist, a Belgian and a Protestant, says that France, being the country of Europe where the soil is more divided than anywhere except in Switzerland and Norway, is at the same time the country where well-being is most widely spread, where wealth has of late years increased most, and where population is least out-running the limits which, for the comfort and progress of the working classes themselves, seem necessary. George Sand could see, of course, the well-being

of the French peasant, for we can all see it.

But there is more. George Sand was a woman, with a woman's ideal of gentleness, of "the charm of good manners," as essential to civilisation. She has somewhere spoken admirably of the variety and balance of forces which go to make up true civilisation; "certain forces of weakness, docility, attractiveness, suavity, are here just as real forces as forces of vigor, encroachment, violence, or brutality." Yes, as real *forces*; because human nature requires them, and, often as they may be baffled, and slow as may be the process of their asserting themselves, mankind is not satisfied with its own civilisation, and keeps fidgeting at it and altering it again and again, until room is made for them. George Sand thought the French people—meaning principally, again, by the French people the *people* properly so called, the peasant—she thought it "the most kindly, the most amiable, of all peoples." Nothing is more touching than to read in her *Journal*, written in 1870, while she was witnessing what seemed to be "the agony of the Latin races," and undergoing what seemed to be the process of "dying in a general death of one's family, one's country, and one's nation," how constant is her defence of the people, the peasant, against her Republican friends. Her Republican friends were furious with the peasant; accused him of stolidity, cowardice, want of patriotism; accused him of having given them the Empire, with all its vileness; wanted to take away from him the suffrage. Again and again does George Sand take up his defence, and warn her friends of the folly and danger of their false estimate of him. "The contempt of the masses, there," she cries, "is the misfortune and crime of the present moment!"

"To execrate the people," she exclaims again, "is real blasphemy; the people is worth more than we are." If the peasant gave us the Empire, says Madame Sand, it was because he saw the parties of liberals disputing, gesticulating, and threatening to tear one another asunder and France too; he was told *The Empire is peace*, and he accepted the Empire. The peasant was deceived, he is uninstructed, he moves slowly; but

he moves, he has admirable virtues, and in him is our life.

"Poor Jacques Bonhomme! accuse thee and despise thee who will; for my part I pity thee, and in spite of thy faults I shall always love thee. Never will I forget how, a child, I was carried asleep on thy shoulders, how I was given over to thy care and followed thee everywhere, to the field, the stall, the cottage. They are all dead, those good old people who have borne me in their arms, but I remember them well, and I appreciate at this hour, to the minutest detail, the pureness, the kindness, the patience, the good humor, the poetry, which presided over that rustic education amidst disasters of like kind with those which we are undergoing now. Why should I quarrel with the peasant because on certain points he feels and thinks differently from what I do? There are other essential points on which we may feel eternally at one with him—probity and charity."

Another generation of peasants had grown up since that first revolutionary generation of her youth, and equality, as its reign proceeded, had not deteriorated but improved them:—

"They have advanced greatly in self-respect and well-being, these peasants from twenty years old to forty; they never ask for anything. When one meets them they no longer take off their hat. If they know you they come up to you and hold out their hand. All foreigners who stay with us are struck with their good bearing, with their amenity, and the simple, friendly, and polite ease of their behavior. In presence of people whom they esteem they are, like their fathers, models of fact; but they have more than that mere sentiment of equality which was all that their fathers had—they have the *idea* of equality, and the determination to maintain it. This step upwards they owe to their having the suffrage. Those who would fain treat them as creatures of a lower order dare not now show this disposition to their face; it would not be pleasant."

Mr. Hamerton's interesting book about French life has much, I think, to confirm this account of the French peasant. What I have seen of France myself (and I have seen something) is fully in agreement with it. Of a civilisation and an equality which make the peasant thus *human*, gives to the bulk of the people well-being, probity, charity, self-respect, tact, and good manners, let us pardon Madame Sand if she feels and speaks enthusiastically. Some little variation on our own eternal trio of Barbarians, Philistines, Populace, or on the eternal solo of Philistinism among our brethren

of the United States and the Colonies, is surely permissible.

Where one is more inclined to differ from Madame Sand is in her estimate of her Republican friends of the educated classes. They may stand, she says, for the genius and the soul of France, they represent its "exalted imagination and profound sensibility," while the peasant represents its humble, sound, indispensable body. Her *protégé*, the peasant, is much ruder with those eloquent gentlemen, and has his own name for one and all of them, *l'avocat*, by which he means to convey his belief that words are more to be looked for from that quarter than seriousness and profit. It seems to me by no means certain but that the peasant is in the right. George Sand herself has said admirable things of these friends of hers; of their want of patience, temper, wisdom; of their "vague and violent way of talking;" of their interminable flow of "stimulating phrases, cold as death." If the educated and speaking classes in France were as sound in their way as the peasant is in his, France would present a different spectacle. Not "imagination and sensibility" are so much required from the educated classes of France, as simpler, more serious views of life; a knowledge how great a part conduct (if M. Challemel-Lacour will allow me to say so) fills in it; a better example. The few who see this, such as Madame Sand among the dead, and M. Renan among the living, perhaps awaken on that account, amongst quiet observers at a distance, all the more sympathy; but in France they are isolated. All the later work of George Sand, however, all her hope of genuine social renovation, take the simple and serious ground so necessary. "The cure for us is far more simple than we will believe. All the better natures amongst us see it and feel it. It is a good direction given by ourselves to our hearts and consciences"—*une bonne direction donnée par nous-mêmes à nos cœurs et à nos consciences*. These are among the last words of her *Journal* of 1870.

Whether or not the number of George Sand's works—always fresh, always attractive, but poured out too lavishly and rapidly—is likely to prove a hindrance to her fame, I do not care to consider. Posterity, alarmed at the way in which

its literary baggage grows upon it, always seeks to leave behind it as much as it can, as much as it dares—everything but masterpieces. But the immense vibration of George Sand's voice upon the ear of Europe will 'not soon die away. Her passions and her errors have been abundantly talked of. She left them behind her, and men's memory of her will leave them behind also. There will remain of her the sense of benefit and stimulus from the passage upon earth of that large and frank nature, that large and pure utterance—the *large utterance of the early gods*. There will remain an admiring and ever widening report of that great soul, simple, affectionate, without vanity, without pedantry, human, equitable, patient, kind. She believed herself, she said, "to be in sympathy, across time and space, with a multitude of honest wills which interrogate their conscience and try to put themselves in

accord with it." This chain of sympathy will extend more and more.

It is silent, that eloquent voice; it is sunk, that noble, that speaking head; we sum up, as we best can, what she said to us, and we bid her adieu. From many hearts in many lands a troop of tender and grateful regrets converge towards her humble churchyard in Berry. Let them be joined by these words of sad homage from one of a nation which she esteemed, and which knew her very little and very ill. Her guiding thought, the guiding thought which she did her best to make ours too, "the sentiment of the ideal life, which is none other than man's normal life as we shall one day know it," is in harmony with words and promises familiar to that sacred place where she lies. *Exspectat resurrectionem mortuorum, et vitam venturi sæculi.*—*Fortnightly Review*.

AVE MARIA.

(A BRETON LEGEND.)

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

I.

IN the ages of Faith, before the day
When men were too proud to weep or pray,
There stood in a red-roofed Breton town
Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,
A chapel for simple souls to meet,
Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,

Ave Maria!

II.

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,
With unkempt locks and a matted beard,
Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,
And whose head kept rolling from side to side
Yet who, when the sunset-glow grew dim,
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,

Ave Maria!

III.

But when they up-got and wended home,
Those up the hillside, these to the foam,
He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,
Like a thing that is only hull and husk;
On as he hobbled, chanting still,
Now to himself, now loud and shrill,

Ave Maria

IV.

When morning smiled on the smiling deep,
 And the fisherman woke from dreamless sleep,
 And ran up his sail, and trimmed his craft,
 While his little ones leaped on the sand and laughed,
 The senseless cripple would stand and stare,
 Then suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,
Ave Maria!

V.

Others might plough, and reap, and sow,
 Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,
 Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,
 Or trundle their dead in a winding-sheet;
 But he, through rapture, and pain, and wrong,
 Kept singing his one monotonous song,
Ave Maria!

VI.

When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack,
 And ocean to welkin bellowed back,
 And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath,
 And tore through the forest with jagged teeth,
 Then leaped and laughed o'er the havoc wreaked,
 The idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,
Ave Maria!

VII.

Children mocked, and mimicked his feet,
 As he slouched or sidled along the street;
 Maidens shrank as he passed them by,
 And mothers with child eschewed his eye;
 And half in pity, half scorn, the folk
 Christened him, from the words he spoke,
Ave Maria.

VIII.

One year when the harvest feasts were done,
 And the mending of tattered nets begun,
 And the kittiwake's scream took a weirder key
 From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,
 He was found, at morn, on the fresh-strewn snow
 Frozen, and faint, and crooning low,
Ave Maria!

IX.

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,
 And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,
 Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,
 And strove to quiet his chattering chin;
 But, ebbing with unreturning tide,
 He kept on murmuring till he died,
Ave Maria!

X.

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,
 He could not be buried in sacred earth;
 So they laid him afar, apart, alone,
 Without or a cross, or turf, or stone,
 Senseless clay unto senseless clay,
 To which none ever came nigh to say,
Ave Maria!

XI.

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorns white,
 And the lark bore his music out of sight,
 And the swallow outraced the racing wave,
 Up from the lonely, outcast grave
 Sprouted a lily, straight and high,
 Such as She bears to whom men cry,
Ave Maria!

XII.

None had planted it, no one knew
 How it had come there, why it grew;
 Grew up strong, till its stately stem
 Was crowned with a snow-white diadem,—
 One pure lily, round which, behold!
 Was written by God in veins of gold,
“Ave Maria!”

XIII.

Over the lily they built a shrine,
 Where are mingled the mystic bread and wine;
 Shrine you may see in the little town
 That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and down.
 Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,
 And it bears the unshriven idiot's name,
Ave Maria.

XIV.

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,
 From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
 Crazy, contorted, mindless-born,
 The gentle's pity, the cruel's scorn,
 Who shall bar you the gates of Day,
 So you have simple faith to say,
Ave Maria?

Cornhill Magazine.

AMONGST THE COSSACKS OF THE DON.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

To an English eye there is little beauty and verse. The Steppes of “Little Russia,” though their wild charm has been celebrated both in prose south-west and centre of Russia, in the

region of black earth, which region, for the richness and plenty of its produce, is justly termed the garden of Russia. Involuntarily a feeling of depression crept over me as we traversed those wide plains of waving corn or flowery grass, stretching as far as the eye could reach, without a tree or shrub or hillock to break the monotonous level. The few deserted villages we passed through scarcely broke the monotony, for we were in the noon-day of a Russian spring; men, women, and children were at work in the fields. In the far distance our destination, the village of Valievka, appeared like a speck on the unbroken line of the horizon. Gradually the speck assumed a more distinct form. The manor house stood cool and sheltered in the midst of thickly wooded grounds. It was a long uniform building, with green roof and verandahs bearing a family likeness to others of the same class—originality is certainly not a Russian characteristic—the numerous sheds, stables, sheep-folds surrounding it reminded one of a squatter's settlement. At the gates was the village itself, solely inhabited by the former serfs of General K. At the end of the two straight rows of white thatched huts stood the church with its green cupolas and dome.

At the sound of the ringing horse-bells, as we drove through the village, all the peasants who were working in the fields thronged to the manor gates to welcome their "Gospoda's" return—all in gay and picturesque costume. Several of the young girls stepped forward to kiss the hand of the "noble lady." There was nothing servile or cringing in their demeanor as they did this; it was gracefully caressing and respectful. Men and women alike were tall and well-formed; they had the quiet dignified bearing natural to the "Little Russian peasants;" only a touch of the old Cossack spirit and fire could be seen in the flash of their dark eyes. The dress of the women consisted of a loose white boddice, which was embroidered with red. By way of petticoat they had two squares of some coarse, but gorgeous colored material, which hanging loose before and behind, were secured round the waist by a crimson scarf; upon their bare necks lay many rows of variously-colored beads, whilst a bright handkerchief twisted round

the head, gave an oriental touch to their whole appearance.

"We are pleased you are amongst us," said one. "God be with you," said another. "And may He keep you from the evil eye," said a third.

Madame K. exchanged greetings with all, and listened with attention to their news. Serfdom had ceased for some years; but the General and Madame K. still exercised a patriarchal sway over their former slaves. In all cases of sickness or trouble it was always to the Gospoda that the peasants came for advice and relief. During the few months that I was an inmate of the Manor House, many and many were the stories of sorrow, and wrong, and suffering, which were brought to the Gospoda for comfort or redress, and never in vain.

The day after our arrival the priests and deacons came, bearing in their hands the traditional bread and salt—which they offered to the General as he met them on the threshold, saying, according to the usual formula, "Welcome amongst us; and may you never lack either bread or salt; for they are the stay and the sustenance of life." After this we all repaired to the hall to join in a *Te Deum* for our safe arrival. It was rather a long service, and the priests wore their full robes. After the conclusion of the Gospel for the day, the officiating priest held forth a crucifix, containing a morsel of the true cross; each person present advanced and kissed it before leaving the hall.

In the evening, after our *Te Deum* ceremony, I walked out into the village to look about me. The sun was sinking like a ball of fire beneath the level line of the distant horizon; the church, with its green cupolas and white minarets, were all bathed in a flood of golden light. As the twilight deepened, the tall, silvery birch trees glimmered white and ghost-like through the transparent gloom, whilst the lines of low thatched cottages stood out in dark shadow against the strip of green and purple light which still lingered in the sky beyond. The evening breeze, laden with the sweet scents of spring, rustled through the quivering aspens, bearing to my ears from time to time snatches of the wild plaintive songs of the laborers who were returning from the forest laden with the green branches they had been cutting to decorate their

houses for the next day, which was Whitsunday.

Whitsuntide, or as they in their more poetical language term it "Greentide," is one of the great holidays of the Russian peasantry, and their last before the commencement of the summer labors.

Presently the bells from the church burst forth in a joyous peal. The returning peasants reverently crossed themselves and hastened their steps homeward to decorate their cottages with the green boughs, and to gather flowers to strew upon their thresholds, to be all in readiness for the dawn of Whitsunday.

At Easter the "advent of spring" is welcomed with songs and dances, and great rejoicings; but it is also especially marked in the domestic calendar of the peasantry as the chief season for betrothing their respective sons and daughters, whilst Whitsunday is the great day for celebrating the marriage ceremonies. The weeks that intervene between these two festivals are the most important epoch in the year to the peasant women. Little work is done; housewives set aside their hand-looms and spinning-wheels, and devote themselves to settling the marriages of such girls as have arrived at the age of sixteen. The girls destined to be married assemble each evening in groups and sing in chorus their farewell to girlhood. At first the airs are gay and rattling, sounding in all directions as they march round the village; but as the twilight deepens [their tones become more melancholy and slow, as though in foreboding of the hardships and labor of the married lot which lies before them. I was up early the next morning; a picturesque and animated scene had already begun. Troops of peasants had arrived from many miles round, some on foot, some in *telegas* (country carts), drawn by two and sometimes by three horses in gay harness and bells. Every one carried flowers in abundance: the men had their caps decorated with leaves; the women all wore garlands of flowers. Later in the day these garlands are destined to be flung into the river, the owners watching them anxiously, for the superstition is that if a garland sinks speedily, the wearer of it will not outlive the year;—but this is anticipating the order of things.

When I reached the village the joy-

ous hubbub was at its height. The neighing of the horses in their gay red trappings mingled with the shoutings, greetings, and laughter of the throng, whilst the different wedding groups formed themselves in procession. At the entrance of the church, however, a solemn calm and silence fell upon all; slowly and reverently the men entered in single file, taking the lead; each one crossing himself devoutly. The women followed, in equal silence and reverence, and took their appointed place.

The service for Whitsunday over, and the sanctuary doors closed, the business of the day began. The couples to be married advanced, the brides were closely veiled, and each bridegroom offered the end of a white linen scarf thrown over his arm to his betrothed; by this he led her to a small reading-desk in the centre of the church, before which the priest stood and intoned the prayers. Then each couple exchange rings, declare that they have been baptized, that they are not both plighted to any other; then gilded crowns were placed on the heads of brides and bridegrooms, after which they embraced, and then marched several times slowly round the church. The ceremony concluded by a few words of admonition from the priest; afterwards, the brides and their female companions returned quietly to the village, the bride and bridegroom separating at the church-door. The merry-making does not take place until the bride enters her husband's house as a wife, which event does not necessarily follow the church ceremony, but is often postponed to an indefinite period. The entrance of the bride into her husband's house is looked upon by the "Little Russian peasant" as the real marriage, and is attended with rites and observances which have come down from times lost in the dim twilight of "long ago."

The day before the event is always a Saturday, and on that day a bright-colored shawl or dress is sent by the bridegroom to his bride. The young girl, attired in her best, and her hair decked with flowers, goes from house to house through her village, accompanied by her young companions, inviting all to her wedding in the words, "My father, my mother, and I also, ask you to come and join in our joy."

After saying this, she bows profoundly to the heads of the family, and goes her way. Whilst she is thus engaged, the married women assemble in the houses of the bride and bridegroom's parents, and, with singing and laughter, they make a large bridal loaf, ornamented with the figures of birds, made of the dough of the loaf. After the loaf is baked, it is adorned with red ribbons, and wrapped in a fine white linen cloth, and placed on the top of a pile of black loaves in the centre of the table, just beneath the sacred images. By its side are two bottles filled with red wine, tied together by ribbons of the same color; instead of corks the necks of the bottles are filled by bunches of flowers, red berries, and ears of corn. Two plates and two wooden spoons are tied together also by red ribbons and put on the table beside the bottles.

The bridegroom spends the Saturday evening at the house of his betrothed, amid much gaiety, but neither the bridal loaf nor the bottle of wine are touched. On the next day (Sunday) all attend church. Then they all separate till the evening, when the bridegroom goes to fetch his bride home. The bridegroom is attended by his youngest female relative, who follows him closely, carrying a large nosegay tied to a stick. Before he leaves his house he kneels to his mother for her blessing, and then, accompanied by his groomsmen, he mounts a cart drawn by gaily-decked horses. When they are on the point of starting, his mother, disguised in a large sheep-skin, and a hat, in which she is supposed to represent a bear, walks three times round the cart, throwing to her son money, nuts, and oats.

When the bridegroom and his party arrive at the bride's house, she is not there. She is gone, they are told, to the house of a friend. They go in search of her, but she escapes and goes home by a circuitous way. On approaching her own home she sees her kinsfolk, seated upon stools at the threshold, awaiting her return. She bows herself to the ground three times before them. They rise up to give her their blessing, giving her a loaf, saying, "We give you prosperity and happiness." A shawl is then thrown over her head to conceal her face, and she is placed at the table to

await her husband, who, on his arrival, sits down by the side of his bride. A woman who is respected by both the families takes the stick to which the nosegay is attached, and raises it aloft, making various figures and signs above the heads of the bride and bridegroom. After this the bride uncovers her head, and a handkerchief is held up by the four corners before the face of husband and wife, the father of the bride passes a glass filled with money behind the handkerchief, which is taken by the bridegroom. Presents are distributed to the relations on both sides. Before supper commences, the bridal cake is carried to the threshold of the door by the head of the family, who, crossing himself, reverently turns to the assembly saying: "As this bread is blessed, so may his coming amongst us be thrice blessed; and like this same bread, which is clean and all-sustaining, may the young love we give him be pure and upright." The cake is then cut up and distributed to all present.

The newly-married couple have not, however, any right to sup with the guests. They are conducted to another room, where the parents once more bless them both. Whilst the sacred images are held over her head, the daughter kneels at their feet and says, "I thank you, my father and my mother, for the bread, salt, and care I have received at your hands," then rising, she departs along with her husband to her new home, where his parents meet her at the door with a black loaf, an emblem of welcome amongst the Russians.

The young couple are placed for a few moments at the head of the table under the household images, that being the most sacred place of honor amongst the peasantry. Afterwards they are led into an adjoining room, where the bride is unrobed and unveiled by the women who have negotiated the marriage, and then left alone with her bridegroom. Later on, the same women, attended by the groomsmen, return to the young wife, to attire her in the married woman's garb; they order her to sing a song. The friends and relatives who are waiting in the next room, not seeing her appear, begin to make a great uproar, singing in a loud voice, "Bring us our young wife! Let us gaze on her! Let us welcome

her, and let us sing to her." The groomsmen and the women within pretend to deceive them by disguising someone else, and presenting her to the company, but the relations drive her from the room, crying, "That is not she! No, no, that is not our young wife. Show us the real one—the young one—the beautiful one!" The tumult is somewhat appeased when at last the bride steps timidly across the threshold, and it is with demonstrations of satisfaction and delight that they greet her as they sing, "Yes, yes, it is she; it is really she. It is our young bride; the true one—the beautiful one! It is our young bride! Young wife, beautiful queen, thou art welcome to the home of thy husband!" then, drinking the contents of the two bottles to the health of the young couple, they all retire.

The next day the young men who were present at the wedding meet again at the bride's house, when she presents to each of them a towel and a bowl in

which to wash their hands. Her next duty is to bring water to her husband's house, so, taking her pails, she proceeds to the well; the youths follow her, and upset the pails as fast as she fills them, but the husband appearing, he buys his wife's freedom with a bottle of wine.

The rejoicings, dancing, and singing continue for the rest of the week. The maidens of the village have no share in the festivities, but the youths follow them everywhere; they visit from house to house, carrying a long stick with a red handkerchief flying at the end.

Fain would I linger with the Russian wife whilst the halo of her bridehood still lingers round her, and before she has discovered that it was another worker rather than a loving heart which was needed in her new home, and before life has taught her the hard lessons of endurance and toil which more or less ever attend the peasant's struggle for existence.—*Temple Bar*.

TEACHING TO READ.

BY JAMES SPEDDING.

THE late discussions at the London School Board on the best method of simplifying and shortening the process of teaching children to read, raised as they have been in the way of business by those who have the thing to do, can hardly fail to produce some good effect, unless the movers defeat their object by trying to do too much. If an attempt be made to introduce any change which would cause inconvenience, trouble, or offence to the multitudes who can read and write already, it will certainly fail. Old fashions go out and new come in—convenient or inconvenient as it may happen—but not upon the recommendation of royal commissions, or because they are likely to benefit another generation. In the mean time reading and writing are accomplishments too hardly acquired and too constantly in demand to be interfered with. All eyes, ears, fingers, and vocal organs would unite in indignant protest against any change of fashion which would make them less automatic, though it were but for a little while. To make the *Times* a little more difficult to read for a single day would

be to raise a storm which the *Times* itself would hardly survive. If, on the other hand, an attempt be made to teach reading too curiously,—to distinguish by letters all the minuter differences of speech, and require them to be learned,—the lesson will be too hard for the learner. He will have too many things to remember; he will learn it imperfectly; a habit of reading without regard to the rules will soon destroy the connection in his mind between the rule and the practice; and in a short time he will be in as bad a condition as he is now; when, however perfect he may be in his alphabet, he has still to learn the relation between the letters and the spoken word by a separate act of memory in each case,—each word being possibly, and not improbably, an exception to the rule which ought apparently to govern it.

Fortunately it is not necessary to encounter either of these difficulties; for it is certainly possible, by a simple change in the method of instruction, which nobody who can read already need trouble himself with,—which will task the learner's memory much less severely than the

present method,—and which anybody can easily try,—to teach children to read books printed in the ordinary way both faster and more pleasantly and more perfectly than they are now taught.

I assume, of course, that the object is not to make them either etymologists or mimics, but only to teach them to read and write modern English as it is now spoken and written by educated people. Now, though the sounds which good speakers actually utter in speaking are innumerable, the sounds which they *intend* to utter are limited in number and definite in form. They correspond to certain definable positions of the vocal organs of which the number (for English) is not more than forty-two.* That with an alphabet containing forty-two letters, each letter being understood to represent only one sound, and each sound to be represented by only one letter, the proper pronunciation of any English word may be indicated intelligibly and with sufficient accuracy for all the ordinary purposes of speech, has been amply proved by practical trial in the special work of which I speak, the teaching of children to read. Several such alphabets have been proposed; but the one which is readiest for English use, and has also been best tested by actual work, is Mr. A. J. Ellis's, in which, the

* Though there is much difference of opinion as to the form in which these sounds may be most conveniently represented, there is room for little or none as to the sounds themselves which the representation of good modern English speech requires to be known and discriminated. There are, indeed, some obscure, uncertain, and almost indescribable modifications of these sounds which *introduce themselves* unintentionally and unconsciously, and of which I shall say more presently. But any alphabet which contains a distinct symbol for each sound in the following list will be found capable of spelling any modern English word so as to show how it ought to be spoken—in the opinion, of course, of the speller.

1. The long vowels heard in the words *feel*, *fail*, *fah*, *fall*, *foal*, *fool*.

2. The short vowels heard in the words *knit*, *net*, *gnat*, *not*, *nut*, *foot*.

3. The diphthongs heard in the words *file*, *foil*, *foul*, *few*.

4. The sounds of *y* in *yea*, *w* in *way*, *wh* in *whay*, and *h* in *hay*; of the following consonants, as ordinarily pronounced, *p*, *b*, *t*, *d*, *ch*, *i*, *k*, *g* (hard as in *go*), *f*, *v*, *s*, *z*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *ng*; of the two sounds of *th* as in *thin* and as in *then*, of *sh* as in *rush* and as in *rouge*, and of *r* as in *car* and as in *ring*.

letters of the orthodox alphabet being used as far as possible for the same sounds which in the ordinary orthography they most frequently represent, anyone who can read will find himself at home almost immediately,—there being in fact more friends than strangers in the company. For him, to understand the notation and its rules thoroughly is the work of a few hours; and with a few days' reading he will find it as familiar as the one he has been used to. Any man who has made himself master of this alphabet is qualified to take a pupil, and if he wishes to teach a child to read, he has only to show him the letters, tell him the sound which belongs to each, explain to him how to make it, and remind him that whenever he sees that letter he is to make that sound, whenever he hears that sound he is to think of that letter.

So far all is as easy as A B C, and no easier. But when he has gone through the whole forty-two in this way, he will find himself in a very different condition from the boy we read of in *Pickwick*, who, having mastered the orthodox twenty-six, thought he had gone through a great deal to learn very little. He will find that he has learned a great deal; no less, in fact, than all he need know in order to read correctly any word of one syllable. Take what monosyllable you please. Put the right letters in the right order, and tell him to make the sounds one after another, quickly, without pausing between. He will at once pronounce the word; he will not be able to help it. Before he advances to polysyllables he must learn one thing more, for the mark of accent must be introduced. He must be told that whenever he sees that particular mark over a letter, he must pronounce that syllable more strongly than the others; and he will then be able to pronounce correctly any word which may be shown to him, if it is correctly printed or written in those characters.

All this, however, is only by way of preparation; for we do not propose to alter our alphabet or our orthography for him, and we must teach him to read our books. As soon, therefore, as he is perfect in the new (which I shall make bold to call the rational) alphabet—which, having no exceptions or irregularities to perplex his mind and burden

his memory, he will not find difficult—he must be confronted with the orthodox or irrational alphabet, which he will have to work with in his generation. Then it will be found that the judicious arrangement of Mr. Ellis's notation, which made the transition from the old style to the new so easy for his master, will for the like reason make the transition from the new to the old easy for him.

Take a list of words from any common spelling-book; opposite to each in another column place the same word spelt according to the rational system; tell him that the word which is *pronounced* as in the second column is to be *written* as in the first. He will find the two so much alike that, in spite of the differences, he will easily recognise them as the same. He will see, almost without the help of the key, what the spelling-book words are meant for, and will be able to *read* them almost at once. But then will come the really hard part of his task; for he must still learn to *spell* them as they are spelt in the book; and, having no principle to guide him, while such rules as he is troubled with are subject to so many exceptions that they give him no real help, he must do it by simple memory. He must endeavor to remember the letters which compose each word, and the order of them, and he must fix the impression in his mind by continually renewing it. In this respect however, if he is no better off than the rest of us, neither is he worse off. It is by reading that we all learn to spell, and having once learned to read spelling-book English he will learn to spell by the same process, even without help, as fast as another; while under a judicious master his progress will be quickened by a simple exercise, the benefit of which will also be felt in other ways. If it be made one of his regular tasks to translate into the phonetic character sentences printed in the received orthography and (inversely) to translate into the received orthography sentences written in the phonetic, it will supply him with the very best kind of exercise both in spelling and pronunciation; and when he is perfect in it who shall say that he has not been taught to read and write as well as the best of us?

It may be objected perhaps that,

though he may have learned it at last, yet, having had so much more to learn by the way, he must have been longer about it. But that is a mistake. It is long since I happened to see any reports from phonetic teachers, but in the days of the *Phonetic News* I used to see many; and their tenor was uniform, to the effect that children who began with the phonetic could read and spell in the ordinary orthography both sooner and better than those who went by the old road. And this brings me to the practical question for the sake of which I have thought it worth while to call attention to these things, obvious as they must be to all who have considered the matter seriously:—If this be so, and if among the many schoolmasters whose business it now is to teach poor men's children to read there are some who, believing that they can get through their work better and faster in this way, wish to be allowed to try it,—is there any reason why they should be forbidden? If they fail, the harm done cannot be much; the worst would be that the time spent by some of the classes in learning how to pronounce their words has left them a little less forward in remembering how to spell them. If they succeed, the gain is substantial and not inconsiderable: for poor men cannot so well afford to keep their children at school longer than is necessary. Considered only as an experiment, it is surely worth the cost of trial; and the cost will be small, for everything is ready. I am told that the School Boards or schoolmasters are divided in opinion, some approving and some disapproving the proposed reform. So much the better. Let us have a match. Let the disapprovers with their twenty-six letters, and the approvers with their forty-two, try which can turn out the best spelling class (old style) within a given time; and if the forty-two carry it, let it be resolved that all teachers who find them useful shall be permitted to use them hereafter if they like. This would be all that is necessary—perhaps all that is desirable—for the present. If the forty-two letters continue to prove their superiority by results, they may be trusted to take care of themselves; education being now a matter of business which will not consent to waste time and money for the convenience of etymologists, whose ob-

from the course of instruction they will have to go through. It must be remembered that all who learn the use of such a phonetic alphabet will possess for the rest of their lives an accomplishment of great value—so great, indeed, that it may be said without any exaggeration to be coextensive with the value of letters. They will be able to describe [on paper by writing or print the pronunciation of words, when it would be impossible or inconvenient to impart it by speech, and the most ingenious manipulation of the sacred twenty-six, from A to Z, would fail to convey a notion of it. It is true that at first they will have it all to themselves, for their uninstructed elders and betters will not be able to profit by the information. But this will be only for a while. As soon as a knowledge of the phonetic characters becomes an indispensable part of general education, and is required by schools and colleges and Civil Service Commissioners (as it will be when its value comes to be generally understood), newspaper correspondents will be able to tell us what to *call* the people and the places about whom they are enlightening us; books of travels will be readable aloud without the interruption of a stumble and an apology at every proper name; missionaries will be able to give information which will be of use to comparative philologists about the languages of the countries in which they are laboring; we shall know whether another Captain Burnaby rides to Khiva or Kheva, and shall accompany another Commander Cameron with much greater comfort through regions that are now (because of the number of consonants without any vowel between which they require us to pronounce) not to be named. Of its uses in these ways I can speak confidently from personal experience; for I read the accounts of the Hungarian war of 1849 in the *Phonetic News*, where all the proper names were carefully spelt. But it is not merely in the foreign names which perplex us in English books that we shall feel the benefit: the foreign languages will be better and more easily learned, especially by those who aspire to teach themselves. The many scholars who have to learn these languages from books will be furnished with directions for the pronunciation that will serve them almost as well

as a skilled teacher; and much better than an unskilled one, however good his own pronunciation may be. The latest reformation in the way of reading Latin and Greek may be circulated by post to all grammar schools. And in short, as soon as the accomplishment becomes as common as reading, it will be found that its uses are as various and as valuable as those of writing. Making it possible to hear by the eye (like a musician, who, having the benefit of a phonetic notation, hears the music as he reads it), it will extend the range of earshot both in time and space indefinitely. A man will be able to make his words heard in Australia with the next mail, and heard by the next ages as long as his book endureth. I know a poet who is happy in most things, but most unhappy in an apprehension that people who have not heard his poems read will never know how to read them. He will be able to stereotype the sounds, the quantities, the pauses, the intonations, the accents, and the emphases, for all the peoples in all the times. He will only have to publish a phonetic edition.

These results will depend upon the consistent use and the general acceptance of the alphabet which shall be chosen; and the very variety of the persons and causes that are interested in it will divide opinions, and make the choice more difficult. It may be hoped, however, that if the reforming *teachers* keep to their own business and take counsel together—leaving etymologists to invent a system of etymological orthography for themselves, foreign linguists to construct such alphabets as are easiest for *them* to work, as ours is easiest for us; making no attempt to convert or conciliate anti-reformers who regard the question as unworthy of serious consideration, and therefore have never considered it seriously; but applying themselves solely to find out the best method of teaching English boys and girls to read and write modern English for modern purposes—they will be able to agree upon one set of symbols and one set of rules to be used by all; and that such an alphabet, having the great advantage of being in possession of the field, will be strong enough to resist foolish changes, to entertain friendly suggestions, to test and adopt real improvements without break-

ing up, and to serve for the foundation of a system of phonetic notation, the powers and uses of which may be gradually extended to meet all the requirements of the science of language.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

LINES ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

ALL-GOLDEN is her virgin head,
 Her cheek a bloomy rose,
 Carnation-bright the fluttering red
 That o'er it softly flows,
 But neither gem nor floweret vies
 With that clear wonder of her eyes.

But twice hath hue like theirs been given
 To be beheld of me,
 And once 'twas in the twilight heaven,
 Once in the summer sea;
 A yearning gladness thence was born,
 A dream delightful and forlorn.

For once in heaven a single star
 Lay in a light unknown,—
 A tender tint, more lucid far
 Than all that eve had shown,—
 It seemed between the gold and gray
 The far dawn of a faery day.

And once where ocean's depth divine
 O'er silvern sands was hung,
 Gleamed in the half-lit hyaline
 The hope no song has sung,—
 The memory of a world more fair
 Than all our blazing wealth of air.

For dear though earthly days may flow,
 Our dream is dearer yet;—
 How little is the life we know
 To life that we forget!—
 Till in a maiden's eyes we see
 What once hath been, what still shall be.

Macmillan's Magazine.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

PAUL H. HAYNE, a portrait of whom we present to our readers as that of the most eminent of living Southern poets and men-of-letters, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 1st of January, 1831. His father was Lieut. Paul H. Hayne, of the United States Navy, who was a younger brother of Robert Y. Hayne, whose debate with Webster on "Foote's Resolutions" is so famous in

Congressional history. After graduating at the College of Charleston in 1850, Paul H. Hayne studied law, and was admitted to the bar; but all his tastes were literary, and being at that time independent as to means, he was enabled to gratify them. He edited in succession a number of Southern periodicals, of which the best known was "Russell's Magazine;" and in 1855 his first volume of

poems appeared from the press of Ticknor & Fields, Boston. It attracted considerable attention from a cultivated circle, and was pronounced by Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, the brilliant Boston critic, "a work of great promise as well as fine performance." His second volume, published in Charleston in 1857, was a thin duodecimo, consisting chiefly of sonnets, but introduced by an exquisitely graceful and imaginative "Ode to Sleep," which marked the highest point he had yet reached in poetry. In 1860 his third volume ("Avolio and Other Poems") appeared, from the press of Ticknor & Fields, and was favorably received by the critics and public.

During the civil war, Mr. Hayne served first on the staff of Governor Pickens, and subsequently for some months as a volunteer in Fort Sumter; but the condition of his health forbade his regularly taking the field. As was the case with many others of his unfortunate compatriots, the close of the conflict found him, pecuniarily, ruined. He removed to Augusta, Georgia, where for some time he assisted in the editorship of the "Augusta Constitutionalist;" and afterwards, in 1866, settled down in his present residence, sixteen miles from Augusta, near the Georgia Railroad. Here, in a rude whitewashed cottage, crowning a hill among the pine-barrens, he has lived with his family (a mother, wife, and one child) for eleven years in almost complete seclusion; and here he has done what must be regarded as his best literary work. The Lippincotts published his "Legends and Lyrics" in 1872, and the vol-

ume thus entitled contains, in the author's opinion, his most vigorous and characteristic verse. Three years later, in 1875, his last volume, "The Mountain of the Lovers," was issued by Hale & Sons of New York. A noteworthy feature of this latter work is a group of "Nature-Poems," descriptive of the peculiarities of Southern landscape and scenery, which appeared originally in the "Atlantic Monthly."

Of Mr. Hayne's prose writings the most important are biographies of his uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, of Hugh S. Legaré, the eminent South Carolina lawyer and scholar, and of his brother-poet, Henry Timrod. The latter was prefixed to the collected edition of Timrod's poems (1873), and awakened an unusual degree of interest, both North and South. Another biographical work by Mr. Hayne, a life of William Gilmore Simms, is in the hands of the Harpers awaiting publication.

Mr. Hayne's verses are nearly always graceful, polished, and musical, and are pervaded by a tender imaginative sentiment and by a genuine love of nature. His prose style is animated and picturesque, but too poetical in form and manner to meet the severer requirements of good prose. His work is especially deserving of recognition from the fact that as one of the very few professional *littérateurs* in a section of the country where art and letters have long been completely subordinated to politics and the practical affairs of life, his career has been one of constant and not easily exaggerated difficulty and discouragement.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE OTTOMAN POWER IN EUROPE, its Nature, its Growth, and its Decline. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D. London and New York: *Macmillan & Co.*

To Mr. Freeman as much as to any one man the world is indebted for the fact that in the present great crisis of affairs in South-Eastern Europe the strength and influence of England are not, as in 1853-4, thrown into the scale in behalf of the Turk against the unfortunate Christian peoples whom he has oppressed and plundered for nearly five hundred years. On the first mutterings of insur-

rection in Herzegovina and Bosnia, Mr. Freeman saw that the long-impending catastrophe had begun, and at once addressed himself to the task of enlightening his countrymen, by pen and by word of mouth, concerning the real nature of the issues involved, and awakening in them a perception of the atrocious crime against civilization and morals of which England would be guilty, should she again allow herself to be betrayed into extending her aid to the barbarous horde encamped in Turkey. The present treatise on the nature, growth, and decline of the Ottoman Power in Europe is a continuation of this process of enlighten-

ment, and partakes rather of the character of a political pamphlet than of what is usually understood by history proper. Mr. Freeman maintains, indeed, that between politics and history no rational distinction can be drawn—history being simply the politics of the past, while politics are the history of the present. "The past is studied in vain, unless it gives us lessons for the present; the present will be very imperfectly understood, unless the light of the past is brought to bear upon it. In this way, history and politics are one." Still, it is well to bear the fact in mind that in formal history the primary intention of the historian is to set down all the facts as they actually occurred, leaving the particular application of the lessons they carry to be made by other hands; while Mr. Freeman himself confesses that what he has here done is to use the past history of the Ottoman Turks in order to show what is the one way which, according to the light of reason and experience, can be of any use in dealing with the Ottoman Turks of the present day. In other words, his aim is primarily political and not historical.

We call attention to this point merely in order to define the character of the book, not by any means to disparage it; for we hold that neither history nor historian was ever better employed than in work of precisely this kind. The historian ceases to be a mere historian, the scholar a mere scholar, when he leaves his dry accumulations of facts, and uses his knowledge in behalf of great and pressing public questions regarding which the public stands very much in need of enlightenment; and this is the exact nature of the service that Mr. Freeman has performed. He tells us all that any one can tell us in a brief space of the origin, growth, and character of the Ottoman rule; and in addition to this—applying the teachings of the past to the problems of the present—he imparts to us such a clear conception of the elementary principles involved in the so-called Eastern Question that henceforth no jargon of the diplomatists, no raising of subsidiary or irrelevant issues, no sentimental or interested pleas, will be able to blind our eyes or pervert our judgment. The conscience and civilization of the world are against the Turk, and through Mr. Freeman this conscience and this civilization give him notice that, in spite of all the postponements of diplomatists, he must "step down and out."

Besides his history of the Ottomans, Mr. Freeman gives valuable descriptive accounts of the other races of South-Eastern Europe, of their relations to one another and to the common enemy, and of the light which their past

history throws upon future political adjustments. The text is illustrated by three colored maps, one showing the Ottoman dominions as they exist at this time (February, 1877), another showing the several States of South-Eastern Europe at the time of the entrance of the Ottomans into Europe, and a third showing the Ottoman dominions at the time of their greatest extent.

THE AMERICAN. A NOVEL. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

The first thought that occurs to one after reading "The American" is that the opulence of power displayed in it ought to have made it a novel of the first rank, and precisely why it fails of being such it is somewhat difficult to say. The plot is consistent and well-constructed if somewhat commonplace, the characters are without exception piquant and interesting, the descriptive portions are remarkably brilliant and picturesque, and the entire book is pervaded by that atmosphere of elegant culture which is so grateful to refined and educated minds. The "situation," too, is very effective—that of an American, a self-made man, fresh from the crudities of his wild Western home, confronted with the aristocratic prejudices and the inflexible social standards of the most exclusive society of the Old World. But we fear that it was the very effectiveness of this situation—its wide-reaching suggestiveness and interest—that spoiled Mr. James's book as a novel. In his anxiety to point the contrast and essential antagonism between two such alien civilizations as those of Republican America and Bourbon France, he has subordinated his characters to the machinery of his story, so to speak, and thus deprived them of that personal individuality and self-determining force without which neither real nor fictitious persons can establish any strong claim upon our sympathies or interest. No doubt in actual life men and women are constantly entangled in the web of fate and circumstance, their purposes thwarted and their aspirations turned away; but in such cases there must be coöperating conditions in their own nature, and it reduces them to the level of puppets in our eyes if we see too plainly the external predetermining agencies by which they were crushed. Hence, the reader is dissatisfied with the manner in which "The American" ends, not because it is painful, but because it mars the conception which he has been led to form of the two principal characters in the story; because it seems incongruous with what has gone before; and because it is manifestly the result, not of spontaneously-acting natural causes, but of

a preëxistent social theory in the author's mind.

In order to reach cause for fault-finding, however, it is necessary to go very deep into the structure of the novel; for its salient qualities, taken separately, we have nothing but heartiest praise. The portrait of Madame de Cintré would be sufficient by itself to lift the book altogether above the level of current fiction; yet there are half a dozen other characters whose natures are laid bare to us with scarcely less delicacy and precision of touch. The incidents are plausible and sufficiently varied, the accessories partake of the multifarious splendors of Paris, and the affluence of resource exhibited in every direction renders the story at once a stimulus and an enjoyment.

THE FORCES OF NATURE: A Popular Introduction to the Study of Physical Phenomena. By Amédée Guillemin. Translated from the French by Mrs. Norman Lockyer, and Edited with Additions and Notes by J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. London and New York: *Macmillan & Co.*

This work has already won a wide reputation both in France and England as one of the most successful of the many attempts to popularize a knowledge of the principles, methods, and phenomena of physical science. While no concession is made on the score of scientific accuracy and exactness, its arrangement is so admirable and its expositions so simple and lucid that it presents no difficulties which the general reader can not master with a little thought and study; and it has the great advantage over most other treatises of the kind that it brings under one general survey almost the entire field of modern physical investigation. Beginning with Gravity and Attraction, it discusses in succession the phenomena of Sound, with special reference to music and musical instruments; the laws of Light and Color; Heat in all its varied manifestations; Magnetism and Electricity; and finally Meteorology, including the beautiful phenomena of clouds and fog, rainbow, and the other atmospheric wonders. The descriptions are remarkably clear and forcible, and the aid of pictorial illustration is called in wherever it can assist the reader in understanding the experiments and demonstrations. In the entire work there are nearly five hundred engravings, ranging in character from simple diagrams and figures to fine full-page pictures and beautiful colored plates. The translation is excellent, and Mr. Lockyer's notes and comments confer an additional value upon the treatise.

The work as originally published was in

one large and expensive volume, but in order to give it a wider circulation, the publishers have begun to issue it in monthly parts. Each part contains about forty pages of text and illustrations, and eighteen parts will complete the work.

VIRGIN SOIL. By Ivan Turgénieff. Translated with the Author's Sanction from the French Version, by T. S. Perry. Leisure Hour Series. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The primary motive of the artist—that of furnishing pleasure of a refining and elevated kind—is less apparent in “*Virgin Soil*” than in most of Turgénieff's other novels. It is rather a sweeping and pungent social satire than a story pure and simple, and no wonder that it produced considerable fermentation in Russia, for it applies the lash with impartial severity to all the representative classes of society. The noblemen, the officials, the landed proprietors, the merchants, the flunkies, and even the political and social agitators with whose professed aims Turgénieff himself is evidently in sympathy, are each in turn delineated with the merciless hand of the unsparing satirist. The peasants alone escape this penetrating ridicule, and they are condemned for being sunk in the lethargy of a gross and animal stupidity. But for the consciousness of a strong and patriotic feeling underlying the heaped-up scorn, the book would be painful from its excessive bitterness; but, unlike most social satire, it is inspired by a desire to awaken shame and thus produce improvement, rather than by the love of mounting one's self on a pedestal and from this height looking down with contempt upon mankind. Literature of this kind probably reaches but a narrow circle in a country like Russia, yet even there it can hardly fail to provoke thought and stimulate the national conscience.

The story, as we have said, is subordinate to the social purpose, but it is interesting, and is managed with the author's characteristic dexterity. The love is of a less sensuous type than usual, and for once a man is introduced who successfully resists the wiles of a beautiful woman. Mr. Perry's translation is remarkably spirited and graceful.

HOURS WITH MEN AND BOOKS. By William Mathews, LL.D. Chicago: *S. C. Griggs & Co.*

This daintily-printed volume consists of a series of essays such as a versatile and fluent man of letters would contribute to the current journals and magazines. They are very miscellaneous in character and cover a wide

variety of topics, as the following list of some of the titles will show: "Thomas de Quincey," "Robert South," "Charles H. Spurgeon," "Moral Grahamism," "Book-Buying," "The Illusions of History," "Literary Triflers," "Working by Rule," "The Morality of Good Living," "Strength and Health," and "Writing for the Press." The essays on De Quincey and Robert South are somewhat elaborate critical and biographical studies, and show the author at his best; the others are for the most part brief, consisting of a few desultory thoughts illustrated and amplified by numerous quotations from ancient and modern literature. Dr. Mathews is evidently an omnivorous reader, and his writings fairly overflow with literary ana, bon-mots, epigrams, witticisms, personal gossip, historic sayings, and other gleanings from the wide field of literature. A respectable dictionary of quotations could be compiled from the four volumes of his published essays; and the present volume is not inferior to its predecessors in either interest or variety.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. SERJEANT COX has in the press "A Monograph on Sleep and Dream, their Physiology and Psychology."

COMMANDER CAMERON'S "Across Africa" has been translated into Portuguese by Senhor Lencastre, and is being published in weekly parts.

THE interleaved Greek Testament belonging to the author of the "Christian Year" is about to be printed. It contains many annotations, Scriptural, philological, Patristic, etc.; and will be edited by Canon Norris.

A FACSIMILE reproduction of the largest and rarest of William Blake's prophetic books, the "Jerusalem," consisting of 100 engraved large quarto plates of text and design, is being issued by Mr. John Pearson, of York street, Covent Garden, London, who recently purchased the original at a sale for £100.

WE are glad to hear, on the best authority, that 40,000 copies of Littré's grand "French Dictionary," in four volumes quarto, have been sold, and that the sale of the octavo abridgment bids fair to surpass largely that of the original. This is of good omen for our English *Littre* when it comes; for with the many more millions who speak English than speak French, a really scientific and historical English Dictionary should sell by the hundred thousand.—*Academy*.

THE university which the Russian Government has for some time been intending to found in Siberia will be opened on July 1,

1880. Instead of Tomsk, which was mentioned at first, Omsk will be honored by its presence, the latter town being the official centre of West Siberia, conveniently situated for communication with the Orenburg government and Turkestan, and free from that convict element which is supposed to be alien to science. A Kolyvan merchant has contributed 100,000 rubles to its funds.

THE long-lost "Poetry for Children," by Charles and Mary Lamb, published in two tiny volumes at Godwin's Juvenile Library in 1809, has at last been found in South Australia; in the possession of the Hon. Mr. Sandover, of Adelaide, and, through his courtesy and generosity, has been safely re-translated to the country of its birth and publication. The total disappearance for so many years of a book of which a whole edition was rapidly sold off at the time is one of the most extraordinary circumstances in the literary annals of the present century. The poems are eighty-four in number, and of these only twenty-nine were hitherto known.

VICTOR HUGO has addressed the following letter to Mr. Tennyson, in acknowledging the sonnet in "The Nineteenth Century," the manuscript of which the Poet Laureate communicated to his brother poet: "Alfred Tennyson, my eminent and dear colleague—I have read your superb lines. I send you the expression of my emotion and my gratitude. Who dared to say that I did not love England? How could I fail to love a country that produces men like you? I do love the England of Wilberforce, Milton, Newton, and Shakespeare. I combine in one love and respect your fatherland and mine. For me, England is France; we make but one people, as liberty and truth make one light. I love all men, and I admire your noble verses. Receive my most cordial greeting.—VICTOR HUGO."

MR. JOHN FORSTER'S bequest of pictures, books, and MSS. are now publicly exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. There are comparatively few pictures, the most noticeable being Maclise's "Caxton showing Edward IV. Proofs of the First English Printed Book," with 300 of the artist's sketches, and Frith's "Dolly Varden," and the chief interest centres in the books (which number 20,000 volumes) and the MSS. The former include a fine copy of Granger's "Biographical History of England," containing 5562 portraits and illustrations, and copies of the first editions of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels." Among the MSS. are the original manuscripts of all Dickens's works, with the exception of "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickle-

by," and the autograph corrections of most of the proof-sheets; the original Godwin ms., and Thackeray's etchings for Douglas Jerrold's "Men of Character," in addition to numerous valuable autographs, copies of plays, and letters from literary celebrities.

THE Trustees of the British Museum are in treaty for the purchase of a copy of the largest book in the world. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the reigning Emperor of China appointed an imperial commission to reprint in one vast collection all native works of interest and importance in every branch of literature. In the beginning of the following century, the commissioners completed their labors, and were able to lay before the Emperor a very palpable proof of their diligence in the shape of a compilation consisting of 6109 volumes, entitled, "Kin ting koo kin too shoo tselh ching," or "An Illustrated Imperial Collection of Ancient and Modern Literature." Only a small edition was printed off in the first instance, and before long the greater part of the copper types which had been cast for the undertaking were purloined by untrustworthy officials, and the remainder were melted down and coined into cash. Accidents by fire and by violence have considerably reduced the number of copies of the imperial edition originally printed, and it is believed that only a comparatively few now remain extant. The Trustees of the British Museum having become aware that one such copy has lately been offered for sale at Peking, have entered into negotiations for its purchase.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE RELATION BETWEEN SUN-SPOT PERIODS AND METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.—The most elaborate work on this subject which has yet appeared is a volume first published by Dr. F. G. Hahn. In this he discusses the sun-spot period in connection with:—1. Temperature; 2. Wind; 3. Hydro-meteors—i. e., Hail, Rain, Thunderstorms, etc.; and 4. Pressure. As regards Temperature, Dr. Hahn inclines to Köppen's idea that any oscillation depending on the sun-spot period does not show itself simultaneously over the whole globe, but is propagated gradually from the equator to the poles. Moreover, he does not deal solely with the 11-year period, but treats of the longer periods of 55½ years (Wolff and Fritz), 67 (Klein), and 70 (Hornstein), and, in addition, the period of 222 years according to Fritz, embracing twenty of the shortest intervals. It is pointed out also that, inasmuch as the extremes of temperature, etc., do not occur simultaneously with those of the sun's position, so the effect respectively of a maxi-

num or minimum of sun-spots frequency becomes manifested a few years subsequently. Dr. Hahn holds that the figures which he cites prove the following assertion:—"Less activity in the sun, which exhibits itself in the diminished number of sun-spots (and rarity of the Aurora), produces higher temperatures on the earth, and, *vice versa*, greater activity in the sun and greater frequency of spots produces periods of low temperature on earth." He then goes on to predict that, as the present year affords a minimum of sun-spots, some of the next three years will probably be hot ones. He cites with pride the fulfilment of Köppen's prophecy in the *Austrian Journal* for 1873, p. 267, that the year 1875 would be very cold. This was amply carried out, and it was based by its author on the existence of a forty-five year period of cold weather, which Dr. Hahn thinks he has traced back for more than 1000 years up to the year 843, using Arago's catalogue. As regards wind, the attempts to establish a regular periodicity in the direction at individual stations are not very conclusive, but our author puts forward strongly the results of Meldrum and Poey on the periodicity of cyclones. Similarly the other elements are discussed with a varying amount of conclusiveness in the outcome. As may be expected, the author winds up with professing his thorough belief in the existence of some periodicity, but his utter disbelief in the present possibility of predicting weather thereby.

TYCHO BRAHE'S OBSERVATIONS.—The Danish Academy have published Tycho Brahe's Meteorological Journal kept at Uraniborg, 1582-97, which was discovered a few years ago in the Library at Vienna. To it has been appended a discussion of the principal subjects which it contains, by M. Paul La Cour, chief assistant at the Meteorological Institute of Copenhagen. This appendix is in French, and it consists of a comparison between the apparent conditions of the climate of Denmark at that period and at the present time. Of course there are no instrumental observations for so early a date, but the information as to the state of the sky, the direction of the wind, the frequency of rain, thunderstorms, hail, etc., is very complete and valuable. The general outcome of the whole discussion is that no evidence is derivable from it of any important change in the climate of the country within the space of nearly 300 years.

A NEW ANTISEPTIC.—A new antiseptic has been recently discovered in Germany, which promises to be of great value to industry and commerce, as it is at once effectual and cheap. Among the best antiseptics that we have are

phenol, or carbolic acid, and the abominably odorous bisulphide of carbon, which is used chiefly as a solvent for india-rubber and gutta-percha. If we may trust the accounts already received, xanthate of potassium is a more efficient antiseptic than either of the substances named, and is free from the unpleasantness of the one and the unbearable vileness of the other. It is said to preserve all kinds of organic matter from septic change, and to be completely antagonistic to putrefaction. It is prepared in several ways. Fused hydrate of potassium is dissolved in half its weight of alcohol, and bisulphide of carbon is added until alkalinity is destroyed, when, if the mixture is cooled to 32° Fahr., colorless needles of xanthate of potassium separate. The easier method of preparing the salt is to add to absolute alcohol a very pure solution of caustic potash, treating the mixture subsequently with an excess of bisulphide of carbon, when it immediately solidifies into a mass of interlaced silky needles of potassic xanthate, which must be washed with ether, to dissolve any free bisulphide of carbon, and dried over oil of vitriol. The crystals turn slightly yellow on exposure to air, and give a yellow precipitate with copper salts. They are very soluble in water, and hence are readily available for antiseptic purposes.

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by," and the autograph corrections of most of the proof-sheets; the original Godwin ms., and Thackeray's etchings for Douglas Jerrold's "Men of Character," in addition to numerous valuable autographs, copies of plays, and letters from literary celebrities.

THE Trustees of the British Museum are in treaty for the purchase of a copy of the largest book in the world. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the reigning Emperor of China appointed an imperial commission to reprint in one vast collection all native works of interest and importance in every branch of literature. In the beginning of the following century, the commissioners completed their labors, and were able to lay before the Emperor a very palpable proof of their diligence in the shape of a compilation consisting of 6109 volumes, entitled, "Kin ting koo kin too shoo tselh ching," or "An Illustrated Imperial Collection of Ancient and Modern Literature." Only a small edition was printed off in the first instance, and before long the greater part of the copper types which had been cast for the undertaking were purloined by untrustworthy officials, and the remainder were melted down and coined into cash. Accidents by fire and by violence have considerably reduced the number of copies of the imperial edition originally printed, and it is believed that only a comparatively few now remain extant. The Trustees of the British Museum having become aware that one such copy has lately been offered for sale at Peking, have entered into negotiations for its purchase.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE RELATION BETWEEN SUN-SPOT PERIODS AND METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.—The most elaborate work on this subject which has yet appeared is a volume first published by Dr. F. G. Hahn. In this he discusses the sun-spot period in connection with:—1. Temperature; 2. Wind; 3. Hydro-meteors—i. e., Hail, Rain, Thunderstorms, etc.; and 4. Pressure. As regards Temperature, Dr. Hahn inclines to Köppen's idea that any oscillation depending on the sun-spot period does not show itself simultaneously over the whole globe, but is propagated gradually from the equator to the poles. Moreover, he does not deal solely with the 11-year period, but treats of the longer periods of 55½ years (Wolff and Fritz), 67 (Klein), and 70 (Hornstein), and, in addition, the period of 222 years according to Fritz, embracing twenty of the shortest intervals. It is pointed out also that, inasmuch as the extremes of temperature, etc., do not occur simultaneously with those of the sun's position, so the effect respectively of a maxi-

num or minimum of sun-spots frequency becomes manifested a few years subsequently. Dr. Hahn holds that the figures which he cites prove the following assertion:—"Less activity in the sun, which exhibits itself in the diminished number of sun-spots (and rarity of the Aurora), produces higher temperatures on the earth, and, *vice versa*, greater activity in the sun and greater frequency of spots produces periods of low temperature on earth." He then goes on to predict that, as the present year affords a minimum of sun-spots, some of the next three years will probably be hot ones. He cites with pride the fulfilment of Köppen's prophecy in the *Austrian Journal* for 1873, p. 267, that the year 1875 would be very cold. This was amply carried out, and it was based by its author on the existence of a forty-five year period of cold weather, which Dr. Hahn thinks he has traced back for more than 1000 years up to the year 843, using Arago's catalogue. As regards wind, the attempts to establish a regular periodicity in the direction at individual stations are not very conclusive, but our author puts forward strongly the results of Meldrum and Poey on the periodicity of cyclones. Similarly the other elements are discussed with a varying amount of conclusiveness in the outcome. As may be expected, the author winds up with professing his thorough belief in the existence of some periodicity, but his utter disbelief in the present possibility of predicting weather thereby.

TYCHO BRAHE'S OBSERVATIONS.—The Danish Academy have published Tycho Brahe's Meteorological Journal kept at Uraniborg, 1582-97, which was discovered a few years ago in the Library at Vienna. To it has been appended a discussion of the principal subjects which it contains, by M. Paul La Cour, chief assistant at the Meteorological Institute of Copenhagen. This appendix is in French, and it consists of a comparison between the apparent conditions of the climate of Denmark at that period and at the present time. Of course there are no instrumental observations for so early a date, but the information as to the state of the sky, the direction of the wind, the frequency of rain, thunderstorms, hail, etc., is very complete and valuable. The general outcome of the whole discussion is that no evidence is derivable from it of any important change in the climate of the country within the space of nearly 300 years.

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in 1866, 45,000; expeditions to Mexico, Cochin China, Morocco, Paraguay, &c., 65,000; Franco-German War of 1870-71—France, 155,000; Germany, 60,000—215,000; Turkish massacres of Christians in Bulgaria, Armenia, &c., 1876-77, 25,000; total, 1,948,000. II. Cost, 1852-77.—Crimean War, 340 million pounds; Italian War of 1859, 60 millions; American Civil War—the North, 940 millions; the South, 460 millions—1,400 millions; Schleswig-Holstein War, 7 millions; Austrian and Prussian War (1866), 66 millions; expeditions to Mexico, Morocco, Paraguay, etc. (say only), 40 millions; Franco-Prussian War, 500 millions; total, 2,413 million pounds. The loss of life is equal to about half the population of the whole metropolitan area; and we may vaguely imagine what would be the effect upon production and consumption of absolutely depopulating the whole of the west and north districts of London. The loss of 2,413 millions sterling of capital is equal to about eight or ten years' revenue of all the Governments of Europe and North America. But a public revenue is applied in the payment of services and the promotion of public works which are to a large extent useful. The 2,413 millions of money destroyed in war have been absolutely annihilated. Further, the fortresses, ships, artillery, &c., destroyed by war have to be replaced by capital taken, over a series of years, from productive purposes. The same remark applies to the pensions and rewards granted to maimed and disabled soldiers and sailors.—*Economist*.

THE ARGOT OF POLITE SOCIETY.—It is curious to watch the gradual rise and fall of a popular locution; to note how the once familiar phrase imperceptibly sinks into disuse, and is replaced by another doomed to an existence equally ephemeral. Could Thackeray and Albert Smith revisit us, the former would find his dearly beloved "snob" ruthlessly metamorphosed into "cad"; while the "gent" of the latter has long since become as obsolete as the beaux, bucks, and dandies of former days, now amalgamated under the generic title of "swell." Those genial appellations of our youth, "trump" and "brick," may still linger in the border-land of conversation; but the laudatory encomium in vogue nowadays appears to be "a rattling good fellow," and, lower down in the social scale, "a one-er." The highest expression of admiration is comprised in a "stunner," and the reverse is languidly intimated by the annihilating term, "bad form." A gentleman who experiences a certain difficulty in crossing Piccadilly at ten P.M. is described as "screwed," or more generally "tight"; a glaring waistcoat or trouser pattern, such as Joseph Sedley and Grassot were wont to de-

light in, is simply voted "loud," and the slightest deviation from the ordinary jog-trot of respectability stigmatised as "fast." London is playfully spoken of as the "village"; and the fashionable Sunday resort in the Regent's Park arbitrarily abbreviated into "Zoo." To "bolt," "mizzle," or "make oneself scarce" are superseded by "slope" and "skedaddle"; the "muff" of yesterday is the "duffer" of to-day; while loss of fortune, a fall from one's horse (otherwise "cropper"), or, indeed, any calamity incidental to human nature, is pithily and expressively designated "coming to grief." If personal chastisement be intended, the offender is not to be "thrashed" or "pitched into," but his head is to be "punched"; a threat, we are rejoiced to say, more frequently talked about than put into execution. A cigar is figuratively styled a "weed," an innovation applicable enough to the anomalous compounds of nastiness retailed at the Derby, the boat-race, and other public gatherings, but an evident misnomer as regards the fragrant samples issuing from Mr. Benson's emporium; and its concomitant drink has been quaintly and far more intelligibly christened B.S. (N.B., after too copious libations of the above a man is apt to feel "chippy" next morning). The word "cheek," as synonymous with conceit or impudence, is, notwithstanding its relative antiquity, still largely patronised by the lovers of *argot*; but were it not for the obliging correspondent of—if we mistake not—the *Daily Telegraph*, "tall talk," a Transatlantic phrase of apparently similar import and of undoubted originality, might never have been naturalised among us.—*Belgravia*.

BEYOND REACH.

DEAR love, thou art so far above my song,
It is small wonder that it fears to rise,
Knowing it cannot reach my Paradise;
Yet ever to dwell here my thoughts among,
Nor try its upward flight, would do thee wrong.
What time the lark soars singing to the skies
We know he falters, know the sweet song dies
That fain would reach Heaven's gate sustained and strong;
But angels, bending from the shining brink,
Catch the faint note and know the poor song fails,
Having no strength to reach their heavenly height.
So listen thou, beloved, and so think.
More for the earth than heaven his song avails,
Yet sweetest heard when nearest to God's light.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

As one who climbs unto the mountain's brow
Finds the strong head which served him on the plain
Dizzy and blind, the heart whose pulse was low
Now throbbing wildly with the upward strain,
So fares the spirit on the heights of thought.
Reason, the manful, blankly stares and reels,
While Love, the child-like, consciously o'erwrought,
Cries out in anguish to the God it feels.

H. G. HEWLETT.



Handwritten text, likely a letter or document, written in cursive script. The text is arranged in several lines, with some words appearing to be underlined or emphasized. The handwriting is somewhat faded and difficult to read in detail.

General Principles

1. The first principle is that the system is designed to be flexible and adaptable to changing requirements.

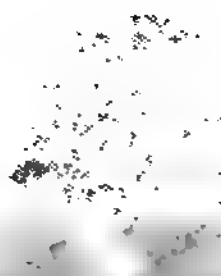
2. The second principle is that the system is designed to be secure and reliable, ensuring that data is protected and available when needed.

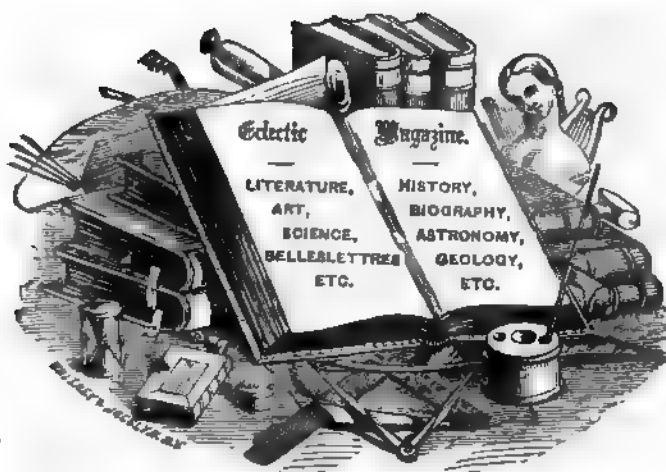
3. The third principle is that the system is designed to be user-friendly and easy to use, ensuring that users can interact with the system effectively.

4. The fourth principle is that the system is designed to be scalable and able to handle large volumes of data and users.

5. The fifth principle is that the system is designed to be modular and able to be integrated with other systems and components.

6. The sixth principle is that the system is designed to be cost-effective and able to provide value for the investment.





Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXVI., No. 3.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols

DRIFTING LIGHT-WAVES.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.S.

THE method of measuring the motion of very swiftly-travelling bodies by noting changes in the light-waves which reach us from them—one of the most remarkable methods of observation ever yet devised by man—has recently been placed upon its trial, so to speak, with results exceedingly satisfactory to the students of science who had accepted the facts established by it. The method will not be unfamiliar to many readers of these pages. The principle involved was first noted by M. Doppler, but not in a form which promised any useful results. The method actually applied appears to have occurred simultaneously to several persons, as well theorists as observers. Thus Secchi claimed in March, 1868, to have applied it, though unsuccessfully; Huggins in April, 1868, described his successful use of the method. I myself, wholly unaware that either of these observers was endeavoring to measure ce-

lestial motions by its means, described the method, in words which I shall presently quote, in the number of *Fraser's Magazine* for January, 1868, two months before the earliest enunciation of its nature by the physicists just named.

It will be well briefly to describe the principle of this interesting method, before considering the attack to which it has been recently subjected, and its triumphant acquittal from defects charged against it. This brief description will not only be useful to those readers who chance not to be acquainted with the method, but may serve to remove objections which suggest themselves, I notice, to many who have had the principle of the method imperfectly explained to them.

Light travels from every self-luminous body in waves which sweep through the ether of space at the rate of 185,000 miles per second. As I have elsewhere pointed

out, "the whole of that region of space over which astronomers have extended their survey, and doubtless a region many millions of millions of times more extended, may be compared to a wave-tossed sea, only that instead of a wave-tossed surface, there is wave-tossed space." At every point, through every point, along every line, athwart every line, myriads of light-waves are at all times rushing with the inconceivable velocity just mentioned. It is from such waves that we have learned all we know about the universe outside our own earth. They bring to our shores news from other worlds, though the news is not always easy to decipher.

Now, seeing that we are thus immersed in an ocean, athwart which infinite series of waves are continually rushing, and moreover that we ourselves, and every one of the bodies whence the waves proceed either directly or after reflection, are travelling with enormous velocity through this ocean, the idea naturally presents itself that we may learn something about these motions (as well as about the bodies themselves whence they proceed), by studying the aspect of the waves which flow in upon us in all directions. Suppose a strong swimmer who knew that, were he at rest, a certain series of waves would cross him at a particular rate—ten, for instance, in a minute—were to notice that when he was swimming directly facing them, eleven passed him in a minute—he would be able at once to compare his rate of swimming with the rate of the waves' motion. He would know that while ten waves had passed him on account of the waves' motion, he had by his own motion caused yet another wave to pass him, or in other words, had traversed the distance from one wave-crest to the next. Thus he would know that his rate was one-tenth that of the waves. Similarly if, travelling the same way as the waves, he found that only nine passed him in a minute, instead of ten. Again, it is not difficult to see that if an observer were at rest, and a body in the water, which by certain motions produced waves, were approaching or receding from the observer, the waves would come in faster in the former case, slower in the latter, than if the body were at rest. Suppose, for instance, that some machinery at the bows

of a ship raised waves which, if the ship were at rest, would travel along at the rate of ten a minute past the observer's station. Then clearly, if the ship approached him, each successive wave would have a shorter distance to travel, and so would reach him sooner than it otherwise would have done. Suppose, for instance, the ship travelled one-tenth as fast as the waves, and consider ten waves proceeding from her bows—the first would have to travel a certain distance before reaching the observer; the tenth, starting a minute later, instead of having to travel the same distance, would have to travel this distance diminished by the space over which the ship had passed in one minute (which the wave itself passes over in the tenth of a minute); instead, then, of reaching the observer one minute after the other, it would reach him in nine-tenths of a minute after the first. Thus it would seem to him as though the waves were coming in faster than when the ship was at rest, in the proportion of ten to nine, though in reality they would be travelling at the same rate as before, only arriving in quicker succession, because of the continual shortening of the distance they had to travel, on account of the ship's approach. If he knew precisely how fast they *would* arrive if the ship were at rest, and determined precisely how fast they *did* arrive, he would be able to determine at once the rate of the ship's approach, at least the proportion between her rate and the rate of the waves' motion. Similarly if, owing to the ship's recession, the apparent rate of the waves' motion were reduced, it is obvious that the actual change in the wave motion would not be a difference of rate; but, in the case of the approaching ship, the breadth from crest to crest would be reduced, while in the case of a receding ship the distance from crest to crest would be increased.

If the above explanation should still seem to require closer attention than the general reader may be disposed to give, the following, suggested by a friend of mine—a very skilful mathematician—will be found still simpler: Suppose a stream to flow quite uniformly, and that at one place on its banks an observer is stationed, while at another higher up a person throws corks into the water at

regular intervals, say ten corks per minute; then these will float down and pass the other observer, wherever he may be, at the rate of ten per minute, *if* the cork-thrower is at rest. But if he saunters either up stream or down stream, the corks will no longer float past the other at the exact rate of ten per minute. If the thrower is sauntering down stream, then between throwing any cork and the next, he has walked a certain way down, and the tenth cork, instead of having to travel the same distance as the first before reaching the observer, has a shorter distance to travel, and so reaches that observer sooner. Or, in fact, which some may find easier to see, this cork will be nearer to the first cork than it would have been if the thrower had remained still. The corks will lie at equal distances from each other, but these equal distances will be less than they would have been if the observer had been at rest. If, on the contrary, the cork-thrower saunters up stream, the corks will be somewhat farther apart than if he had remained at rest. And supposing the observer to know beforehand that the corks would be thrown in at the rate of ten a minute, he would know, if they passed him at a greater rate than ten a minute (or, in other words, at a less distance from each other than the stream traversed in the tenth of a minute), that the cork-thrower was travelling down-stream or approaching him; whereas if fewer than ten a minute passed him, he would know that the cork-thrower was travelling away from him, or up-stream. But also, if the cork-thrower were at rest, and the observer moved up-stream—that is, towards him—the corks would pass him at a greater rate than ten a minute; whereas if the observer were travelling down-stream, or from the thrower, they would pass him at a slower rate. If both were moving, it is easily seen that if their movement brought them nearer together, the number of corks passing the observer per minute would be increased, whereas if their movements set them farther apart, the number passing him per minute would be diminished.

These illustrations, derived from the motions of water, suffice in reality for our purpose. The waves which are emitted by luminous bodies in space

travel onwards like the water-waves or the corks of the preceding illustrations. If the body which emits them is rapidly approaching us the waves are set closer together or narrowed, whereas if the body is receding they are thrown farther apart or broadened. And if we can in any way recognize such narrowing or broadening of the light-waves, we know just as certainly that the source of light is approaching us or receding from us as the case may be, as our observer in the second illustration would know from the distance between the corks whether his friend, the cork-thrower, was drawing near to him or travelling away from him.

But it may be convenient to give another illustration, drawn from waves which, like those of light, are not themselves discernible by our senses—I refer to those aerial waves of compression and rarefaction which produce what we call sound. These waves are not only in this respect better suited than water-waves to illustrate our subject, but also because they travel in all directions through aerial space, not merely along a surface. The waves which produce a certain note, that is, which excite in our minds, through the auditory nerve, the impression corresponding to a certain tone, have a definite length. So long as the observer, and a source of sound vibrating in one particular period, remain both in the same place, the note is unchanged in tone, though it may grow louder or fainter according as the vibrations increase or diminish in amplitude. But if the source of sound is approaching the hearer, the waves are thrown closer together and the sound is rendered more acute (the longer waves giving the deeper sound); and, on the other hand, if the source of sound is receding from the hearer, the waves are thrown farther apart and the sound is rendered graver. The *rationale* of these changes is precisely the same as that of the changes described in the preceding illustrations. It might, perhaps, appear that in so saying we were dismissing the illustration from sound, at least as an independent one, because we are explaining the illustration by preceding illustrations. But in reality, while there is absolutely nothing new to be said respecting the increase and diminution of distances (as between the waves and corks

of the preceding illustration), the illustration from sound has the immense advantage of admitting readily of experimental tests. It is necessary only that the rate of approach or recession should bear an appreciable proportion to the rate at which sound travels. For waves are shortened or lengthened by approach or recession by an amount which bears to the entire length of the wave the same proportion which the rate of approach or recession bears to the rate of the wave's advance. Now it is not very difficult to obtain rates of approach or recession fairly comparable with the velocity of sound,—about 364 yards per second. An express train at full speed travels, let us say, about 1,800 yards per minute, or 30 yards per second. Such a velocity would suffice to reduce all the sound-waves proceeding from a bell or whistle upon the engine, by about one twelfth part, for an observer at rest on a station-platform approached by the engine. On the contrary, after the engine had passed him, the sound-waves proceeding from the same bell or whistle would be lengthened by one-twelfth. The difference between the two tones would be almost exactly three semitones. If the hearer, instead of being on a platform, were in a train carried past the other at the same rate, the difference between the tone of the bell in approaching and its tone in receding would be about three tones. It would not be at all difficult so to arrange matters, that while two bells were sounding the same note—*Mi*, let us say—one bell on one engine the other on the other, a traveller by one should hear his own engine's bell, the bell of the approaching engine, and the bell of the same engine receding, as the three notes—*Do—Mi—Sol*, whose wave-lengths are as the numbers 15, 12, and 10. We have here differences very easily to be recognized even by those who are not musicians. Every one who travels much by train must have noticed how the tone of a whistle changes as the engine sounding it travels past. The change is not quite sharp, but very rapid, because the other engine does not approach with a certain velocity up to a definite moment and then recede with the same velocity. It could only do this by rushing through the hearer, which would render the ex-

periment theoretically more exact but practically unsatisfactory. As it rushes past instead of through him, there is a brief time during which the rate of approach is rapidly being reduced to nothing, followed by a similarly brief time during which the rate of recession gradually increases from nothing up to the actual rate of the engines' velocities added together.

Where a bell is sounded on the engine, as in America, the effect is better recognized, as I had repeated occasion to notice during my travels in that country. Probably this is because the tone of a bell is in any case much more clearly recognized than the tone of a railway whistle. The change of tone as a clanging bell is carried swiftly past (by the combined motions of both trains) is not at all of such a nature as to require close attention for its detection.

However, the apparent variation of sound produced by rapid approach or recession has been tested by exact experiments. On a railway uniting Utrecht and Maarsen "were placed," the late Professor Nichol wrote, "at intervals of something upwards of a thousand yards, three groups of musicians, who remained motionless during the requisite period. Another musician on the railway sounded at intervals one uniform note; and its effects on the ears of the stationary musicians have been fully published. From these, certainly—from the recorded changes between grave and the more acute, and *vice versa*—confirming, even *numerically*, what the relative velocities might have enabled one to predict, it appears justifiable to conclude that the general theory is correct; and that the note of any sound may be greatly modified, if not wholly changed, by the velocity of the individual hearing it," or, he should have added, by the velocity of the source of sound: perhaps more correct than either, is the statement that the note may be altered by the approach or recession of the source of sound, whether that be caused by the motion of the sounding body or of the hearer himself, or of both.

It is difficult, indeed, to understand how doubt can exist in the mind of any one competent to form an opinion on the matter, though, as we shall presently see, some students of science and one or two

mathematicians have raised doubts as to the validity of the reasoning by which it is shown that a change should occur. That the reasoning is sound cannot, in reality, be questioned, and after careful examination of the arguments urged against it by one or two mathematicians, I can form no other opinion than that these arguments amount really but to an expression of inability to understand the matter. This may seem astonishing, but is explained when we remember that some mathematicians, by devoting their attention too particularly to special departments, lose, to a surprising degree, the power of dealing with subjects (even mathematical ones) outside their department. Apart from the soundness of the reasoning, the facts are unmistakably in accordance with the conclusion to which the reasoning points. Yet some few still entertain doubts, a circumstance which may prove a source of consolation to any who find themselves unable to follow the reasoning on which the effect of approach or recession on wave-lengths depends. Let such remember, however, that experiment in the case of the aerial waves producing sound, accords perfectly with theory, and that the waves which produce light are perfectly analogous (so far as this particular point is concerned) with the waves producing sound.

Ordinary white light, and many kinds of colored light, may be compared with *noise*—that is, with a multitude of intermixed sounds. But light of one pure color may be compared to sound of one determinate note. As the aerial waves producing the effect of one definite tone are all of one length, so the ethereal waves producing light of one definite color are all of one length. Therefore if we approach or recede from a source of light emitting such waves, effects will result corresponding with what has been described above for the case of water-waves and sound-waves. If we approach the source of light, or if it approaches us, the waves will be shortened; if we recede from it, or if it recedes from us, the waves will be lengthened. But the color of light depends on its wave-length precisely as the tone of sound depends on its wave-length. The waves producing red light are longer than those producing orange light, these are longer than the waves

producing yellow light; and so the length-waves shorten down from yellow to green, thence to blue, to indigo, and finally to violet. Thus if light shining in reality with a pure green color, approached the observer with a velocity comparable with that of light, it would seem blue, indigo, or violet according to the rate of approach; whereas if it rapidly receded, it would seem yellow, orange, or red according to the rate of recession.

Unfortunately in one sense, though very fortunately in many much more important respects, the rates of motion among the celestial bodies are *not* comparable with the velocity of light, but are always so much less as to be almost rest by comparison. The velocity of light is about 187,000 miles per second, or, according to the measures of the solar system at present in vogue (which will shortly have to give place to somewhat larger measures, the result of observations made upon the recent transit of Venus), about 185,000 miles per second. The swiftest celestial motion of which we have ever had direct evidence was that of the comet of the year 1843, which, at the time of its nearest approach to the sun, was travelling at the rate of about 350 miles per second. This, compared with the velocity of light, is as the motion of a person taking six steps a minute, each less than half a yard long, to the rush of the swiftest express train. No body within our solar system can travel faster than this, the motion of a body falling upon the sun from an infinite distance being only about 370 miles per second when it reaches his surface. And though swifter motions probably exist among the bodies travelling around more massive suns than ours, yet of such motions we can never become cognisant. All the motions taking place among the stars themselves would appear to be very much less in amount. The most swiftly moving sun seems to travel but at the rate of about 50 or 60 miles per second.

Now let us consider how far a motion of 100 miles per second might be expected to modify the color of pure green light—selecting green as the middle color of the spectrum. The waves producing green light are of such a length, that 47,000 of them scarcely equal in length a single inch. Draw on paper an inch

and divide it carefully into ten equal parts, or take such parts from a well-divided rule; divide one of these tenths into ten equal parts, as nearly as the eye will permit you to judge; then one of these parts, or about half the thickness of an average pin, would contain 475 of the waves of pure green light. The same length would equal the length of 440 waves of pure yellow light, and of 511 waves of pure blue light. (The green, yellow, and blue, here spoken of, are understood to be of the precise color of the middle of the green, yellow, and blue parts of the spectrum.) Thus the green waves must be increased in the proportion of 475 to 440 to give yellow light, or reduced in the proportion of 511 to 475 to give blue light. For the first purpose, the velocity of recession must bear to the velocity of light the proportion which 30 bears to 475, or must be equal to rather more than one-sixteenth part of the velocity of light—say 11,600 miles per second. For the second purpose, the velocity of approach must bear to the velocity of light the proportion which 36 bears to 475, or must be nearly equal to one-thirteenth part of the velocity of light—say 14,300 miles per second. But the motions of the stars and other celestial bodies, and also the motions of matter in the sun, and so forth, are very much less than these. 'Except in the case of one or two comets (and always dismissing from consideration the amazing apparent velocities with which comets' tails *seem* to be formed), we may take 100 miles per second as the extreme limit of velocity with which we have to deal, in considering the application of our theory to the motions of recession and approach of celestial bodies. Thus in the case of recession the greatest possible change of color in pure green light would be equivalent to the difference between the medium green of the spectrum, and the color 1-116th part of the way from medium green to medium yellow; and in the case of approach, the change would correspond to the difference between the medium green and the color 1-143rd part of the way from medium green to medium blue. Let any one look at a spectrum of fair length, or even at a correctly tinted painting of the solar spectrum, and note how utterly unrecognizable to ordinary vision is the dif-

ference of tint for even the twentieth part of the distance between medium green and medium yellow on one side, or medium blue on the other, and he will recognize how utterly hopeless it would be to attempt to appreciate the change of color due to the approach or recession of a luminous body shining with pure green light and moving at the tremendous rate of 100 miles per second. It would be hopeless, even though we had the medium green color and the changed color, either towards yellow or towards blue, placed side by side for comparison—how much more when the changed color would have to be compared with the observer's recollection of the medium color, as seen on some other occasion?

But this is the least important of the difficulties affecting the application of this method by noting change of color as Doppler originally proposed. Another difficulty which seems somehow to have wholly escaped Doppler's attention, renders the color test altogether unavailable. We do not get *pure* light from any of the celestial bodies except certain gaseous clouds or nebulae. From every sun we get, as from our own sun, all the colors of the rainbow. There may be an excess of some colors and a deficiency of others in any star, so as to give the star a tint, or even a very decided color. But even a blood-red star, or a deep blue or violet star, does not shine with pure red light, for the spectroscope shows that the star has other colors than those producing the prevailing tint, and it is only the great *excess* of red rays (all kinds of red, too) or of blue rays (of all kinds), and so on, which makes the star appear red, or blue, and so on, to the eye. By far the greater number of stars or suns show all the colors of the rainbow nearly equally distributed, as in the case of our own sun. Now imagine for a moment a white sun, which had been at rest, to begin suddenly to approach us so rapidly (travelling more than 10,000 miles per second) that the red rays became orange, the orange became yellow, the yellow green, the green blue, the blue indigo, the indigo violet, and that the violet waves became too short to affect the sense of sight. Then, *if that were all*, that sun, being deprived of the red part of its light, would shine with a slightly bluish tinge, owing to the relative

superabundance of rays from the violet end of the spectrum. We should be able to recognize such a change, yet not nearly so distinctly as if that sun had been shining with a pure green light, and suddenly beginning to approach us at the enormous rate just mentioned, changed in color to full blue. *Though*, if that sun were all the time approaching us at the enormous rate imagined, we should be quite unable to tell whether its slightly bluish tinge were due to such motion of approach or to some inherent blueness in the light emitted by the star. Similarly, if a white sun suddenly began to recede so rapidly that its violet rays were turned to indigo, indigo to blue, and so on, the orange rays turning to red, and the red rays disappearing altogether, then, *if that were all*, its light would become slightly reddish, owing to the relative superabundance of light from the red end of the spectrum; and we might distinguish the change, yet not so readily as if a sun shining with pure green light began to recede at the same enormous rate, and so shone with pure yellow light.

Though, if that sun were all the time receding at that enormous rate, we should be quite unable to tell whether its slightly reddish hue were due to such motion of recession or to some inherent redness in its own lustre. *But in neither case would that be all.* In the former, the red rays would indeed become orange; but the rays beyond the red, which produce no effect upon vision, would be converted into red rays, and fill up the part of the spectrum deserted by the rays originally red. In the latter, the violet rays would indeed become indigo; but the rays beyond the violet, ordinarily producing no effect, would be converted into violet rays, and fill up the part of the spectrum deserted by the rays originally violet. Thus, despite the enormous velocity of approach in one case and of recession in the other, there would be no change whatever in the color of the sun in either case. All the colors of the rainbow would still be present in the sun's light, and it would therefore still be a white sun.

Doppler's method would thus fail utterly, even though the stars were traveling hither and thither with motions a hundred times greater than the greatest known stellar motions.

This objection to Doppler's theory, as originally proposed, was considered by me in an article on "Colored Suns" in *Fraser's Magazine* for January, 1868. His theory, indeed, was originally promulgated not as affording a means of measuring stellar motions, but as a way of accounting for the colors of double stars. It was thus presented by Professor Nichol, in a chapter of his "Architecture of the Heavens," on this special subject:—

"The rapid motion of light reaches indeed one of those numbers which reason owns, while imagination ceases to comprehend them; but it is also true that the swiftness with which certain individuals of the double stars sweep past their perihelias, or rather their periastrons, is amazing; and in this matter of colors, it must be recollected that the question solely regards the difference between the velocities of the waves constituent of colors, at those different stellar positions. Still it is a bold—even a magnificent idea; and if it can be reconciled with the permanent colors of the multitude of stars surrounding us—stars which too are moving in great orbits with immense velocities—it may be hailed almost as a positive discovery. It must obtain confirmation, or otherwise, so soon as we can compare with certainty the observed colorific changes of separate systems with the known fluctuations of their orbital motions."

That was written a quarter of a century ago, when spectroscopic analysis, as we now know it, had no existence. Accordingly, while the fatal objection to Doppler's original theory is overlooked on the one hand, the means of applying the principle underlying the theory, in a much more exact manner than Doppler could have hoped for, is overlooked on the other. Both points are noted in the article above referred to, in the same paragraph. "We may dismiss," I there stated, "the theory started some years ago by the French astronomer, M. Doppler." But, I presently added, "It is quite clear that the effects of a motion rapid enough to produce such a change" (*i.e.* a change of tint in a pure color) "would shift the position of the whole spectrum—and this change would be readily detected by a reference to the spectral lines." This is true, even to the word "readily." Velocities which would produce an appreciable change of tint would produce "readily" detectible changes in the position of the spectral lines; the velocities actually existing among the star-motions would produce changes in the position

of these lines detectible only with extreme difficulty, or perhaps in the majority of instances not detectible at all.

It has been in this way that the spectroscopic method has actually been applied.

It is easy to perceive the essential difference between this way of applying the method and that depending on the attempted recognition of changes of color. A dark line in the spectrum marks in reality the place of a missing tint. The tints next to it on either side are present, but the tint between them is wanting. They are changed in color—very slightly, in fact quite inappreciably—by motion of recession or approach, or, in other words, they are shifted in position along the spectrum, towards the red end for recession, towards the violet end for approach; and, of course, the dark space between is shifted along with them. One may say that the missing tint is changed. For in reality that is precisely what would happen. If the light of a star at rest gave every tint of the spectrum, for instance, except mid-green alone, and that star approached or receded so swiftly that its motion would change pure green light to pure yellow in one case, or pure blue in the other, then the effect on the spectrum of such a star would be to throw the dark line from the middle of the green part of the spectrum to the middle of the yellow part in one case, or to the middle of the blue part in the other. The dark line would be quite notably shifted in either case. With the actual stellar motions, though all the lines are more or less shifted, the displacement is always exceedingly minute, and it becomes a task of extreme difficulty to recognize, and still more to measure, such displacement.

When I first indicated publicly (January, 1868) the way in which Doppler's principle could alone be applied, two physicists, Huggins in England and Secchi in Italy, were actually endeavoring, with the excellent spectroscopes in their possession, to apply this method. In March, 1868, Secchi gave up the effort as useless, publicly announcing the plan on which he had proceeded and his failure to obtain any results except negative ones. A month later Huggins also publicly announced the plan on which he had been working, but was also able to

state that in one case, that of the bright star Sirius, he had succeeded in measuring a motion in the line of sight, having discovered that Sirius was receding from the earth at the rate of 41·4 miles per second. I say *was* receding, because a part of the recession at the time of observation was due to the earth's orbital motion around the sun. I had, at his request, supplied Huggins with the formula for calculating the correction due to this cause, and, applying it, he found that Sirius is receding from the sun at the rate of about 29½ miles per second, or some 930 millions of miles per annum.

I am not here specially concerned to consider the actual results of the application of this method since the time of Huggins's first success; but the next chapter of the history of the method is one so interesting to myself personally that I feel tempted briefly to refer to details. So soon as I had heard of Huggins's success with Sirius, and that an instrument was being prepared for him wherewith he might hope to extend the method to other stars, I ventured to make a prediction as to the result which he would obtain whensoever he should apply it to five stars of the seven forming the so-called Plough. I had found reason to feel assured that these five form a system drifting all together amid stellar space. Satisfied for my own part as to the validity of the evidence, I submitted it to Sir J. Herschel, who was struck by its force. The apparent drift of those stars was, of course, a thwart drift; but if they really were drifting in space, then their motions in the line of sight must of necessity be alike. My prediction, then, was that whensoever Mr. Huggins applied to those stars the new method he would find them either all receding at the same rate, or all approaching at the same rate, or else that all *alike* failed to give any evidence at all either of recession or approach. I had indicated the five in the first edition of my "Other Worlds"—to wit, the stars of the Plough, omitting the nearest "pointer" to the pole and the star marking the third horse (or the tip of the Great Bear's tail). So soon as Huggins's new telescope and its spectroscopic adjuncts were in working order, he re-examined Sirius, determined the motions of other stars, and, at last, on one suitable even-

ing he tested the stars of the Plough. He began with the nearest pointer, and found that star swiftly approaching the earth. He turned to the other pointer, and found it rapidly receding from the earth. Being under the impression that my five included both pointers, he concluded that my prediction had utterly failed, and so went on with his observations altogether unprejudiced in its favor, to say the least. The next star of the seven he found to be receding at the same rate as the second pointer; the next at the same rate, the next, and the next receding still at the same rate, and lastly the seventh receding at a different rate. Here, then, were five stars all receding at a common rate, and of the other two one receding at a different rate, the other swiftly approaching. Turning next to the work containing my prediction, Huggins found that the five stars thus receding at a common rate were the five whose community of motion I had indicated two years before. Thus the first prediction ever made respecting the motions of the so-called fixed stars was not wanting in success. I would venture to add that the theory of star-drift, on the strength of which the prediction was made, was effectively confirmed by the result.

The next application of the new method was one of singular interest. I believe it was Mr. Lockyer who first thought of applying the method to measure the rate of solar hurricanes as well as the velocities of the uprush and downrush of vaporous matter in the atmosphere of the sun. Another spectroscopic method had enabled astronomers to watch the rush of glowing matter from the edge of the sun, by observing the colored flames and their motions; but by the new method it was possible to determine whether the flames at the edge were swept by solar cyclones carrying them from or towards the eye of the terrestrial observer, and also to determine whether glowing vapors over the middle of the visible disc were subject to motion of uprush, which of course would carry them towards the eye, or of downrush, which would carry them from the eye. The result of observations directed to this end was to show that at least during the time when the sun is most spotted, solar hurricanes of tremendous violence take

place, while the uprushing and downrushing motions of solar matter sometimes attain a velocity of more than 100 miles per second.

It was this success on the part of an English spectroscopist which caused the attack on the new method against which it has but recently been successfully defended, at least in the eyes of those who are satisfied only by experimental tests of the validity of a process. The Padre Secchi had failed, as we have seen, to recognize motions of recession and approach among the stars by the new method. But he had taken solar observation by spectroscopic methods under his special charge, and therefore when the new results reached his ears he felt bound to confirm or invalidate them. He believed that the apparent displacement of dark lines in the solar spectrum might be due to the heat of the sun causing changes in the delicate adjustments of the instrument—a cause of error against which precautions are certainly very necessary. He satisfied himself that when sufficient precautions are taken no displacements take place such as Lockyer, Young, and others claimed to have seen. But he submitted the matter to a farther test. As the sun is spinning swiftly on his axis, his mighty equator, more than two and a half millions of miles in girth, circling once round in about twenty-four days, it is clear that on one side the sun's surface is swiftly moving *towards*, and on the other side as swiftly moving *from*, the observer. By some amazing miscalculation Secchi made the rate of this motion 20 miles per second, so that the sum of the two motions in opposite directions would equal 40 miles per second. He considered that he ought to be able by the new method, if the new method is trustworthy at all, to recognize this marked difference between the state of the sun's eastern and western edges; found on trial that he could not do so; and accordingly expressed his opinion that the new method is not trustworthy, and that the arguments urged in its favor are invalid.

The weak point in his reasoning resided in the circumstance that the solar equator is only moving at the rate of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles per second, so that instead of a difference of 40 miles per second between the two edges, which

should be appreciable, the actual difference (that is, the sum of the two equal motions in opposite directions) amounts only to $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per second, which certainly Secchi could not hope to recognize with the spectroscopic power at his disposal. Nevertheless when the error in his reasoning was pointed out, though he admitted that error, he maintained the justice of his conclusion; just as Cassini, having mistakenly reasoned that the degrees of latitude should diminish towards the pole instead of increasing, and having next mistakenly found, as he supposed, that they do diminish, acknowledged the error of his reasoning, but insisted on the validity of his observations; maintaining thenceforth, as all the world knows, that the earth is extended instead of flattened at the poles.

Huggins tried to recognize by the new method the effects of the sun's rotation, using a much more powerful spectroscope than Secchi had employed. The history of the particular spectroscope he employed is in one respect specially interesting to myself, as the extension of spectroscopic power was of my own devising before I had ever used or even seen a powerful spectroscope. The reader is aware that spectroscopes derive their light-sifting power from the prisms forming them. The number of prisms was gradually increased, from Newton's single prism to Fraunhofer's pair, Kirchhoff's battery of four, till six were used, which bent the light round as far as it would go. Then the idea occurred of carrying the light to a higher level (by reflections) and sending it back through the same battery of prisms, doubling the dispersion. Such a battery, if of six prisms, would spread the spectral colors twice as widely apart as six used in the ordinary way, and would thus have a dispersive power of twelve prisms. It occurred to me that after taking the rays through six prisms, arranged in a curve like the letter C, an intermediate four-cornered prism of a particular shape (which I determined) might be made to send the rays into another battery of six prisms, the entire set forming a double curve like the letter S, the rays being then carried to a higher level and back through the double battery. In this way a dispersive power of nineteen prisms

could be secured. My friend Mr. Browning, the eminent optician, made a double battery of this kind,* which was purchased by Mr. W. Spottiswoode, and by him lent to Mr. Huggins for the express purpose of dealing with the task Secchi had set spectroscopists. It did not, however, afford the required evidence. Huggins considered the displacement of dark lines due to the sun's rotation to be recognizable, but so barely that he could not speak confidently on the point.

There for a while the matter rested. Vögel made observations confirming Huggins's results relative to stellar motions; but Vögel's instrumental means were not sufficiently powerful to render his results of much weight.

But recently two well-directed attacks have been made upon this problem, one in England, the other in America, and in both cases with success. Rather, perhaps, seeing that the method had been attacked and was supposed to require defence, we may say that two well-directed assaults have been made upon the attacking party, which has been completely routed.

Arrangements were made not very long ago, by which the astronomical work of Greenwich Observatory, for a long time directed almost exclusively to time observations, should include the study of the sun, stars, planets, and so forth. Amongst other work which was considered suited to the national observatory was the application of spectroscopic analysis to determine motions of recession and approach among the celestial bodies. Some of these observations, by the way, were made, we are told, "to test the truth of Doppler's principle," though it seems difficult to suppose for an instant that mathematicians so skilful

* I have omitted all reference to details; but in reality the double battery was automatic, the motion of the observing telescope, as different colors of the spectrum were brought into view, setting all the prisms of the double battery into that precise position which causes them to show best each particular part of the spectrum thus brought into view. It is rather singular that the first view I ever had of the solar prominences, was obtained (at Dr. Huggins's observatory) with this instrument of my own invention, which also was the first powerful spectroscope I had ever used or even seen.

as the chief of the Observatory and some of his assistants could entertain any doubt on that point. Probably it was intended by the words just quoted to imply simply that some of the observations were made for the purpose of illustrating the principle of the method. We are not to suppose that on a point so simple the Greenwich observers have been in any sort of doubt.

At first their results were not very satisfactory. The difficulties which had for a long time foiled Huggins, and which Secchi has never been able to master, rendered the first Greenwich measures of stellar motions in the line of sight wildly inconsistent, not only with Huggins's results, but with each other. Secchi was not slow to note this, and a short time ago he renewed his objections to the new method of observation, pointing and illustrating his objections by referring to the discrepancies among the Greenwich results. But recently a fresh series of results has been published, showing that the observers at Greenwich have succeeded in mastering some at least among the difficulties which they had before experienced. The measurements of star-motions showed now a satisfactory agreement with Huggins's results, and their range of divergence among themselves was greatly reduced. The chief interest of the new results, however, lay in the observations made upon bodies known to be in motion in the line of sight at rates already measured. These observations, though not wanted as tests of the accuracy of the principle, were very necessary as tests of the accuracy of the instruments used in applying it. It is here and thus that Secchi's objections alone required to be met, and here and thus they have been thoroughly disposed of. Let us consider what means exist within the solar system for thus testing the new method.

The earth travels along in her orbit at the rate of about $18\frac{1}{2}$ miles in every second of time. Not to enter into niceties which could only properly be dealt with mathematically, it may be said that with this full velocity she is at times approaching the remoter planets of the system, and at times receding from them; so that here at once is a range of difference amounting to about 37 miles per second, and fairly within the power of the new

method of observation. For it matters nothing, so far as the new method is concerned, whether the earth is approaching another orb by her motion, or that orb approaching by its own motion. Again, the planet Venus travels at the rate of about $21\frac{1}{2}$ miles per second, but as the earth travels only 3 miles a second less swiftly, and the same way round, only a small portion of Venus's motion ever appears as a motion of approach towards or recession from the earth. Still Venus is sometimes approaching and sometimes receding from the earth, at a rate of more than 8 miles per second. Her light is much brighter than that of Jupiter or Saturn, and accordingly this smaller rate of motion would be probably more easily recognized than the greater rate at which the giant planets are sometimes approaching and at other times receding from the earth. At least the Greenwich observers seem to have confined their attention to Venus, so far as motions of planets in the line of sight are concerned. The moon, as a body which keeps always at nearly the same distance from us, would of course be the last in the world to be selected to give positive evidence in favor of the new method; but she serves to afford a useful test of the accuracy of the instruments employed. If when these were applied to her they gave evidence of motions of recession or approach at the rate of several miles per second, when we know as a matter of fact that the moon's distance never * varies by more than 30,000 miles during the lunar month, and her rate of approach or recession thus averaging about one-fiftieth part of a mile per second, discredit would be thrown on the new method—not, indeed, as regards its principle, which no competent reasoner can for a moment question, but as regards the possibility of practically applying it with our present instrumental means.

Observations have been made at Greenwich, both on Venus and on the moon, by the new method, with results entirely satisfactory. The method shows that Venus is receding when she is known to be receding, and that she is

* It varies more in some months than in others, as the moon's orbit changes in shape under the various perturbing influences to which she is subject.

approaching when she is known to be approaching; and the method shows no signs of approach or recession in the moon's case, and is thus in satisfactory agreement with the known facts. Of course these results are open to the objection that the observers have known beforehand what to expect, and that expectation often deceives the mind, especially in cases where the thing to be observed is not at all easy to recognize. It will presently be seen that the new method has been more satisfactorily tested, in this respect, in other ways. It may be partly due to the effect of expectation that in the case of Venus the motions of approach and recession, tested by the new method, have always been somewhat too great. A part of the excess may be due to the use of the measure of the sun's distance, and therefore the measures of the dimensions of the solar system, in vogue before the recent transit. These measures fall short to some degree of those which result from the observations made in December, 1874, on Venus in transit, the sun's distance being estimated at about 91,400,000 miles instead of 92,000,000 miles, which would seem to be nearer the real distance. Of course all the motions within the solar system would be correspondingly under-estimated. On the other hand, the new method would give all velocities with absolute correctness if instrumental difficulties could be overcome. The difference between the real velocities of Venus approaching and receding, and those calculated according to the present inexact estimate of the sun's distance, is however much less than the observed discrepancy, doubtless due to the difficulties involved in the application of this most difficult method. I note the point, chiefly for the sake of mentioning the circumstance that theoretically the method affords a new means of measuring the dimensions of the solar system. Whenever the practical application of the method has been so far improved that the rate of approach or recession of Venus, or Mercury, or Jupiter, or Saturn (any one of these planets) can be determined on any occasion, with great nicety, we can at once infer the sun's distance with corresponding exactness. Considering that the method has not been invented ten years (setting

aside Doppler's first vague ideas respecting it), and that spectroscopic analysis as a method of exact observation is as yet little more than a quarter of a century old, we may fairly hope that in the years to come the new method, already successfully applied to measure motions of recession and approach at the rate of 20 or 30 miles per second, will be employed successfully in measuring much smaller velocities. Then will it give us a new method of measuring the great base-line of astronomical surveying—the distance of our world from the centre of the solar system.

That this will one day happen is rendered highly probable, in my opinion, by the successes next to be related.

Besides the motions of the planets around the sun, there are their motions of rotation, and the rotation of the sun himself upon his axis. Some among these turning motions are sufficiently rapid to be dealt with by the new method. The most rapid rotational motion with which we are acquainted from actual observation is that of the planet Jupiter. The circuit of his equator amounts to about 267,000 miles, and he turns once on his axis in a few minutes less than ten hours, so that his equatorial surface travels at the rate of about 26,700 miles an hour, or nearly $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles per second. Thus between the advancing and retreating sides of the equator there is a difference of motion in the line of sight amounting to nearly 15 miles. But this is not all. Jupiter shines by reflecting sunlight. Now it is easily seen that where his turning equator *meets* the waves of light from the sun, these are shortened, in the same sense that waves are shortened for a swimmer travelling to meet them, while these waves, already shortened in this way, are further shortened when starting from the same advancing surface of Jupiter, on their journey to us after reflection. In this way the shortening of the waves is doubled, at least when the earth is so placed that Jupiter lies in the same direction from us as from the sun, the very time, in fact, when Jupiter is most favorably placed for ordinary observation or at his highest due south, when the sun is at his lowest below the northern horizon—that is, at midnight. The lengthening of the waves is similarly doubled at this

most favorable time for observation ; and the actual difference between the motion of the two sides of Jupiter's equator being nearly 15 miles per second, the effect on the light-waves is equivalent to that due to a difference of nearly 30 miles per second. Thus the new method may fairly be expected to indicate Jupiter's motion of rotation. The Greenwich observers have succeeded in applying it, though Jupiter has not been favorably situated for observation. Only on one occasion, says Sir G. Airy, was the spectrum of Jupiter "seen fairly well," and on that occasion "measures were obtained which gave a result in remarkable agreement with the calculated value." It may well be hoped that when in the course of a few years Jupiter returns to that part of his course where he rises high above the horizon, shining more brightly and through a less perturbed air, the new method will be still more successfully applied. We may even hope to see it extended to Saturn, not merely to confirm the measures already made of Saturn's rotation, but to resolve the doubts which exist as to the rotation of Saturn's ring-system.

Lastly, there remains the rotation of the sun, a movement much more difficult to detect by the new method, because the actual rate of motion even at the sun's equator amounts only to about 1 mile per second.

In dealing with this very difficult task, the hardest which spectroscopists have yet attempted, the Greenwich observers have achieved an undoubted success ; but unfortunately for them, though fortunately for science, another observatory, far smaller and of much less celebrity, has at the critical moment achieved success still more complete.

The astronomers at our national observatory have been able to recognize by the new method the turning motion of the sun upon his axis. And here we have not, as in the case of Venus, to record merely that the observers have seen what they expected to see because of the known motion of the sun. "Particular care was taken," says Airy, "to avoid any bias from previous knowledge of the direction in which a displacement" (of the spectral lines) "was to be expected," the side of the sun under observation

not being known by the observer until after the observation was completed.

But Professor Young, at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., has done much more than merely obtain evidence by the new method that the sun is rotating as we already knew. He has succeeded so perfectly in mastering the instrumental and observational difficulties, as absolutely to be able to rely on his *measurement* (as distinguished from the mere recognition) of the sun's motion of rotation. The manner in which he has extended the powers of ordinary spectroscopic analysis, cannot very readily be described in these pages, simply because the principles on which the extension depends require for their complete description a reference to mathematical considerations of some complexity. Let it be simply noted that what is called the diffractive spectrum, obtained by using a finely-lined plate, results from the dispersive action of such a plate, or *grating* as it is technically called, and this dispersive power can be readily combined with that of a spectroscope of the ordinary kind. Now Dr. Rutherford of New York has succeeded in ruling so many thousand lines on glass within the breadth of a single inch as to produce a grating of high dispersive power. Availing himself of this beautiful extension of spectroscopic powers, Professor Young has succeeded in recognizing effects of much smaller motions of recession and approach than had before been observable by the new method. He has thus been able to measure the rotation-rate of the sun's equatorial regions. His result exceeds considerably that inferred from the telescopic observation of the solar spots. For whereas from the motion of the spots a rotation-rate of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles per second has been calculated for the sun's equator, Professor Young obtains from his spectroscopic observations a rate of rather more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, or about 300 yards per second more than the telescopic rate.

If Young had been measuring the motion of the same matter which is observed with the telescope, there could of course be no doubt that the telescope was right and the spectroscope wrong. We might add a few yards per second for the probably greater distance of the

sun resulting from recent transit observations. For of course with an increase in our estimate of the sun's distance there comes an increase in our estimate of the sun's dimensions, and of the velocity of the rotational motion of his surface; but only about 12 yards per second could be allowed on this account, the rest would have to be regarded as an error due to the difficulties involved in the spectroscopic method. But in reality the telescopic and the spectroscopist observe different things in determining by their respective methods the sun's motion of rotation. The former observes the motion of the spots, belonging to the sun's visible surface; the latter observes the motion of the glowing vapors outside that surface, for it is from these vapors, not from the surface of the sun, that the dark lines of the spectrum proceed. Now so confident is Professor Young of the accuracy of his spectroscopic observations, that he is prepared to regard the seeming difference of velocity between the atmosphere and surface of the sun as real. He believes that "the solar atmosphere really sweeps forward over the underlying surface, in the same way that the equatorial regions outstrip the other parts of the sun's surface." This inference, important and interesting in itself, is far more important in what it involves. For if we can accept it, it follows that the spectroscopic method of measuring the velocity of motions in the line of sight is competent, under favorable conditions, to obtain results accurate within a few hundred yards per second, or 10 or 12 miles per minute. If this shall really prove to be true for the method now, less than nine years after it was first successfully applied, what may we not hope from the method in future years? Spectroscopic analysis itself is

in its infancy, and this method is but a recent application of spectroscopy. A century or so hence astronomers will smile (though not disdainfully) at these feeble efforts, much as we smile now in contemplating the puny telescopes with which Galileo and his contemporaries studied the star-depths. And we may well believe that largely as the knowledge gained by telescopists in our own time surpasses that which Galileo obtained, so will spectroscopists a few generations hence have gained a far wider and deeper insight into the constitution and movements of the stellar universe than the spectroscopists of our own day dare even hope to attain. I venture confidently to predict that, with that insight, astronomers will recognize in the universe of stars a variety of structure, a complexity of arrangement, an abundance of every form of cosmical vitality, such as I have been led by other considerations to suggest, not the mere cloven lamina of uniformly scattered stars more or less resembling our sun, and all in nearly the same stage of cosmical development, which the books of astronomy not many years since agreed in describing. The history of astronomical progress does not render it probable that the reasoning already advanced, though in reality demonstrative, will convince the generality of science-students until direct and easily understood observations have shown the real nature of the constitution of that part of the universe over which astronomical survey extends. But the evidence already obtained, though its thorough analysis may be "*caviare* to the general," suffices to show the real nature of the relations which one day will come within the direct scope of astronomical observation.—*Contemporary Review*.

ROUND THE WORLD IN A YACHT.*

BY THOMAS BRASSEY, M.P.

I.

IN admitting into the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* a narrative of an

* With the exception of the introductory remarks, the following paper is wholly composed of extracts from the author's note-book, written afloat and for the most part at sea.

amateur voyage of circumnavigation, I fear that the Editor runs a risk of descending into a sphere too narrow in its scope to deserve the attention of a large public.

But as he decides to run that risk I make no further apology, and address

myself at once to the task which I have been requested to undertake. I commence with a general outline of the voyage, and shall subsequently fill in the details of the picture, which, unless connected together at the commencement by a slight sketch of the whole cruise, would be seen in a disjointed and fragmentary aspect.

The expedition was in some respects unprecedented; and the most exceptional feature was the little company of passengers. They included Mrs. Brassey and our four children. The youngest was less than two years of age, and has returned to England in robust health. A voyage of circumnavigation is an ordinary undertaking for a professional seaman; but it was no inconsiderable effort for a lady to exchange the luxuries of an English home for an uneasy residence of eleven months on the rolling sea. And what shall be said of the nurses? True daughters of their Scandinavian forefathers, they accepted the unusual and trying conditions of their sea life with undaunted spirit, and showed no symptoms either of fear or discontent from the day of their departure to the hour of their final disembarkation. A circumnavigation of 35,400 miles has never before been made in the short period of 46 weeks, from which must be deducted 112 days of well-earned repose in harbor. We had, it is true, the advantage of steam, without which such a performance would have been an impossibility; but we travelled 20,517 miles under sail alone, and the consumption of coal has not exceeded 400 tons.

The 'Sunbeam' sailed from Cowes on the 6th of July, 1876, put into Torbay on the following day, resumed her voyage on the 8th, and reached Madeira on the 16th of July. Strong winds were experienced in the Channel, and a fresh gale from the north-east off Cape Finisterre. South of the latitude of Lisbon calms prevailed. In this stage of the voyage 353 miles were traversed under steam, and 886 miles under sail.

Leaving Madeira on the 20th of July, we called at Orotava, for the ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe, and at Tarafal Bay, in the island of San Antonio, one of the Cape de Verdes, for provisions, arriving at Rio de Janeiro on the 17th of August. We sailed before the north-

east trades from Teneriffe to Tarafal Bay, and thence pursued our voyage across the Atlantic to Rio.

The 'Sunbeam' again put to sea on the 5th of September, and in six days reached Montevideo. On the 8th and 9th a gale blew from the north-east; the distances sailed under reefed canvas on these two days being 243 and 270 knots respectively. During our stay in the River Plate we spent a fortnight at Buenos Ayres, and made excursions to Rosario and Cordova, and to Azul, on the southern frontier; we afterwards visited Ensenada.

The voyage was resumed on the 28th of September, and on the 6th of October we arrived at Sandy Point, in the Straits of Magellan. On this passage we rescued a crew of fifteen hands from the barque 'Monks' Haven,' bound from Cardiff to Valparaiso with a cargo of smelting coals. On the 2nd of October we encountered a gale from the south-west, but escaped its full effects by closing with the coast of Patagonia.

The voyage was continued through the Straits of Magellan and Smyth's Channel. It was our happy fortune to see the magnificent mountains of those 'stern and wild' regions in most auspicious weather. The distance from the eastern entrance to the Straits of Magellan to the northern outlet from Smyth's Channel into the Gulf of Penas was 659 miles. We made the passage under steam in seventy-six hours. Aided by the admirable charts from the surveys of Captain King, Admiral Fitzroy, and Captain Mayne, C.B., we were enabled to navigate these intricate channels at full speed, and find well-sheltered anchorages every night.

Lota was our first port on the coast of Chili, and on the 21st of October we reached Valparaiso. After a stay of nine days in that busy but ill-protected harbor, we proceeded on our long and lonely voyage of 12,333 miles across the Pacific to Yokohama. We touched at Bow Island in the Low Archipelago, at Maita and Tahiti in the Society Islands, at Hawaii and Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, sighted Assumption, an isolated extinct volcano in the Ladrões, on the 21st of January, and arrived at Yokohama on the 29th. We had made the passage from Valparaiso in seventy-two days

at sea, and had indulged ourselves in only seventeen days of rest and relaxation in harbor. By far the greater part of this passage was made in the favored region of the trade winds, no severe weather having been encountered until we entered the Kuro Siwo, or warm Japan current, a sea not less stormy than the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, and probably rendered boisterous from similar causes.

After a short stay at Yokohama we proceeded to Kobe, in the Inland Sea, and attended the opening of the railway to Kioto by the Mikado. From Kobe we steamed through the Inland Sea in truly winterly weather to Simonoseki, where we found the people much agitated by the recent insurrection of the Satsuma clan. Bidding farewell to Japan with regret, we steamed to the southward. We issued forth from the Inland Sea by the Boungo Channel, through which Admiral Kuper conducted the combined fleets to the bombardment of Simonoseki, but which has since been rarely used. Passing between the Linschoten Islands, many of which are active volcanoes, and the Liukiu group, we entered the Formosa Channel on the 24th of February, on which day, aided by the current, and running before a strong north-east monsoon, we made good upwards of 300 knots under sail only. This was the best performance of the voyage. On the following evening we arrived off Hongkong.

We sailed from Hongkong on the 7th of March, touched at Macao on the same day, ran down the China Sea before pleasant north-east breezes, and reached Singapore on the 17th of March. After calling at Johore, Malacca, and Penang, we crossed the Indian Ocean, in calm and oppressively hot weather, and arrived at Galle on the 29th, and Colombo on the 30th of March.

On the 5th of April we were 'once more upon the waters,' and on the 15th, having steamed the whole distance of 2,100 miles, we reached Aden. Here we remained a few hours only, and, after coaling, resumed our voyage under sail, with a fresh breeze from the south-east in our favor, which carried us through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb and up the Red Sea for a distance of 350 miles from Aden. The wind subsiding to a

calm, we proceeded under steam until the afternoon of the 22nd, when we encountered a strong northerly gale, blowing in heavy gusts off the high mountains of the Sinaitic peninsula. We worked up to and through the Straits of Zupal under steam and sail, and up the Gulf of Suez under sail only.

The importance of the Suez Canal is abundantly testified to the traveller in Eastern waters by the frequency with which he meets large steamers carrying the British flag. While upwards of a thousand British vessels pass through the canal every year, no other nation sends so many as one hundred; and of the foreign vessels by far the greater number are maintained by liberal subsidies. All the French steamers, save one, which makes an annual voyage to Madagascar, are largely subsidised. It is a significant circumstance that no vessel of the merchant service of the United States, and only two steamers bearing the Belgian flag, have passed through the canal. The Norwegian flag, which is displayed so widely in other waters, is scarcely ever seen at Suez.

The 'Sunbeam' steamed through the canal in two days, and reached Alexandria on the 29th of April, after a boisterous passage of two days from Port Said. We sailed from Alexandria on the 2nd of May. For three days the wind was so strong from the west that it would have been impossible to gain any advantage by the use of our auxiliary steam-power. We accordingly stood to the north-west, close hauled, under reefed canvas, and made the island of Crete on the evening of the 5th. Here the wind shifted to the south-east, enabling us to press forward under steam and sail, and reach Malta on the 8th of May.

We arrived at Gibraltar on the 16th, having made the passage, against westerly winds of varying force, in six days. After a stay of sixteen hours only, we weighed anchor at 8 P.M., and proceeded under sail, before a strong easterly wind, through the Straits of Gibraltar. The next day the wind subsided, and at 7 P.M. we were under steam.

On the coast of Portugal we encountered such strong head winds that we put into Lisbon for two days for shelter; and off Cape Finisterre we were hove to for two days under reefed canvas. Even

when the weather moderated, the winds continued unfavorable, and we completed the voyage under steam, arriving off Cowes on the 26th, and finally landing at Hastings on the following day.

Before entering upon other matters, the little vessel which has carried us so rapidly and safely over 36,000 miles of ocean claims a brief description. She was designed by Mr. St. Clare Byrne, of Liverpool, and may be technically defined as a composite three-masted topsail-yard screw schooner. The engines, by Messrs. Laird, are of 70 nominal or 350 indicated horse-power, and developed a speed of 10·13 knots on the measured mile. The bunkers contain 80 tons of coal. The average daily consumption is 4 tons, and the speed 8 knots in fine weather. The principal dimensions of the hull are—

Length for tonnage.....	157 feet
Beam extreme.....	27·6 inches.
Displacement tonnage.....	531 tons
Area of midship section.....	202 square feet.

With an addition of twenty feet to the length, and more engine power, the 'Sunbeam' presents a type which might be found very efficient for naval services in distant waters where good sailing qualities are essential, and large ships are not required. A heavy gun could be carried amidships, which should be provided with gear for lowering into the hold in stormy weather.

Our voyage has been abundant in illustrations of the advantages of steam-power, of weatherliness under sail, buoyancy in a short confused sea—indeed, of all the qualities which go to make a perfect cruiser. How hard a problem it is to the advanced science of the present day to unite in any single model these various elements!

It is not pretended that the 'Sunbeam' was without faults; yet, even in the production of so small a vessel—her hull, engines, and equipments—what a combination there is of mental skill, manual effort, experience, and experiment!

On looking back and contrasting the anticipated difficulties with the practical experiences of the voyage, the ease and certainty with which every passage has been made are truly surprising. Our track has been for the most part within the tropics. The storms off the Cape of

Good Hope and Cape Horn have been avoided in the inland passages of the Straits of Magellan and the Suez Canal. We have met with no continuous stormy weather, except during the four days preceding our arrival at Yokohama. In one of these squalls the jib-boom and topgallant-mast were carried away. No other spars were lost during the voyage. We have suffered discomfort from heat, and detention in calms; but storms have disturbed us seldom, and they have not lasted long.

The navigation presented few difficulties. All the coasts that we have visited have been surveyed. In this important work the officers of the British Survey have taken a prominent part, and they deserve the highest praise for their care and accuracy.

Lighthouses are no longer confined to European waters. In China and Japan the sinuosities of the coast are defined at night by a complete and methodical illumination.

The perfection to which the manufacture of chronometers has been brought is a very valuable help to the navigator. Lunar observations, the only really difficult work in ocean navigation, are now no longer necessary. Not being lunarians, we are much beholden to our chronometers by Brockbank and Atkins, which kept their time most admirably, and enabled us invariably to make a good landfall.

The uniform excellence of the Admiralty sailing directions makes it the more to be regretted that none have as yet been prepared for some extensive and much-frequented seas. The Admiralty have published no complete manual for the Pacific, and, what is still more remarkable, they have wholly neglected the Mediterranean.

The wind charts and sailing directions published by the Admiralty are not less deserving of mention. The information they contain for the Atlantic, the China seas, and the Indian Ocean is most ample. With the aid of these publications, the inexperienced navigator may confidently select the best point for crossing the line at any season of the year. He will form a very fair idea of the weather he will probably experience, and can lay down his track for distant voyages, so as to use the prevailing winds to the best

advantage. Modern navigators owe a great debt of gratitude to Lieutenant Maury of the United States Navy, to Admiral Richards, Captain Evans, Commander Hull, and the officers of our own Hydrographic Office, and to the investigations of the Dutch.

Apart from the discovery of certain general laws which are universally observed in cases of extreme weather disturbance, the progress of the science of meteorology has hitherto been slow and disappointing. No more conclusive proof of the uncertainty in which the subject is still enveloped could be cited than the statement, made last year by Mr. Warren de la Rue, in his evidence as a witness before the Treasury Committee on Meteorology. He said that for three years each member of the Committee of the Royal Society, under whose superintendence the Meteorological Office has been managed, had received every day, by the evening post, a forecast of the probable weather in London on the following day. The result had been a 'mottled success;' or, in other words, the prediction was as often wrong as right. The Treasury Committee very properly reported that 'there was important evidence that the science of meteorology at the present time stands in need of hypothesis and discussion at least as much as, if not more than, of observation.'

While we have attained a considerable knowledge of the average weather, for extended periods, in all those regions of the globe where we have an important maritime trade, we are still without a clue to guide us in determining the probable changes of the weather from day to day. The discovery of the laws which govern the movements of the atmosphere must not, however, be regarded as hopeless; and the methodical system of observation, now established by international agreement among all civilised nations, must lead in the end to some useful results.

While life at sea is fresh in my recollection, I shall venture to particularise some of the hardships of the sailor, with which I have learned to sympathise more keenly after spending eleven months afloat. The life of the sailor is too monotonous. To spend 160 days at sea with the mongrel associates that the fore-

castle ordinarily affords is enough to distress the gayest spirits. It is a life of privation to live on salt beef, salt pork, salt butter, and hard biscuit, even when these provisions are of undeniable quality; but when this condition of things has to be endured for weeks together, beneath a vertical sun, with the thermometer at 90° —when there are no steady breezes, and the anxious skipper is for ever calling upon his crew to trim the sails to every catspaw—the severity of the ordeal is increased tenfold. It is a life of hardship to do battle for long weeks, under close reefs, in the stormy seas south of the Cape of Good Hope, or to scud round the Horn, surrounded by icebergs, with sails and rigging frozen, and with no suitable clothing.

Under an almost vertical sun, only six degrees north of the equator, and in the torrid heat of the tropics, I was forcibly reminded of the discomfort—nay, the suffering—caused by constant and extreme vicissitudes of climate. Not a month had elapsed since the 'Sunbeam' was covered every morning by a sheet of ice, formed over the deck in a few minutes as soon as sea-water was pumped up for the usual daily scrubbing.

Fifteen days' sail from ice-bound Simonoseki brought us to Singapore, in latitude only one degree north from the equator, where the thermometer registered 90° in a roomy and well ventilated cabin, and where for several hours in the day no European, who can avoid it, ventures out of doors. A thoughtful commander will endeavor to modify the routine of work afloat in accordance with the variations of climate, yet in the exigencies of a sea life the necessity may arise for extra exertions at any moment. The present writer well remembers how it happened, in his own case, that it was during the hottest hours of the day, in the burning month of March, that the 'Sunbeam' was coaled and removed from the wharf in the new harbor to the outer roadstead at Singapore; that at noon on the two succeeding days the services of the men were required in the boats at Singapore and Johore; and that between noon and 1 P.M. on the fourth day, the anchor, with fifty fathoms of chain outside the hawse, was weighed by manual labor off Malacca. No limit was placed on the supply of

limes, lime juice, and fresh fruit to the crew of the 'Sunbeam.' How inferior inevitably must be the rations supplied on board a merchant ship on a long voyage, touching at no port for the space of a hundred and forty days! The crews must subsist chiefly on a diet which is not inviting in the appetising atmosphere of the Arctic or Antarctic zones, and which must be positively repugnant to unfortunate Europeans, panting and sore athirst, in a protracted calm on the line. None but those who have been long at sea in the tropics can fully appreciate that it is not storm and tempest, nor yet rain and cold, but heat, intolerable and long-enduring heat, which causes the most intense discomfort to the seamen in the foreign trade.

Life before the mast was described with his usual vigor by Dr. Johnson, in one of those conversations so tenaciously remembered by the admiring Boswell.

As to the sailor (said the great moralist), when you look down from the quarter-deck to the space below, you see the utmost extremity of human misery, such crowding, such filth, such stench!

Boswell. Yet sailors are happy.

Johnson. They are happy as brutes are happy with a piece of fresh meat—with the grossest sensuality. But, sir, the profession of soldiers and sailors has the dignity of danger. Mankind reverence those who have got over fear, which is so general a weakness.

Scott. We find people fond of being sailors.

Johnson. I cannot account for that, any more than I can account for other strange perversions of the imagination.

The sailor who goes long voyages in sailing-ships, even if married, is practically a homeless and friendless man. Rare indeed are his opportunities of advising with a counsellor in a sphere superior to his own, or gaining the favor of a powerful patron. The shipowner knows nothing of the seamen in his employ, and no ties like those that bind together the landlord and tenant, the cottager and the squire, can be established between them. Again, there is a difficulty in giving to the sailor a direct inducement to diligence. That is done in other employment by piecework. The nature of the occupation forbids the extension of such a system to the sea; and thus the sailor is not animated by the incentives to vigorous exertion which exercise such a wholesome influence over other classes

of workmen, in correcting the indolence which is part of human nature.

A lesson may be learned by contrasting the privileges of the quarter-deck with the disadvantages of the fore-castle. From time to time the newspapers have been filled with complaints of the misconduct of British seamen in foreign ports. Their bad behavior is an almost inevitable consequence of the peculiar circumstances in which they are placed. After a weary voyage, who does not sigh for the blessings of the land? The sailor, confined for months in the narrow and unattractive limits of the fore-castle, shares the universal longing of human nature. He lands, an utter stranger, without a friend, unnoticed by the crowd, and ignorant of the language. He is soon accosted by a fellow-countryman, one of that low class who make an ill-gotten livelihood by pandering to the vices of young seamen. The tempter invites his victim to lodgings close at hand, and engages to cheer his life ashore with all the pleasures that are supposed to delight the sailor. The sequel is only too plainly foreshadowed. After an interval of a few days, the unhappy mariner returns to consciousness, only to find his pockets empty and his brain stupefied with drugged liquors. No longer in funds or credit, he is hurried on board a ship which he has never seen, for a voyage the nature of which he scarcely cares to inquire. Thus a new term of privation is commenced, with another equally miserable orgy in prospect at its close.

What a different picture did their life ashore present to the passengers in the 'Sunbeam'! They were warmly welcomed at every port by ministers, governors, consuls, naval officers, and merchants. All that there was of interest in the surrounding district was pointed out. Every facility for the excursions that had been suggested was provided; and a friendly hospitality was extended to us by the leading English residents. We can never repay, nor be sufficiently grateful for, all the kindness we have received.

Our crew were not neglected. They too were greeted with pressing invitations; but they came from a less disinterested quarter. Though the remedy for these evils is not obvious or easy, it

is well to become acquainted with their existence, by sharing, however slightly, in the hardships of the sea.

My recent voyage has confirmed my earlier convictions that the average British sailor is a man of more merit than his modern detractors are prepared to acknowledge. The crew of the 'Sunbeam' were by no means a *corps d'élite*. They should have been so, but the local prejudices of my sailing-master, by whom the greater number of the deck hands were selected, would always make him prefer a raw under-sized lad, if brought up in a Colchester smack, to the choicest seaman procurable in the port of London. He has no confidence in any man's conduct or seamanship unless he has been reared on the banks of the Colne.

Briefly stated, the results of my latest and widest experiences are in harmony with the impressions derived from earlier and shorter expeditions. The harder it blows, the better the conduct of the British seaman. Is a spar carried away? Are the boats adrift? Is it necessary to batten down? Your men will remain on deck through the night, and work hard without a murmur; while they grumble, without a shadow of justification, at the frequent hauling of ropes in variable winds and fine weather. They feel a professional interest in battling successfully with a storm. They view the ordinary incidents of their employment in fine weather as a drudgery, while in bad weather they go to work with the keenness and alacrity of sportsmen in the chase.

It cannot be my lot to go to sea again for a lengthened period, and I am glad that my experience closes with the stable conviction that the British seaman, lazy as he is in easy times, and stubborn in his prejudices against new inventions, in a real emergency is seldom found unworthy of the great traditions of our naval history.

From our seamen I turn to the experiences of the voyage. The first incident to which I shall refer occurred on the 13th of July last, in the latitude of Cape St. Vincent, and about 50 miles from the land. It shall be described in a quotation from a diary kept by Mrs. Brassey:—

About 10.30 A. M. a black object was seen, about three miles distant, which proved, on

examination with the telescope, to be a distressed vessel. We altered our course, steered to the wreck, and sent a boat on board. As we approached, we could read her name—the 'Carolina'—surmounted by a gorgeous yellow decoration on her square stern. She was a deserted vessel of between two and three hundred tons burden, and was painted a light blue, with a red streak. Her bowsprit was painted white, and the gaudy image of a woman served as a figure-head. The two masts were snapped off, about three feet from the deck, and the bulwarks were gone, only the covering board and stanchions remaining, so that each wave washed over and through her. The roof and supports of the deck-house and the companions were still left standing, but the sides had disappeared, and the ship's deck was burst up in such a manner as to remind one of a quail's back.

We saw the men on board searching the vessel in all directions, apparently very pleased with what they had found; and soon our boat returned to the yacht for some breakers, as the 'Carolina' was laden with port wine and cork, and the men wished to bring some of the former on board. I put on sea-boots, and, with the children, started for the wreck.

We found the men rather excited over their discovery. The wine must have been *very* new and *very* strong, and the smell from it, as it slopped about all over the deck, was almost enough to intoxicate anybody. One pipe was emptied into the breakers and barrels, and great efforts were then made to remove the casks; but this was found to be impossible without devoting more time to the operation than we chose to spare. The men managed to get out three half-empty casks with their heads stove in, which they threw overboard, but the full ones would have required special appliances to raise them through the hatches. The wine was stowed underneath the cork, and it was exceedingly difficult to reach it owing to the quantity of cabin bulkheads and fittings which were floating about, under the influence of the long swell of the Atlantic.

It was a curious sight, standing on the roof of the deck-house, to look into the hold, full of floating bales of cork, barrels, and pieces of wood, and to watch the sea surging up in every direction, through and over the deck, which was level with the water's edge. An excellent modern iron cooking-stove was washing about from side to side; but almost every other movable article, including spars and ropes, had apparently been removed by previous boarders.

It would have delayed us too long to tow the vessel into the nearest port, 375 miles distant, or we might have claimed the salvage-money, estimated by the experts at 1,500*l*. She was too low in the water for it to be possible for us, with our limited appliances, to blow her up; so we were obliged to leave her floating about as a derelict, a fertile source of danger to all ships crossing her track. With her buoyant cargo, and with the trade winds slowly wafting her to smoother seas, it may probably be some years before she breaks up.

I only hope that no good ship may run full speed on to her some dark night, or the 'Carolina' will be at least as formidable an obstacle as a sunken rock. How many losses at sea, 'cause unknown,' may be attributed, I wonder, to floating wrecks?

Here we have an illustration of a danger of the sea which no vigilance can entirely remove. We had come upon a bulky vessel, adrift in a frequented part of the ocean, with no means of showing a light at night. Such an obstacle might cause the destruction of any passing ship, which, in the darkness, would have no warning of her danger until her bows were stove in.

On the following day we had our first experience in the present cruise of the dangers arising from fog. The wind had been light. With every sail set, we had made good but twenty-nine miles since noon, and at 7 P.M. the breeze died away to a dead calm. We proceeded accordingly under steam, and shortly afterwards were enveloped in a dense fog. At 11 P.M. the mist partially cleared away, and during the middle watch the atmosphere resumed its usual serenity.

At 6 A.M. on the 15th, we passed within hail of the steamer 'Roman,' bound from the Cape to Southampton, and made our number. Steering on exactly reversed courses, and meeting, as we did, almost end on, some reflections on the risk of running at full speed in a fog, even in parts of the sea where few vessels are encountered, naturally suggested themselves to us. Last night the propriety of perpetually sounding the steam-whistle was debated, in consultation with a most experienced master in the merchant service and a commander in the navy. It was decided that, when proceeding at eight or nine knots an hour, a periodical sounding of the whistle, at intervals of five minutes, as required by law, was of little practical value, and that the chances of meeting a ship were too remote to render it necessary to reduce speed. But we might have met the 'Roman' a few hours earlier, and in that case we should have run a very grave risk of a fatal collision. The result of our deliberations was rash. We should have slowed the engines and sounded the whistle.

I must not be tempted to dwell on a de-

lightful visit to Madeira, that gem in the ocean, such as Shelley has described:—

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on,
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way.

To such a one this morn was led
My bark, by soft winds piloted.

How many of our suffering fellow-countrymen and sisters have sought, in this far-distant island, recovery from the insidious attacks of wasting disease! Many have come here, only to die. Many, happily, return home restored to health by a temporary sojourn in this balmy climate.

In summer there are no invalids in Madeira. The heat, indeed, is such—the thermometer ranging from 79° to 86° in the shade at the time of our visit—that it would be exhausting to persons in weak health.

The English residents at Funchal were lavish of kindness and hospitality to us. Their residences are charming. Every house possesses a lovely garden, gay with glorious masses of flowers—geraniums, fuchsias, dahlias, and almost every bud and blossom known to botany—and shaded by the ample foliage of tropical plants. The tulip tree, palm, banana, and magnolia attain to the dimensions of forest trees. The walls of the houses are adorned with the most splendid creepers, among which the gorgeous purple masses of bougainvillea form a conspicuous ornament of every garden in Funchal.

In kindness to the invalids in the winter season the English residents here are unwearying; and though many years may have elapsed since their last visit to their native land—though some, indeed, have been born on this island, and have never quitted its shores—they all speak of England as 'home.'

The population of Madeira is about 110,000. The chief source of wealth was, until lately, the vine; but successive attacks of disease have made the cultivation of the grape so precarious that the sugar-cane is being extensively substituted with advantageous results. The value of a crop of sugar-cane is about

13 $\frac{1}{2}$ an acre, and, according to the custom of Madeira, one-half of the total amount realised goes to the landlord.

There were formerly large estates in the island. By a recent enactment, the equal subdivision of landed property among the direct descendants of the deceased proprietor is now the law of Madeira as it is of Portugal.

From Madeira we sailed to Teneriffe. This interesting island lies on the track of every circumnavigator, and the account of our interesting visit must not detain us long. Our great object was to climb the peak. We started at 1 A.M. on the morning after our arrival. The ascent occupied exactly eleven hours and a half. The height attained was 12,100 feet. The rude paths are practicable for mountain ponies as far as the Estancia de los Ingleses, an elevation of 10,000 feet above the sea-level. The last 2,000 feet must be climbed on foot over masses of broken lava very difficult to traverse. Having surmounted the lava, the traveller reaches a small plain, called the Rambleta, from the centre of which the Piton, or Sugar-loaf Peak, takes its rise. Its slopes are almost perpendicular, and are covered with loose ashes. Hence the labor of the ascent, under the noonday heat of a tropical sun, was almost insupportable. On reaching the summit, however, the view before us was an ample reward for all we had undergone. We found ourselves on the narrow edge of an extinct crater, the white and sulphurous walls of which formed an extraordinary contrast to the dark masses of lava which had been poured forth in former eruptions, and had filled the sandy plain below with masses of brown and vermilion color.

It is impossible to conceive a scene more desolate. Everywhere it bears the marks of the volcanic fires. It was in such a waste as this that the rebellious spirit of Capaneus was so fiercely rebuked by Æneas in the presence of Dante :—

I' dico, che arrivammo ad una landa,
Che dal suo letto ogni pianta rimuove.
La dolorosa selva le è ghirlanda
Intorno, come 'l fosso tristo ad essa :
Quivi fermammo i piedi a randa a randa.
Lo spazzo era una rena arida e spessa.

Longfellow thus translates the passage :—

I say that we arrived upon a plain,
Which from its bed rejecteth every plant :
The dolorous forest is a garland to it.
All round about, as the sad moat to that ;
There close upon the edge we stayed our feet.
The soil was of an arid and thick sand.

The view was not so extensive as we had hoped. When day dawned, and we were able to take a survey of the landscape, we had found ourselves already above a white and fleecy and perfectly level mass of cloud, resembling a vast plain covered with rifted snow. These clouds remained motionless throughout the day, and quite concealed the blue waters of the Atlantic.

The ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe is interesting as a means of determining the vertical height to which that great atmospheric movement known as the trade-wind extends. According to the theory first proposed by Edmond Halley in 1686, and now very generally accepted, the high temperature causes the air in the tropics to rise up. It is replaced by the colder and heavier air from the poles. The reason why the trade-winds are felt, not as simple polar winds, but as north-easterly and south-easterly winds, is that currents of air, blowing from the poles to the equator, have less rotary velocity than the surface of the earth. Hence these winds have been compared by Dr. Arnott to a fluid coming from the axis of a turning wheel to its circumference. The theory that in the lower strata the air is constantly flowing towards the equator, and that in the upper regions a counter-current is constantly directed to the poles, is confirmed by the changes of wind experienced in the ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe. Immediately after passing through the stratum of clouds, which, at a height of 2,000 feet above the sea, formed such a remarkable feature in the scene, we experienced eddy winds, and on reaching the summit of the peak we found a steady breeze blowing from the south-west, or in a direction opposed to the trade-wind below.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

GERMAN SCHOOLS.

BY WALTER C. PERRY.

IN Germany we find hardly any of those circumstances which are supposed to prevent us from establishing a good national system of education for all classes of society. *There*, there are no "close and wealthy scholastic corporations;" no "rich, independent and dominant Church claiming a monopoly of education, and instinctively averse to change;" no "blind adherence to old paths." Whatever may be the faults of the German governments—and they are numerous and grave—they cannot be accused of hiding the light of knowledge from their people. They have long considered it one of their most important functions to provide a sound education for the highest and lowest in the land, a systematic training for every career in life; and, more than this, to *enforce* the acceptance of the advantages they offer. They have ever shown themselves ready to take the advice of the most enlightened men on the principles and practice of teaching, and have put the best education which the profoundest thinkers could devise and the most learned, laborious, and thoroughly trained teachers impart, within the reach of all but the very poorest in the community. A small German shopkeeper can obtain for his son at a day school (almost all German schools are day schools (for 3*l.* (\$15), or 4*l.* (\$20), a year, as good, if not better, instruction in the ancient classics, mathematics, history, &c., &c.; or in the modern languages, physical sciences, geography, drawing, and singing—as can be got by the richest man in the world. He can subsequently have him trained in the best schools of divinity, law, medicine, philology, philosophy, archæology, the fine arts, and the physical sciences, by university professors of the highest celebrity; or in practical mechanics, engineering, architecture, agriculture, mining, manufactures, commerce, &c., by men who have made the theory and practice of these arts the study of their lives, for from 5*l.* (\$25) to 15*l.* (\$75) a year, according to the nature and extent of his studies. The schoolboy lives, as I have said, in the vast majority of cases

at home; the student can live exactly in accordance with his means. Would it be easy for an Englishman in the same, or indeed in any class of life, to obtain the same advantages?

It was my original intention to give in this article as complete a picture as I was able of the German universities at the present time. But I am convinced that no adequate idea can be formed of them without some knowledge of the schools with which they are so intimately connected, and where a very important part of the work is done, which produces such precious fruits at the universities.

The schools of Germany may be classed under four principal heads: the Gymnasia—corresponding in the course of study, but in little else, with our "public schools"; the Real-schulen—answering somewhat to the "modern side" of our schools; the Bürger or Gewerbeschulen, and the Elementar-schulen, of which last we shall not have occasion to speak at present.

I. THE GYMNASIA.

Of these, the Gymnasia, which have still the exclusive right of preparing men for the universities (although some slight concessions have recently been made to the alumni of the Real-schulen), continue to hold the chief rank, and to enjoy the highest estimation. It is a noteworthy fact, that a nation which carries free inquiry to its utmost limits, unchecked by reverence for the past or fear of consequences, which for generations has set itself the task of discovering the best means of strengthening and developing the intellect and fitting it for active work in the highest regions of thought, has, after lengthened controversy, deliberately adhered to the study of classical antiquity as the basis of its highest education. The question of admitting the pupils of the Real-schulen to the universities, on an equal footing with Gymnasiasts, was, a short time ago, submitted to the professors of all the universities in Prussia; and I was assured by one of the greatest physiologists in Germany, himself an enthusiastic lover of

physical science, that both he and the vast majority of his scientific brethren had given their voices in favor of the classical training of *all* boys intended for the university. In England it may be said that the study of Greek and Latin retains an undeserved pre-eminence in our schools because it is richly endowed and leads to scholarships and fellowships, and is the only study of our aristocracy. But in Germany the philological students are among the very poorest, and the German nobility do not continue the study of the classics after they leave school, but either devote their attention to law, cameralia (diplomacy, &c.) and political economy at the universities, or to military science or agriculture at special government schools, where these subjects are taught. The German schoolmen justify their preference for the Gymnasia by considerations such as these: The chief object of the higher education *at a school*, they say, is not the accumulation of "useful" knowledge, but the strengthening of the power of cognition. All those, therefore, who are not compelled by circumstances to take the shortest cut to a bare livelihood, ought to pursue some ideal study which does not lead *directly* to bread or money, but is cherished for its own sake. Every good plan of study, they maintain, should have one, or, at most, two central subjects, capable of scientific treatment, equally well-adapted to exercise the undeveloped faculties of the child, to awaken the intelligent interest of the boy, and to task the highest powers of the most gifted and industrious man. This central subject must be in close relation to all the faculties of our spiritual nature and all the phenomena of our spiritual life. It must contain within it the germs of religion, philosophy, history, geography, natural science, poetry, and art. And, rightly or wrongly, the ablest schoolmen have decided that the languages and literatures of ancient Greece and Rome, most fully answer these requirements.

According to the latest report, there are in Prussia, 232 Gymnasia, and 34 Pro-gymnasia, the latter of which have no Prima—our sixth form. These schools are attended by nearly 80,000 day scholars, who pay from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* a year, according to the lower or higher form to

which they belong. The salaries of the masters, which have lately been increased, range from 90*l.* to 250*l.* per annum. In some instances the salary of the Director (head-master) exceeds the latter sum, and a dwelling-house is often attached to his office. The Gymnasia, like the universities, are under the control of the Minister of State for Ecclesiastical, Educational, and Medical affairs. But while the universities, as institutions for the country at large, are under the immediate superintendence of the king's minister, the Gymnasia, as belonging rather to the province in which they are situated, are managed by intermediate provincial authorities. In each of the provinces into which Prussia is divided, there exists a body called the Consistorium, having sections, or committees, to which is intrusted the charge of the ecclesiastical, educational, and medical institutions respectively. The educational section of the Consistorium, which acts as a sort of privy council to the minister, appoints in its province a Schul-collegium (School Board), consisting of a President, Vice-President, and two Consistorial Councillors, one for the Protestant and one for the Roman Catholic Gymnasia; and by this Board the course of instruction, in all the schools of the province, is arranged and superintended. The official through whom the Schul-collegium exercises its authority is the actual Director of the Gymnasium. The latter receives his nomination from the Crown, but the Schul-collegium may propose any duly qualified person to the Minister of Education. The powers of the Director *vis-à-vis* the Assistant-masters are very ample, and were enlarged by the new Directoren-instruction of 1867. The assistant-masters, however, when once appointed by the Schul-collegium, cannot be dismissed without a fair trial.

The Director draws up the plan of study for each semester (half-year) in accordance with the general instructions which are issued from time to time by the central government at Berlin. He mediates between the Consistorial Schul-collegium and the staff of assistant-masters, who can only communicate with each other through him. He is *Censor morum* to his colleagues, and in the annual report which he is bound to make

to the Schul-collegium of the state of his school, he is expected to give his opinion of the character and efficiency of his assistants. The Director enrolls the new scholars, and classes them according to the testimonials which they bring with them from home or from other schools; and if not perfectly satisfied with these it is his duty to examine the new boys himself.

The financial affairs of the Gymnasium are managed by a standing committee—appointed by the government (Regierung) of the province—which generally consists of the burgomaster of the town in which the school is situated, the town councillors, and some clergymen; and of this committee the Director of the school is *ex-officio* President. The funds of the Gymnasia are derived in the vast majority of cases from annual royal grants.

The masters of a Gymnasium are divided into two classes, the Ober-lehrer (upper-masters), who are qualified to teach in the higher forms, and the Ordentliche-lehrer (masters in ordinary), whose *facultas docendi* only extends to the lower and middle forms. The former have passed the Ober-lehrer Examen, before the examining committee of a university; the latter, a lower examination before the same committee, but they can at any time claim to be examined for the higher grade. There are also "supernumerary" teachers waiting for appointments, and "school candidates," who are passing their probationary year at the school under the superintendence of the Director, after having gone through the full university course, taken their degrees, and passed their first examination. Hülfs-lehrer (extra-masters) are appointed to give religious instruction to the Protestant and Roman Catholic pupils respectively. If the ministers of any other persuasion (e.g. the Jewish) wish to give instruction to their co-religionists, they must do so gratuitously. Singing and drawing masters are also attached to every school.

Each form has its Ordinarius, to whose superintendence it is more especially entrusted, and who is directly responsible for the conduct and progress of his pupils. He gives instruction in the higher subjects, and superintends the other masters who teach in the same

class. The number of masters in each form is three to four, the proportion of teachers to scholars being, of course, greater in the higher forms. The Head-master gives from eight to ten lessons a week, the Ober-lehrer sixteen to eighteen, and the Ordentliche-lehrer from eighteen to twenty, and in the lowest classes even more. The pupils receive from twenty-eight to thirty lessons, of an hour each, during the week, and spend from four to five hours a day in preparation at home, so that a boy who would stand well in his class is occupied about nine hours a day.

Once a fortnight the Director holds a conference of masters, who hand in to him a circumstantial report of the progress made by each boy, and the general state of their respective forms. All matters concerning the welfare of the school are freely discussed at these meetings, and the Director makes suggestions and imparts advice and encouragement to his assistant-masters. The concurrence of this conference is necessary to empower a master to inflict any of the severer punishments.

In most of the Prussian Gymnasia there are six forms (or rather eight, as the two higher classes are divided into upper and lower), through which the pupils ought to pass in eight or nine years. The lowest class is called Sexta, and the others in ascending scale, Quinta, Quarta, Tertia, Secunda (upper and lower), and Prima (upper and lower). There is generally a still higher class, called Selecta, for the more gifted and ambitious scholars, which is under the especial direction of the Head-master. In the forms below Quinta the course of instruction is adapted to the training of boys for almost every career in life; in the two highest forms they are specially prepared for the matriculation examination of the university. The work of education is not begun at the Gymnasium. The usual age for entering it is nine or ten, but in some schools boys are not received until they are two or three years older, and are then expected to show a proficiency corresponding to their years. When they enter school at the age of nine or ten they must be able to read correctly both German and Roman characters, write a tolerable hand, and write from dictation without gross mistakes in

spelling. They must also possess some knowledge of the doctrines of the Christian religion, Biblical history, and the common rules of arithmetic.

All the Gymnasia possess a good library for the use of the masters, and most of them one for the scholars also. They have also philosophical apparatus, and botanical, geological, and mineralogical collections.

A certain amount of surveillance is exercised by the masters over the boys, even during their play—or rather their leisure—hours (for they do not play), and in their own homes. The Ordinarius is bound to visit those pupils who come from a distance, and are not living with their parents, and to watch over their general conduct. The scale of punishments rises from verbal reproof to written reproof in the class-book, confinement to the class-room for from half-an-hour to three hours—of which notice is given to the parents—imprisonment in the school *carcer*, which is recorded in the half-yearly report, and expulsion, of which there are different degrees, and which can only be inflicted by the conference of masters. If the Director differs in regard to any case from the majority of his assistants, he may refer it to the Schul-collegium, to which the delinquent, or his parents, may also appeal. If a pupil, after being two years in the same class, fails to get his “remove,” he receives a quarter’s notice, and is *advised* to leave the school.

The following is a syllabus of the work of the Prima (our sixth form) in a Berlin Gymnasium (for the winter semester 1875-6), which may be fairly taken as a good specimen of the class of schools to which it belongs.

Religion (two lessons a week).—Earliest history of the Christian Church in connection with the reading of the Acts of the Apostles in the original Greek; the Epistle to the Romans; the Confession of Augsburg.

German (three lessons a week).—Elements of logic. History of literature in the age of Goethe and Schiller. Reading of Goethe’s *Torquato Tasso*, and Schiller’s *Don Carlos*. Monthly essays on the following subjects: I. (a) Are the fundamental principles of pictorial composition laid down by Lessing in his *Laocoon* observed in the Centaur Mosaics

at Berlin? (b) Is the description contained in the *Heracles* and the *Achelous* of Philostratus based on a painting or a poem? (c) Does the rule of Pisistratus and the Pisistratidæ answer to Aristotle’s description of the Tyrannies? II. (a) In what way were the feelings of Tasso hurt by Antonio? (b) How is the hostility of Antonio to Tasso to be explained? (c) The dialogue in the first act of Goethe’s *Tasso*, as a pattern of the noblest tone of social intercourse. (d) Why does Goethe call Pope Gregory XIII. “the worthiest old man whose head is burdened by a crown”? III. (a) Do the words of the Princess “The truest words which flow from the lips, the sweetest remedies, avail no longer” really apply to Tasso? (b) What qualities of the poet are referred to in the words of Leonora “His eye scarce lingers on the earth”? IV. Goethe’s *Egmont*. (a) Was Duke Alba a good servant of Philip? (b) Why was Egmont popular? (c) Did Margaret of Parma show herself to be a sagacious observer, when she said “I fear Orange, and I fear *for* Egmont”? V. (a) What expedients does Sophocles employ to put us in possession of the facts preceding the action of the tragedy of *Electra*? VI. How far does the character of Clytemnestra, in Sophocles’ *Electra*, agree with the proposition of Aristotle, “οὐδ’ αὖ (δεῖ) τὸν σφόδρα πονηρὸν ἐξ εὐτυχίας εἰς δυστυχίαν μεταπίπτειν.”

Latin (eight lessons, in all the lower forms ten, a week).—Four lessons a week devoted to reading prose authors, two to the poets, and two to grammar and style. Tac. *Annal.* III. IV.; Cicero *Pro Murena*; privately and cursorily, Cicero, *Cato Major*; and Sallust, *Catilina*; Horace, *Carm.* III. (Odes 1, 2, 3, 9, 12, 13, 19, 21, 30, by heart.) *Sat.* II., *Ars Poetica*, grammatical repetition. Practice in speaking Latin, in connection with prose reading at home. Extemporaneous translation from German. Prose composition once a week. Latin essays once a month. Subjects of the latter for half year. I. (a) “De causâ Pisonis (Tac. *Annal.* III.). (b) “Quo modo Demosthenes Athenienses ad bellum Macedonicum excitavit?” II. “Satis beatus unicus Sabinis” (*Hor.* C. II. 18). “Horatii ad Aristium Fuscum epistola (conf. Ep. I. 10).” III. (a) “Tiberius quae boni principis munia posuit, ipse

primis temporibus explevit." (b) "Recte Cato sine senibus nullas omnino civitates futuras fuisse dixit." IV. "Quibus in rebus cernitur senectutis felicitas?" V. 'Quibus causis permotus Cicero videtur L. Murenam defendendum suscepisse?'

Greek (six lessons a week).—Prose reading two hours, poetry three hours, grammar and composition one hour. Thucyd. VI. Homer, *Ilias*, VIII. XXI. Sophocles, *Electra* (474-515, 1058-1079, 1334-1397, by heart). Grammatical repetition; prose compositions given in every week.

French.—Grammatical repetition, and exercises in French style. Extempore translations from German every fortnight. Reading of Sandeau's *Mademoiselle de Seiglière*, and Guizot's *Charles I.*

History and Geography (two lessons a week).—History of the Reformation. Particular study of portions of ancient history. Repetition of the whole school course of history. Geographical repetitions.

Mathematics (three lessons a week).—The Apollonian problem of contact (Apollonische Berührungs - Aufgabe). Stereometrical exercises with special reference to cylinders and cones.

Physics (two lessons a week).—Optics.

II. THE REAL-SCHULE.

The principles which lie at the foundation of the German Real-schule may be traced back to the scholastic philosophy of the twelfth century, when the Realists and Nominalists contended with the bitterest zeal for the *Universalia in re* on the one hand, and the *Universalia post rem* on the other, with marvellously little profit to the life and education of the middle ages. Erasmus was, perhaps, the first to call the attention of thinking men from the past to the present, and to maintain that the ancients should be read, not so much with the view of reproducing their thoughts in the same language, as for the sake of the matter they contained and in close connection with the literature and science of modern times. Melanchthon, too, recommended the study of mathematics, astronomy, and physics. God, he said, had manifestly created man for the contemplation of His works, and we ought to prepare ourselves by the study of nature "for that eternal Academy where

our knowledge of physics will be perfected, when the great Architect of the Universe will show us the model of the world."

One of the earliest and most successful reformers of education, in the direction of a rational realism, was the Moravian minister, Amos Comenius, who came over to England in 1641 at the invitation of Parliament, for the purpose of reforming the public schools; and, but for the breaking out of the civil war, he might have exercised the same lasting influence on the scholastic history of our own country as he did on that of Sweden and Germany. Undeterred by the horrors of the "thirty years' war," he persistently advocated the necessity of a system of education in accordance with the spirit of the times, and the wants of the great mass of mankind, whose destination is to be, not so much spectators as actors in the drama of life. He demanded a suitable education for children of every class, to prepare them for their work in the world. Unfortunately the majority of his followers misunderstood his enlightened principles, and fell a prey to the coarse materialism of the times, for which they thought a justification was to be found in his writings. The first impulse, however, had been given, and there were always some, even of the learned class, who saw the necessity of change. The gradual improvement in the method of studying the classics, by directing the attention of the student not only to the words and style, but to the rich contents of Greek and Roman authors, necessarily led men to set a higher value on those realistic studies which are common to the past and the present. The man who learned to value Homer, not only as a writer in the Ionic dialect, but as an interpreter of nature, as the clearest and sweetest voice in which she has addressed the ear of man, could not be deaf to the poetry of his own age and nation. He who had studied history and geography under Thucydides and Strabo could not be indifferent to the voyages of Columbus, or the wars and revolutions which were taking place around him. And, lastly, those who had studied Euclid must follow with interest the efforts of modern science to measure earth and heaven by the application of the very laws which the Greek geometer had laid down. The mutual relation

between past and present began to be better understood; the dark flood of the middle ages, which had seemed to separate two worlds, and which seemed to leave only the unhappy choice of living in one or the other, was gradually bridged over, and it was found that they differed more in color than in substance, and served mutually to illustrate each other.

The cause of a rational realism was, as might be expected, greatly injured by its fanatical adherents. Julius Hecker, who was appointed preacher at the Trinity Church by Frederick William I., established, under the name of Real-schule, a sort of universal academy, which included a German school, a Latin school, (for boys not intended for the university), a Paedagogium for future students, and a training-school for teachers. "Opportunity was to be offered to every pupil to learn according to his free choice, *in the shortest and easiest way*—to the exclusion of all that was superfluous or unpractical—whatever he needed for his future special calling." In addition to lectures and lessons on every imaginable subject, from philosophy down to heraldry, he established a "curiosity class," in which matters of common life, especially the news of the day, were discussed. In order to teach the pupils through the eye, and furnish them with "useful knowledge," he made collections of the most heterogeneous kind, models of machines, buildings, ships, ploughs, churns, fortresses, shops with their different wares, &c. In the so-called "manufacture class" lessons were given in the leather trade, and illustrated by a collection of ninety pieces of leather of the size of an octavo page! The words of the Greek sage, who said that the child should be taught that which he will use when a man, were taken literally, and a system established which, if logically carried out, would oblige our boys to plead little causes, preach little sermons, keep little shops, slaughter little animals, and spend their school hours in digging, hammering, weaving, &c.

It was not until the year 1820 that the Real-schule began to rise from the disrepute into which it fell in consequence of the vagaries of Hecker and other realists

run mad. In that year Dr August Spilleke began to take up ground between the servile, materialistic, utilitarian view of education and the narrow and barren formalism of the old grammar school. He was not an opponent of classical education, but contended that the Gymnasium and the Real-schule ought to aid and supplement each other; that the chief object of the former was to develop the scientific, that of the latter the practical, qualities of the pupil; and that the Real-schule ought to stand not below, but by the side of, the Gymnasium.

As originally constituted, the aim of the Real-schule was comparatively a humble one—that of preparing boys for mercantile and industrial pursuits, more directly and more rapidly than the Gymnasium, with its mainly ideal studies, could possibly do. Greek and Latin were altogether excluded, as being unnecessary to the attainment of this object. It was soon found, however, that these schools did not meet the requirements of the large and rapidly increasing class of wealthy merchants and manufacturers, whose sons in after life are naturally brought into close social connection with members of the ruling and professional classes. They considered it a lasting injury to their sons to be excluded altogether from the more liberal education enjoyed by the Gymnasiasts. The rescript of the Prussian Government of October 6, 1859, was issued as a concession to this widely-spread feeling. By this ministerial "patent" an important distinction was made between Real-schulen "I. Ordnung" (of the first rank), and Real-schulen "II. Ordnung," and other Bürgerschulen (middle-class schools). The former were placed under the Royal Provincial Schul-collegium (the ruling board of the Gymnasias). The plan of instruction was fixed by authority, and the study of Latin made compulsory. The principle of mere "utility" was discarded, and the object of the Real-schule declared to be, like that of the Gymnasium, to afford "a general scientific training, as a foundation for further study." The plan of study then laid down, and still adhered to, was as follows:—

SYLLABUS FOR THE REAL-SCHULE.
I. ORDNUNG, OCT. 6TH, 1859.

	VI.	V.	IV.	III.	II.	I.
	(Lowest Class.)					
Religion	3 (Lessons a Week.)	3	2	2	2	2
German	4	4	3	3	3	3
Latin	8	6	6	5	4	3
English				4	3	3
French		3	5	4	4	4
Geography and History	3	3	4	4	3	3
Natural Science	2	2	2	2	2	2
Mathematics	5	4	6	6	5	5
Writing	3	2	2	2	2	2
Drawing	2	2	2	2	2	2
Hours a Week	30	31	32	32	32	32

It will be seen by a reference to this syllabus that the favorite and vital principle of the centralisation of study is entirely lost sight of. The question of the proper constitution of the Real-schule, so far from being settled by the patent of 1859, is debated with greater energy and heat than ever. The chief point of controversy is that of more or less Latin. The present practice, as shown by the plan, is to give the lowest form eight Latin lessons a week, the fifth and fourth form six, the third form five, the second four, and the highest class three! Now as only two or three per cent. of the "Real" scholars go beyond Secunda (our fifth form), and a very large proportion leave in Tertia, the instruction in Latin, for the great mass of pupils, means a very little Ovid and Cæsar. Just at the time when they might be expected to derive some advantage from their previous grounding, the number of lessons sinks to four and three. They stop short on the very borders of the promised land, and turn their backs on it for ever!

The question was considered so important that the present Prussian Minister of Education, Falk, very recently summoned a conference of twenty-four of the most eminent school-masters of the kingdom to discuss this subject, among others, in his presence. However much the opinions of these experienced men differed as to the best remedy, they were nearly unanimous in condemning the present constitution of the Real-schule, and pressing on the Minister Falk the necessity of a change. Some

advocated the continuance of the Real-schule as a distinct institution, with a considerable increase in the number of Latin lessons; some wished for a reunion of the Gymnasia and Real-schulen, on the bifurcating system, in such a manner that the divergence should take place after Quarta (or after Quinta), at which point the Gymnasiasts should begin their special preparation for the universities, and the Real-scholars substitute mathematics, natural science, and modern languages for Greek. In the study of Latin, however, it was deemed desirable that all the pupils should proceed *pari passu* as long as they remained in the school. The result of the conference may be summed up in a few words—"Either good Latin or none." The Real-schule without Latin is identical with the so-called higher Bürger-schule, which is still found in every part of Prussia, one variety of which is the Gewerbe-schule.

III. THE GEWERBE-SCHULE.

(Trade, or Business-school.)

I come, in the last place, to speak of a school of a somewhat different character from those described above—the so-called Gewerbe-schule. It was my good fortune to visit one of the best schools of this kind at Barmen (Elberfeld), and to be initiated into its nature and working by the highly accomplished Director, Dr. Zehme. The Gewerbe-schule, he said, paid as loyal a homage to the principle of concentration as the most purely classical Gymnasium, but was forced, in the fulfilment of its peculiar mission, to choose other subjects as the centres of its educational system. The Gewerbe-schule in Barmen is divided into the lower and upper school. The lower school has four forms, and a course of four years, in which the pupils are prepared either to enter on their future calling at once, or for admission into the upper school.

The upper school has two forms, with a course of two years, and a Selecta, with a six months' course. It undertakes to prepare a boy for the career of merchant, manufacturer, engineer, or architect; or for admission to the Royal Gewerbe-Akademie in Berlin, and the Polytechnic schools in various parts of Germany, which are to the Real- and Gewerbe-

schulen what the university is to the Gymnasium.

The syllabus of studies is as follows:—

	VI. Class.	V.	IV	III.	II.	I.	Selects.
Religion.....	2	2	2	2			
German.....	4	4	4	3	3		4
French.....	2	2	2	3	3		
History of Art.....							
English.....			4	4	3		
Mathematics and Arithmetic.....	4	6	6	6	9	4	3
Mechanics.....						4	3
Chemistry or Min- eralogy.....					4	2	4
Practical Work in Laboratory.....						6	
Practical Employ- ment in Work- shops.....						6	
Theoretical Archi- tecture.....							
History and Geog- raphy.....	3	3	3	2	2	2	
Writing.....	2	2	2	2	2	2	
Drawing.....	2	2	4	2	2	2	2
Singing.....	2	2	2	2	2	2	2

The numerals mean hours a week.

The remarkable feature in the foregoing plan of study is the great attention paid not only to mathematics, mechanics, and natural science, practical as well as theoretical, but to *drawing*, the reason of which Dr. Zehme explained to me.

The entire exclusion of the Greek and Latin languages, he said, was not a matter of choice, but of necessity, and neither implied a want of appreciation of their value, nor the abandonment of all attempts to penetrate by other means into the spirit of Greek and Roman antiquity. The main work of the Gewerbe-schule must of course be the study of the natural and technical sciences; but the technical high schools, he thought, would in the long run, have to make some concessions to "humanism;" not, indeed, by placing the dead languages in their syllabus, but by the extended cultivation of a subject which stands in close relation to modern life—the *history of art*—an important branch of universal history. As the Gewerbe-schule is to many their *only* school, it must, like Gymnasium and Real-schule, endeavor to give an education *complete* as far as it goes, and furnish the State with a good citizen as well as a clever workman. The natural and technical sci-

ences deal solely with the external world. Man as a thinking and feeling creature—his religion, morality, poetry, philosophy, and history—is excluded from their investigations. A harmonious development of mind and heart can, therefore, never be attained by the study of the natural sciences alone. "It is not," says Mr. Wilson of Rugby, one of the ablest and most experienced teachers of natural science, "simply *false* that there is an inhumanity about science. Constant dealing with nature, and the exercise of the intellect alone, as contrasted with humanity—the exercise of the moral feelings—unquestionably tends to exclude men from the highest thoughts." Not only, therefore, are the pupils of the Gewerbe-schule instructed in Greek and Roman history, but continually practised in drawing and modelling from casts of the choicest remains of Grecian art, with which the Gewerbe-schule at Barmen is furnished to an extent which would do credit to the richest of our English schools. But experience convinced the Director that the insight into the ancient world thus gained was dim and confused, unless aided by some knowledge of Greek and Roman *literature*; and this he endeavors to impart to his pupils by reading with them those excellent translations of the ancient classics in which the German language is so rich. The time devoted to them is naturally very limited, and I found that (with the exception of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which are indispensable, from their connection with art) the GREEK authors only were read, and, chiefly, Herodotus, Plutarch, Homer, Aeschylus, and Sophocles. It is manifest how well adapted the works of these authors are to awaken the interest of the young, and, on the one hand, to enrich their fancy with the infinite variety of graceful forms which people the mythical world, and, on the other, to afford the teacher the fairest opportunities of impressing on the hearts of his pupils the great moral lessons of history, the epos, and the drama.

Ample proofs were given me of the great success of this novel method of gaining, with little sacrifice of time, a considerable knowledge of the antique world, and of bringing it into close and fruitful connection with our modern life; and as I left the school I felt that

a difficult problem was in some measure being solved in it—that of training the humbler classes by the most thorough technical instruction for the practical work of the world, without altogether excluding them from the humanising and enlivening influences of literature and art.

At this school, as well as at many others, the classes of which I attended, I was greatly struck by the extraordinary skill in teaching displayed by the masters, and the proficiency of the pupils—their ready and pertinent answers, and the clear and accurate style in which they were given—and also by the general *equality* of attainments in members of the same form. “In the sixth form of an English public school,” I observed to the director of a West Prussian Gymnasium, “you would find a few more brilliant scholars than any in your class, with a larger proportion of idlers and dunces.” “It is our principle,” he replied, “to adapt our instruction to the wants of the average boy—to see that *he* is brought up to the prescribed mark at the proper time, and to leave the more gifted to find the additional aliment they need as best they may.” I also noticed the fixed and apparently pleased attention paid to his commands, and the eagerness manifested by the boys to answer the questions put to them; and I asked him whether they were excited by the prospect of prizes, honor-lists, and competitive examinations. He replied that *the principle of competition was almost entirely excluded from their educational system*, as tending to foster a servile view of education, and to lead to spasmodic and exhausting efforts and feverish excitement, rather than to the healthy and harmonious development of the mental powers.

On coming out of the schoolroom, I watched the boys at their compulsory gymnastic exercises, in their ugly, grassless yard, and contrasted their quiet, spiritless demeanor with the obstreperous gaiety of our own noisy youngsters at their rough and hardy games. The director assured me that the German boy was not, as I supposed, indifferent to play, but that the authorities did nothing to promote it. “I think,” he added, laughing, “that they like a tame, Philistine people (*ein zahmes philister-*

haftes Volk); and, besides, there is an ebullient energy in the English nature of which we know but little.”

I then inquired into the social position of the pupils, whose performances in his form had excited my admiration, and was told that all classes of society were represented—*noblesse*, bankers, wealthy merchants—down to the smallest tradesmen; and that four of the boys in his form were sons of day laborers, who were unable to pay, without assistance, the marvellously small *schulgeld*. One of his difficulties, he said, arose from the poverty of the boys' parents, who made bitter complaints when a change of class-books necessitated a new outlay, however small. The father of one of his boys had lately complained to him of the heavy expense of educating his son (4*l.* a year); to which the Doctor replied that learning, unfortunately, *did* cost money, but that it was, after all, the cheapest thing “going,” and that he had made a calculation, according to which a lesson in Tacitus, including firing in the winter, cost a boy exactly five *pfennigs* (one halfpenny).

According to the latest report of the Minister of Education for the winter semester of 1876, there are in Prussia with its 23,000,000 inhabitants, 232 Gymnasia, with 2,528 Ober-lehrer and Ordentliche-lehrer, 281 Wissenschaftliche Hülfs-lehrer, 408 Technische-lehrer, 150 Religions-lehrer, and 177 Probe Candidaten, and (including the preparatory schools originally connected with the Gymnasia) about 76,000 pupils; 34 Progymnasia, with 268 teachers (of all kinds) and 3,737 pupils; 80 Real-schulen (I. Ordnung), with (including the preparatory schools) 1,420 teachers (of all kinds) and 30,874 pupils; 17 Real-schulen (II. Ordnung), with (including preparatory schools) 284 teachers (of all kinds) and 6,898 pupils; 92 Höhere Bürger-schulen and Gewerbe-schulen, with (including preparatory schools) 843 teachers (of all kinds) and 17,086 pupils. Altogether the schools for the upper and middle classes in Prussia, under direct Government control and supervision, are frequented by 134,595 scholars, and taught by 6,359 teachers.

In conclusion, I shall venture, at the risk of being tedious, to notice the chief points of comparison between English

and German schools, and more especially those points in which the Germans seem to me to have an advantage over us. There is probably little danger of our overlooking those in which the superiority is on our side.

In the first place, the Germans have the advantage of a uniform system of education, framed by a succession of able statesmen and scholars, carefully superintended by the Government, modified and expanded, from time to time, in accordance with the wants of the age, and embracing the whole ascending scale of instruction, from the earliest lessons of the elementary school to the most abstruse lectures of the university, and the technical academy.

Secondly, the Germans have an advantage over us in possessing a numerous class of learned men, who make teaching the sole business of their lives, and are subjected to the close inspection of competent authorities appointed by the State. The masters in a German school are, generally speaking, better teachers than those of our best schools; not because they are more learned, conscientious or zealous, but because they are specially trained for their work; because there is among them a more rigid division of labor, and because they have more power over their pupils. It may be said indeed *magister nascitur, non fit*; but teaching, like poetry, requires art as well as genius, and no Director of a German school would appoint a master until he had had some practice in the art on which his success depends. In England, on the contrary, we assume that the good scholar will be a good teacher. A good degree, a bachelor's cap and gown, are ample qualifications; and the possessor of these is introduced, without any special training, to the form of a public school, and left, without guidance, to blunder his way, by the rule of "trial and error," like any civil first lord of the admiralty, to the efficient performance of his duties. That, under the circumstances, the tutor and the first lord so often prove efficient is only another proof of the energy of our race; but who shall say how many boys and iron-clads are sunk during the noviciate?

Again, the German master is a more efficient teacher because he is not over-

burdened with form work or the domestic superintendence of his boys; and because he is only called upon to give instruction in *cognate* subjects. Three lessons a day is considered very full work, and the masters of the higher forms seldom give more than seventeen, or the head-master more than ten, in the week. A tutor, it is thought, should give no more lessons than he can give with the whole force and freshness of his mind, without undue exhaustion; and, above all, he should have time for prosecuting the private studies which enhance the value and efficiency of his work. The master of a Gymnasium, or other public school, would soon lose caste among his colleagues, and all hope of advancement in his profession, if he did not prove, from time to time, by some scholarlike treatise, that he was making good progress in some particular path of learning. How different is the case in most of our schools! Many an English tutor, in addition to the management of "a house," has to give four or five lessons a day, and has neither time for social recreation, nor even for such an amount of private study as would enable him to keep himself at the level of scholarship he attained at college. It is no unheard of thing, even in our best schools, for a young master to be expected to teach Greek, Latin, French, history, geography, arithmetic and geometry, and to give seven or eight-and-twenty lessons a week. How is it possible for him ever to make himself a thorough master of any of these subjects?

The German master is able to give more efficient lessons because his form is better prepared to receive them. Not only the first entrance into the school, but into each succeeding form, is guarded against the incompetent by a very strict examination. Consequently, the master knows exactly what to expect of his pupils; and neither loses time, as we are often obliged to do, in filling up holes in the foundation on which he has to build, nor in teaching one half the class what the other half already knows. It can never happen to *him*, in the middle of a lesson in Aeschylus, to discover that some of his hearers hold unsound views in regard to the conjugation of the Greek verbs in *μι*!

The German master has an easier task

than the English master, because he has greater power over his pupils, and because his efforts to teach are generally met by an equal eagerness to learn. The maintenance of discipline never weighs upon *his* mind. The force brought to bear upon the German boy is absolutely overwhelming. Behind his class-master (*ordinarius*), rise the majestic forms of the Herr Director and the Schul-collegium; while, in the distance, loom large and awful the Dii-majores of Berlin—the “Minister der Geistlichen-Unterrichts- und Medicinal-Angelegenheiten;” nay, the Emperor himself, with a hundred legions at his back! What can a poor little Teuton do against such odds? The English boy, on the other hand, has only to face his tutor, or, at worst, an armed alliance of tutor and father; and he may often indulge a hope, that the operations of the latter may be checked or neutralised by the irregular, but very effective, forces of his natural ally—his mother.

The German boy is naturally more eager to do well in his class, not only because he very soon becomes aware that all his success in life is at stake, but because there is no other field in which he

can gain distinction. But when an English boy enters *his* school, it is not the Newcastle scholar or the Tomline scholar who is pointed out to him as the object of his cult, but the captain of the boats, or of “the eleven;”—the heroes of Lord’s or Henley. As an “oar,” or a “bat,” he may find distinction, not only at school, but at college and in general society.

In these and some other respects, which it would be tedious to enlarge upon here, the German schools are superior to our own. Some of these advantages we cannot hope, cannot, perhaps, even *wish* to share, because they cannot be obtained without the sacrifice of what we value still more highly; but they are for the most part quite within our reach. The fair and candid spirit in which educational matters are now discussed by the heads of our great schools, the earnestness with which educational reforms are advocated at our universities, by men whose “interests” might tempt them to “let well alone,” encourage us to hope that some reformer will arise to do for the upper and middle classes what has already been done for the great mass of the people.—*Macmillan’s Magazine*.

AN APOLOGY FOR IDLERS.

BOSWELL: We grow weary when idle.

JOHNSON: That is, sir, because others being busy, we want company; but if we were idle, there would be no growing weary; we should all entertain one another.

JUST now, when every one is bound, under pain of a decree in absence convicting them of *lèse-respectability*, to enter on some lucrative profession, and labor therein with something not far short of enthusiasm, a cry from the opposite party who are content when they have enough, and like to look on and enjoy in the meanwhile, savors a little of bravado and gasconade. And yet this should not be. Idleness so called, which does not consist in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal not recognised in the dogmatic formularies of the ruling class, has as good a right to state its position as industry itself. It is admitted that the presence of people who refuse to enter in the great handicap race for sixpenny pieces, is at once an insult and a disenchantment for those who do. A fine fellow (as we see so many) takes his

determination, votes for the sixpences, and, in the emphatic Americanism, “goes for” them. And while such an one is ploughing distressfully up the road, it is not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the wayside, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbow. Alexander is touched in a very delicate place by the disregard of Diogenes. Where was the glory of having taken Rome for these tumultuous barbarians, who poured into the Senate house, and found the Fathers sitting silent and unmoved by their success? It is a sore thing to have labored along and scaled the arduous hill-tops, and when all is done, find humanity indifferent to your achievement. Hence physicists condemn the unphysical; financiers have only a superficial toleration

for those who know little of stocks; literary persons despise the unlettered; and people of all pursuits combine to disparage those who have none.

But though this is one difficulty of the subject, it is not the greatest. You could not be put in prison for speaking against industry, but you can be sent to Coventry for speaking like a fool. The greatest difficulty with most subjects is to do them well; therefore, please to remember this is an apology. It is certain that much may be judiciously argued in favor of diligence; only there is something to be said against it, and that is what, on the present occasion, I have to say. To state one argument is not necessarily to be deaf to all others, and that a man has written a book of travels in Montenegro, is no reason why he should never have been to Richmond.

It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth. For though here and there a Lord Macaulay may escape from school honors with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterwards have a shot in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt. And the same holds true during all the time a lad is educating himself, or suffering others to educate him. It must have been a very foolish old gentleman who addressed Johnson at Oxford in these words: "Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task." The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many other things besides reading grow irksome, and not a few become impossible, by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick. Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought. If you look back on your own education, I am sure it will not be the full, vivid, instructive hours of truantry that you regret; you would rather cancel some lack-lustre periods between sleep and waking in the

class. For my own part, I have attended a good many lectures in my time. I still remember that the spinning of a top is a case of Kinetic Stability. I still remember that Emphytepsis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime. But though I would not willingly part with such scraps of science, I do not set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing truant. This is not the moment to dilate on that mighty place of education, which was the favorite school of Dickens and Balzac, and turns out yearly many inglorious masters in the Science of the Aspects of Life. Suffice it to say this: if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning. Nor is the truant always in the streets, for if he prefers, he may go out by the gardened suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some tuft of lilacs over a burn, and smoke innumerable pipes to the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will sing in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is? We may conceive Mr. Worldly Wiseman accosting such an one, and the conversation that should thereupon ensue:—

"How now, young fellow, what dost thou here?"

"Truly, sir, I take mine ease."

"Is not this the hour of the class? and should'st thou not be plying thy Book with diligence, to the end thou mayest obtain knowledge?"

"Nay, but thus also I follow after Learning, by your leave."

"Learning, quotha! After what fashion, I pray thee? Is it mathematics?"

"No, to be sure."

"Is it metaphysics?"

"Nor that."

"Is it some language?"

"Nay, it is no language."

"Is it a trade?"

"Nor a trade neither."

"Why, then, what is't?"

"Indeed, sir, as a time may soon come for me to go upon Pilgrimage, I am desirous to note what is commonly done by persons in my case, and where are the ugliest Sloughs and Thickets on the Road; as also, what manner of Staff is of the best service. Moreover, I lie

“this water, to learn by root-of-lesson which my master teaches all Peace, or Contentment.”

upon Mr. Worldly Wiseman was commoved with passion, and shaking cane with a very threatful countenance, broke forth upon this wise: “ing, quotha!” said he; “I would all such rogues scourged by the an!”

so he would go his way, ruffling cravat with a crackle of starch, turkey when it spreads its feathers.

this, of Mr. Wiseman's, is the opinion. A fact is not called a piece of gossip, if it does not come from one of your scholastic categories. An inquiry must be in some ledged direction, with a name to it, or else you are not inquiring at all. You lounge; and the workhouse is good for you. It is supposed that knowledge is at the bottom of a well, or at the end of a telescope. Saint-Just, as he grew older, came to regard experience as a single great book, in which to study for a few years ere we go to bed, and it seemed all one to him whether you should read in Chapter xx., of the differential calculus, or in Chapter xxxix., which is hearing the wind in the gardens. As a matter of fact, an intelligent person, looking out with his eyes and hearkening in his ears, and smiling on his face all the time, will get more true education than many another who spends a life of heroic vigils. There is something in some chill and arid knowledge, and upon the summits of formal serious science; but it is all round you, and for the trouble of looking at it you will acquire the warm and living facts of life. While others are filling their memory with a lumber of one-half of which they will forget before the week be out, your truant may be learning a really useful art: to play the piano, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men. Many who have “plied books diligently,” and know all about some one branch or another of human lore, come out of the study with an ancient and owl-like demeanor, and a dry, stockish, and dyspeptic face. The better and brighter parts of many make a large fortune, who are underbred and pathetically stu-

pid to the last. And meantime there goes the idler, who began life along with them—by your leave, a different picture. He has had time to take care of his health and his spirits; he has been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for both body and mind; and if he has never read the great Book in very recondite places, he has dipped into it and skimmed it over to excellent purpose. Might not the student afford some Hebrew roots, and the business man some of his half-crowns, for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large, and Art of Living? Nay, and the idler has another and more important quality than these. I mean his wisdom. He who has much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies, will regard his own with only a very ironical indulgence. He will not be heard among the dogmatists. He will have a great and cool allowance for all sorts of people and opinions. If he finds no out-of-the-way truths, he will identify himself with no very burning falsehood. His way takes him along a by-road, not much frequented, but very even and pleasant, which is called Commonplace Lane, and leads to the Belvedere of Commonsense. Thence he shall command an agreeable, if no very noble prospect; and while others behold the East and West, the Devil and the Sunrise, he will be contentedly aware of a sort of morning hour upon all sublunary things, with an army of shadows running speedily and in many different directions into the great daylight of Eternity. The shadows and the generations, the shrill doctors and the plangent wars, go by into ultimate silence and emptiness; but underneath all this, a man may see, out of the Belvedere windows, much green and peaceful landscape; many firelit parlors; good people laughing, drinking, and making love, as they did before the Flood or the French Revolution; and the old shepherd telling his tale under the hawthorn.

Extreme *busyness*, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some

conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk: they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mili. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them, you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they were paralyzed or alienated; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty, he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life.

But it is not only the person himself who suffers from his busy habits, but his wife and children, his friends and relations, and down to the very people he sits with in a railway carriage or an omnibus. Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business, is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many

other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do. To an impartial estimate it will seem clear that many of the wisest, most virtuous, and most beneficent parts that are to be played upon the Theatre of Life are filled by gratuitous performers, and pass, among the world at large, as phases of idleness. For in that Theatre, not only the walking gentlemen, singing chambermaids, and diligent fiddlers in the orchestra, but those who look on and clap their hands from the benches, do really play a part and fulfil important offices towards the general result. You are no doubt very dependent on the care of your lawyer and stockbroker, of the guards and signalmen who convey you rapidly from place to place, and the policemen who walk the streets for your protection; but is there not a thought of gratitude in your heart for certain other benefactors who set you smiling when they fall in your way, or season your dinner with good company? Colonel Newcome helped to lose his friend's money; Fred Bayham had an ugly trick of borrowing shirts; and yet they were better people to fall among than Mr. Barnes. And though Falstaff was neither sober nor very honest, I think I could name one or two long-faced Barabbas's whom the world could better have done without. Hazlitt mentions that he was more sensible of obligation to Northcote, who had never done him anything he could call a service, than to his whole circle of ostentatious friends; for he thought a good companion emphatically the greatest benefactor. I know there are people in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favor has been done them at the cost of pain and difficulty. But this is a churlish disposition. A man may send you six sheets of letter-paper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass half-an-hour pleasantly, perhaps profitably, over an article of his; do you think the service would be greater, if he had made the manuscript in his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil? Do you really fancy you should be more beholden to your correspondent, if he had been damning you *all* the while for your importunity? Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality.

of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favor is conferred with pain, and, among generous people, received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. The other day, a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set everyone he passed into a good humor; one of these persons, who had been delivered from more than usually black thoughts, stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark: "You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased." If he had looked pleased before, he had now to look both pleased and mystified. For my part, I justify this encouragement of smiling rather than tearful children; I do not wish to pay for tears anywhere but upon the stage; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great Theorem of the Liveableness of Life. Consequently, if a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain. It is a revolutionary precept; but, thanks to hunger and the workhouse, one not easily to be abused, and, within practical limits, it is one of the most incontestable truths in the whole Body of Morality. Look at one of your industrious fellows for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion; he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest, and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return. Either he absents himself entirely from all fellowship, and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet slippers and a leaden inkpot; or he comes among people swiftly and bitterly, in a contraction of his whole nervous

system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other people's lives. They would be happier if he were dead. They could easier do without his services in the Circumlocution Office, than they can tolerate his fractious spirits. He poisons life at the well-head. It is better to be beggared out of hand by a scapegrace nephew, than daily hag-ridden by a peevish uncle.

And what, in God's name, is all this pother about? For what cause do they embitter their own and other people's lives? That a man should publish three or thirty articles a year, that he should finish or not finish his great allegorical picture, are questions of little interest to the world. The ranks of life are full; and although a thousand fall, there are always some to go into the breach. When they told Joan of Arc she should be at home minding women's work, she answered there were plenty to spin and wash. And so, even with your own rare gifts! When nature is "so careless of the single life," why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own is of exceptional importance? Suppose Shakespeare had been knocked on the head some dark night in Sir Thomas Lucy's preserves, the world would have wagged on better or worse, the pitcher gone to the well, the scythe to the corn, and the student to his book; and no one been any the wiser of the loss. There are not many works extant, if you look the alternative all over, which are worth the price of a pound of tobacco to a man of limited means. This is a sobering reflection for the proudest of our earthly vanities. Even a tobacconist may, upon consideration, find no great cause for personal vainglory in the phrase; for although tobacco is an admirable sedative, the qualities necessary for retailing it are neither rare nor precious in themselves. Alas and alas! you may take it how you will, but the services of no single individual are indispensable. Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare! And yet you see merchants who go and labor themselves into a great fortune and thence into the bankruptcy court; scribblers who keep scribbling at little articles until their temper is a cross to all who come about them, as though

Pharaoh should set the Israelites to make a pin instead of a pyramid; and fine young men who work themselves into a decline, and are driven off in a hearse with white plumes upon it. Would you not suppose these persons had been whispered, by the Master of the Ceremonies, the promise of some momentous destiny? and that this lukewarm bullet on which they play their

farces was the bull's-eye and centrepoint of all the universe? And yet it is not so. The ends for which they give away their priceless youth, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent; and they and the world they inhabit are so inconsiderable that the mind freezes at the thought.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

BECKET was now forty-four years old. The king was thirty. The ascendancy which Becket had hitherto exercised over his sovereign through the advantage of age was necessarily diminishing as the king came to maturity, and the two great antagonists, as they were henceforth to be, were more fairly matched than Becket perhaps expected to find them. The archbishop was past the time of life at which the character can be seriously changed. After forty men may alter their opinions, their policy, and their conduct; but they rarely alter their dispositions; and Becket remained as violent, as overbearing, as ambitious, as unscrupulous, as he had shown himself when chancellor, though the objects at which he was henceforth to aim were entirely different. It would be well for his memory were it possible to credit him with a desire to reform the Church of which he was the head, to purge away the corruption of it, to punish himself the moral disorders of the clergy, while he denied the right to punish them to the State. We seek in vain, however, for the slightest symptom of any such desire. Throughout his letters there is not the faintest consciousness that anything was amiss. He had been himself amongst the grossest of pluralists; so far from being ashamed of it, he still aimed at retaining the most lucrative of his benefices. The idea with which his mind was filled was not the purity of the Church, but the privilege and supremacy of the Church. As chancellor he had been at the head of the State under the king. As archbishop, in the name of the Church, he intended to be head both of

State and king; to place the pope, and himself as the pope's legate, in the position of God's viceregents. When he found it written that 'by me kings reign and princes decree judgment,' he appropriated the language to himself, and his single aim was to convert the words thus construed into reality.

The first public intimation which Becket gave of his intentions was his resignation of the chancellorship. He had been made archbishop that the offices might be combined; he was no sooner consecrated than he informed the king that the duties of his sacred calling left him no leisure for secular business. He did not even wait for Henry's return from Normandy. He placed the great seal in the hands of the chief justice, the young prince, and the barons of the Exchequer, demanding and receiving from them a hurried discharge of his responsibilities. The accounts, for all that appears, were never examined. Grim, perhaps, when accusing him of rapine and murder, was referring to a suppression of a disturbance in Aquitaine, not to any special act of which he was guilty in England; but the unsparing ruthlessness which he displayed on that occasion was an indication of the disposition which was displayed in all that he did, and he was wise in anticipating inquiry.

The king had not recovered from his surprise at such unwelcome news when he learned that his splendid minister had laid aside his magnificence and had assumed the habit of a monk, that he was always in tears—tears which flowed from him with such miraculous abundance as to evidence the working in him of some

special grace,* or else of some special purpose. His general conduct at Canterbury was equally startling. One act of charity, indeed, he had overlooked which neither in conscience nor prudence should have been forgotten. The mother of, Pope Adrian the Fourth was living somewhere in his province in extreme poverty, starving, it was said, of cold and hunger. The see of Canterbury, as well as England, owed much to Pope Adrian, and Becket's neglect of a person who was at least entitled to honorable maintenance was not unobserved at Rome. Otherwise his generosity was profuse. Archbishop Theobald had doubled the charities of his predecessor, Becket doubled Theobald's. Mendicants swarmed about the gates of the palace; thirteen of them were taken in daily to have their dinners, to have their feet washed by the archiepiscopal hands, and to be dismissed each with a silver penny in his pocket. The tears and the benevolent humiliations were familiar in aspirants after high church offices; but Becket had nothing more to gain. What could be the meaning of so sudden and so startling a transformation? Was it penitence for his crimes as chancellor? The tears looked like penitence; but there were other symptoms of a more aggressive kind. He was no sooner in his seat than he demanded the restoration of estates that his predecessors had alienated. He gave judgment in his own court in his own favor, and enforced his own decrees. Knights holding their lands from the Church on military tenure had hitherto done homage for them to the Crown. The new archbishop demanded the homage for himself. He required the Earl of Clare to swear fealty to him for Tunbridge Castle. The Earl of Clare refused and appealed to the king, and the archbishop dared not at once strike so large a quarry. But he showed his teeth with a smaller offender. Sir William Eyensford, one of the king's knights, was patron of a benefice in Kent. The archbishop presented a priest to it. The knight ejected the archbishop's nominee, and the archbishop excommunicated the knight. Such

* 'Ut putaretur possessor irrigui superioris et inferioris.' The 'superior' fountain of tears was the love of God; the 'inferior' was the fear of hell.

peremptory sentences, pronounced without notice, had a special inconvenience when directed against persons immediately about the king. Excommunication was like the plague; whoever came near the infected body himself caught the contagion, and the king might be poisoned without his knowledge. It had been usual in these cases to pay the king the courtesy of consulting him. Becket, least of all men, could have pleaded ignorance of such a custom. It seemed that he did not choose to observe it.* While courting the populace, and gaining a reputation as a saint among the clergy, the archbishop was asserting his secular authority, and using the spiritual sword to enforce it. Again, what did it mean, this interference with the rights of the laity, this ambition for a personal following of armed knights? Becket was not a dreamer who had emerged into high place from the cloister or the library. He was a man of the world intimately acquainted with the practical problems of the day, the most unlikely of all persons to have adopted a course so marked without some ulterior purpose. Henry discovered too late that his mother's eyes had been keener than his own. He returned to England in the beginning of 1163. Becket met him at his landing, but was coldly received.

In the summer of the same year, Pope Alexander held a council at Tours. The English prelates attended. The question of precedence was not this time raised. The Archbishop of Canterbury and his suffragans sat on the pope's right hand, the Archbishop of York and his suffragans sat on the pope's left. Whether anything of consequence passed on this occasion between the pope and Becket is not known: probably not; it is certain, however, that they met. On the archbishop's return to England the disputes between the secular and spiritual authorities broke into open conflict.

* 'Quod, quia rege minime certiorato archiepiscopus fecisset, maximam ejus indignationem incurrit. Asserit enim rex juxta dignitatem regni sui, quod nullus qui de rege teneat in capite vel minister ejus citra ipsius conscientiam sit excommunicandus ab aliquo, ne si hoc regem lateat lapsus ignorantia communicet excommunicato; comitem vel baronem ad se venientem in osculo vel consilio admittat.'—Matthew Paris, *Chronica Majora*, vol. ii. p. 222.

The Church principles of Gregory the Seventh were making their way through Europe, but were making their way with extreme slowness. Though the celibacy of the clergy had been decreed by law, clerical concubinage was still the rule in England. A *focaria* and a family were still to be found in most country parsonages. In theory the priesthood was a caste. In practice priests and their flocks were united by common interests, common pursuits, common virtues, and common crimes. The common law of England during the reigns of the Conqueror's sons had refused to distinguish between them. Clerks guilty of robbery or murder had been tried like other felons in the ordinary courts, and if found guilty had suffered the same punishments. The new pretension was that they were a peculiar order, set apart for God's service, not amenable to secular jurisdiction, and liable to trial only in the spiritual courts. Under the loose administration of Stephen, the judges had begun to recognise their immunity, and the conduct of the lower class of clergy was in consequence growing daily more intolerable. Clergy, indeed, a great many of them had no title to be called. They had received only some minor form of orders, of which no sign was visible in their appearance or conduct. They were clerks only so far as they held benefices and claimed special privileges; for the rest, they hunted, fought, drank, and gambled like other idle gentlemen.

In the autumn of 1163 a specially gross case of clerical offence brought the question to a crisis.

Philip de Broi, a young nobleman who held a canonry at Bedford, had killed some one in a quarrel. He was brought before the court of the Bishop of Lincoln, where he made his purgation *ecclesiastico jure*—that is to say, he paid the usual fees and perhaps a small fine. The relations of the dead man declared themselves satisfied, and Philip de Broi was acquitted. The Church and the relations might be satisfied; public justice was not satisfied. The Sheriff of Bedfordshire declined to recognise the decision, and summoned the canon a second time. The canon insulted the sheriff in open court, and refused to plead before him. The sheriff referred the matter to the king. The king sent for Philip de

Broi, and cross-questioned him in Becket's presence. It was not denied that he had killed a man. The king inquired what Becket was prepared to do. Becket's answer, for the present and all similar cases, was that a clerk in orders accused of felony must be tried in the first instance in an ecclesiastical court, and punished according to ecclesiastical law. If the crime was found to be of peculiarly dark kind, the accused might be deprived of his orders, and, if he again offended, should lose his privilege. But for the offence for which he was deprived, he was not to be again tried or again punished; the deprivation itself was to suffice.

The king, always moderate, was unwilling to press the question to extremity. He condemned the judgment of the bishop of Lincoln's court. He insisted that the murderer should have a real trial. But he appointed a mixed commission of bishops and laymen to try him, the bishops having the preponderating voice.

Philip de Broi pleaded that he had made his purgation in the regular manner, that he had made his peace with the family of the man that he had killed, and that the matter was thus ended. He apologised for having insulted the sheriff, and professed himself willing to make reasonable reparation. The sentence of the commission was that his benefices should be sequestered for two years, and that, if the sheriff insisted upon it, he should be flogged.

So weak a judgment showed Henry the real value of Becket's theory. The criminal clerk was to be amenable to the law as soon as he had been degraded, not before; and it was perfectly plain that clerks never would be degraded. They might commit murder upon murder, robbery upon robbery, and the law would be unable to touch them. It could not be. The king insisted that a sacred profession should not be used as a screen for the protection of felony. He summoned the whole body of the bishops to meet him in a council at Westminster in October.

The council met. The archbishop was resolute. He replied for the other bishops in an absolute refusal to make any concession. The judges and the laity generally were growing excited. Had the

clergy been saints, the claims advanced for them would have been scarcely tolerable. Being what they were, such pretensions were ridiculous. Becket might speak in their name. He did not speak their real opinions. Arnulf, Bishop of Lisieux, came over to use his influence with Becket, but he found him inexorable. To risk the peace of the Church in so indefensible a quarrel seemed obstinate folly. The Bishop of Lisieux and several of the English prelates wrote privately to the pope to entreat him to interfere.

Alexander had no liking for Becket. He had known him long, and had no belief in the lately assumed airs of sanctity. Threatened as he was by the emperor and the antipope, he had no disposition to quarrel with Henry, nor in the particular question at issue does he seem to have thought the archbishop in the right. On the spot he despatched a legate, a monk named Philip of Aumone, to tell Becket that he must obey the laws of the realm, and submit to the king's pleasure.

The king was at Woodstock. The archbishop, thus commanded, could not refuse to obey. He repaired to the court. He gave his promise. He undertook, *bonâ fide et sine malo ingenio*, to submit to the laws of the land, whatever they might be found to be. But a vague engagement of this kind was unsatisfactory, and might afterwards be evaded. The question of the immunities of the clergy had been publicly raised. The attention of the nation had been called to it. Once for all the position in which the clergy were to stand to the law of the land must be clearly and finally laid down. The judges had been directed to inquire into the customs which had been of use in England under the king's grandfather, Henry the First. A second council was called to meet at Clarendon, near Winchester, in the following January, when these customs, reduced to writing, would be placed in the archbishops' and bishops' hands, and they would be required to consent to them in detail.

The spiritual power had encroached on many sides. Every question, either of person, conduct, or property, in which an ecclesiastic was a party, the Church courts had endeavored to reserve for themselves. Being judges in their own causes, the decisions of the clergy were

more satisfactory to themselves than to the laity. The practice of appealing to Rome in every cause in which a churchman was in any way connected had disorganised the whole course of justice. The Constitutions (as they were called) of Clarendon touched in detail on a variety of points on which the laity considered themselves injured. The general provisions embodied in these famous resolutions would now be scarcely challenged in the most Catholic country in the world.

1. During the vacancy of any archbishopric, bishopric, abbey, or priory of royal foundation, the estates were to be in the custody of the Crown. Elections to these preferments were to be held in the royal chapel, with the assent of the king and council.

2. In every suit to which a clerk was a party, proceedings were to commence before the king's justices, and these justices were to decide whether the case was to be tried before a spiritual or a civil court. If it was referred to a spiritual court, a civil officer was to attend to watch the trial, and if a clerk was found guilty of felony the Church was to cease to protect him.

3. No tenant-in-chief of the king, or officer of his household, was to be excommunicated, or his lands laid under an interdict, until application had been first made to the king, or, in his absence, to the chief justice.

4. Laymen were not to be indicted in a bishop's court, either for perjury or other similar offence, except in the bishop's presence by a lawful prosecutor and with lawful witnesses. If the accused was of so high rank that no prosecutor would appear, the bishop might require the sheriff to call a jury to inquire into the case.

5. Archbishops, bishops, and other great persons were forbidden to leave the realm without the king's permission.

6. Appeals were to be from the archdeacon to the bishop, from the bishop to the archbishop, from the archbishop to the king, and no further; that, by the king's mandate, the case might be ended in the archbishop's court.*

* The Constitutions were seventeen in all. The articles in the text are an epitome of those which the Church found most objectionable.

The last article the king afterwards explained away. It was one of the most essential, but he was unable to maintain it; and he was rash, or he was ill-advised, in raising a second question, on which the pope would naturally be sensitive, before he had disposed of the first. On the original subject of dispute, whether benefit of clergy was to mean impunity to crime, the pope had already practically decided, and he could have been brought without difficulty to give a satisfactory judgment upon it. Some limit also might have been assigned to the powers of excommunication which could be so easily abused, and which, if abused, might lose their terrors. But appeals to the pope were the most lucrative source of the pope's revenue. To restrict appeals was to touch at once his pride and his exchequer.

The Constitutions were drafted, and when the council assembled were submitted to Becket for approval. He saw in the article on the appeals a prospect of recovering Alexander's support, and he again became obstinate. None of the bishops, however, would stand by him. There was a general entreaty that he would not reopen the quarrel, and he yielded so far as to give a general promise of conformity.* It was a promise given dishonestly—given with a conscious intention of not observing it. He had been tempted, he afterwards said, by an intimation that, if he would but seem to yield, the king would be satisfied. Becket was a lawyer. He could not really have been under any such illusion. In real truth he did not mean to be bound by the language of the Constitutions at all, but only by his own language, from which it would be easy to escape. The king by this time knew the man with whom he had to deal. The Constitutions were placed in writing before the bishops, who one and all were required to signify their adherence under their several hands and seals.

Becket, we are innocently told by his biographer Grim, now saw that he was to be entrapped. There was no entrapping if his promise had been honestly given. The use of the word is a frank confes-

sion that he had meant to deceive Henry by words, and that he was being caught in his own snare. When driven to bay, the archbishop's fiery nature always broke into violence. 'Never, never,' he said; 'I will never do it so long as breath is in my body.'* In affected penitence for his guilty compliance, he retired to his see to afflict his flesh with public austerities. He suspended himself *ab altaris officio* (from the service of the altar) till the pope should absolve him from his sin. The Bishop of Evreux, who was present at Clarendon, advised him to write to the pope for authority to sign. He pretended to comply, but he commissioned a private friend of his own, John of Salisbury, who was on the continent, to prepare for his reception on the flight which he already meditated from England, and by all methods, fair and foul, to prevent the pope and cardinals from giving the king any further encouragement. The Bishop of Lisieux, on the other hand, whose previous intercession had decided the pope in the king's favor, went to Sens in person to persuade Alexander to cut the knot by sending legatine powers to the Archbishop of York to override Becket's obstinacy and to consent in the name of the Church instead of him.

John of Salisbury's account of his proceedings gives a curious picture of the cause of God, as Becket called it, on its earthly and grosser side.

The Count of Flanders (he wrote to the archbishop) is most anxious to help you. If extremity comes, send the count word, and he will provide ships.† Everything which passed in London and at Winchester (Clarendon) is better known here than in England itself. I have seen the King of France, who undertakes to write to the pope in your behalf. The feeling towards our king among the

* 'Sanctus archiepiscopus tunc primum dolum quem fuerat suspicatus advertens, interpositâ fide quam Deo debuit: "Non hoc fiet," respondit, "quam diu in hoc vasculo spirat hæc anima." Nam domestici regis securum fecerant archiepiscopum quod nunquam scriberentur leges, nunquam illarum fieret recordatio, si regem verbo tantum in audientiâ procerum honorasset. Fictâ se conjuratione seductum videns, ad animam usque tristabatur.'—*Materials for the History of Thomas Becket*, vol. ii. p. 382.

† 'Naves enim procurabit si hoc necessitas vestra exegerit, et ipse ante, ut oportet, præmoneatur.'—*Joannis Sarisbiriensis Epistolæ*, vol. i. p. 188.

* Foliot, however, says that many of the bishops were willing to stand out, and that Becket himself advised a false submission (Foliot to Becket, Giles, vol. i. p. 381).

French people is of fear and hatred. The pope himself I have avoided so far. I have written to the two cardinals of Pisa and Pavia to explain the injury which will ensue to the Court of Rome if the Constitutions are upheld. I am not sanguine, however. 'Many things make against us, few in our favor. Great men will come over here with money to spend, *quam nunquam Roma contempsit* (which Rome never despised). The pope himself has always been against us in this cause, and throws in our teeth that after all which Pope Adrian did for the see of Canterbury you are allowing his mother to starve in cold and hunger.* You write that if I cannot succeed otherwise I may promise two hundred marks. The other side will give down three or four hundred sooner than be defeated,† and I will answer for the Romans that they will prefer the larger sum in hand from the king to the smaller in promise from you. It is true we are contending for the liberties of the Church, but your motive, it will be said, is not the Church's welfare, but your own ambition. They will propose (I have already heard a whisper of it) that the pope shall cross to England in person to crown the young king and take your place at Canterbury for a while. If the Bishop of Lisieux sees the pope, he will do mischief. I know the nature of him.‡

Though the archbishop was convulsing the realm for the sacred right of appeals to Rome, it is plain from this letter that he was aware of the motives by which the papal decisions were governed, and that he was perfectly ready to address himself to them. Unfortunately his resources were limited, and John of Salisbury's misgivings were confirmed. The extraordinary legatine powers were conceded not to the Archbishop of York—it was held inexpedient to set York above Canterbury—but to the king himself. To Becket the pope wrote with some irony on hearing that he had suspended himself. He trusted the archbishop was not creating needless scandal. The promise to the king had been given with good intentions, and could not therefore be a serious sin. If there was anything further on his conscience (did the pope suspect that the promise had been dishonest?), he might confess it to any discreet priest. He (the pope) meanwhile absolved him, and advised

and even enjoined him to return to his duties.

The first campaign was thus over, and the king was so far victorious. The legatine powers having arrived, the Constitutions were immediately acted upon. The number of criminals among the clergy happened to be unusually large.* They were degraded, sent to trial, and suffered in the usual way by death or mutilation. 'Then,' say Becket's despairing biographers, 'was seen the mournful spectacle of priests and deacons who had committed murder, manslaughter, theft, robbery, and other crimes, carried in carts before the king's commissioners and punished as if they had been ordinary men.' The archbishop clamored, threatened, and, as far as his power went, interfered. The king was firm. He had sworn at his coronation, he said, to do justice in the realm, and there were no greater villains in it than many of the clergy.† That bishops should take public offenders out of custody, absolve them, and let them go, was not to be borne. It was against law, against usage, against reason. It could not be. The laity were generally of the king's opinion. Of the bishops some four or five agreed privately with Becket, but dared not avow their opinions. The archbishop perceived that the game was lost unless he could himself see the pope and speak to him. He attempted to steal over from Sandwich, but the boatmen recognised him midway across the channel and brought him back.

The pope had sent legatine powers to the king, and the king had acted upon them; but something was still wanting for general satisfaction. He had been required to confirm the Constitutions by a bull. He had hesitated to do it, and put off his answer. At length he sent the Archbishop of Rouen to England to endeavor to compromise matters. The formal consent of the Church was still wanting, and in the absence of it persons who agreed with the king in principle were uneasy at the possible consequences.

* 'Cujus mater apud vos algore torquetur et inediã.'

† Sed scribitis, si alia via non patuerit, promittamus ducentas marcas. At certe pars adversa antequam frustretur trecentas dabit aut quadringentas.'

‡ John of Salisbury to Becket (abridged). Letters, vol. i. p. 187.

* 'Sed et ordinatorum inordinati mores inter regem et archiepiscopum auxere malitiam, qui solito abundantius per idem tempus apparebant, publicis irretiti criminibus.'—*Materials &c.* vol. ii. p. 385.

† 'In omni scelere et flagitio nequiores.'

The clergy might be wicked, but they were magicians notwithstanding, and only the chief magician could make it safe to deal with them. In the autumn of 1164 the king once more summoned a great council to meet him at Northampton Castle. The attendance was vast. Every peer and prelate not disabled was present, all feeling the greatness of the occasion. Castle, town, and monasteries were thronged to overflowing. Becket only had hesitated to appear. His attempt to escape to the continent was constructive treason. It was more than treason. It was a violation of a distinct promise which he had given to the king.* The storm which he had raised had unloosed the tongues of those who had to complain of his ill-usage of them either in his archbishop's court or in the days when he was chancellor. The accounts had been looked into, and vast sums were found to have been received by him of which no explanation had been given. Who was this man, that he should throw the country into confusion, in the teeth of the bishops, in the teeth (as it seemed) of the pope, in the teeth of his own oath given solemnly to the king at Woodstock? The Bishop of London, in a letter to Becket, charged him with having directly intended to commit perjury.† The first object of the Northampton council was to inquire into his conduct, and he had good reason to be alarmed at the probable consequences. He dared not, however, disobey a peremptory summons. He came, attended by a large force of armed knights, and was entertained at the monastery of St. Andrews. To anticipate inquiry into his attempted flight, he applied for permission on the day of his arrival to go to France to visit the pope. The king told him that he could not leave the realm until he had answered for a decree which had been given in his court. The case was referred to the assembled peers, and he was condemned and fined. It was a bad augury for him.

Other charges lay thick, ready to be produced. He was informed officially that he would be required to explain the Chancery accounts, and answer for the money which he had applied to his own purposes. His proud temper was chafed to the quick, and he turned sick with anger.* His admirers see only in these demands the sinister action of a dishonest tyranny. Oblique accusations, it is said, were raised against him, either to make him bend or to destroy his character. The question is rather whether his conduct admitted of explanation. If he had been unjust as a judge, if he had been unscrupulous as a high officer of state, such faults had no unimportant bearing on his present attitude. He would have done wisely to clear himself if he could; it is probable that he could not. He refused to answer, and he sheltered himself behind the release which he had received at his election. His refusal was not allowed; a second summons the next day found him in his bed, which he said that he was too ill to leave. This was on a Saturday. A respite was allowed him till the following Monday. On Monday the answer was the same. Messenger after messenger brought back word that the archbishop was unable to move. The excuse might be true—perhaps partially it was true. The king sent two great peers to ascertain, and in his choice of persons he gave a conclusive answer to the accusation of desiring to deal unfairly with Becket; one was Reginald, Earl of Cornwall, the king's uncle, who as long as Becket lived was the best friend that he had at the court; the other was the remarkable Robert, Earl of Leicester, named Bossu (the Hunchback). This Robert was a monk of Leicester Abbey, though he had a dispensation to remain at the court, and so bitter a Papist was he that when the schismatic Archbishop of Cologne came afterwards to London he publicly insulted him and tore down the altar at which he had said mass. Such envoys would not have been selected with a sinister purpose. They found that the archbishop could attend if he wished, and they warned him of the dan-

* Foliot to Becket, Giles, vol. ii. p. 387.

† Foliot says that at Clarendon Becket said to the bishops, 'It is the Lord's will I should perjure myself. For the present I submit and incur perjury, to repent of it, however, as I best may.' (Giles, vol. i. p. 381.) Foliot was reminding Becket of what passed on that occasion.

* 'Propter iram et indignationem quam in animo conceperat decidit in gravem ægritudinem.'—Hoveden, vol. i. p. 225.

ger of trying the king too far. He pleaded for one more day. On the Tuesday morning he undertook to be present.

His knights, whose first allegiance was to the Crown, had withdrawn from the monastery, not daring or not choosing to stand by a prelate who appeared to be defying his sovereign. Their place had been taken by a swarm of mendicants, such as the archbishop had gathered about him at Canterbury. He prepared for the scene in which he was to play a part with the art of which he was so accomplished a master. He professed to expect to be killed. He rose early. Some of the bishops came to see and remonstrate with him: they could not move his resolution, and they retired. Left to himself, he said the mass of St. Stephen in which were the words: 'The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers took counsel together against the Lord and against his anointed.' He then put on a black stole and cap, mounted his palfrey, and, followed by a few monks and surrounded by his guard of beggars, rode at a foot's pace to the castle, preceded by his cross-bearer.

The royal castle of Northampton was a feudal palace of the usual form. A massive gateway led into a quadrangle; across the quadrangle was the entrance of the great hall, and at the upper end of the hall doors opened into spacious chambers beyond. The archbishop alighted at the gate, himself took his cross in his right hand, and, followed by a small train, passed through the quadrangle, and passed up the hall, 'looking like the lion-man of the prophet's vision.'* The king and the barons were in one chamber, the bishops in another. The archbishop was going in this attitude into the king's presence, that the court might see the person on whom they dared to sit in judgment; but certain 'Templars' warned him to beware. He entered among his brethren, and moved through them to a chair at the upper end of the room.

He still held his cross. The action was unusual; the cross was the spiritual sword, and to bear it thus conspicuously

in a deliberative assembly was as if a baron had entered the council in arms. The mass of St. Stephen had been heard of, and in the peculiar temper of men's minds was regarded as a magical incantation.* The Bishop of Hereford advanced and offered to carry the cross for him. Foliot, Bishop of London (*filius hujus sæculi*, 'a son of this world'), said that if he came thus armed into the court the king would draw a sharper sword, and he would see then what his arms would avail him. Seeing him still obstinate, Foliot tried to force the cross out of his hands. The Archbishop of York added his persuasions; but the Archbishop of York peculiarly irritated Becket, and was silenced by a violent answer. 'Fool thou hast ever been,' said the Bishop of London, 'and from thy folly I see plainly thou wilt not depart.' Cries burst out on all sides. 'Fly!' some one whispered in the archbishop's ear; 'fly, or you are a dead man.' The Bishop of Exeter came in at the moment, and exclaimed that unless the archbishop gave way they would all be murdered. Becket never showed to more advantage than in moments of personal danger. To the Bishop of Exeter he gave a sharp answer, telling him that he savored not the things of God. But he collected himself. He saw that he was alone. He stood up, he appealed to the pope, charged the bishops on peril of their souls to excommunicate any one who dared to lay hands on him, and moved as if he intended to withdraw. The Bishop of Winchester bade him resign the archbishopric. With an elaborate oath (*cum interminabili juratione*) he swore that he would not resign. The Bishop of Chichester then said: 'As our primate we were bound to obey you, but you are our primate no longer; you have broken your oath. You swore allegiance to the king, and you subvert the common law of the realm. We too appeal to the pope. To his presence we summon you.' 'I hear what you say,' was all the answer which Becket deigned to return. The doors from the adjoining chamber were now flung open. The old Earl of Cornwall, the hunchback Leicester, and

* 'Assumens faciem hominis, faciem leonis, prophetis illis animalibus a prophetâ descriptis simillimus.'—Herbert of Bosham.

* It was said to have been done *per artem magicam et in contemptu regis*. (Hoveden.) He had the eucharist concealed under his dress.

a number of barons entered. 'My lord,' said the Earl of Leicester to the archbishop, 'the king requires you to come to his presence and answer to certain things which will then be alleged against you, as you promised yesterday to do.' 'My lord earl,' said Becket, 'thou knowest how long and loyally I served the king in his worldly affairs. For that cause it pleased him to promote me to the office which now I hold. I did not desire this office; I knew my infirmities. When I consented it was for the sake of the king alone. When I was elected I was formally acquitted of my responsibilities for all that I had done as chancellor. Therefore I am not bound to answer, and I will not answer.'

The earls carried back the reply. The peers by a swift vote declared that the archbishop must be arrested and placed under guard.

The earls re-entered, and Leicester approached him and began slowly and reluctantly to announce the sentence. 'Nay,' said Becket, lifting his tall meagre figure to its haughtiest height, 'do thou first listen to me. The child may not judge his father. The king may not judge me, nor may you judge me. I will be judged under God by the pope alone, to whom in your presence I appeal. I forbid you under anathema to pronounce your sentence. And you, my brethren,' he said, turning to the bishops, 'since you will obey man rather than God, I call you too before the same judgment-seat. Under the protection of the Apostolic See, I depart hence.'

No hand was raised to stop him. He swept through the chamber and flung open the door of the hall. He stumbled on the threshold, and had almost fallen, but recovered himself. The October evening was growing into twilight. The hall was thronged with the retinues of the king and the barons. Dinner was over. The floor was littered with rushes and fragments of rolls and broken meat. Draughts of ale had not been wanting, and young knights, pages, and retainers were either lounging on the benches or talking in eager and excited groups. As Becket appeared among them, fierce voices were heard crying 'Traitor! traitor! Stop the traitor!' Among the loudest were Count Hamelin, the king's illegitimate brother, and Sir Ranulf de

Broc, one of the Canterbury knights. Like a bold animal at bay, Becket turned sharply on these two. He called Count Hamelin a bastard boy. He reminded De Broc of some near kinsman of his who had been hanged. The cries rose into a roar; sticks and knots of straw were flung at him. Another rash word, and he might have been torn in pieces. Some high official hearing the noise came in and conducted him safely to the door.

In the quadrangle he found his servants waiting with his palfrey. The great gate was locked, but the key was hanging on the wall; one of them took it and opened the gate, the porters looking on, but not interfering. Once outside he was received with a cheer of delight from the crowd, and with a mob of people about him he made his way back to the monastery. The king had not intended to arrest him, but he could not know it, and he was undoubtedly in danger from one or other of the angry men with whom the town was crowded. He prepared for immediate flight. A bed was made for him in the chapel behind the altar. After a hasty supper with a party of beggars whom he had introduced into the house, he lay down for a few hours of rest. At two in the morning, in a storm of wind and rain, he stole away disguised with two of the brethren. He reached Lincoln soon after daybreak, and from Lincoln, going by cross paths, and slipping from hiding-place to hiding-place, he made his way in a fortnight to a farm of his own at Eastry, near Sandwich. He was not pursued. It was no sooner known that he was gone from Northampton than a proclamation was sent through the country forbidding every man under pain of death to meddle with him. The king had determined to allow the appeal, and once more to place the whole question in the pope's hands. The Earl of Arundel with a dozen peers and bishops was despatched at once to Sens to explain what had happened, and to request Alexander to send legates to England to investigate the quarrel and to end it. The archbishop, could he have consented to be quiet, might have remained unmolested at Canterbury till the result could be ascertained. But he knew too well the forces which would be at work in the papal court to wait for its verdict. His confidence was only in himself. Could

he see the pope in person, he thought that he could influence him. He was sure of the friendship of Lewis of France, who was meditating a fresh quarrel with Henry, and would welcome his support. His own spiritual weapons would be as effective across the Channel as if used in England, while he would himself be in personal security. One dark night he went down with his two companions into Sandwich, and in an open boat crossed safely to Gravelines. At St. Omer he fell in with his old friend Chief Justice de Luci, who was returning from a mission to the court of France. De Luci urged him to return to England and wait for the pope's decision, warning him of the consequences of persisting in a course

which was really treasonable, and undertaking that the king would forgive him if he would go back at once. Entreaties and warnings were alike thrown away. He remained and despatched a letter to the pope saying briefly that he had followed the example of his holiness in resisting the encroachments of princes; and had fled from his country. He had been called to answer before the king as if he had been a mere layman. The bishops, who ought to have stood by him, had behaved like cowards. If he was not sustained by his holiness, the Church would be ruined, and he would himself be doubly confounded.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

MY PECULIARITY.

BY HENRY S. LEIGH.

WE poets, when suddenly summoned away
 From the world's petty sphere to the region of rhyme,
 The importunate call at a moment obey,
 To indulge in the playful or grasp the sublime.
 I've indited impromptus again and again,
 While bewildered—it matters not how or by whom;
 I can write at my club, on the boat, in a train;—
 But I never can write with a wasp in the room.

'Tis twilight. The suburbs are tranquil and calm
 (And my own is as tranquil and calm as the rest),
 So I sit by my lattice, inhaling the balm
 That is borne on the zephyr—methinks from the west.
 I am far from the haunts and the passions of men,
 Among birds in high feather and roses in bloom;—
 What an idyll to-night could I give to my pen!
 But I never could write with a wasp in the room.

From Flora's dominion, ah! why should he roam,
 To invade—and unbidden—Apollo's domain?
 I opine that his object in tracking me home
 Is to drive the gay anapæsts out of my brain.
 Fly away, pretty guest, fly away from the shade!
 'Tis philosophers only that bask in the gloom.
 I have money to earn, there is verse to be made;
 And I never can write with a wasp in the room.

Not gone? Very well, then; 'tis war to the knife.
 I appeal to the *ultima ratio* of kings.
 I have proffered you liberty. Look to your life!
 Cotton handkerchiefs knotted are dangerous things.
 If that weapon should fail, there are others in store:
 I've a poker, a shovel, some tongs, and a broom.
 I am eager for work, as I told you before;
 And I never can write with a wasp in the room.

'Tis finished : retributive justice is dealt.

You may think me severe, but it's one of my ways ;
For, when once an antipathy comes to be felt,

It is felt evermore to the end of our days.

When my own shall be ended—it matters not how—

They may carve on the marble that graces my tomb :

'He was not a bad poet, as poets go *now* ;

But he never could write with a wasp in the room !'

Belgravia Magazine.



THE STORY OF THE PRISM.

WHEN we see the brilliant colors reflected by the glass lustres and chandeliers which are now so commonly used for decorative purposes, we seldom bestow a thought upon them, regarding them as things too common, perhaps too trivial to be worthy of any particular attention. We are content to know that a triangular piece of glass will exhibit certain bright colors—they look very pretty, and it does not matter much how they happen to be there. This is the common way of dealing with the natural phenomena which meet us at every turn in this wonderful world in which we live. The progress of civilisation, with all its triumphs of Science and Art, would indeed have been slow, if not altogether at a dead-lock, if every one had been content to treat such matters in this summary fashion. But happily, this has not been the case, for certain intellectual giants have from time to time arisen, who have grappled with these things, and have devoted their lives to their investigation.

Such a one was Sir Isaac Newton, who just about two centuries ago, with rough appliances fashioned by his own hands, inquired into the meaning of the colors to which we have just alluded. We cannot do better than quote his own words, from a letter which he addressed to the Royal Society in 1672 ; for his statement is so clear that a child can easily understand what he means. 'I procured me a triangular glass prisme,' writes he, 'to try therewith the celebrated phenomena of colors. And in order thereto having darkened my chamber and made a small hole in my window-shuts to let in a convenient quantity of the sun's light, I placed my prisme at his entrance, that it might be thereby refracted to the opposite wall.'

He goes on to say how surprised he

was to find that the ray of light, after passing through the prism, instead of being thrown upon the wall in the form of a round spot, was spread out into a beautiful colored ribbon ; this ribbon being red at one end, and passing through orange yellow green and blue, to violet at its other extremity. Upon this experiment is founded the theory of color, which with few modifications, still remains unquestioned.

It was not until the beginning of the present century that this experiment of Newton's (repeated as it had doubtless been in the meantime by many philosophers) was found by Dr. Wollaston to possess certain peculiarities which defied all explanation. He found that, by substituting a *slit* in the shutter of the darkened room for the round hole which Newton had used, the ribbon of color, or spectrum as it is now called, was intersected by certain dark lines. This announcement, although at the time it did not excite much attention, led to further experiments by different investigators, who, however, vainly endeavored to solve the meaning of these bands of darkness. It was first observed by an optician of Munich that they never varied, but always occupied a certain fixed position in the spectrum ; moreover he succeeded in mapping them to the number of nearly six hundred, for which reason they have been identified with his name, as 'Fraunhofer's lines.'

In 1830, when improved apparatus came into use, it was found that the number of these lines could be reckoned by thousands rather than hundreds ; but their meaning still remained a puzzle to all. By this time Newton's darkened room with the hole in the 'window-shuts' had been, as we have just said, greatly improved upon. The prism was now placed in a tube, at one end of

which was a slit to admit the light, while the retina of the observer's eye received the impression of the spectrum at the other end. This is the simplest form of the instrument now known as the spectroscope, and which is, as we have shewn, a copy in miniature of Newton's arrangement for the decomposition of white light into its constituent colors.

We must now go back a few years to record some experiments carried out by Herschel, which, quite independent of the spectroscope, helped others to solve the problem connected with the dark lines. He pointed out that metals, when rendered incandescent under the flame of the blow-pipe, exhibited various tints. He further suggested that as the color thus shewn was distinctive for each metal, it might be possible by these means to work out a new system of analysis. A familiar instance of this property in certain metals may be seen in the red and green fire which is burned so lavishly during the pantomime season at our theatres; the red owing its color to a preparation of the metal strontium, and the green in like manner to barium. Pyrotechnists also depend for their tints not only upon the two metals just named, but also upon sodium, antimony, copper, potassium, and magnesium. Wheatstone also noticed the same phenomena when he subjected metals to the intense heat of the electric current; but it was reserved for others to examine these colors by means of the spectroscope. This was done by Bunsen and Kirchhoff in 1860, who by their researches in this direction, laid the foundation of a totally new branch of science. They discovered that each metal when in an incandescent state exhibited through the prism certain distinctive brilliant lines. They also found that these brilliant lines were identical in position with many of Fraunhofer's dark lines; or to put it more clearly, each bright line given by a burning metal found its exact counterpart in a dark line on the solar spectrum. It thus became evident that there was some subtle connection between these brilliant lines and the dark bands which had puzzled observers for so many years. Having this clue, experiments were pushed on with renewed vigor, until by some happy chance, the *vapors* of the burning metals were examined through the agency of

the electric light. That is to say, the light from the electric lamp was permitted to shine through the vapor of the burning metal under examination, forming, so to speak, a background for the expected lines. It was now seen that what before were bright bands on a dark ground, were now dark bands on a bright ground. This discovery of the reversal of the lines peculiar to a burning metal, when such metal was examined in the form of vapor, led to the enunciation of the great principle, that 'vapors of metals at a lower temperature absorb exactly those rays which they emit at a higher.'

To make this important fact more clear, we will suppose that upon the red-hot cinders in an ordinary fire-grate is thrown a handful of saltpetre. (This salt is, as many of our readers will know, a chemical combination of the metal potassium with nitric acid—hence called nitrate of potash, or more commonly nitre.) On looking through the spectroscope at the dazzling molten mass thus produced, we should find that (instead of the colored ribbon which the sunlight gives) all was black, with the exception of a brilliant violet line at the one end of the spectrum, and an equally brilliant red line at the other end. This is the spectrum peculiar to potassium; so that, had we not been previously cognisant of the presence of that metal, and had been requested to name the source of the flame produced, the spectroscope would have enabled us to do so without difficulty. We will now suppose that we again examine this burning saltpetre under altered conditions. We will place the red-hot cinders in a shovel, and remove them to the open air, throwing upon them a fresh supply of the nitre. We can now examine its vapor, whilst the sunlight forms a background to it; when we shall see that the two bright colored lines have given place to dark ones. This experiment will prove the truth of Kirchhoff's law so far as potassium is concerned, for the molten mass first gave us the bright lines, and afterwards by examining the cooler vapor we saw that they were transformed to bands of darkness; in other words they were absorbed. (In describing the foregoing experiment, we have purposely chosen a well-known substance, such as saltpetre, for illustration; but in prac-

tice, for reasons of a technical nature, a different form of potassium would be employed.) Kirchhoff's discovery forms by far the most important incident in the history of the spectroscope, for upon it are based the new sciences of Solar and Stellar Chemistry, to which we will now direct our readers' attention.

The examination of the heavenly bodies by means of the spectroscope has not only corroborated in a very marvellous manner the discoveries of various astronomers, but it has also been instrumental in correcting certain theories and giving rise to new ones. The existence of a feebly luminous envelope extending for hundreds of thousands of miles beyond the actual surface of the sun, has been made evident whenever an eclipse has shut off the greater light, and so permitted it to be viewed. The prism has shewn this envelope, or chromosphere as it called, to consist of a vast sea of hydrogen gas, into which enormous flames of magnesium are occasionally injected with great force. (We need hardly remark that these facts are arrived at analogously by identifying the absorption lines with those given by the same elements when prepared artificially in the laboratory.) This chromosphere can, by the peculiar lines which it exhibits in the spectroscope, be made manifest whenever the sun itself is shining.

The foregoing discovery has given astronomers the advantage—during a transit of Venus—of viewing the position of the planet both before and after its passage across the sun's disc; for it is evident that the presence of an opaque body in front of the chromosphere will cut off the spectral lines in the path which it follows; so that although the planet is invisible its exact place can be noted. From a comparison of these lines with those that can be produced in the laboratory, it is rendered probable that no less than thirteen different metals are in active combustion in the body of the sun. From certain geological appearances, it is conjectured that our own earth was once in this state of igneous fusion, and although our atmosphere is now reduced to a few simple elements, it must once have possessed a composition as varied as that of the sun. As it is, the air which we breathe gives certain spectral lines. These are much increased in number

when the sun is low, and when therefore it is viewed through a thicker medium. In this case the blue and green rays are quickly absorbed, while the red pass without difficulty through the denser mass of air, thus giving the setting sun his blood-red color. It will now be readily understood how, by means of the spectroscope, the existence of atmosphere in the superior planets can be verified. What a world of conjecture is thus opened out to us! for the existence of atmosphere in the planets argues that there are seas, lakes, and rivers there subject to the same laws of evaporation as those upon our own earth. And if this is so, what kind of beings are they who inhabit these worlds? The moon shews no trace of atmosphere, so that we may assume that if there be living beings there, they must exist without air and without water. The lines given by the *moon* and *planets* being in number and position identical with those belonging to the solar spectrum, is a further proof, if any were needed, that *their light is borrowed from the sun*.

The varied colors of the fixed stars may be assumed to be due (from what we have already stated with regard to metallic combustion) to their chemical composition; and the spectroscope, by the distinctive lines which it registers, renders this still more certain. Their distance from us is so vast, so immeasurably beyond any conception of space that we can command, that the detection of their composition is indeed a triumph of scientific knowledge. It has been calculated that if a model of the universe were made in which our earth were depicted as the size of a pea, the earth itself would not be one-fifth large enough to contain that universe.

If we marvel at the extraordinary skill which has brought these distant spheres under command of an analytical instrument, we must wonder still more when we are told that the spectra of these bodies can be brought within range of the photographic camera. This has lately been done by the aid of the most complicated and delicate mechanism; the difficulty of keeping the image stationary on the sensitive collodion film during the apparent motion of the stars from east to west, having only just been surmounted. This power of photograph-

ing the spectrum is likely to lead to very great results, for the records thus obtained are absolutely correct, and far surpass in accuracy the efforts of the most skilful draughtsman. It must be understood that in all these researches the spectroscope is allied with the telescope, otherwise the small amount of light furnished by some of the bodies under examination would not be enough to yield any practical result.

The clusters of matter which are called *nebulæ*, and which the most powerful telescopes have resolved into stars, are shewn by the prism to be nothing but patches of luminous gas, possibly the first beginnings of uncreated worlds. Comet-tails are of the same nature, a doubt existing as to whether their nuclei borrow their light from the sun or emit light of themselves. We may close a necessarily brief outline of this part of our subject by stating that it is possible that the spectroscope may some day supplant the barometer, more than one observer having stated that he has discovered by its aid signs of coming rain, when the latter instrument told a flattering tale of continued fine weather.

We have merely shewn hitherto how the spectroscope is capable of identifying a metal; but its powers are not limited to this; for by a careful measurement of the length of the absorption lines, a very exact estimate of the *quantity* present can be arrived at. This method of analysis is so delicate that in experiments carried on at the Royal Mint, a difference of one ten-thousandth part in an alloy has been recognised. Neither must it be supposed that the services of the spectroscope are confined to metals, for nearly all colored matter can also be subjected to its scrutiny. Even the most minute substances, when examined by the microscope in conjunction with the prism, shew a particular spectrum by which they can always be identified. Nor does the form of the substance present any difficulty in its examination, for a solution will shew the necessary absorption bands. Blood, for instance, can be discovered when in a most diluted form. To the physician the detection of the vital fluid in any of the secretions

is obviously a great help to the diagnosis of an obscure case. But in forensic medicine (where it might be assumed that this test would be of value in the detection of crime) the microscope can identify blood-stains in a more ready manner.

The simple glass prism as used by Newton, although it is the parent of the modern spectroscope, bears very little resemblance to its gifted successor. The complicated and costly instrument now used consists of a train of several prisms, through which the ray of light under examination can be passed by reflection more than once. By these means greater dispersion is gained; that is to say, the resulting spectrum is longer, and consequently far easier of examination. A detailed description of the instrument would be impossible without diagrams, but enough has been said to enable the reader to understand theoretically its construction and application.

It will be understood that we have but lightly touched upon a phase of science which is at present quite in its infancy. It is probable that many more remarkable discoveries will in course of time be due to the prism. Already, within the past twenty years, four new metals have by its aid been separated from the substances with which they were before confounded; and although they have not at present any commercial value, we may feel sure that they have been created for some good purpose not yet revealed to us. There are signs that the spectroscope will some day become a recognised adjunct to our educational appliances. It is even now included under the head of Chemistry in the examination of candidates for university honors, and there is no doubt that it will gradually have a more extended use. Many years hence, when generations of School-Boards have banished ignorance from the land, the spectroscope may become a common toy in the hands of children, enabling them to lisp:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
We know exactly what you are.

Chambers's Journal.

PICTURES IN HOLLAND, ON AND OFF CANVAS.

BY LADY VERNEY.

THERE is a curious difference between the two parts of the "Low Countries"—the "nether lands" formed of the ooze and mud deposited by the three great rivers, the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt, before entering the North Sea, and defended by a fringe of sandbanks and "dunes," thrown up by the winds and the waves. Belgium is simply a flat, ugly, prosperous-looking, uninteresting country, not unlike the more commonplace parts of England; but the flatness of Holland has infinitely more character in it, so that after passing the wide and turbid Scheldt, with its forests of shipping, one feels as if in a new land. It is the difference between a merely plain person and an ugly face full of character.

We left Antwerp on a grey day, with occasional gleams of light, the spire of the cathedral seeming for a time to grow taller and taller, as the perspective of distance showed more clearly the true relation of its height to the churches and houses, the masts and chimneys, grouped round its central point—the delicate tracery of its lofty pinnacles, rising 400 feet above the little men who yet had ventured to build up that daring flight of masonry heavenward.

The dead flats, with trees and distant houses, and shifting islands of light on the bright green meadows, passed quickly by,—living illustrations of the Dutch pictures with which we all are familiar; the exquisite truth of which to nature strikes one at every turn, the land part of the scene forming a mere line in the whole subject, the sky and clouds, as at sea, monopolizing three-fourths of the composition, and requiring therefore infinitely more care and thought in their arrangement than with other landscapes.

Presently came a series of small pine woods, cut for fuel and the service of the rail before they could reach the age of any beauty; with wide tracts of sandy, heathery common, and sour boggy bits, where turf was being taken out, and waste corners where more scrubby trees were attempting to grow. Few cottages, no châteaux, hardly any inhabitants, were to be seen; it seemed as if we were

reaching the very end of the world. Then came the marshy flats, always at the mercy of a few inches' rise in the tidal rivers, and the intricate series of islands, which alter as the muddy channels of the three great rivers divide and change, the rushing waters eating away the low-lying lands they have themselves formed, and carrying them bodily into the sea, against whose inroads the very existence of Holland is a continual struggle of life and death.

Here, in this apparently remote corner of the earth, name after name was shouted, as the stations succeeded each other at short intervals, recalling some of the most stirring scenes that the world has ever known, and reminding one how in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this was the place where many of the greatest deeds in European history were enacted, and the most important negotiations were conducted.

Here was the centre of the great struggle for freedom, both religious and political, won hardly for Europe at the cost of such horrible sufferings to the inhabitants of these industrious, well-doing cities,—ingrained traders if ever any existed,—who yet gave up the prosperity so dear to them for the sake of what to some seem only mere abstract questions;—where women and children helped in fighting the good fight, both actively and passively, not only enduring to the end the dreadful privations of the sieges, and exhorting their mankind not to yield, but even themselves fighting on the ramparts. Here such heads of the people as William the Silent, Barneveldt, De Witt, Prince Maurice, and William III. revolved their great schemes of European policy, and moved the strings that moved the world.

After such a past, it seems strange how the current of political power has now, as it were, stranded Holland on her own mud-banks, and left her to her prosperous trade, the commercial activity which fills the ports of Rotterdam, Dort, and Amsterdam with shipping and goods, the interior development of her agriculture over miles of flat green pastures,

rich and fertile, tenanted with herds of fat cattle, and the furnishing of butter and cheese, salt herrings and other fish, to the nations—a useful, but not so heroic a vocation as of old.

This is not the age of small States; war has been revolutionized to the exclusive profit of great populations and areas. The gigantic power of such armaments as Napoleon was the first to bring into fashion would now crush small centres of light such as the Greek and Italian Republics, and the seventeen United Provinces, before they would have time to collect men and money enough to resist. Whether this advance of brute force can be called civilization may be a question. “God” certainly seems now to be “du côté des gros bataillons” in Napoleon’s sense, but a better mode of adjusting our differences must surely some time be found than for one nation to hammer another into subjection at the greatest possible cost to itself of blood and treasure, as in the Franco-German war. The horror expressed at the Bulgarian atrocities (both real and feigned) shows an advance in public opinion. Every important place in the Low Countries suffered as great horrors again and again in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, while Europe looked calmly on. Let any one read again the sieges of Antwerp, Haarlem, and Leyden, and say whether even the fiendish cruelties exercised on the poor Bulgarian peasants were worse than the wholesale barbarities inflicted on the unoffending inhabitants of great civilized cities, and continued for years by Christian soldiers, led by “officers and gentlemen,” representatives of the “Most Catholic King,” and belonging to a State such as Spain then was, standing at the head of the European nations of the period. It proves at least that the ideal of what may be permitted, even in war, has greatly changed for the better.

It is sometimes said that individual influence is at an end in the world, that we now work only by committees, parliaments, associations, and unions—vestries, in short, big and little. In the days when Bismarck and Moltke are still alive, and Cavour for good, and “Napoleon the Little” for evil, are scarcely cold in their graves, this can only be considered partially true. Yet standing among the

trees of the “Plein” (Place) at the Hague, and looking at the statue of “The Taciturn” (as he is often written and spoken of “for shortness” in a sort of affectionate familiarity) as he stands bare-headed, in his long robe, trunk hose, and great ruff—sagacious, long-suffering, wary, *indomptable*, one cannot but feel that the whole of Holland might now slip into the sea with less effect upon the fate of Europe than had the death of that one great man under the hands of an obscure assassin. The whole country seems full of him—with his memory are connected all the most stirring incidents in that most stirring epoch of her history; he is the incarnation of the best spirit of Holland in her best days.

The period of development, the flowering times in art and literature of a nation, are even curiously incalculable. The most unheroic age of Louis Quatorze brought out the full bloom of the talent of France. Here, amid war, misery, famine, bloodshed, and torture, grew up the great days of Holland, producing these unlikely results. Among these sleepy canals, brooded over by the heavy still damp of the encroaching sea, the black stagnant waters, the raw greens of the grass and trees, arose the brilliant Dutch and Flemish art, one of the only two schools of color that have ever existed in the world, as far as we know it, Greek pictures having utterly perished.

The gorgeous acres of canvas covered by Rubens, the magnificent Rembrandts, the little jewels of color by Terburg, Wouvermans, Gerard Dow, Ostade, Mieris, and Both; the wondrous portraits where Van der Helst, Frank Hals, Mireveldt, and Vandyke represented their men and women, the landscapes at which Ruysdael and Hobbima, Cuyp, P. Potter, Berghem, labored so industriously (though with such apparently unpicturesque surroundings as straight canals, stiff trees, and square fields), all fill one with wonder at the quantity, as well as the quality, of their beautiful work. There is not a gallery in Europe, public or private, of any renown, which does not contain many specimens of each good Dutch master. England is peculiarly rich in such treasures, and here many of the best pictures of the school out of Holland are to be found. We may claim the merit, at least, of having

discovered their value at a time when it was lowest among their own countrymen, and perfect gems of art were bought for mere trifles, which would now be recovered, if possible, at almost any price. The city of Antwerp has just given £4,000 for a picture by Hobbima, not two feet square. Why has all this power passed away? why cannot the city cause a new picture to be painted equal to the old?

In literature they stood nearly as high. Erasmus was certainly the leading philosophical thinker of the Reformation. Grotius, the "miracle of Holland," the "rising light of the world," as he was termed; Descartes, though not born among them, yet who certainly must be ranked among their great men; Spinoza, "great among the greatest as a thinker," the "God-intoxicated man," as he was called by the Catholic Novalis,—who was anathematized by orthodox Jew and Christian alike, but whose reputation has survived the reprobation; and Boerhaave, "the physician of Europe," were a few typical names among them; while printing, whose delicate clearness and beauty has never been excelled, amounting indeed to an art, was carried on by the family of the Elzevirs, at Leyden and elsewhere. In etching, Rembrandt himself has no rival, in power and delicacy alike, and in the effects of color produced, though in mere black and white, by the magic of his light and shade. The etchings, however, which bear his signature are of very various merit, and the backgrounds, foregrounds, and draperies are now believed to have been often worked in by his many pupils. Ferdinand Bol, himself an excellent painter, is also supposed to have filled in sketches made by Rembrandt himself. As far as mere mechanical power goes, Hollar's touch seems to be hardly inferior to that of the great master; but the genius of invention behind it is lacking in his case, and the satins and furs, the ruffs and lace, so marvellously rendered, continue mere "furniture," without the wondrous application by which Rembrandt imparts to them such surpassing interest.

Presently we passed the low earthworks of Breda, which look so weak and insignificant that they would seem impossible to defend; but their "surrender" was deemed such an important tri-

umph that it was immortalized by Velasquez, in the great picture of the Madrid Gallery, so bristling with uplifted lances, that it is technically called "Las Lanzas." To us a far more interesting incident is the surprise of the town in 1590, while in the possession of the Spaniards, by a devoted band of soldiers, headed by a captain of Prince Maurice's army. Seventy men hid themselves in the hold of a barge, under a load of turf, which was going into the town for the supply of the troops. The voyage was only of a few leagues, but the winter wind blew a gale down the river, bringing with it huge blocks of ice, and scooping the water out of the dangerous shallows, so that the vessel could not get on. From Monday till Saturday these brave men lay packed like herrings in their little vessel, suffering from hunger, thirst, and deadly cold. Only once did they venture on shore to refresh themselves. At length, on Saturday evening, they reached Breda, the last sluice was passed, the last boom shut behind them.

An officer of the guard came on board, talked to the two boatmen, and lounged into the little cabin, where he was only separated by a sliding door from the men; a single cough or sneeze would have betrayed them, when every one of these obscure heroes would have been butchered immediately. As they went up the canal the boat struck on some hidden obstacle and sprung a leak; they were soon sitting up to their knees in water, while pumping hardly kept the barge afloat. A party of Italian soldiers came to their help, and dragged the vessel close up to the guard-house of the castle. The winter had been long and cold, and there was a great dearth of fuel. An eager crowd came on board, and began carrying off the cargo much faster than was safe for the hidden men. The hardships they had endured and the thorough wetting had set the whole party coughing and sneezing; in particular the lieutenant, Held, unable to control his cough, drew his dagger, and implored his neighbor to stab him to the heart, lest the noise should betray them. The skipper and his brother, however, went on working the pumps with as much clatter as possible, shouting directions to each other so as to cover the sounds within. At last, declaring that it was now

dark, they with difficulty got rid of the customers. The servant of the captain of the guard lingered still, complaining of the turf, and saying his master never would be satisfied with it. "Oh," said the cool skipper, "the best part of the cargo is underneath, kept expressly for the captain; he will be sure to get enough to-morrow."

The governor, deceived by false rumors, had suddenly gone to Gertruydenberg, leaving his nephew in charge—a raw, incompetent lad. Just before midnight the men stole out; one half marched to the arsenal, the other to the guard-house. The captain of the watch sprang out and was struck dead at one blow, while the guard were shot through the doors and windows. The other band were equally successful; the young governor made a rally, but was driven back into a corner of the castle, while the rest of the garrison, belonging to Spinola's famous Sicilian legion, fled helter-skelter into the town, not even destroying the bridge behind them. A body of picked troops and Maurice himself soon arrived, the palisade was beaten down, and they entered by the same way as the fatal turf boat. Before sunrise the city and the fort had surrendered "to the States-General and his Excellency." The capture was not only important in itself, but was the beginning of a series of Dutch victories, the turn in the tide after the Spanish triumphs of previous years.

Next came Dort, with its bright little gardens, houses, churches, ships, canals, windmills, and river,—all seeming inextricably mixed,—and a savor of the Synod collected here to settle the Calvinistic, Lutheran, and Arminian disputes of Protestant countries, not very satisfactory in its results, as it settled nothing. The place was a favorite subject with Cuyp, and the numerous "Views," two of which were to be seen in the last Loan Collection, the "Landing of Prince Maurice at Dort" in the Bridgewater Gallery, with Mr. Holford's "View of Dort," are at least a much more beautiful consequence due to the existence of the town.

There is a curious romance about this picture; it was very long and narrow, and was cut in two by an unscrupulous

dealer, thus utterly ruining the composition and balance of color, particularly in the sky. The two halves remained apart for years and were called "Morning" and "Evening," in the strange ignorance of both buyers and sellers of what constituted early light. At length the true relation of the parts was discovered, they have been once again married, and shine in the full glow of their warm beauty on Mr. Holford's walls: one can hardly help feeling that they rejoice in their reunion. The luminous effect of the evening light on sky and river, hot and still, with the town and its windmills, and the summer morning effect of the "Landing," are equally admirable. The atmospheric effects in Holland are certainly very peculiar. When the landscape is not blotted out by the mists, the fog, and the rain, its extreme flatness (as at sea) allows long perspectives of light to be seen under the clouds down to the very low level of the horizon. This often produces wonderful beauty of light and shade, when the sun is shining on any point in the great sweeps of country generally there in sight. The chances of variety are also much greater with such an immense arch of sky, than when the lower circle is cut off all round by trees and undulations, more or less high, as is usually the case elsewhere. There is also a singular clearness in the air over great expanses of water or watery land, and of vivid color when the cloud-screens lift, which is infinitely attractive; while the reflected light from the plains of bright water gives a remarkable luminousness—which has certainly passed on to the canvas of the Dutch artists.

Further down the Maas comes Rotterdam, which is now the entrepôt for the trade between Java and Germany. It looks busy and full of life, with its forests of masts on the broad, muddy, rapid river, washing away a bit of land on one side, piling it up further on, on the ever-changing morasses formed where the Maas reaches the sea. Here first one sees that strange combination of dark red brick houses, trees, and canals, most picturesque, and strikingly unlike anything else in the world. Even Venice, to which it is so often compared, resembles it in the words of a description far more than in reality. The Dutch towns,

with their deep sombre tones of color, do not in the least remind one of their brilliant Italian cousin.

The Hague is certainly the pleasantest and most peaceful-looking capital existing—"umbrageous" is the only word expressive of it, such is the amount of trees in every direction. "Trim retired leisure" is the general impression of the place, where women have time to squirt water at the fronts of their houses, and where the railway station is so clean that one might almost eat off the bricks. Still there is a busier and dirtier side to the town, connected with the trade to the sea. We looked down canal after canal, with long perspectives of bridges, men punting heavy barges with long poles thrust into the muddy black water or against the brick sides, leaning over so far that, at sharp turnings of the canals, it seemed as if they must overtopple themselves and fall. The boats were full of green cabbages and yellow carrots, baskets, mats hung up in rows, peat in neat little square cakes, the best from Gueldreland. In many of them women and children were living in the small cabins, half under and half upon the deck, and were sitting about in picturesque heaps. Some of the canals are now filled up and turned into streets, but the waterways, with bright lights and chequered shadows from the avenues of trees thrown on the brick houses and the black-green water, are far more pleasant to look at. The stirring of the boats prevents the stagnant look which, in out-of-the-way, little-used corners, appears in a coating of green slime, and seems as if it ought to bring fever, but does not. Here is a very Dutch picture: two women harnessed to a boat by a long rope, pushing against the collar like beasts of burden; a bit of red color on a wherry under the distant bridge; then a green hull and a mass of black barge, and the blue of the men's shirts, punting among the trees with their long poles, carrying the color from a bright sky. Nature gets the blue required for her gamut often from above, and the reflections of the trunks and houses in the water, wherever it was still, doubled and inverted the lines with admirable effect.

Next a more open view out of our windows, where the canal (always a nec-

essary foreground here) is backed by the park. The trees, particularly the oaks, grow very straight, showing that there is no stony, gravelly obstacle to their tap roots in the easy soil; peat (of an inferior quality) is reached wherever a foundation is dug or a garden cultivated, even in the best quarters of the town. Endless barrows, with all sorts of produce, are passing by—grapes; blue, green, and orange *faïence*; a red box with "Koffee, Thee," on it—the last as national a beverage here as in England; a boy in a blouse and *sabots*, with two great baskets slung to a yoke, and an enormous cauliflower in each; some women marketing, with queer skull caps of very thin beaten gold, hiding the hair completely, a costume from Zeeland; others with lace lappets, and small curly gold horns projecting four or five inches on the side of the head, heirlooms in a North Holland family, a white jacket, pink apron, and *sabots*, cold coloring; the peasants looking substantial in every sense; odd, old-fashioned country carts, with a curious horn jutting out in front; two wicked little boys, certainly not twelve years old, smoking; several more in wooden shoes and red stockings, flinging stones to bring down the horse-chestnuts, with an amount of diligence, patience, and skill, which would make them model boys if they do those lessons as earnestly for which they will certainly be too late this morning. No "guardians of order" interfering; apparently order takes care of itself in this well-conducted population. The schools are said to be remarkably good and well attended; the religious education is kept separate from the secular, the hot Protestant and Catholic feuds making any other arrangement impossible, if the children are to be taught together; and there seems to be no difficulty there at least in carrying out the details.

We drove to the "Maison du Bois," through a thick grove of tall trees, remnants of the ancient forest which once girt the whole territory of the Netherlands, another portion of which is still to be found near Haarlem, and which long enabled the savage inhabitants of the quicksands and thickets of Batavia to withstand even the Romans; while the tangled bushes into which the sand was

blown on the shore of the North Sea are believed to be the origin of the dunes. The trees grow so close as to spoil each other sadly, but if once the sharp sea winds are admitted the destruction is great. Tall beech trunks, here and there, thrust their heads high into the air, pine and elm, hornbeams and horse-chestnuts, crossed and mingled their branches, with a great variety of foliage. In the midst of the wood we came upon a dark green clear pool, looking very weird and strange, and one sees where Ruysdael got the black greens, the sombre, sunless shadows, of his pictures. The deep seclusion of the place is very striking,* though within a mile or two of the town; the road wound and twisted through the thick forest, closing in on every side and over our heads, when, without any preparation, we came suddenly on the old red brick palace with a high "perron" and steps in front, literally planted in the very heart of the mystery. Certainly this is the very place where the "*Belle au bois dormante*" must have lived, and probably these are the princes her descendants, only the Queen, one of the cleverest women in Europe, does not look as if much of the sleep had come down upon her. The house is a show place, full of Javanese and Japanese curiosities, and Mr. Motley's portrait figures there, hanging in a room full of the most precious of the monsters. He has certainly merited the rarest place in the kingdom, for his canonization of its heroes and his vivid pictures of the great struggles of its people.

A poetic little garden behind, full of roses, was framed with wreaths of *Westeria* as we looked out of a central hall, the cupola and walls of which are painted by scholars of Rubens in memory of the great deeds of some Prince of Orange, by order of his wife, who sits at the top and admires her own work in her husband's honor.

The gallery at the Hague is very small, but full of pictures of great interest: not by any means, however, those which are most talked about. The big Bull is a disappointment; we have been satiated with beast-painting, and the

hairs of his head and the droppings from his nose, wonderful as they are, are too realistic and prosaic to excite any great warmth of enthusiasm. The sleepy sheep, too, are so poorly painted that they seem as if not by Paul Potter's own hand. Rosa Bonheur's "*Horse Fair*" is a far higher kind of art.

Here, too, is a fine portrait of Prince Maurice, by Mireveldt, in armor, with a high narrow forehead and peaked beard. There is more even than his father's statesmanlike power in the face, but far less of the benignity. The features of the family of the Nassaus are well worth study. William the Silent and his three brothers had already laid down their lives for the sake of their country, and his son and nine more of the race were devoting their blood, their property, and every energy and talent they possessed to the service of the cause at the time this picture was painted. Few lands, indeed, owe more to one great family than Holland to the race of William.

The bevy of doctors surrounding a subject about to be dissected, foreshortened in a marvellous manner, is not so unpleasant as it sounds, and is a splendid effort of portrait-grouping, natural and life-like, and of light and shade, but it is not a picture on which one can like to dwell. The portraits of Rubens' first and second wives are full of color, life, and brilliant light; "But I don't know which I should like least for my own wife of those two coquettish ladies," said our companion. There is no good picture of William the Silent; probably he was far too busy with greater interests to remember to be painted; but though the omission seems to be in character with the man, it is not the less to be regretted. The statue on the Plein is not bad, but it is only a late production; by his side the little dog is immortalized which saved his life, when lying asleep in his tent, by barking so violently that it awakened the Prince, on one of the many occasions when his assassination was attempted by order of Philip II.

Two or three lovely little landscapes, full of air and sunshine and distance, with much sky, make one feel as if a hole in the wall were opened admitting the real view. One of these gives that mixture of ships and trees common in Holland, and another the distant sight

* There is a short prosaic way to the straight bare high road on the other side the palace, but this may be quite ignored.

of a town amidst formal trees and wide meadows, whose realization we soon came upon in Leyden itself, near a small branch of the Rhine, where a great church rising among the trees and red houses has a sort of simulated look of the hull of a ship reversed, very characteristic of its position.

Leyden is now the quietest and most stagnant of learned universities, but with a story to it of the siege by the Spaniards in 1573, than which nothing more moving has happened in the story of our race. The heroic manner in which the inhabitants held out long after any wholesome provisions had been consumed, how they ate horses and dogs, and cats and rats were luxuries; how they dug up the very weeds in the market-place; and even when pestilence broke out from the privations endured by the inhabitants, and carried off thousands of them, still the remainder held out; is not this written in Mr. Motley's great chronicle of their race?

At length, as the last chance of relieving the city, William the Silent resolved upon opening the great dykes to the sea, and flooding the country so as to drown out the Spaniards and send food to the besieged. The damage to the fields, standing crops, and villages, in July, was enormous; it was a measure only to be taken as a last resort, but the danger was imminent, and if Leyden fell the rest of the country must follow. The Estates consented to the risk: "Better a drowned land than a lost land," cried the patriots, and a large capital was subscribed to carry out the work of destruction, as if it had been a commercial enterprise, while the ladies gave their plate and jewellery towards it. The besieged had written to the Prince that everything was gone but the malt-cake, and that after four more days nothing but starvation would be left to them. William was lying at Rotterdam so ill with a violent fever, brought on by fatigue and anxiety, that his life was despaired of, but he caused letters to be sent off, which, without mentioning his illness, told them that the dykes were already pierced and that the water was beginning to rise. Great rejoicings took place within the wretched town, cannon were fired, and the Spaniards were surprised at the sounds of music; but Leyden was fifteen miles

from the sea dyke, and the flotilla of 200 vessels, with guns and 2,500 veterans on board, was only able to get as far as a second dyke, still five miles from Leyden. Within this lay a chain of sixty-two forts, occupying the land held by the Spaniards, who were four times the number of those coming to the rescue; a sanguinary and desperate action took place, but after breaking through these obstacles a third dyke still kept out the water. At length after a series of violent "amphibious skirmishes" this defence was carried and the dyke broken down; but again they were doomed to disappointment, the wind was east, and the water spreading over so large a surface was reduced to a mere film of nine inches, too shallow for the ships—which required from eighteen to twenty—to sail over, and the fleet remained motionless.

William had by this time somewhat recovered, and as soon as he was able to stand he came on board, when the mere sight of him revived the spirits of the forces. The besieged were now at their last gasp; they knew that the fleet had sailed, and guessed at its progress by the burning villages, but they knew also that the wind was contrary and that it could not advance to their help. Bread, malt-cake, and horseflesh had disappeared, even the leaves were stripped from the trees and eaten; mothers dropped down dead with dead children in their arms; a dreadful disorder like the plague carried off from 6,000 to 8,000 persons; yet still the people resolutely held out. At last a party of the most fainthearted surrounded the Burgomaster, Adrian van der Wirt, and demanded a surrender. "My life is at your disposal," said the heroic chief; "I can die but once, but I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city. It is a fate more horrible than famine to fall into the hands of the Spaniards. Take my body if it can be of any use to you, but expect no surrender while I am alive." The discontent was stayed, but still there seemed no hope of relief. "It were as easy to pluck the stars out of heaven as Leyden out of our hands," cried the Spaniards, jubilantly.

But the Lord sent a great wind, and it blew the waves furiously on the shore and across the ruined dykes, and the floods rose on the panic-stricken Span-

iards, a thousand of whom were drowned, and the flotilla of barges sailed in at midnight over the waves amidst the storm and darkness. A fierce naval battle was fought amongst the branches of the great orchards and the chimney stacks of half-submerged farm-houses; the enemy's vessels were soon sunk, and on swept the fleet; and when they approached some shallows, the Zeelanders dashed into the sea and by sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Before they could reach the town, however, there still remained the great fortress of Lammen, swarming with soldiers and bristling with artillery, which could not be left behind, while the town might still be starved before it could be reduced. At dead of night, however, the panic-stricken Spaniards fled, and to the surprise of the patriots, in the morning all were gone; and the fleet rowed in through the canals, the quays lined with the famishing people to whom bread was thrown as they passed along amidst the tears of the population. As soon as the brave Admiral Borson stepped on shore, a solemn procession repaired to the great church, nearly every living soul within the walls joining, where after a prayer had been offered up the whole vast multitude joined in a great thanksgiving hymn. But the emotion was too deep; they soon broke down, and the multitude wept like children. And on the day following the relief, when the north-west wind had done its work, behold, it shifted suddenly to the east, and again a tempest arose and blew back the waves whence they came, so that the land had rest, and the people were able once more to rebuild their dykes and restore the drowned fields. The whole story reads like a chapter in the history of the "chosen people."

The Prince, though still scarcely convalescent, appeared in the town next day; and as one proof of the gratitude of Holland for the heroism of its people, the University was then founded at Leyden.

We had passed the spire of an insignificant village on the right—"Ryswyk, where the Treaty was signed between the Empire, England, France, Holland, and Spain in 1697," said the guide-book oracularly. What was the treaty about? I know that we knew once, but this does not much mend the matter. I feel as if

I were being examined in Russell's "Modern Europe" and my information found very shaky. "What was the treaty to settle?" I appeal to the "intelligent man," of whom one is perennially in search in any new place, but here even he is at fault. "Madame, je ne puis vous en rien dire, je n'ai pas été à Ryswyk." What a comfort it would be if the not having been at a place would honorably clear one at an examination! "What are the dates of the two sieges of Vienna?" "Sir, I cannot say; I have never been at Vienna." "What were the bases of the Treaty of Utrecht?" "Mr. Professor, how should I know? I have never visited Utrecht." And with a vague notion that it was "something wherein William III. figured" we swept on.

As Haarlem came in sight we passed over the fields wherein hyacinths, tulips, &c., blue, pink, yellow, and rainbow-colored, are grown by the million, and make the country look like a garden parterre in spring. The alluvial soil when the peat is peeled off is found particularly productive for "roots."

"Are there any manufactures at Haarlem?" we ask of our last edition of the "intelligent man" on our road to the great organ. "Yes, madame," replied he, "the manufacture of onions" (bulbs).

The siege of this town preceded that of Leyden by a few months, and quite equalled it in heroism, but the end was far more painful. Indeed, the courage of Leyden must be estimated by the fact that she knew of the dreadful fate of her sister-city and yet was not afraid.

The position of the town was a most important one, on a narrow neck of land between the Zuyder Zee and the ocean, scarcely five miles across; with its fall the province would have been cut in two, and the difficulty of resistance greatly increased. On the other side lay the Haarlem Lake, covering seventy square miles of surface, very shallow but liable to great storms. The city was one of the largest and most beautiful in the Netherlands, but also one of the weakest; the walls were low, in bad order, and required a large garrison, instead of which they could only muster three thousand men, while thirty thousand Spaniards were encamped around it. It was winter, which at first gave the Hol-

landers some advantage, by enabling them to fight on their native ice, but after the first "rapid, brilliant, and slippery skirmishes," when, Alva's troops being worsted, he declared that "such a thing was never heard of till to-day," he ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, on which his soldiers were immediately made to practise their evolutions, and the balance was restored against the Netherlanders.

Again and again the indefatigable Orange sent in men, provisions, and ammunition, across the ice of the Haarlem Lake on sledges, often impelled by women and even children; every citizen became a soldier, and even the women took arms; and a corps of fighting women, all of respectable character, armed with swords, daggers, and muskets, did very efficient service in many fiercely-contested actions, within and without the walls.

The women in Holland have borne a distinguished part in the history of the country ever since the time when "the Gaul was assisted in a struggle by his blue-eyed wife, gnashing her teeth and brandishing her vast and snowy arms," as a soldier who fought under the Emperor Julian describes. But in spite of the desperate resistance of the burghers, "who fought as well as the best soldiers in the world could do," wrote Alva, the iron circle gradually closed in on the devoted city. They repelled three fierce assaults, defeating the enemy with great loss; they sallied forth with brilliant success, bringing in provisions and cannon, and killing almost a man apiece of the Spaniards; they built up the walls again as fast as the cannonade destroyed them, or when they were blown up by mines. Horrible barbarities were committed by the Spaniards on the few prisoners taken, but at length Alva introduced a fleet of war-boats on the lake, and, all the provisions in the town having been exhausted, the townfolk could do no more. As they could get no quarter they determined on cutting their way through the camp, with the women and children in the midst of a square. "It was a war such as had never been seen or heard of in any land on earth," wrote Alva to Philip II. The General, Don Frederic Alva, would willingly have abandoned the siege, but his father threatened to re-

nounce him if he did so. At last, fearing that the desperate citizens would set fire to the town, he offered ample forgiveness to the place, having all the time in his pocket a letter from Alva ordering him "not to let a soldier remain alive," and to execute a large number of the citizens. Haarlem yielded, and the people laid down their arms. As soon as they were no longer to be feared, the massacre began, and for many days five executioners and their attendants were kept at work till they were exhausted, when the remaining prisoners were tied back to back, two and two, and drowned in the lake. Two thousand three hundred persons were thus murdered in cold blood, including the Calvinist ministers and most of the principal inhabitants of the place. But the heroic resistance had not been in vain; it exhausted the strength of the besieging army to such a degree that "it was clear the Spanish empire could not sustain many such victories." Twelve thousand men had perished of their choicest troops, and the expenditure of treasure had been enormous, while in four years' time the city was once again lost to the Netherlanders, whose constancy nothing could subdue.

What then was the Lake of Haarlem is now green with fields and young trees, and spotted with new red farmhouses, lying twelve feet below the level of the surrounding low country. Another large space is being reclaimed, laid bare by the line of the new great ship canal from Amsterdam to the sea, on the other side of the railroad.

The struggle between man and water in this marvellous country, only protected from being swallowed up in the high tides of every autumn by the line of low dunes and the artificial dykes, which are little more than wattles and sand bound together by the roots of the grass, amost haunts one. It is as if the voice of the sea was ever sounding in their ears, "Watch, work, strengthen your dykes, or you will all be drowned!" The details of the draining of the Haarlem Lake are extremely curious; a circular canal was first made round the district to be operated on, built up like the "levées" of the Po. Into this the water was (and is) pumped by four great steam-engines; it thence flows into a wider straight canal,

ending with great sluices on the sea. These at low tide are opened, and the water runs away; but if the wind be strong on shore, and the tide high, whole days may elapse before the gates can be opened, and the water must wait with what patience it may, while the over-gorged canals become full almost to overflowing.

Whole regiments of windmills are continually at work, keeping the balance even between the inland and outward waters, pumping up that of the low levels sufficiently high to enable it to find an exit into the sea. Beside this, they saw wood, grind flour, crush linseed, &c., &c., so that it is no wonder that they hold so honorable a place in Dutch art. It is found that they only raise the water profitably to a height of three or four feet, so that when ten or twelve feet have to be accomplished, three mills, in steps one above another, are employed, each to do its own share of the work. There are said to be nine thousand of these industrious slaves in Holland. And Amsterdam would seem to be the very centre of the battalion. There is one in each angle of the now useless fortifications, and they are sprinkled up and down all along the outer canal. The town is the crown of wonder of engineering skill, patient labor, and untiring struggles with water, weather, and wind, for the whole place is below the level of the sea. It has struck its roots deep below, like a great patient oak, and there is almost as much material sunk beneath the feet as is to be seen above the heads of the inhabitants. The ugly palace alone is built upon more than seventy thousand piles.

H—— went to look at the building of an ordinary house in an ordinary street; he found that they came to water, or rather mud, as soon as they began to dig; in a space about thirty feet by twenty-five feet, eighteen piles, six inches square and thirty or forty feet long, were being driven by steam hammers, about two to the yard. Over the crossing beams and the flooring, Portland cement is generally laid, and the houses do not appear to be damp. But in the smaller streets, where the water is stirred by the long poles used to punt the barges, or by dredging, the smell was frightful, as there can be no outfall, and the drainage must

all be laboriously pumped up out of the canals before it can run into the sea. Yet there is little fever; perhaps the liberal allowance of clean rain, perpetually pouring down from heaven, keeps them going. Still it was highly immoral thus to sin against every law of hygiene and not to suffer, and H—— held his nose in virtuous indignation as he passed along.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the infinite variety of queer gables and pediments, the ogees, scrolls, and dormer windows of the houses in the canal streets, each with a projection to which a crane can be attached, jutting out from the topmost twist of the mouldings, like a unicorn's horn out of his forehead. The lines of the windows, varying in each house from those of its neighbor, give them the charm of individuality, even in a street, which we so sorely miss in London. There is a *trottoir* and generally a row of trees by each canal, which introduces another element unlike Venice.

We could see from our windows the large ships that enter through a draw-bridge into the wider canals, with strange quaint varieties of stem and stern, the rigging and sails of different cuts and colors, many of their masts being unshipped to pass under the low side bridges. Here is a mass of hay, as large as a house, floating past on an almost invisible flat boat, and projecting far on each side of it; there comes an immense vegetable cargo; barrels of herrings, coals, cheese, butter, every kind of produce, were passing up and down, and a vast flotilla of wood, many hundred feet in length, which had come down the Rhine from the Black Forest or the Jura, with a little hut at each end, and piloted by a couple of families, who must have been months on their slow way. The opening of the great canal to the North Sea, which saves the long and dangerous passage round by the sandbanks of the Zuyder Zee, has greatly increased the commerce of the town, and it is said now to be rivalling or even cutting out that of Rotterdam. The harbor at the end of the canal just completed by English engineers, at the opening to the stormy ocean, is well worth studying. It cost millions of money, and both canal, sluices, and harbor are miracles of skill.

There was much talk of the scheme

for drying up part of the Zuyder Zee ; a dyke twenty-five miles long is to be thrown across its narrowest part, when a county about the size of Surrey would be added to the kingdom. The preparations for this embankment under water are such as would only be dreamt of in Holland. A raft of brushwood is made, on which, as no natural stone is to be had, square masses made of sand and shingle, bound together by cement, are piled. These are towed out to their proper situation, when they are sunk, and another layer then brought and laid on the top of the first, the workmen in a diving-bell directing the operations.

A statue of Rembrandt adorns one of the numerous "places," but of Spinoza, as is not perhaps unnatural, no notice was taken in his native country till this year, when, two hundred years after his death, a statue of him was raised at the Hague. The account of an excommunication by the Synagogue, when he left the communion, is so singular that it may well be given as a "picture" of the Jews of Amsterdam about 1656. A large and agitated congregation collected, when it was known that the heretic refused to return into the fold, black wax candles were lighted, while the chanter chanted the dreadful words of the Interdict. He was declared "accursed by the same curse wherewith Elisha cursed those wanton and insolent children," &c., &c., "by all the curses, anathemas, interdictions, and excommunications fulminated from the time of Moses, our master, to the present day." "In the name of the Lord of Hosts, Jah, and in the name of the globes, wheels, mysterious beasts," &c., "let him be cursed in heaven and earth, by the very mouth of the Almighty God," "by the mouth of the Seraphim and Opanim, and ministering angels," &c. He was cursed "by the seven angels who preside over the seven days of the week, and by the mouth of the seven principalities." "If he was born in March, the direction of which is assigned to Uriel, let him be cursed by the mouth of Uriel," and so on through all the months. "Let him be cursed wherever he turn ; . . . may he perish by a burning fever, by a consumption and leprosy ; may oppression and anguish seize him ; may he drink the cup of indignation, and curses

cover him as with a garment ; . . . let his sins never be forgiven and let God blot him from under the heavens ;" thus it runs on through four octavo pages of fierce and passionate denunciation, which do not, however, appear to have all been used on this occasion.

These terrific objurgations were accompanied from time to time by the thrilling sounds of a trumpet ; at length the black candles were melted drop by drop into a huge tub of blood, and as the lights were suddenly extinguished, the shuddering spectators, with a cry of execration, shouted "Amen." The end of the candles in the blood is also said to have been omitted in Spinoza's case.

The pleasures of persecution must indeed be great, when it is remembered how many of the Jews present had themselves sought refuge from the terrors of the Inquisition in free Holland, or were descended from those who had escaped from Spain, Portugal, and other Catholic countries, and who used the liberty they had thus gained to denounce their brethren.

The Jews of Amsterdam are now a large and important body, with much of the trade of the town in their hands ; particularly the special one of the cutting of diamonds, which is chiefly confined to this place.

"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink," one cannot help saying like the Ancient Mariner. There is great difficulty in getting any good enough for the purpose, and strangers are warned against the ordinary supply as against poison ; but some has been found of late, purified by the natural filter of the sands of the dunes. To a Dutchman it would seem impossible to have enough of it about his house, whether in town or country. With a canal in front and another on each side, he will add an artificial pond in his small garden, as a finish quite necessary for his comfort and pleasure ; and the smoking houses and gazebos hang by preference over a canal.

The pictures are everywhere a continual feast, especially the portraits, which adorn the walls of buildings in what would be only second-rate country towns in another land. Such great masters as Van der Helst and Frank Hals are not sufficiently known and appreciated in

England. There was a wonderful picture of a lady in a ruff by Hals in the Loan Collection this year, and an Admiral Van Tromp in the Spencer gallery, still at South Kensington, which are perfectly marvellous in their vivid life; his later pictures are very inferior, however, and degenerate into coarseness. It is singular that no specimens of the works of so important an early painter as Antonio Moro are to be found in his own country; they must be sought for in England and Spain, where he chiefly worked. There is a Queen Mary among Lady Ashburton's pictures, sent by the Queen herself to Philip II. before her marriage, and a portrait of a lady in the National Gallery, about 1585, very remarkable in themselves, and for the history of the art in the Low Countries.

When portraits are by a master-hand there can be no class of painting more truly interesting. The real presentment of a great man by a great artist will be allowed by every one to be unsurpassable in value, as a combination of history, study of character, psychological and phrenological, as far as the form of the skull, well worth study. But even more than this, the likenesses of perfectly unknown and even commonplace men and women, immortalized by such men as Rembrandt, Van der Helst, Rubens, in the north, and Morone, Giorgione, and Titian in the south, are themselves of the deepest interest.

To see before you a real human being, whose "mind can be read behind his face," as Tennyson puts it, bearing the traces of the joys and sorrows, the feelings and sympathies, common to all our race, must always have a charm which no pictures of gods and goddesses however good, not even "ideal" apostles and martyrs, can ever possess. Of course there are exceptions to this, but only in the very highest class of imaginative works, such, for instance, as the great Descent from the Cross by Rubens at Antwerp.

It must always be an event in any one's life first to make acquaintance with that mighty picture, for, though the lines of the composition may be known by heart from prints and photographs, every person must then feel that he first obtains any real idea of the work. Indeed the light and shade of prints and photo-

graphs is often so utterly unlike that of the originals, that they are confusing more than helping, in their very meagre and inaccurate translation of a master. Color too here takes a new value, even with those who have loved it best, in looking at this its perhaps greatest achievement. It is not merely that the extreme glow and richness enhance infinitely the wonderful breadth of light and shade, and glorious harmony of lines, but here its element seems required to tell the story completely. It is itself a factor, necessary to the expression of the scene, not a mere enhancement of the rest—not only pleasure to the eye, but is felt to be part of the explanation of the meaning of the whole.

Where every quality is thus complete, there is a feeling of utter satisfaction in sitting opposite the picture, which is indescribable in its repose.

Once only in his life did Rubens reach that supreme height. The other pictures of his at Antwerp, which one is called on to admire, are miracles of facile skill in adventurous drawing, like the "Elevation of the Cross" in the opposite transept of the cathedral—triumphs of sleight of hand in the art of hues; but here only has he attained to the passion of inspiration in religious thought and feeling. It is like a great oratorio by Handel; the youngest and most ignorant can understand enough to enjoy, the most learned and experienced are lost in wonder and admiration at the treasures of his genius. It seems strange that he never should have attained to anything approaching the sublimity of this work. The gallery at Antwerp is full of pictures of his, enormous in size, and considered "very fine,"—that "rollicking" piece of color, "La Vierge au Perroquet," among others,—but one can hardly believe them to be by the same head and heart as the one great piece framed in its appropriate setting of the grand cathedral. There is an immense charm in the contrast of the two sides of the Predella with the centre: the almost pastoral "sweetness and light" of the young peasant mother, in her great shading Flemish hat, mounting the rude steps to greet Elizabeth, on one side, with a deep blue landscape seen below the arch; on the other side she is stretching out her arms a little anxiously for the babe who is held up in Simeon's

hands. "A sword shall pierce thine own side," he may be saying—a first tender note of sorrow, a hint of the coming woe.

The feeling of "contrary motion" (as it would be called in music), the contrast of these two with the sombre magnificence of the deep tragedy of the great central picture, must be seen to be understood at its full value, and for this engravings are scarcely any help. All the pictures are plays upon the word "Cristofero," who was the patron saint of the Guild of Arquebusiers, from whom Rubens bought a piece of land for a house. They stipulated for a picture of St. Christopher in payment, and in his princely magnificence he presented them with five altogether, for the backs of the two flaps are painted also.

Color as a means of expression takes new character in the Netherlands; it is like a new language, or rather like a new mode of expression, by symphonies of harmonious hues.

In Rembrandt this is arrived at by contrast, almost by negations, and a brilliant piece of gorgeous harmony is produced almost without positive hues at all—the warm glow of a deep, dark background makes a blue or green appear so by juxtaposition; a dull red tells like a jewel on a neutral tint, or the flesh-tints, those most indescribable of hues, become living, in the great *chefs d'œuvre* of portrait-painting, the "Five Syndics" or the "Burgomaster Six" and his wife.

Color, however, seems to be an instinct more than a science; a half-naked Hindoo squatting among his piles of wool, dyeing them with herbs chosen by himself, and not knowing any reason why, will compose a marvel of harmony which all the kingdoms of Europe, with all their art-schools combined, cannot approach. Here and there a single painter arises, in an isolated place, some Sir Joshua, with his almost magic loveliness of delicate harmonies, some Gainsborough, old Crome, or Turner, but it is not carried on. In France the specimens are quite as rare. Meissonier is too artificial. E. Frere is very tender and charming, though a little dim in his key of hues. Color, however, is now as dead in the Low Countries as in the wretched daubs of modern Italy, and the painful cold greys of the German modern school.

The secret, the knack, the feeling, has died out with them of the old time, as may be seen almost more distinctly in the painted glass, the magnificent *walls* of color, as they may almost be called, thirty and forty feet high,—which adorn quite insignificant churches in both Belgium and Holland. Comparing them with the much-cried-up Munich windows at Cologne, or the horrors perpetrated at Westminster Abbey and some other of our cathedrals, it seems almost inexplicable how, with the old models before the eyes of those who seek, the poverty, the rawness which sets one's teeth on edge in most modern glass could have been perpetrated.

At Gouda, a few miles from the Hague, are some gorgeous specimens equal to those given by Charles V. and his sisters to St. Gudule at Brussels, splendid in design as in richness of dark hues. All these form pictures in stained glass, which theoretically hardly appears to be its legitimate province of work, intended as it is to be seen against the light and therefore semi-transparent, but the effect is too grand to think of anything but such a result.

When we steamed away from Amsterdam the flat world was blotted out by rain and mist—nothing was to be seen but perspectives of straight lines of earth, trees, and water, each cut short by fog. Every field was not only like a sponge full of water, but looked so rotten with ooze that it seemed as if the cows must sink down through the bogs towards the centre of the earth. They were on the point of being taken under shelter for the winter, as it would be impossible for cattle to live in the open in such a climate; yet they thrive and give ample produce. Both men and beasts, indeed, look healthy and well-doing all over the country which feels like a raft, floating only just so as to keep its head above that water which it requires the almost superhuman efforts of its inhabitants to resist and make use of.

It is a grand thing to see the theatre where such great deeds, both moral and material, have been performed by man, but it must require the constitution of a Dutchman to be able to live there in bad weather.

[Since these pages were written, the Queen of the Netherlands, and the eloquent historian

of the great deeds of the country, whom she valued so highly, have passed away within a few days of each other. Mr. Motley has, alas! not lived to complete the story of the land which he has done so much to make known to the world. He was engaged on the Thirty Years' War at the time of his death.

The Queen was a very remarkable woman, full of noble objects and great interests. Most European languages were familiar to her, and the rare knowledge she possessed of the literature as well as the politics of England,

France, and her own Germany gave deep and varied interests to her thoughts and conversation. She was the intelligent centre for all that was worthy in Holland, where her sympathy and assistance were ready for every good work of whatever kind. She will indeed be missed. She was only fifty-nine, and her country and those she honored with her friendship might have hoped for many more years of so valuable a life.]

Contemporary Review.

A FEATHER.

"Drop me a feather out of the blue,
Bird flying up to the sun:"
Higher and higher the skylark flew,
But dropped he never a one.

"Only a feather I ask of thee
Fresh from the purer air:"
Upward the lark flew bold and free
To heaven, and vanished there.

Only the sound of a rapturous song
Throbbed in the tremulous light;
Only a voice could linger long
At such a wondrous height.

"Drop me a feather!" but while I cry,
Lo! like a vision fair,
The bird from the heart of the glowing sky
Sinks through the joyous air.

Downward sinking and singing alone,
But the song which was glad above
Takes ever a deeper and dearer tone,
For it trembles with earthly love.

And the feather I asked from the boundless heaven
Were a gift of little worth;
For oh! what a boon by the lark is given
When he brings all heaven to earth!

Blackwood's Magazine.

NOTES ON THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.

BY W. F. KIRBY, ASSISTANT NATURALIST, MUSEUM, ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

THE study of the geographical distribution of living and extinct organisms has recently become one of the most important branches of philosophical natural history, from the light which it throws both on the former condition of the earth, and on the greatest scientific question of the day, namely, that of the origin of species. The geographical distribution of animals

has lately received much attention, the most important contribution to the subject being a large work by Mr. A. R. Wallace; but in the present paper we propose to bring together such observations as may prove interesting, either from their importance or from their having been less fully discussed elsewhere.

Most naturalists are now agreed in

recognising six main regions of geographical distribution, as originally proposed by Dr. Sclater, viz. the Palæarctic, Ethiopian (or African), Indian (or Oriental), Australian, Neotropical (or tropical American), and Nearctic (or North American) regions. The Palæarctic region includes Europe, North Africa, the northern half of Arabia, and the whole of Western and Northern Asia, as far as the Indus and Himalayas, and a line drawn eastwards, running south of Tibet and Mongolia, and somewhat north of Formosa. The Indian region includes, besides South Asia, the large islands of Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and the Philippines; but the islands further to the east belong to the Australian region. The Neotropical region includes the West Indies, Central and South America, and the south of Mexico; the remaining regions require no further explanation.

Although these regions are generally recognised as natural, we must not consider the divisions between them as hard and fast lines, except that between the Indian and Australian regions, where the island of Celebes is almost the only debatable ground. Indeed, the fauna of much of the west coast of America, especially that of California and Chili, exhibits such marked affinities with that of the Palæarctic region, that these countries have been regarded by some writers rather as outlying districts of the latter than as biological portions of the continents to which they actually belong. It is also to be observed that this division of the world into six main regions is more applicable to some groups of animals and plants than to others. Various attempts have been made to subdivide the regions, but though some subdivisions, such as the Mediterranean subregion, are eminently natural, our knowledge of the natural productions of most of the regions is not yet sufficiently exact to allow of their being divided in such a manner as to gain the general assent of naturalists.

Owing to the much greater competition of rival forms in large continents, the larger and more highly developed forms always appear to have originated and been brought to relative perfection on the greatest continuous districts of land. But notwithstanding the frequent alterations of level during geological ages,

which have constantly united or separated various portions of the earth's surface, yet it appears that the largest masses of land, though differing in outline and continuity, have always occupied nearly the same places; that is, it is more probable that the contour of former continents has been changed by gradual increase or diminution, than that a whole continent should be submerged or elevated *de novo*. It also appears that the northern hemisphere, and more especially the Palæarctic region, has been the birth-place of most of the principal groups of animals, including those now confined to tropical Africa, or even to South America.* Nor need this surprise us, poor as is the present Palæarctic region, when we consider the great vicissitudes to which this region has been more especially exposed, and the many conditions unfavorable to animal life which it now presents. There is little doubt that the amazingly rich fauna possessed by Europe previous to the glacial epoch was then almost entirely swept out of it, a very large proportion of its original fauna and flora being either wholly exterminated or driven into distant regions whence, on the abatement of the cold, their descendants would return very slowly, if at all. Besides, it is urged by Mr. Belt that during the glacial period such vast masses of water were locked up in snow and ice that the average level of the sea would be at least 1,000 feet lower than at present, and probably far more. This would lay bare great tracts of land possessing a much warmer climate than any other portion of the globe at that time, where many tropical forms may have survived the glacial period, though some would doubtless have been subsequently exterminated by the great floods which Mr. Belt argues would have occurred towards its close, from the melting of the ice. This view receives considerable support from the numerous traditions of submerged countries in the Atlantic, and off the coasts of China, India, Ceylon, and East Africa.

Great changes have recently taken

* This is confirmed even by groups of which very few fossil remains exist. Mr. S. H. Scudder, in his recent work on fossil butterflies, only admits nine species, all European; but of these four are preponderatingly American in their affinities, three Oriental, one Mediterranean, and one African.

place in the inland seas of the Palæarctic region. It was formerly bounded to the south by a great inland sea, resembling the Mediterranean, occupying the place of the Sahara; and a chain of inland lakes appears to have extended from Spain to the Black Sea. Wallace believes the Mediterranean to have then consisted of two great lakes, while North Africa was connected with Spain and Italy by extensive tracts of land now submerged. At this time, too, much of Northern Asia may have been depressed below the sea, or, at any rate, the great lakes, such as the Caspian, Aral, and Baikal, appear to have communicated with the Arctic Ocean. But there is still much obscurity relating to the geological history of Northern Asia; and until increased facilities of communication and changes in politics render China and Asiatic Russia more accessible to scientific men, it cannot be entirely cleared up. It is so difficult to account for the total disappearance of such forms as the mammoth from a country like Siberia, that some have suggested that they were destroyed by floods, to which indeed a great part of Central and Northern Asia was very probably subject, considering the much greater number and extent of the inland seas in former times, even if a large portion of the country was not actually covered by the Arctic Ocean. Much valuable geological information relating to Northern Asia in recent times must be still locked up in Chinese annals; and I have not yet met with any history by a competent geologist of the series of great volcanic disturbances, inclusive of earthquakes and floods, which devastated China during the first half of the fourteenth century, and which were felt with great severity at least as far as Austria and Greenland, and indirectly over the whole of the then known world, and there is reason to believe even in America. A history of these extraordinary phenomena, which are unparalleled in modern times for their extent and severity, if collected from the numerous available materials, and worked up by a competent hand, would be of the greatest scientific value.*

* The most accessible account of this period is perhaps that in Hecker's History of the Black Death, in his "Epidemics of the Middle Ages."

And here I may remark that I am convinced that great light would probably be thrown on the former state of the world in historic times by the study of Oriental literature by scientific men. There has been much discussion among Orientalists about the identification of the islands of Wák-wák, mentioned by Arab geographers, as well as in the "Arabian Nights." These are the islands, seven years' journey from Baghdád, where the trees bear fruit in the shape of female heads, suspended by the hair, which cry out, "Wák-wák" at sunrise and sunset. Then, to connect these islands more distinctly with birds, they are inhabited by jinneeyehs, who fly about in feather-dresses, which are sometimes stolen by some enterprising hero. Wallace describes the great bird of Paradise (*Paradisea apoda*) as being very abundant in the Aru Islands, and settling on the trees in flocks at sunrise, uttering a loud and shrill note audible at a great distance, which sounds like "wawk-wawk-wawk-wők-wők-wők." Anyone who will consult Lane's "Arabian Nights," vol. iii. chap. 25, note 32, and Wallace's account of the Great Bird of Paradise, in his "Malay Archipelago," chap. 38, will, I think, be convinced, like myself, of the identity of the Aru Islands with the islands of Wák-wák of the Arabian writers.* But even when animals are spoken of under their proper names, it will often be no easy matter to identify them in a translation; for I have generally found that the English, French, and German equivalents for the vernacular names of common animals or plants are rarely to be ascertained with any accuracy from the best existing dictionaries; and this difficulty would be greatly increased in the case of Oriental or ancient writings, in which animals, perhaps now extinct, would frequently be described in very hyperbolic language.

To return from this digression to Europe, we need not wonder that its present fauna is so much poorer than in post-glacial times, or even than a few centuries ago. The advance of cultivation, the felling of forests, and the draining of marshes have exterminated many

* I am not aware that the reputed occurrence of this bird in New Guinea has been confirmed; and the islands of Wák-wák are always spoken of in the plural.

species, even in our own day, while others have been destroyed as noxious creatures, as the wolf in Britain, and the lion in Germany* and Greece. Others were exterminated for food, as the great auk in the northern regions; and the urus and aurochs, both now almost extinct, the former only existing as *Bos scoticus*, and the other in Lithuania and the Caucasus, the last being the only locality where it is still actually wild. As, however these wild cattle are fierce and dangerous animals, they may have been exterminated partly for this reason. A very interesting volume could be written on the animals which have disappeared from Europe within historic times. When the ancient world was overrun by huge and destructive animals, it must have been difficult for men to make any progress in civilization; but when the glacial epoch had swept all before it, it was much easier for men to improve their condition. So far as we know, the ancient centres of civilization, such as Central Asia and Egypt, were less overrun with wild beasts than others.

The islands of Corsica and Sardinia, though barely alluded to by Wallace, are interesting from the number of peculiar species which they already contain, and for the still larger number of local forms, which, if isolated for a sufficient time, will ultimately become perfectly distinct species. Their fauna appears to have been derived from the mainland of Italy at a period when that country was already fully stocked with its present fauna, as they possess a large proportion of the Italian species. They have apparently been separated from the mainland for a much longer period than Britain from France; for, although Guénée calls Britain "le pays des variétés," well-marked species have not yet had time to develop themselves. Here, however, other considerations step in. The much hotter and finer climate of Corsica and Sardinia may have stimulated the more rapid differentiation of species. And although we are still ignorant of many of the laws which govern the range of species, yet it appears from the large proportion of species common on the French coast, and not extending to Britain, that Britain was

separated from France before France had fully acquired its present fauna and flora. The same reasoning will apply to Ireland, which is much poorer in species than Britain.

Some writers think that the Glacial Period has not wholly passed away, and that the earth has not yet recovered its normal temperature; and although it would require a long series of observations, extending over many years, if not centuries, to arrive at absolute certainty, yet there are some historical grounds for believing that the climate of all Europe was much more severe only 2,000 years ago than at present.* How far the clearing of forests, &c., may have influenced the climate we do not yet know, nor whether its gradual improvement is due to local or general causes. It is quite possible that the animals and plants now confined to Eastern, Southern, or Central Europe are still extending their range north and west, so far as they meet with no barriers to their further migrations.

In the case of the British Islands, there are other conditions besides breaks of geographical continuity which hinder the spread of some species. The unfavorable climate of the northern and western portions is probably one cause of the restricted range of many species, and their total absence from Scotland, Ireland, and in many cases, even from the north or west of England. Nothing strikes a naturalist, accustomed to the comparative abundance of insect life, even in the south of England, than its usual scantiness in Ireland, although the latter country probably possesses about two-thirds of our English species.

The Mediterranean subregion presents us with several interesting problems, in addition to some previously mentioned. During the time that Spain and Italy have been separated from North Africa, great changes have occurred in the insects of the opposite coasts, as well as in the larger animals which now inhabit those countries. Oberthur, in his recently published work on the Lepidoptera of Algeria, doubts if any Algerian species of *Zygana* is identical with any European species. This, however, might perhaps be expected, for the genus *Zygana* con-

* Which it is believed to have inhabited during the heroic age.

* Compare Mallet's "Northern Antiquities," pp. 242, 243.

sists of a great number of closely allied and highly variable species which have their head-quarters in the Mediterranean subregion; and while some groups of animals (as many Mollusca) may remain almost unchanged for entire geological periods, yet others, which, like the species of *Zygæna*, are specifically unstable, may become modified very rapidly. But, notwithstanding the large amount of specialty in the Algerian insect-fauna, it is essentially the same as the European, and the African element is exceedingly small. (There are some species of insects confined to South Spain and South Russia. These are probably very ancient forms, and may even be relics of the pre-glacial Palæarctic insect-fauna.) The large mammals of Algeria are apparently nearly all of African origin, having crossed from the south after the Glacial Epoch, and subsequently to the disappearance of the Saharan sea, and to the final separation of Europe and Africa, although some identical species of wide range penetrated into, or perhaps returned to Europe through Asia Minor, such, for instance, as the lion.

The Ethiopian Region, or Africa, is at the present day chiefly remarkable for the great number of large mammalia which inhabit it. Many of these, though formerly abundant in Europe and India, have long disappeared from both countries; and Africa has now a highly specialized character of its own. The Malagasy subregion, including Madagascar and the adjacent islands, is peculiarly remarkable, and "appears to indicate a very ancient connection with the southern portion of Africa, before the apes, ungulates, and felines had entered it" (Wallace, "Geogr. Distr." i. p. 273). The insects of Madagascar, however, are closely allied to existing African species, and many of the most remarkable, formerly supposed to be peculiar to the island, have since been received from Natal or Zanzibar. There is also a considerable resemblance between the Mascarene fauna, and that of distant parts of the world, in which connection we may refer to the numerous traditions, previously mentioned, of recent subsidences in various parts of the Indian Ocean.

As a rule, competition is far more severe on continents than on islands; hence the great number of peculiar forms

which survive in islands, though long superseded on continents, and it appears that according to this principle, the insects of Madagascar have become less strongly modified than those of the African continent, and therefore represent to some extent a more ancient fauna. A remarkable case is afforded by two pairs of butterflies, inhabiting different parts of the world. One is *Papilis Merope*, a large black and white butterfly, with tails on the hind wings, found all over Tropical Africa, and varying considerably in different localities. The females are altogether unlike the male, being without a tail, and of a totally different shape and color, resembling butterflies of other groups, which are [protected from birds, &c., by their 'nauseous odor. But *P. Merope* is represented in Madagascar by *P. Meriones*, the female of which only differs from the male in the presence of an additional black bar on the fore wings. The other example is that of *Argynnis Niphe*, a common Indian species, which is tawny, with black spots, and the female of which has the tips of the forewings broadly dusky, with a black bar across them, giving it a great resemblance to *Danaus Chrysippus*, a widely distributed insect, which is "mimicked" in the same way by the females of several other butterflies besides *A. Niphe*, even including one of the female varieties of *Papilio Merope*, already referred to. But the Australian representative of *A. Niphe* (*A. inconstans*), though differing so little from the male of *A. Niphe* that it was long considered to be no more than a slight local variety, has the sexes alike, the female having no white bar on the wings, although a small *Danaus* (*D. Petilia*), closely allied to *D. Chrysippus*, is also found in Australia.

Turning to the Oriental Region, we find that North India is much richer in species than the south. This is partly owing to the greater variety of elevation (just as the southern peninsulas of Europe are poorer in species than the districts in which the central ranges lie*), but not entirely, since many North Indian species, not found in South India, reappear in the Malayan peninsula and

* Andalusia scarcely produces more species of butterflies than Sweden; Austria, Switzerland, or South France have nearly twice as many.

islands. The spread of Indian forms into Europe has been much checked by the position of the mountain ranges. Where these are more open, as along the coast of China and Japan, we find Indian forms extending much further north, and mingling with those which really belong to the Palæarctic Region.

One of the most striking features in the Australian Region in recent times was the abundance of large wingless birds, now mostly extinct. Traditions, more or less authentic, relating to the great birds of the remote islands, are common in Oriental writers, who referred to them under the names of Rukh, Seemurgh, Anka, &c. The rukh was said by Middle Age writers to be found in Madagascar (doubtless referring to the *Æpyornis* or its egg); but the Arabian writers always give the rukh the habits of an eagle or a vulture. The Arabs, we know, extended their voyages at least as far as Madagascar and the Aru Islands, and there is no improbability in their having also visited New Zealand, where I believe that remains of a gigantic bird of prey have recently been met with. The Arabs, of course, were well acquainted with the ostrich, now the largest living bird; hence, nothing but the great extinct birds could have given rise to the stories of the rukh. The Persians, less acquainted with these distant countries than the Arabs, made a mythological bird of the Seemurgh, but there is little incredible in the Arabian accounts of the rukh, except its gigantic size. The Greek or German Griffin may have had a similar origin.*

The Neotropical Region presents a great contrast to Africa, the other southern continent, for instead of a preponder-

ance of large mammalia, we have here an enormous abundance of some of the smaller forms of life; in some groups, as, for instance, butterflies, more than half of all the known species come from Tropical America.

The Nearctic Region, though somewhat poor in special forms as compared with the Palæarctic, to which its affinities are so close that it could scarcely be separated as a distinct region, if we confined ourselves to isolated groups, yet possesses as many large mammalia as South America. The fauna of both North and South America was formerly much richer than at present; but the Glacial Period was as destructive in North America as in Europe. What caused the destruction of the large mammalia in South America is less certainly known; but Africa is now the only region which is sufficiently rich in the higher forms of life to lead us to suppose that it in any degree adequately represents the zoology of former times; and it appears to have been exposed in a less degree than other countries to the agencies which have destroyed animal life to so great an extent elsewhere.

In concluding this somewhat desultory article, we may remark that, contrary to the general idea, extreme heat seems to have a tendency to reduce the size of animals. The largest known animals are, or were, natives of cold countries; and most insects common to Europe or Japan, and India, are considerably smaller in the latter country. Even the tropical representatives of widely distributed genera are nearly always inferior in size and beauty to temperate forms.—*Popular Science Review*.

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIX.

A MIDNIGHT WALK.

WHEN young Lord Stanton left his own house with Wild Bampfylde there was

* The Rukh, or Roc, as in our old translation of the "Arabian Nights," is only alluded to, so far as we remember, in connection with its egg; the egg was probably that of *Æpyornis*, and the bird manufactured to suit it.—ED.

a tingle of excitement in the young man's veins. Very few youths of his age are to be found so entirely homebred as Geoff. He had never been in the way of mischief, and he had no natural tendency to lead him thitherward, so that he had passed these first twenty years of his existence without an adventure, without anything occurring to him that might not have been known to all the world.

ve your own house when other are thinking of going to bed, for addition you know not where, unguidance of you know not whom, sufficiently striking beginning to the mystery and adventure, and there such of personal peril in it which set off a little tingle in his veins. Other had been killed by some one whom this wild fellow was closely tied; it was a secret of blood which the young man had set himself to one way or other; and this no affected his imagination, and for a time the consciousness of danger was strong in him, quickening his pulses and making his heart beat. This was added by a sense of wrong-doing in which Geoff felt that he might be excluded from the tranquil household he had left to agonies of apprehension about whether he not return sufficiently early before being found out. Finally, on account of this consciousness of concealment, came a feeling, perhaps the strongest of all, of the possibility of his position. Romantic life, if it never ceases to be attractive to the young, is looked upon with different eyes at different periods, and the nineteenth century has agreed to make a joke of melodrama. Instead of being moved by a fine romantic situation modern youth laughs; and the finding himself in such picturesque and dramatic circumstances to him as the most curious and laughable—not ridiculous, idea. To recognise himself as setting out, like the hero of a novel or a play (of the old school), to go out a mystery—into the haunts of the r-dying and probably law-breakers, under the guidance of a theatrical, tramp, or gipsy, to ask advice of the weird old woman, bright-eyed solemn, who held all the threads of the story in her hands, filled Geoff with mingled confusion and amusement. He almost laughed to himself as he thought of it, but with the laugh a flush came over his face—what would other people think? He thought he would be laughed at as romantic, jibed at as being foolish to believe that any real or authentic information could really be obtained in such a ridiculous way. 'Elizabeth Bampfylde the witness-box would no doubt be available, but the romances she might

tell in her own house, to a young man, evidently so credulous and of such a theatrical temperament—these two things were certainly different, and he would be thoroughly laughed at for his foolishness. This consciousness of something ridiculous in the whole business reassured him, however; and better feelings rose as he went on with a half-pleased, half-excited exhilaration and curiosity. The night was fine, warm, and genial, but dark; a few stars shone large and lambent in the veiled sky, but there was as yet no moon, so that all the light there was was concentrated above in the sky, and the landscape underneath was wrapped in darkness, a soft, cool, incense-breathing obscurity—for night is as full of odors as the morning. It is full of sounds, too, all the more mysterious for having no kind of connection with the visible; and no country is so full of sounds as the North country where the road will now thread the edge of a dark, unseen, heathery, thymy moor, and now cross, at a hundred links and folds, the course of some invisible stream, or some dozens of little runlets tinkling on their way to a bigger home of waters. Now dark hedgerows would close in the path; now it would open up and widen into that world of space, the odorous, dewy moorland; now lead through the little street, the bridge, the straggling outskirts of a village. Generally all was quiet in the hamlets, the houses closed, the inhabitants in bed; but sometimes there would be a sudden gleam of lightness into the night, a dazzle from an open door or unshuttered window. The first of these rural places was Stanton, the village close to the great House, where Geoff unconsciously stole closer into the shadow, afraid to be seen. Here it was the smithy that was still open, a dazzling centre of light in the gloom. The smith came forward to his door as they passed, roused by the steady tread of their footsteps, and looked curiously out upon them, his figure relieved against the red background of light. "What, Dick! isn't you, lad?" he said, peeping out. "Got off again? that's right, that's right; and who's that along with you this fine night?" Bampfylde did not stop to reply, to Geoff's great relief. He went on with long, swinging steps, taking no notice. "If anybody asks you, say you

don't know," he said as he went on, throwing back a sort of challenge into the gloom. He did not talk to his companion. Sometimes he whistled low, but as clearly as a bird, imitating indeed the notes of the birds, the mournful cry of the lapwing, the grating call of the corn-crake; sometimes he would sing to himself low crooning songs. In this way they made rapid progress to the foot of the hills. Geoff had been glad of the silence at first; it served to deliver him from those uncomfortable thoughts which had filed his mind, the vagabond's carelessness reassuring and calming his excitement, for neither the uneasy sense of danger he had started with, nor the equally uneasy sense of the ludicrous which had possessed him were consistent with the presence of this easy, unexcited companion, who conducted himself as if he were alone, and would stop and listen to the whirr and flutter of wild creatures in the hedgerows or on the edge of the moor, as if he had forgotten Geoff's very presence. All became simple as they went on, the very continuance of the walk settling down and calming all the agitation of the outset. By and by, however, Geoff began to be impatient of the silence, and of the interest his companion showed in everything except himself. Could he be, perhaps, one of the "naturals" who are so common in the North, a little less imbecile than usual, but still incapable of continuous attention? Thus after his first half-alarmed, half-curious sense of the solemnity of the enterprise, Geoff came back to an everyday boyish impatience of its unusual features and a disposition to return to the lighter intercourse of ordinary life.

"How far have we to go now?" he asked. They had come to the end of the level, and were just about to ascend the lower slopes of hilly country which shut in the valley. The fells rising before them made the landscape still more dark and mysterious, and seemed to thrust themselves between the wayfarers' eyes and that light which seemed to retire more and more into the clear pale shining of the sky.

"Tired already?" said the man with a shrug of his shoulders. He had stopped to investigate a hollow under a great gorse bush, just below the level of the road, from which came rustlings and

scratchings indistinguishable. Bampfylde raised himself with a half laugh, and came back to Geoff's side. "These small creatures is never tired," he said; "they scuds about all day, and sleep that light at night that a breath wakes them; and yet they're but small, not so big as my hand; and knows their way, they does, wherever they've got to go."

"I allow they are cleverer than I am," said Geoff, good-humoredly, "but then they cannot speak to ask their way. Men have a little advantage. And even I am not so ignorant as you think. I have been on the fells in a mist, and knew my way—or guessed it. At all events, I got home again, and that is something."

"There will be no mist to-night," said Bampfylde, looking up at the sky.

"No; but it is dark enough for anything. Look here, I trust you, and you might trust me. You know why I am going."

"How do you trust me, my young lord?"

"Well," said Geoff; "supposing I am a match for you, one man against another, how can I tell you have not got comrades about? My brother lost his life—by some one connected with you. Did you know my brother?"

The suddenness of this question took his companion by surprise. He wavered for a moment, and fell backward with an involuntary movement of alarm.

"What's that for, lad, bringing up a dead man's name out here in the dark, and near midnight? Do you want to fley me? I never meddled with him. He would be safe in his bed this night, and married to his bonnie lady, and bairns in his house to heir his title, and take your lordship from you, if there had been nobody but me."

"I believe that," said Geoff, softened. "They say you never harmed man."

"No, nor beast—except varmint, or the like of a hare or so—when the old wife wanted a bit o' meat. Never man. For man's blood is precious," said the wild fellow with a shudder. "There's something in it that's not in a brute. If I were to kill you or you me in this lonesome place, police and that sort might never find it out; but all the same, the place would tell—there would be some-

thing there different; they say man's blood never rubs out."

Geoff felt a little thrill run through his own veins as he saw his companion shiver and tremble, but it was not fear. The words somehow established perfect confidence between himself and his guide; and he had all the simplicity of mind of a youth whose faith had never been tampered with, and who believed with the unshaken sincerity of childhood. "The stain on the mind never wears out," he said, thoughtfully. "I knew a boy once who had shot his brother without knowing it. How horrible it was! he never forgot it; and yet it was not his fault."

"Ah! I wish as I had been that lucky—to shoot my brother by accident," said Wild Bampfylde, with a long sigh, shaking into its place a pouch or game-bag which he wore across his shoulder. "It would have been the best thing for him," he added, in answer to Geoff's cry of protest; "then he wouldn't have lived—for worse——"

"Have you a brother so unfortunate?"

"Unfortunate! I don't know if that is what you call it. Yes, unfortunate. He never meant bad. I don't credit it."

"You are not speaking," said Geoff, in a very low voice, overpowered at once with curiosity and interest, "of John Musgrave?"

"The young Squire? No, I don't mean him; he's bad, and bad enough, but not so bad. You've got a deal to learn, my young lord. And what's your concern with all that old business? If another man's miserable, *that* don't take bit or sup from you—nor a night's rest, unless you let it. You've got everything as heart could desire. Why can't you be content, and let other folks be?"

"When we could help them, Bampfylde?" said Geoff. "Is that the way you would be done by? Left to languish abroad; left with a stain on your name; and no one to hold out a hand for you; nobody to try to get you righted; only thinking of their own comfort, and the bit and the sup and the night's rest?"

"You've never done without neither one nor t'other," came in a hoarse undertone from Bampfylde's lips. "It's fine talking; but it's little you know."

"No, I've never had the chance," said Geoff. "I can't tell what it's like, that's true; but if it ever comes my way——"

"Ah, ay! it's fine talking—it's fine talking!"

Geoff did not know how to reply. He went on impatiently, tossing aloft his young head, as a horse does, excited by his own words like the playing of a trumpet. They went on so up a stiff bit of ascent that taxed their strength and their breathing, and made conversation less practicable. The winding mountain road seemed to pierce into the very fastnesses of the hills, and the tall figure of the vagrant a step in advance of him appeared to Geoff like the shadow of some ghostly pioneer working his way into the darkness. No twinkle of a lamp, no outline of any inhabited place looming against the lighter risings of the manifold slopes, encouraged their progress. The hills, which would have made the very brightness of the morning dark, increased the gloom of the night. Only the tinkle of here and there a little stream, the sound of their own footsteps as they passed on, one in advance of the other, the small noises which came so distinct through the air—here a rustle, there a jar of movement, something stirring under a stone, something moving amid the heather, were to be heard. Bampfylde himself was stilled by these great shadows. His whistle dropped; and the low croon of song which he had raised from time to time did not take its place. He became almost inaudible, as he was almost invisible; only the sound of a measured step and a large confused outline seen at times against the uncertain openings and bits of darkling sky.

When they came abreast again, however, on a comparatively smooth level, after a stiff piece of climbing, he spoke, suddenly, "It's queer work going like this through the dark. Many a night I have done it with no company, and then a man's drawn out of himself watching the living things; one will stir at your foot, and one go whirr and strike across your very face, for they put more trust in you in the dark. You see they have the use of their eye-sight, and the like of you and me haven't. So they know their advantage. But put a man down beside another man, and a's changed. I

cannot understand the meaning of it. It puts things in your head, and it puts away the innocent creatures. Men's seldom innocent, but they're awful strange," said the vagrant, with a sigh.

"Do you think they are so strange? I am not sure that I do," said Geoff, bewildered a little. "They are just like other people—one is dull, one is clever; but except for that——"

"Clever! it's the creatures that are clever. Did you ever see a peewit make a fuss to get you off where her nest was? A woman wouldn't have sense to do that. She'd run and shriek, and get hold of her bairns; but the bird's clever. That's what I call clever. It's something stranger than that. When a man's beside you, all's different; there's him thinking and you thinking; and though you're close, and I can grip you"—here Bampfylde seized upon Geoff with a sudden, startling grasp, which alarmed the young man—"I can't tell no more than Adam where your mind is. Asking your pardon, my young lord, I didn't mean to startle you," he added, dropping his hold. "Now the creatures is all there; you know where you have 'em. Far the contrary with a man."

Geoff was not given to abstract thoughts, and this sudden entry into the regions of the undiscovered perplexed him. "You like company, then?" he said, doubtfully. He knew a great deal more than his companion did of almost everything that could be suggested, but not of this.

"Like company? it's confusing, very confusing. But the creatures is simple. You can watch their ways, and they're never double-minded. They're at one thing, one thing at a time. Now, a man, there's notions in his head, and you can never tell how they got there."

"I suppose," said young Geoff, perplexed yet reverential, "it is because men are immortal; not like the beasts that perish."

"Ay, ay—I suppose they perish," said Bampfylde. "What would they be like us for, and sicken, and pine? They get the good of it all the time; run wild as they like, and do mischief as they like, and never put in gaol for it. You think they're sleeping now? and so they are, and waking too—as still as the stones and as lively as the stars up yonder.

That's them; but us, if we're sleeping, it's for hours long, and dreams with it; one bit of you lying like a log, t'other bit of you off at the ends of the airth. So, if you're woke sudden, chances are you aren't there to be woke—and there's a business; but the creatures, they're always there."

"That is true," said Geoff, who was slightly overawed, and thought this very fine and poetical, finer than anything he had ever realised before. "But sometimes they are ill, I suppose, and suffer, too?"

"Then them that is merciful puts them out of their pain. The hardest-hearted ones will do that. A bird with a broken wing, or a beast with a broken leg, unless it be one of the gentlefolks' pets, that's half mankind, and has to suffer for it because his master's fond of him (and that's funny too)—the worst of folks will put them out of their pain. But a man—we canna' do it," cried the vagrant; "there's law again' it, and more than law. If it was nothing but law, little the likes of me would mind; but there's something written here," he said, putting his hand to his breast; "something as hinders you."

"I hope so, indeed," said Geoff, a little breathless, with a sense of horror; "you would not take away a life?"

"But the creatures, ay; they have the best of it. You point your gun at them, or you wring their necks, and it's all over. I'm fond of the creatures, creatures of all kinds. I'm fond of being out with them on a heathery moor like this all myself. They knows me, and there's no fear in them. In the morning early, when the air's all blue with the dawn, the stirring and the moving there is, and the scudding about, setting the house in order! A thing not the size of your hand will come out with two bright eyes, and cock its head and look up at you. A cat may look at a king; a bit of a moor chicken, or a rabbit the size o' my thumb, up and faces you, and 'who are you, my man?' That is what they looks like; but you never see them like that after it's full day."

"Then is night their happy time?" said Geoff, humoring his strange companion.

"Night, they're free. There's none about that wishes them harm; and though

I snare varmint, and sometimes take a hare or a bird, I'll not deny it, my young lord, though you were to clap me in prison again to-morrow—they're not afraid o' me; they know I'll not harm them. Even the varmint, if they didn't behave bad and hurt the rest, I'd never have the heart. When you go back, if you do go back——"

"I must go back," said Geoff, very gravely. "Why should not I? You don't think I could stay up here?"

"I was not thinking one thing or another. The like of you is contrary. I've little to do with men; but when you go, if you go, it might be early morning, the blue time, at the dawn. Then's the time to see; when there's all the business to be done afore the day, and after the night. Children is curious," said Bampfylde, with a softening of his voice, which felt in the darkness like a slowly dawning smile; "but creatures is more curious yet. I like to watch them. You'll see all the life that's in the moors if it's that time when you go."

"I suppose if there is anything to tell me I cannot go sooner," said Geoff. His tone was grave, and so was his face, though that was invisible. "Then it will be day before I get home, and they will all know—perhaps I was a fool."

"For coming?" said the man, turning round to peer into his face, though it was covered by the darkness; and then he gave a low laugh. "I could have told you that."

For a moment Geoff's blood ran colder; he felt a little thrill of dismay. Was this strange creature a "natural" as he had thought, or did what he said imply danger? But no more was said for a long time. Bampfylde sank back again all at once into the silence he had so suddenly broken, or rather into the low crooning of monotonous old songs with which he had beguiled the first part of the journey. There was a kind of slumberous power in them which half-interested, half-stupefied Geoff. They all went to one tune, a tune not like anything he knew—a kind of low chant, recalling several airs, that did not vary from verse to verse, but repeated itself, and so lulled the wayfarer that all active sensation seemed to go from him, and the monotonous, mechanical movement of his limbs seemed to beat time to the

croon of sound which accompanied the gradual march. There was something weird in it, something like "the woven paces and the waving hands" of the enchantress. Geoff felt his eyes grow heavy, and his head sinking on his breast, as the low, regular tramp and chant went on.

At length, all at once, the hills seemed to clear away from the sky, opening up on either hand; and straight before them, hanging low, like a signal of trouble, a late risen and waning moon that seemed thrust forward out into the air, and hanging from the sky, appeared in the luminous but mournful heaven in front of them. There is always something more or less baleful and troublous in this sudden apparition, so late and out of date, of a waning moon; the oil seems low in the lamp, the light ready to be extinguished, the flame quivering in the socket. Between them and the sky stood a long, low cottage, rambling and extensive, with a rough, gray, stone wall built round it, upon which the pale moonlight shone. Long before they reached it, as soon as their steps could be audible, the mingled baying and howling of a dog was heard, rising doleful and ominous in the silence; and from under the roof—which was half rough thatch, and half the coarse tiles used for laborers' cottages—a light strangely red against the radiance of the moon, flickered with a livid glare. A strange black silhouette of a house it was, with the low moonlight full upon it, showing here and there in a ghostly full white upon a bit of wall or roof, and the red light in the window: it made a mystic sort of conclusion to the journey. Bampfylde directed his steps towards it without a word. He knocked a stroke or two on the door, which seemed to echo over all the country, and up to the mountain tops in their great stillness. "We are at home, now," he said.

CHAPTER XX.

THE COTTAGE ON THE FELLS.

THERE was a sound of movement within the house, but no light visible as they stood at the door. Then a window was cautiously opened, and a voice called out into the darkness, "Is that you, my

lad?" Geoff felt more and more the little thrill of alarm which was quite instinctive, and meant nothing except excited fancy; such precautions looked unlike the ordinary ease and freedom of a peasant's house. A minute after the door was opened, and 'Lizabeth Bampfylde made her appearance. She had her red handkerchief as usual tied over her white cap, and the flash of this piece of color and of the old woman's brilliant eyes, were the first things which warmed the gloom, the blackness and whiteness and mystic midnight atmosphere. She made an old-fashioned curtsy, with a certain dignity in it, when she saw Geoff, and her face, which had been somewhat eager in expression, paled and saddened instantly. The young man saw her arms come together with a gesture of pain, though the candle she held prevented the natural clasp of the hands. She was not glad to see him, though she had sent for him. This troubled Geoff, whom from his childhood most people had been pleased to see. "You've come, then, my young lord?" she said with a half-suppressed groan.

"Indeed, I thought you wanted me to come," he said, unreasonably annoyed by this absence of welcome; "you sent for me."

"You thought the lad would be daunted," said Wild Bampfylde, "and I told you he would not be daunted if he had any mettle in him. So now you're at the end of all your devices. Come in and welcome, my young lord. I'm glad of it, for one."

Saying this, the vagrant disappeared into the gloom of the interior, where his step was audible moving about, and was presently followed by the striking of a light which revealed, through an open door, the old-fashioned cottage kitchen, so far in advance of other moorland cottages of the same kind, that it had a little square entrance from the door, which did not open direct into the family living-room. This rude little ante-room had even a kind of rude decoration, dimly apparent by the light of 'Lizabeth's candle. A couple of old guns hung on one wall, another boasted a deer's head with fine antlers. Once upon a time it had evidently been prized and cared for. The open door of the room into which Bampfylde had gone showed the ordi-

nary cottage dresser with its gleaming plates (a decoration which in these days has mounted from the kitchen to the drawing-room), deal table, and old-fashioned settle, lighted dimly by a small lamp on the mantelpiece, and the smouldering red of the fire. 'Lizabeth closed the door slowly, and with trembling hands, which trembled still more when Geoff attempted to help her. "No, no; go in, go in, my young gentleman. Let me be. It's me to serve the like of you, not the like of you to open or shut my door for me. Ah, these are the ways that make you differ from common folk!" she said, as the young man stood back to let her pass. "My son leaves me to do whatever's to be done, and goes in before me, and calls me to serve him; but the like of you—. It was that, and not his name or his money that took my Lily's heart."

Geoff followed her into the kitchen. It was low and large, with a small deep-set window at each corner, as is usual in such cottages. Before the fire was spread a large rug of home manufacture, made of scraps of colored cloth, arranged in an indistinct pattern upon a black background, and Bampfylde was occupying himself busily putting forward a large high easy-chair in front of the fire, and breaking the "gathered" coals to give at once heat and light. "Sit you down there," he said, thrusting Geoff into it almost with violence, "you're little used to midnight strolling. Me, it's meat and drink to me to be free and aneath the stars. Let her be, let her be. She's not like one of your ladies. Her own way, that's all the like of her can ever get to please them—and she's gotten that," he said, giving another vigorous poke to the fire. Up here among the fells the fire was pleasant, though it was the middle of August, and Geoff's young frame was sufficiently unused to such long trudges to make him glad of the rest. He sat down and looked round him with a grateful sense of the warmth and repose. A north-country cottage was no strange place to young Lord Stanton, and all the tremor of the adventure had passed from him at the sight of the light and the homely, kindly interior. No harm could possibly happen in so familiar an atmosphere, and in such a natural place. Meantime old 'Lizabeth, with a thrill of agitation in her

movements which was very apparent, busied herself in laying the table, putting down a clean tablecloth, and placing bread, cheese, and milk upon it. "I have wine, if you like wine better," she said. "He will get it, but he takes none himself, nothing, poor lad, nothing. He's a good son and a good lad—many a time I've thanked God that he's left me such a lad to be the comfort of my old age."

Wild Bampfylde gave a laugh which was harsh and broken. "You were not always so thankful," he said, producing out of some unseen corner a black bottle; "but the milk is better for you, my young lord, than the wine."

"Hush, lad; milk is little to the like of him; but *that's* good, for I have it here for—a sick person. Take something, take something, young gentleman. You can trust them that have broken bread in your presence, and sat at your table. Well, if you will have the milk, though it costs but little, it's good too; I would not give my brown cow for ne'er a one in the dales; and eat a bit of the wheaten bread, its baker's bread, like what you eat at your own grand house. I would not be so mean as to set you down, a gentleman like you, to what's good and good enough for us. The griddle-cake! no, but you'll not eat that, my young lord, not that; it's o'er homely for the like of you——"

"I am not hungry," said Geoff, "and I came here, you know, not to eat and drink, but to hear something you had to tell me, Mrs. Bampfylde."

"My name is 'Lizabeth—nobody says mistress to me."

"Well; but you have something to tell me. I left home without any explanation, and I wish to get back soon, that they—that my mother," said Geoff, half-ashamed, yet too proud to omit the apparently (he thought) childish excuse, since it was true, "may not be uneasy."

"Your mother? forgive me that did not mind your mother! Oh, you're a good lad; you're worthy a woman's trust that thinks of your mother, and dares to say it! Ay, ay—there's plenty to tell; if I can make up my mind to it—if I can make up my mind!"

"Was not your mind made up then," said Geoff with some impatience, "when

in this way, in the night, you sent for me?"

"Oh lad!" cried 'Lizabeth, wringing her hands. "How was I to know you would come, the like of you to the like of me? I put it on Providence that has been often contrairy—oh, aye contrairy, to mine and me. I shouldn't have tempted God. I said to myself if he comes it will be the hand of Heaven. But who was to think you would come? You a lord, and a fine young gentleman, and me a poor auld woman, older than your grandmother. I thought my heart would have sunk to my shoes when I saw he had come after a'!"

"I told you he would come," said Bampfylde, who stood leaning against the mantelpiece. He had taken his bread and cheese from the table, and was eating it where he stood.

"Of course I would come," said Geoff. "I could not suppose you would send for me for nothing. I knew it must be something important. Tell me now, for here I am."

'Lizabeth sat down, dropping into a wooden armchair at the end of the table with a kind of despair, and throwing her apron over her head, fell a crying feebly. "What am I to do? what am I to do?" she said, sobbing. "I have tempted Providence—Oh, but I forgot what was written, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'"

For a minute or two neither of the men spoke, and the sounds of her distress were all that was audible. Once or twice, indeed, Geoff thought he heard a faint sound, like the echo of some low wail or moan come through the silence. Not the moan itself but an echo, a ghost of it. But his companions took no notice of this, and he thought he must be mistaken. Everything besides was still. The fire by this time had burned up, and now and then broke into a little flutter of flame; the clock went on ticking with that measured steady movement which "beats out the little lives of men;" and the broken sobs grew lower. An impatience of the stillness began to take possession of Geoff, but what was he to say? He restrained himself with an effort.

"You should make a clean breast," said Bampfylde, munching his bread and

cheese as he spoke, with his eyes fixed on the fire, not looking at his mother. "Long since it would have been well to do it and an ease to your mind. I would make a clean breast now."

"Oh lad, a clean breast, a clean breast!" she said rocking herself. "If it was only me it concerned—if it was only me!"

"If it was only you what would it matter?" said the vagrant, with a philosophy which sounded less harsh to the person addressed than to him who looked on. "You—you're old, and you'll die, and there would be an end of it; but them that suffer most have years and years before them, and if you die before you do justice——"

"Then you can tell, that have aye wanted to tell!" she cried with a hot outburst of indignation mingled with tears. Then she resumed that monotonous movement, rocking herself again and again, and calmed herself down. It is not so intolerable to a peasant to be told of his or her approaching end as it is to others. She was used to plain speech, and was it not reasonable what he said? "It's all true, quite true. I'm old and I cannot bide here for ever to watch him and think of him—and I might make a friend, the Lord grant it, and find one to stand by him——"

"You mean another, a second one," said her son. He stood through all this side dialogue munching his bread and cheese without once glancing at her even, his shoulders high against the mantelpiece, his eyes cast down.

After a moment's interval 'Lizabeth rose. She came forward moving feebly in her agitation to where Geoff sat. "My young lord," she said, "my young gentleman, if I tell you *that* that I would rather die than tell—that that breaks my heart: you'll mind that I am doing it to make amends to the dead and to the living—and—you'll swear to me first to keep it secret? You'll swear your Bible oath? without that, not another word."

"Swear!" said Geoff, in alarm.

"Just swear—you can do it as well, they tell me, in one place as another, in a private house or a justice court. I hope we have Bibles here—Bibles enough if we but make a right use of them," said the old woman, perplexed, mingling the formulas of common life with the neces-

sities of an extraordinary and unrealised emergency. "Here is a Testament, that is what is given in the very court itself. You'll lay your hand upon it, and you'll kiss the book and swear. Where are you going to, young man?"

Geoff rose and pushed away the book she had placed before him. He was half indignant, half-disappointed. "Swear!" he said; "do you know what I want this information for? Is it to lock it up in my mind, as you seem to have done? I want it for use. I want it to help a man who has been cruelly treated between you. I have no right to stand up for him," said Geoff, his nostrils expanding, his cheeks flushing, "but I feel for him—and do you think I will consent to put my last chance away, and hear your story for no good? No, indeed; if I am not to make use of it I will go back again—I don't want to know."

The old woman, and it may be added her son also, stood and gazed upon the glowing eager countenance of the young man with a mingling of feelings which it would be impossible to describe. Admiration, surprise, and almost incredulity were in them. He had not opposed them hitherto, and it was almost impossible to believe that he would have the courage to oppose them so decidedly; but as he stood confronting them, young, simple, ingenuous, reasonable, they were both convinced of their error. Geoff would yield no more than the hill behind. His very simplicity and easiness made him invulnerable. Wild Bampfylde burst into that sudden broken laugh which is with some the only evidence of emotion. He came forward hastily and patted Geoff's shoulder, "That's right, my lad, that's right," he cried.

"You will not," said old 'Lizabeth; "not swear?—and not hear me?—oh but you're bold—oh, but you've a stout heart to say that to me in my ain house! Then the Lord's delivered me, and I'll say nothing," she said with a sudden cry of delight.

Her son came up and took her by the arm. "Look here," he said, "it was me that brought him. I did not approve, but I did your bidding, as I've always done your bidding; but I've changed my mind if you've changed yours. *I'm taking an interest in it now.* Make no

more fuss but tell him ; for, remember, I know everything as well as you do, and if you will not I will. We have come too far to go back now. Tell him ; or I will take him where he can see with his own eyes."

"See ? what will he see ?" cried 'Lizabeth, with a flush of angry color. "Do you threaten me, lad ? He'll see a poor afflicted creature ; but that will tell him nothing."

"Mother ! are you aye the same ? Still *him*, always him, whatever happens. What has there been that has not yielded to him ? the rest of us, your children as well, and justice and honor and right and your own comfort, and the young Squire's life. Oh, it's been a bonnie business from first to last ! And if you will not tell now, then there is no hope, that I can see ; and I will do it myself. I am not threatening ; but what must be, must be. Mother, I'll have to do it myself."

When he first addressed her as mother, 'Lizabeth had started with a little cry. What might be the reason that made this mode of expression unusual it was impossible to say ; but it affected the old woman as nothing had yet done. She looked up at him with a wondering wistful inquiry in her face, as if to ask in what meaning he used the word—kindly or unkindly, taunting or loving ? When he repeated the name she started up as if the sound stung her, and stood for a moment like one driven half out of herself by force of pressure. She looked wildly round her as if looking for some escape, then suddenly seized the lighted candle, which still burned on the table. "Then if it must be, let it be," she said. "Oh, lad ! it's years and years since I've heard that name ! you that would not, and him that could not, and her that was far away. Was there ever a mother as sore punished ?" But it would seem that this expression of feeling exhausted the more generous impulse, for she set down the light on the table again, and dropping into her seat, threw her apron over her head. "No, I canna do it ; I canna do it. Let him die in quiet. It canna be long."

The vagrant watched her with a keen scrutiny quite unlike his usual careless ways. "It's not them as are a burden on the earth that dies," he said. "You've said that long—let him die in peace ; let

him die in peace. Am I wishing him harm ? There's ne'er a one will hurt *him*. He's safe enough. Whoever suffers, it will not be him."

"Oh, lad, lad !" cried the mother, uncovering her face to look at him. At 'Lizabeth's age there are no floods of tears possible. Her eyes were drawn together and full of moisture—that was all. She looked at him with a passion of reproach and pain. "Did you say suffer ? What's a' the troubles that have been into this house to his affliction ? My son, my son, my miserable lad ! You that can come and go as ye like, that have a mind free, that have your light heart—oh ay, you have a light heart, or how could you waste your days and your nights among beasts and wild things ? How can the like of you judge the like of him ?"

During this long discussion, to which he had no sort of clue, Geoff stood looking from one to another in a state of perplexity impossible to describe. It could not be John Musgrave they were talking of ! Who could it be ? Some one who was "afflicted," yet who had been exempt from burdens which had fallen in his stead upon others. Young Lord Stanton, who had come here eager to hear all the story in which he was so much interested, anxious to discover everything, stood, his eyes growing larger, his lips dropping apart in sheer wonder, listening ; and feeling all the time that these two peasants spoke a different language from himself, and one to which he had no clue. Just then, however, in the dead silence after 'Lizabeth had spoken, the faint sound like a muffled cry which he had heard before, broke in more loudly. It made Geoff start, who could not guess what it meant, and it roused his companions effectually, who did know. 'Lizabeth wrung her hands ; she raised her head in an agony of listening. "He has got one of his ill turns," she said. Bampfylde, too, abandoned his careless attitude by the mantelpiece, and stood up watchful, startled into readiness and preparation as for some emergency. But the cry was not repeated and gradually the tension relaxed again. "It would be but an ill dream," said 'Lizabeth, pressing a handkerchief to her wet eyes.

Geoff did not know what to do. He

was in the midst of some family mystery, which might or might not relate to the other mystery which it was his object to clear up; and this intense atmosphere of anxiety awoke the young man's ready sympathies. All his feelings had changed since he came into the cottage. He who had come a stranger, ready to extract what they could tell by any means, harsh or kind, and who did not know what harshness he might encounter or what danger he might himself run, had passed over entirely to their side. He was as safe as in his own house; he was as deeply interested as he would have been in a personal trouble. His voice faltered as he spoke. "I don't know what it is that distresses you," he said; "I don't want to pry into your trouble; but if I can help you you know I will, and I will betray none of your secrets that you trust me with. I will say nothing more than is necessary to clear Musgrave—if Musgrave can be cleared."

"Musgrave! Musgrave!" cried old 'Lizabeth, impatiently; "it's him you all think of, not my boy. And what has he lost, when all's done? He got his way, and he got my Lily; never since then have I set eyes on her, and never will. I paid him the price of my Lily for what he did; and was that nothing? Musgrave! Speak no more o' Musgrave to me!"

"Oh, mother," said her son, with kindred impatience, as he walked towards her and seized her arm in sudden passion; "oh, 'Lizabeth Bampfylde! You do more than murder men, for you kill the pity in them! What's all you have done compared to what he has done? and me—am I nothing? Two—three of us! Lily, too, you've sacrificed Lily! And is it all to go on to another generation, and the wrong to last? I think you have a heart of stone—a heart of stone to them and to me!"

At this moment there was another louder cry, and mother and son started together with one impulse, forgetting their struggle. 'Lizabeth took up the candle from the table, and Bampfylde hastily went to a cupboard in the corner, from which he took out something. He made an imperative sign to Geoff to follow, as he hurried after his mother. They went through a narrow winding passage lighted only by the flickering of

the candle which 'Lizabeth carried by what looked like a mass of some white, but was in reality the moon streaming in through a small window. At the end of the passage was a stair, almost like a ladder. Al Geoff, hurrying after the mother and son, was prepared by the cries for what revelation was likely to be; and he scarcely surprised when, after careful onnoitring by an opening in the defended by iron bars, they both entered hastily, though with precaution, lest he should be seen outside. Geoff heard the struggle that ensued, the wild cries of the man, the aggravation of frenzy which followed, when it was evident they had secured him. Neither mother nor son spoke, but went about their work with the precision of long use. Geoff did not have the heart to look in through the opening which Bampfylde had left. Why should he spy upon them? He could not tell what connection this chamber had with the story of Musgrave, but there could be little doubt of the secret here inclosed. He did not know how long he waited outside, his young frame all thrilling with excitement and painful sympathy. How could he help them? was what the young man thought. It was against the law to keep a lunatic thus in a prison house, but Geoff thought only of his family, the mysterious burden upon their lives, the long misery of the sufferer. He was overawed, as youth naturally is in contact with misery so hopeless and terrible. After a long time Bampfylde came out, his dress torn and disordered and great drops of moisture hanging from his forehead. "Have you seen him?" he asked in a whisper. He did not understand Geoff's hesitation and vacillancy, but with a certain impatience pressed him to the opening in the door, which was so high up that Geoff had to ascend by two rough wooden steps placed there for the purpose, to look through. The space within was higher than could have been supposed from the height of the cot; it was not ceiled, but showed the construction of the roof, and in a rude way it was padded here and there, evidently to prevent the inmate doing himself mischief. The madman lay upon a tress on the floor, so confined now that he could only lie there and pant

cry; his mother sat by him motionless. Though his face was wild and distorted, and his eyes gleaming furiously out of its paleness, this unhappy creature had the same handsome features which distinguished the family. Young Geoff could scarcely restrain a shiver, not of fear, but of nervous excitement, as he looked at this miserable sight. Old 'Lizabeth sat confronting him, unconscious of the hurried look which was all Geoff could give. She was clasping her knees with her hands in one of those forced and rigid attitudes almost painful, which seem to give a kind of ease to pain—and sat with her head raised, and her strained eyes pitifully vacant, in that pause of half-unconsciousness in which all the senses are keen, yet the mind stilled with very excitement. "I cannot spy upon them," said Geoff, in a whisper. "Is it safe to leave her there?"

"Quite safe; and at his maddest he never harmed her," said Bampfylde, leading the way down stairs. "That's my brother," he said, with bitterness, when they had reached the living room again; "my gentleman brother! him that was to be our honor and glory. You see what it's come to; but nothing will win her heart from him. If we should all perish, what of that? 'Lizabeth Bampfylde will aye have saved her son from shame. But come, come, sit down and eat a bit, my young lord. At your age the like of all this is bad for you."

"For me—what does it matter about me?" cried Geoff; "you have borne it for years."

"You may say that: for years—and would for years more, if she had her way; but a man must eat and drink, if his heart be sore. Take a morsel of something and a drink to give you strength to go home."

"I am very, very sorry for you," said Geoff, "but—you will think it heartless to say so—I have learned nothing. There is some mystery, but I knew as much as that before."

Bampfylde was moving about in the background searching for something. He reappeared as Geoff spoke with a bottle in his hand, and poured out for him a glass of dark-colored wine. It was port, the wine most trusted in such

humble houses. "Take this," he said; "take it, it's good, it will keep up your strength; and bide a moment till she comes. She will tell you herself—or I will tell you; now you've seen all the mysteries of this house, she will have to yield; she will have to yield at the last."

Geoff obeyed, being indeed very much exhausted and shaken by all that had happened. He swallowed the sweet, strong decoction of unknown elements, which Bampfylde called port wine, and believed in as a panacea, and tried to eat a morsel of the oat-cake. They heard the distant moans gradually die out, as the blueness of dawn stole in at the window. Bampfylde, whose tongue seemed to be loosed by this climax of excitement, began to talk; he told Geoff about the long watch of years which they had kept, how his mother and he relieved each other, how they had hoped the patient was growing calmer, how he had mended and calmed down, sometimes for long intervals, but then grown worse again; and the means they had used to restrain him, and all the details of his state. When the ice was thus broken, it seemed a relief to talk of it. "He was to make all our fortunes," Bampfylde said; "he was a gentleman—and he was a great scholar. All her pride was in him; and this is what it's come to now."

They had fallen into silence when 'Lizabeth came in. Their excitement had decreased, thanks to the conversation and the natural relief which comes after a crisis, but hers was still at its full height. She came in solemnly, and sat down amongst them, the blue light from the window making a paleness about her as she placed herself in front of it; the lamp was still burning on the mantelshelf, and the fire kept up a ruddy variety of light. She seated herself in the big wooden arm-chair with a solemn countenance and fixed her eyes upon Geoff, who, moved beyond measure by pity and reverence, did not know what to think.

"He will have told you," she said. "I would have died sooner, my young lord; and soon I'll die—but, my boy, first I pray God. Ay, you've seen him now. That was him that was my pride, that was the hope I had in my life; that was him that killed young Lord Stanton

and made John Musgrave an exile and a wanderer. Ay—you know it all now."

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EARLY MEETING.

GEOFF left the cottage when the sun had just risen. He was half-giddy, half-stunned by the strange new light, unexpected up to the last moment, which had been thrown upon the whole question which he had undertaken to solve. He was giddy too with fatigue, the night's watch, the long walk, the want of sleep. Besides all these confusing influences there is something in the atmosphere of the very early morning, the active stillness, the absence of human life, the pre-occupation of Nature with a hundred small (as it were) domestic cares, such as she never exhibits to the eye of man, that moves the mind of an unaccustomed observer to a kind of rapture, bewildering in its solemn influence. To come out from the lonely little house folded among the hills, with all its miseries past and present, its sad story, its secret, the atmosphere of human suffering in it, to all the still glory of the summer morning was of itself a bewilderment. The same world, and only a step between them: but one all pain and darkness, mortal anguish, and confusion, the other all so clear, so sweet, so still, solemn with the serious beginning of the new day, and instinct with that great, still pressure of something more than what is seen, some soul of earth and sky which goes deeper than all belief, and which no sceptic of the higher kind, but only the gross and earthly, can disbelieve in. Young Geoff disbelieving nothing, his heart full of the faith and conviction of youth, came out into this wide purity and calm with an expansion of all his being. It was all he could do not to burst into sudden tears when he felt the sudden relief—the dew crept to his eyelids though it did not fall, his bosom contracted and expanded as with a sob. To this world of mountain and cloud—of rising sunshine and soft breathing air, and serene delicious silence pervaded by the soft indistinguishable hum of unseen water and rustling grasses, and minute living creatures, unseen beneath the mountain herbage—what is the noblest palace built with hands but a visible limitation and con-

traction of the world, an appropriation of a petty corner out of which human conceit makes its centre of the earth? Bampfylde, who had come out with him, and to whom the story Geoff had just heard was not new, felt the relief more simply. He drew a long breath of refreshment and ease, expanding his breast and stretching out his arms, and then this rough vagrant fellow, unconscious of literature, did what Virgil did in such a morning for his poet companion; he spread both his hands upon the fragrant grass, all heavy with the early dew, and bathed his face and weary eyes.

"That's life," said the man of woods and hills; the freshness of nature was all the help he had, all the support as well as all the poetry his maimed existence could possess.

Bampfylde went with his young companion round the shoulder of the hill to show him the way. It was a nearer and shorter road to the level country than that by which they had come, for Geoff was anxious to get home early. Bampfylde pointed out to him the line of road which twisted about and about like a ribbon, crossing now one slope, now another, till it disappeared upon the shadowed side of the green hill which presided over Penninghame, and beyond which the lake gleamed blue, not yet reached by the sunshine.

"It's like the story," he said, "it's like a parable; ye come by Stanton, my young lord, and ye go by Penninghame. It's your nearest way; and there, if you ask at John Armstrong's in the village, ye'll get a trap to take you home."

Geoff was not sufficiently free in mind to be able to give any attention to the parable. Those fantastic symbolisms of accident or circumstance which so often would seem to be arranged like shadows of more important matters by some elfish secondary providence, need a spirit at rest to enter into them. He was glad to be alone, to realize all that he had heard, to compose the wonderful tangle of new information and new thoughts into something coherent, without troubling himself about the fact that he was now bending his steps direct, the representative of Walter Stanton who had been killed, to the house from which John Musgrave had been wrongfully driven for having killed him. He did

not even yet know all the particulars of the story, and as he endeavored to disentangle them in his mind Geoff felt in his bewilderment that absolute want of control over his own intelligence and thoughts which is the common result of fatigue and overstrain. Instead of thinking out the imbroglio and deciding what was to be done, his mind, like a tired child, kept playing with the rising light which touched every moment a new peak and caught every moment a new reflection in some bit of mountain stream or waterfall, or even in a ditch or moorland cutting, so impartial is Heaven; or his ear was caught by that hum of mystic indistinguishable multitude—"the silence of the hills"—so called, the soft rapture of sound in which not one tone is distinct or anything audible; or his eye by the gradual unrolling of the landscape as he went on, one fold opening beyond another, the distant hills on one hand, the long stretch of Penninghame water with all its miniature bays and curves. Then for a little while he lost the lake by a doubling of the path, which seemed to reinclose him among the hollows of the hills, and which amused him with the complete change of its shade and greenness; until turning the next corner, he found the sun triumphant over all the landscape and Penninghame water lying like a sheet of silver or palest gold, dazzling and flashing between its slopes. This wonderful glory so suddenly bursting upon him completed the discomfiture of young Geoff's attempts at thought. He gave it up then, and went on with weary limbs and a mind full of languid soft delight in the air about him and the scene before his eyes, attempting no more deductions from what he had heard or arrangements as to what he should do. Emotion and exertion together had worn him out.

About the time he resigned himself (with the drowsy surprise we feel in dreams) to this incapable state, his eye was caught by a speck upon the road beneath advancing towards him, so small in the distance that Geoff's languid imagination, capable of no more active exercise, began to wonder who the little pilgrim could be, so little and so lonely, and so early astir. Perhaps it was the distance that made the advancing passenger look so small. Little Liliat at

the Castle would have satisfied her mind by the easy conclusion that it was some little fairy old woman, the traveller most naturally to be met with at such an hour and place. But Geoff, more artificial, did not think of that. He kept watching the little wayfarer, as the figure appeared and disappeared on the winding road. By and by he made out that it was either a very small woman or a little girl, coming on steadily to meet him, with now and then an occasional pause for breath, for the ascent was steep. Geoff's mind got quite entangled with this little figure. Who could it be? who could she be? A little cottager bound on some early expedition, seeking some of the mountain fruits, blackberries, cranberries, wild strawberries, perhaps: but then she never turned aside to the rougher ground, but kept on the path; or she might be going to some farmhouse to get milk for the family breakfast: but then there were no farmhouses in that direction. Altogether Geoff felt himself quite sufficiently occupied as he came gradually downwards watching this child, his limbs feeling heavy, and his head somewhat light. At last, after losing sight of the little figure which had given him for some time a sort of distant companionship, another turn brought him full in sight of her, and so near that he recognised her with the most curious and startling interest. He could not restrain an exclamation of surprise. It was the little girl whom he had met at the door of Penninghame Castle, John Musgrave's child, the most appropriate, yet the most extraordinary of all encounters he could have made. He stood still in his surprise, awaiting her; and as for little Liliat she made a sudden spring towards him, holding out her hand with a cry of joy, her little, pale face crimsoned over with relief and pleasure. Her heart and limbs were beginning to fail her; she had begun to grow frightened and discouraged by the loneliness; and to see a face that had been seen before, that has looked friendly, that recognised her—what a relief it was to the little wayfaring soul! She sprang forward to him, and then in the comfort of it fairly broke down, and sobbed and cried, trying to smile all the time, and to tell him that she was glad, and that he must not mind.

Geoff, however, minded very much. He was full of concern and sympathy. He took her hand, and putting his arm round her (for she was still a child), led her to the soft, mossy bank on the edge of the path, and placed her there to rest. He was not at all sorry to place himself beside her, notwithstanding his haste. He, too, was so young and so tired! though for the moment he forgot both his fatigue and his youth, and felt most fatherly, soothing the little girl, and entreating her to take comfort, and not to cry.

"Oh," said little Lillas, when she recovered the power of speech, "I am not crying for trouble, *now*; I am crying for pleasure. It was so lonely. I thought everybody must be dead, and there was no one but only me in all the world."

"That was exactly what I felt, too," said Geoff; "but what are you doing here, so far away, and all alone? Have you lost yourself? Has anything happened? When you have rested a little, you must come back with me, and I will take you home."

The tears were still upon the child's cheeks, and two great lucid pools in her eyes, which made their depths of light more unfathomable than ever. And after the sudden flush of excitement and pleasure, Lillas had paled again; her little countenance was strangely white; her dark hair hung, loosely curling, about her cheeks; her eyes were full of pathetic meaning. Geoff, who had thrown himself down beside her, with one arm half round her, and holding her small hand in his, felt his young breast swell with the tenderest sympathy. What was the child's trouble that was so great? Poor little darling! How sweet it was to be able to fill up her world, and prove to her that there was not "only me." One other made all the difference; and Geoff felt this as much as she did. Her face had gleamed so often across his imagination since he saw it: the most innocent visitant that could come and look a young man in the face in the midst of his dreams—only a child! He felt disposed to kiss the little hand in half fondness, half reverence; but did not, being restrained by something more reverent and tender still.

"I would like to go with you," said

Lillas, "but not home. I am not going home. I am going up there—up, I don't know how far—where the old woman lives. I am trying to find something out, something about papa. Oh, I wonder if you know! Are you a friend of my papa? You look as if you had a friend's face—but I don't know your name."

"My name—is Geoffrey Stanton—but most people call me Geoff. I should like you to call me Geoff—and I am a friend, little Lily. You are Lily, *too*, are you not? I am a sworn friend to your papa."

"Lillas," said the child, with a sigh; "but I don't think I am little any more. I was little when I came, but old; oh! much older than any one thought. They thought I was only ten, because I was so little; but I was twelve! and that will soon be a year ago. I have always taken care of Nello as long as I can remember, and that makes one old you know. And now here is this about papa, which I never knew, which I never heard of, which is not true, I know. I know it is not true. Papa kill any one? *papa*? Do you know what that means? It is as if—the sky should kill some one, or the beautiful kind light, or a little child. All that, all that, sooner than papa! Me, I have often felt as if I could kill somebody: but *he*—" the tears were streaming in a torrent down the child's cheeks, and got into her voice; but she went on, "he! people don't know what they are saying. I do not know any words to tell you how different he is—that it is impossible, *impossible! impossible!*" she cried, her voice rising in intensity of emphasis. As for Geoff, he held her hand ever closer, and kept gazing at her with the tears coming to his own eyes.

"He did not do it," he said. "Listen to me, Lillas, and if you write to him, you can tell him. Tell him Geoffrey Stanton knows everything, and will never rest till he is cleared. Do you know what I mean? You must tell him——"

"But I never write—we do not know where he is; but tell me over again for me, *me*. He did not do it. Do you think I do not know that? But Mr. Geoff (if that is your name) come with me up to the old woman, and take her to the tribunal, and make her tell what

she knows. That is the right way, Martuccia says so, and I have read it in books. She must go to the judge, and she must say it all, and have it written down in a book. It is like that—I am not so ignorant. Come with me to the old woman, Mr. Geoff."

"What old woman?" he asked. "And tell me how you heard of all this, Liliias. You did not know till the other day?"

"Last night—only last night; there is a man, an unkind, disagreeable man, who is at the Castle now. Mary said he was my uncle Randolph. They were in the hall, and I heard them talking. That man said it all; but Mary did not say no as I do, she only cried. And then I rushed and asked Miss Brown what it meant. Miss Brown is Mary's maid, and she knows everything. She told me about a gentleman, and then of some one who was mamma, and of an old woman who could tell it all, up, up on the mountain. I think perhaps, it is the same old woman I saw."

"Did you see her? When did you see her, Lily?"

"I was little then," said Liliias, with mournful, childish dignity. "I had not begun to know. I thought, perhaps, it was a fairy. Yes, you will laugh. I was only not much better than a child. And when children are in the woods, don't you know, fairies often come? I was ignorant, that was what I thought. She was very kind. She kissed me, and asked if I would call her granny. Poor old woman! She was very very sorry for something. I think that must be the old woman. She knows everything, Miss Brown says. Mr. Geoff," said Liliias, turning round upon him, putting her two clasped hands suddenly upon his shoulder, and fixing her eyes upon his face, "I am going to her, will you not come with me? It is dreadful, dreadful, to go away far alone—everything looks so big and so high, and one only, one is so small, and everything is singing altogether, and it is all so still, and then your heart beats and thumps, and you have no breath, and it is so far, far away. Mr. Geoff, oh! I would love you so much, I would thank you for ever; I would do anything for you, if you would only come with me! I am not really tired; only frightened. If I could have brought Nello, it would have

been nothing. I should have had him to take care of—, but Nello is such a little fellow. He does not understand anything; he could not know about papa as I do, and as you seem to do. Mr. Geoff, when was it you saw papa? Oh! will you come up, up yonder, and go to the old woman with me?"

"Dear little Lily," said Geoff, holding her in his arms, "you are not able to walk so far; it is too much for you; you must come with me home."

"I am able to go to the end of the world," cried Liliias, proudly. "I am not tired. Oh, if you had never come I should have gone on, straight on! I was thinking, perhaps, you would go with me, that made me so stupid. No, never mind, since you do not choose to come. Good-bye, Mr. Geoff. No, I am not angry. Perhaps you are tired yourself:—and then," said Liliias, her voice quivering, "you are not papa's child, and it is not your business. Oh! I am quite able to go on. I am not tired—not at all tired; it was only," she said, vehemently, the tears overpowering her voice, "only because I caught sight of you so suddenly, and I thought he will come with me, and it made my heart so easy, but never mind, never mind!"

By this time she was struggling to escape from him, to go on, drying her tears with a hasty hand, and eager to get free and go upon her journey. Her lips were quivering, scarcely able to form the words. The disappointment, after that little burst of hope, was almost more than Liliias could bear.

"Lily," he said, holding her fast, despite her struggles, "listen first. I have just been there. I have seen the old woman. There is nothing more for you to do, dear. Won't you listen to me, won't you believe me? Dear little Lily, I have found out everything, I know everything. I cannot tell it you all, out here on the hillside; but it was another who did it, and your papa was so kind, so good, that he allowed it to be supposed it was he, to save the other man——"

"Ah!" cried Liliias, ceasing to struggle, "ah! yes, that is like him. I know my papa, there. Yes, that is what he would do. Oh, Geoff, dear Mr. Geoff, tell me more, more!"

"As we go home," said Geoff. He

was so tired that it was all he could do to raise himself again from the soft cushions of the mossy grass. He held Liliass still by the hand. And in this way the two wearied young creatures went down the rest of the long road together—she, eager, with her face raised to him; he stooping towards her. They leaned against each other in their weariness, walking on irregularly, now slow, now faster, hand in hand. And oh! how much shorter the way seemed to Liliass as she went back. She vowed never, never to tell any one; never to talk of it except to Mr. Geoff—while Geoff, on his part, promised, that everything should be set right, that everybody should know her father to be capable of nothing evil, but of everything good, that all should be well with him; that he should come and live at home for ever, and that all good

people should be made happy, and all evil ones confounded. 'The one was scarcely more confident than the other that all this was possible and likely, as the boy and the girl came sweetly down the hill together, tired but happy, with traces of tears about their eyes, but infinite relief in their hearts. The morning, now warm with the full glory of the sun, was sweet beyond all thought—the sky, fathomless blue, above them—the lake a dazzling sheet of silver at their feet. Here and there sounds began to stir of awakening in the little farmhouses, and under the thatched cottage eaves; but still they had the earth all to themselves like a younger Adam and Eve—nothing but blue space and distance, sweet sunshine warming and rising, breathing of odors and soft baptism of dew upon the new-created pair.

(To be continued.)

MODERN DIPLOMACY.

BY J. HAMILTON FYFE.

THERE has always been a great difference of opinion as to the characteristics and practical utility of diplomacy. Viewed from one side, it has been celebrated for its wholesome moral influence and beneficial effect on human affairs, while from another side it has been decried as mere craft and duplicity, or a hollow pretence of ordering events which are beyond its control. There can be no doubt that, in its best sense, diplomacy is, or might be, a great force in the world, and that momentous results from time to time depend upon its operations. Some years ago Mr. Gladstone glorified it as "one of the highest kinds of civilisation," inasmuch as "on the field of controversy between nations, where formerly nothing was settled except by the sword, the reason of man has now stepped in, and in fair argument the rights of nations are settled and upheld." It was probably a recollection of this declaration which led M. Guizot, during the French-German war, to address a letter to this statesman, in which he urged him to use his influence with his countrymen to bring about mediation between the belligerents. He pointed out that, while there had been many things in the

general policy of Europe since 1815 to be condemned and regretted, there was at least "one great new principle which has met with universal recognition in Europe for more than half a century; there has never been any question of a war of ambition for the sake of conquest; no European Power has attempted by mere force to aggrandise itself at the expense of other Powers; and respect for international law and peace has become the fundamental maxim of international policy." This, he held, "was the most important and valuable political fact on record in the first half of the century," and had had "more influence and power in helping to re-establish principles of right and justice as between governments and peoples, in promoting the development of the resources of the different nations, and the progress of civilisation throughout the world, than any other event during that period." M. Guizot cited the formation of Switzerland and Belgium into neutral States, under the protection of the Great Powers, as a proof of the good results of conjoined action; and suggested that this valuable principle was "capable of extended application, and that the Powers should exert

themselves to maintain the balance of power, the tendency of which had been for four centuries to save Europe, in spite of her faults, crimes, troubles, and misfortunes, from being at the mercy of violence and chance." This may be thought to be somewhat too favorable and sanguine a view of the subject; but there can be no question that the Treaty of Vienna and the arrangements as to Switzerland and Belgium had, on the whole, a tranquillising effect. Lord Dal-ling (Sir Henry Bulwer) has also given examples from his own experience of war being averted by timely interventions on the part of diplomatists; as when in 1840 the relations of England and France were strained by complications in the East; when afterwards, having threatened Spain and France to take possession of the African coast opposite Gibraltar, Sir Henry, without instructions and on his own responsibility, settled the difficulty by getting Spain to withdraw; and further, when there was a danger of hostilities between the United States and England on account of a question in connection with the Nicaraguan Consul. Other evidence of a similar kind might no doubt be quoted as to the beneficial effects of diplomacy when undertaken in good faith, in the way of substituting confidence and good-will for suspicion and hostility, and settling differences so quietly that they are never heard of.

On the other hand, there is no lack of hard things said about diplomacy and diplomatists. There is an old definition of "ambassador," as "one who lies abroad for the good of his country;" and the First Napoleon seems to have shared this opinion, for in his instructions to Prince Eugène Beauharnais as to his conduct as viceroy in Italy, he says: "An ambassador will not say any good of you, because his trade is to say all the bad he can. Foreign ministers are, in all the force of the term, titled spies." The Due of Morny has also been credited with the *mot* that "diplomacy is the art of deluding others without appearing to do so." It is said that a Russian minister, Chancellor Bestoujef, who was a perfect speaker, feigned to stutter. In his conversations with foreign agents he was scarcely intelligible, and he complained of being deaf and not understanding what was said to him. He was

also in the habit of writing his diplomatic notes in an almost illegible handwriting. There may be some exaggeration in this story, but experience seems to suggest that, though diplomatists may not be all such deliberate impostors as the one just described, diplomacy is in a great degree a system of deceit. Macaulay, in one of his letters, mentions Talleyrand talking at Holland House about Metternich and Cardinal Mazarin, and distinguishing between them by saying, "Le Cardinal trompait, mais il ne mentait pas; or M. de Metternich ment toujours, et ne trompe jamais." The amount of veracity to be found in diplomatic communications is certainly open to suspicion; and not less so that Talleyrand has protested against the prejudice with regard to diplomatists on this point. "Diplomacy," he says, in a fragment which has been extracted from his as yet unpublished Memoirs, "is not a science of ruse and duplicity. If good faith is anywhere necessary it is above all in political transactions, for it is this that makes them solid and durable. Reserve is confounded with deception. Good faith never authorises the latter, but it allows reserve; and reserve often adds to confidence." The gloss on these observations may perhaps be found in the same authority's proverbial saying, that language was given to man only to disguise his thoughts. Truth in diplomatic usage is thus not, as a rule, the whole truth and nothing but the truth; and the suppression of an essential part of the truth is of course tantamount to falsehood.

Talleyrand himself may be taken as a characteristic type of the wily and unscrupulous diplomatist. Without being in any sense a great statesman, he had a quick eye for the drift of events, and rarely failed in the course of his long and devious career, in which he was on every side in turn, to identify himself with the winning cause of the day. It has been justly said that he was essentially the representative of *la politique expectante*. When asked at a critical moment what he meant to do, he replied, "To do? I never do anything. I wait." And in another case of doubtful conflict, he provided himself with cockades of the color of each party, so as to be prepared for whatever might happen.

In short, he was the man of the age who knew best how to profit by accomplished facts. It is needless to say that his reputation suffered from his unscrupulous ways, but even those who knew his treachery found him too useful to be thrown over. Towards the end of his life, he himself said to Thiers, "Do you know, my dear sir, that I have been for forty years the most morally discredited man in Europe, and yet I have always been powerful on the side of power." Guizot has said that, except in a crisis or Congress, Talleyrand was neither skilful nor prompt. "He excelled in treating by conversation and by the use of social relations with isolated persons; but in the authority of character, fecundity of spirit, promptitude of resolution, power of words, sympathetic intelligence of general ideas and public passion, and all the grand means of action on men gathered together, he was wholly wanting. As a politician he was without scruples, indifferent to means, and almost to the end in view, provided that it tended to his personal success; coldly courageous in peril, he was suitable for the great affairs of an absolute government, but one with whom the open air and day of liberty did not agree." Mignet, who calls him "the prince of diplomatists," also says that if not the most dexterous of that class, he was at least the most roguish (*le plus fourbe*) and astute. Among the subordinate diplomatists of that day was Count Montrond, the tool of Talleyrand, who, without any visible means of livelihood, except gambling, managed to lead a luxurious life in Paris and London. Talleyrand was strongly suspected of going shares with Montrond in speculations on secret information as to foreign affairs; and a writer of authority has stated from his own knowledge that when Talleyrand was ambassador at London he used to leave Montrond in his carriage at the door of the Foreign Office during his interview with the Foreign Secretary, and that more than once Montrond, on receipt of a scrap of paper, suddenly drove off to the City by himself. He served as a spy under the Bourbons, and afterwards had a large pension from Louis Philippe for similar services.

Such men and such principles are certainly not calculated to win respect for

diplomacy, and it is to be feared that even in modern days there are in some countries traces of the old taint. At any rate Talleyrand's theory as to the use of words is evidently not extinct. When Count de Karolyi, the Austrian ambassador at the Prussian Court, asked Count Bismarck whether he intended to annul the Treaty of Gastein, dividing the Danish Duchies between Prussia and Austria, the reply was, "No, I have no such intention; but if I had, should I have given you a different answer?" which, it may be supposed, did not set at rest the Austrian ambassador's apprehensions. In fact, as the future showed, the Prussian Government did not desire to openly annul the Treaty, but preferred to keep it standing as a cover for more advanced designs. Again, at a more recent date, we find Prince Gortschakoff pledging himself to give information to the English Government as to the state of affairs in Central Asia, with the qualification that, though he might not tell everything, yet that everything he thought fit to tell would be strictly true—an example of the "reserve" which Talleyrand distinguished from a "ruse," though to most people they seem to be very much akin. There is another gift of speech which Mr. Kinglake attributed to Lord Raglan in his conversations with Marshal de Saint-Arnaud, and which represents another kind of reserve—"the power," as the historian puts it in his subtle analysis, "which is one of the most keen and graceful accomplishments of the diplomatist;—the power of affecting the hearer with an apprehension of what remains unsaid; a power which exerts great sway over human actions, for men are more urgently governed by what they are forced to imagine than by what they are allowed to know." Here the reserve is not so much a process of concealment as a stimulant applied to the imagination of the person addressed, which expands his ideas.

There is also a peculiar kind of outspokenness, which, as Lord Palmerston has pointed out, is conspicuous in the First Napoleon's political conduct, that, so far from hiding his designs, he purposely published even the most violent of them some time before they were put into execution, so that by familiarity people might become used to them, and that

there should be no shock of surprise when they at last happened. To a certain extent Prince Bismarck—who, at the present day in his domineering aggressiveness and unscrupulous methods of policy, presents a close resemblance to the great Emperor—has also adopted the practice of making curious confidences, not indeed to the world at large, but to the leading personages with whom he has to deal. M. Klackzo, who has had good opportunities of studying this statesman, gives the following account of his impression of his character:—"No one can doubt his prodigious talent in dissimulation, and the supreme art with which he dresses up the truth. He has the genius to know how to give his frankness all the political virtues of *fourberie*. Very cunning and astute as to means, he has also shown extraordinary impulsiveness and indiscretion." In some instances, however, his indiscretions were no doubt calculated and intentional. The wild way, for instance, in which he used to talk of the designs of Prussia for the future, and the proposals he made, or at least insinuated, as to a division of spoils between Prussia and France, drew from the Emperor frequent "asides" to Mérimée, who accompanied them in their walks up and down the terrace of the Chateau and the sands, "What a mad fellow it is!" It is said that Bismarck had also his private opinion that the Emperor was "the embodiment of misunderstood incapacity." However that may have been, there was certainly a method in his madness which afterwards bore fruit, for the temptation gradually worked on Napoleon, and led him to think that, after all, a re-arrangement of Europe by France and Prussia to the advantage of each was a more feasible scheme than it had at first seemed.

This indeed has been the course of Bismarck's tactics throughout his whole career. In the preliminary Schleswig-Holstein negotiation he deluded both Lord John Russell and the Danish Minister at Berlin with the idea that he himself was a true friend of Denmark, and was using his influence to preserve its integrity, while all the while treacherously undermining it. His policy was much the same with regard to Austria, whose reasonable suspicions of Prussia he lulled

by representing himself as anxious to bring the troublesome Bund under the joint control of the two great German states, who would rule Germany in concert. Yet during this period he was secretly plotting against Austria, and bent on annexing the Elbe provinces, together with the valuable port of Kiel, for his own country; and finally excluding Austria from Germany. The King of Hanover is believed to have been similarly betrayed by delusive communications from Prussia. It may also be noted as a curious circumstance illustrative of the Prince's ways, that Lord Salisbury's account of his interview with the Prince at Berlin, in November last, when on his way to the Conference, has never been published, although Lord Odo Russell mentions in a despatch that "his Lordship has reported to her Majesty's Government the impressions received from his visit;" and that it was his own "pleasing duty" to state that the reception of the plenipotentiary was most cordial; that his visit gave pleasure; and Prince Bismarck recognised its "value and importance; and, in conversation with leading men, had paid the highest tribute to his Lordship's great qualities as a statesman and as a negotiator." It is possibly only Lord Salisbury's modesty which prevents this flattering certificate from being given to the world; but it may also be suspected, from the Prince's confidential outbursts on other occasions, that he took the opportunity of overwhelming the Plenipotentiary by his effusive candor as to his own schemes for the settlement of all European difficulties, so that he might bind him over not to divulge anything which passed. M. Boucher, in his *Récits de l'Invasion*, gives some amusing particulars which he received from M. Thiers, after that gentleman's visit to the Prince at Versailles, which throws some light on his affable terms with visitors. Leaning with both arms on the table, Bismarck suddenly interrupting the business discussion which was going on, asked permission to smoke a cigar, which was of course granted; and he then relaxed into a gossiping conversation, full of anecdotes and reminiscences upon all sorts of subjects, and beguiled M. Thiers into a similar strain of lively talk. When, after a time, M. Thiers wished to

resume the question on which he had come, Bismarck seized him by the hand, and exclaimed pathetically, "No, let me continue yet a little while; it is so delightful to find oneself once more with a civilised being." In Lord Salisbury's case it was about ten o'clock at night that the interview took place, and it may be imagined that he also was received as a civilised being, with whom it was the Prince's delight to commune heart to heart, and that the results of the talk were somewhat more discursive and intimate than would be suitable for record in a Blue Book. Anyhow, the fact remains that Lord Derby resolutely refuses to let it come to light.

Perhaps, on the whole, the personage who has most cast discredit on modern diplomacy, and diverted it to evil uses, is the Emperor Napoleon III. In the *Journal d'un Diplomat en Italie*, M. Henri d'Ideville, who was at a critical time attached to the French embassy at Turin, gives a graphic picture of his august master's habits with regard to foreign affairs. He says that Napoleon, though full of good intentions, was a *rêveur borné*, and always mysterious and reserved as to his plans, as to which indeed he was fluctuating and uncertain up to the last moment, when his ideas might take an unexpected direction. "Do you see," said Cavour one day to d'Ideville, "your Emperor will never change; his fault is always to conspire; yet is he not absolute master, with a powerful country and a great army at his back, and Europe tranquil? What, then, has he to fear? Why should he constantly disguise his thought, and seem to go straight when he means to turn to the left, and *vice versa*? Ah, what a marvellous conspirator he makes!" Upon which M. d'Ideville remarked, "Yes, and you have been a conspirator too!" "True," said Cavour; "but I could not help it; it was absolutely necessary to keep things secret from Austria. But your Emperor will remain for ever incorrigible. I knew it long ago. At this moment he could march right on, openly fulfilling his end. But no! he prefers to throw people off the scent, and to go off on a sudden track—to conspire, in fact—to conspire always! This is the turn of his genius; it is the *métier* he professes; he examines it like an

artist, as a *dilettante*, and in this rôle he will ever be first." Another witness, who knew the Emperor well, said of him—"He is a man of events; confident to folly in his destiny, in his star, he had the conviction that at the right moment fate would take care to deliver him from embarrassment. It was chance alone which made him a great man in the eyes of the vulgar. A *bonheur insensé*, an unparalleled luck, has saved him up to this day, and he has allowed himself to be led by events."

There can be no doubt that this was Louis Napoleon's character to the core. It was as a conspirator that he snatched his crown, and in all his career he acted in the same spirit. During the Crimean war he was continually hatching diversions from settled arrangements and points of policy; and when peace was arrived at he went round insidiously to the Russian side, and deprived the Allies of some of the conditions which were essential to a permanent settlement, and the want of which have since given rise to complications which might have been prevented if taken at the right time. His liberation of Italy was accompanied by plots against its unity; his policy as to the Pope, capricious and vacillating, embarrassed the Italian government; and though he afterwards got it Venetia, it was only to serve his own purposes, and to give him importance in Europe. He also felt that his position would be strengthened by a conflict between Prussia and Austria, whichever might win, and for years he did all he could to bring one about. In 1850, while President of the Republic, whose open policy was a professed desire for peace, he sent his friend De Persigny on a private mission to Berlin to sound the King, and suggest that the Prussians should seize an early opportunity of getting up a war with Austria. At the end of 1855 the Emperor sent the Marquis of Pepoli on a similar errand, to point out that "Austria represented the past, Prussia the future; and that, as long as Austria stood in the way, Prussia would be condemned to a state of inaction which could not satisfy her, for a higher destiny awaited her, and Germany expected her to fulfil it." In 1861, during the King of Prussia's visit to France, a grand scheme was started of great agglomerations of terri-

tories by the three races, Roman, Slavonic, and Germanic, and there was talk of France extending her frontier in the direction of Belgium and Holland. When the Austro-Prussian war occurred, Napoleon expected to be able to interpose as mediator, and that it would be easy to obtain a territorial extension of France. In this, however, he was disappointed, and it was his rankling resentment against Prussia for its curt refusal of his demands in 1866 which led up to the war of 1870.

On the whole, then, it would appear that, though the ideal of diplomacy which is held up as an example of its perfection by Mr. Gladstone and M. Guizot, would no doubt, if it were successfully carried out, be a great blessing for the world, as a matter of fact, the system which has actually been practised in recent years is of a very different character, and has been associated with very different motives and objects. A rampant spirit of aggression and covetous desire has been at work; and though some of the objects aimed at may have been justifiable enough, the means adopted were in too many cases inconsistent with a sound code of international law. Any one who looks back to the general course of diplomatic policy on the Continent after the establishment of the Second Empire, must see that it led the way in a restless meddlesomeness which has produced a general unsettlement of the conditions on which alone the peace of Europe can be steadily preserved. As it happened, the liberation of Italy has turned out well, but the way in which it was accomplished by foreign intervention, and the price to which the assisting power helped itself, were certainly perilous precedents; and there can be little doubt that the germs of disturbance which were thus sown had their development in the confiscation of the Danish Duchies by Prussia, and the subsequent exclusion of Austria from the German Confederation. Lord Russell, in commenting on the Treaty of Gastein, said very truly, "All rights, old and new, whether based upon a solemn agreement between sovereigns, or on the clear and precise expression of the popular will, have been trodden under foot by the Gastein Convention, and the authority of force is the sole power which has been

consulted and recognised. Violence and conquest, such are the chief bases upon which the dividing Powers have established the Convention." Austria had a terrible penalty to pay for her connivance in this outrage, and its effects are by no means exhausted. It is curious now to look back upon the wonderful project of a Congress with which the Emperor Napoleon startled the world in 1863. It was a dream of the first Buonaparte that Europe ought to be formed into a vast Empire to which he was to give laws dated indifferently from Paris, Rome, Moscow, Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid; and that henceforth any contention among European States was to be deemed civil war. Napoleon III. was smitten with this conception, but knew of course that it had failed in his uncle's case and was still more impracticable in these days. But he thought he might make good play for himself and France by getting up the plan of a general Congress to settle off-hand all the difficulties of Europe. It is true that at the close of the Congress of Paris, when everybody was for the time sick of war, there was a feeling in favor of taking means to check it as much as possible; and with that view a protocol was adopted, in which it was recommended that States between whom any serious difference might arise, should seek mediation by a friendly Power before appealing to arms. Lord Clarendon expressed a hope that this "happy innovation might receive a more general application, and thus become a barrier against conflicts which broke forth because it was not always possible to give explanations." This happy innovation remains, however, a mere paper figment. It is impossible to imagine any cases to which it would have been more applicable than in regard to the pretext of the spoliation of Denmark by Prussia, the struggle between Prussia and Austria, and the subsequent war between Germany and France; yet no serious attempt was made by the neutral Powers to apply the rule. If Napoleon had been loyal and sincere in the professed desire for universal peace with which he summoned the abortive Congress, he might, in conjunction with England, have done much to arrest events which have caused great mischief to the princi-

ples of good faith and mutual consideration among nations; but it was not to be. The intense folly of the plan for raking up all the latent troubles of Europe in the vain hope of settling them by "the deliberations of a Congress which would consist of demands and pretensions put forward by some and resisted by others, so that, there being no supreme authority in such an assembly to enforce the decision of the majority, the Congress would probably separate, leaving many of its members on worse terms with each other than they had been when they met," was clearly expressed in Lord Russell's incisive despatch, which at once exploded the bubble. Unfortunately it left a sting in the Emperor's breast which he had not the magnanimity to forget; and the breach between England and France which ensued was fatal to Danish interests. In the case of the war between France and Germany arising from the question as to a German candidate for the Spanish throne, the point in itself was nothing more than a reproduction of the dialogue of the retainers of the rival houses of Verona—"Do you bite your thumb?" "I do bite my thumb, sir." "Do you bite your thumb at me?" "No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb." And it is a pity that England, Russia, and Italy did not step in like Benvolio, and cry, "Part, fools, put up your swords; you know not what you do." Again, the hollow arrangement for the neutrality of Luxemburg which was made in 1870, and the recent Eastern protocols, may be taken as other examples of the vapory character of international intervention for the protection of public interests. The ministerial explanation was that a collective guarantee had rather the character of a moral sanction than a contingent liability to go to war, and that, unless all were agreed, no one party was called upon to do anything.

Lord Derby the other day laid down a sort of programme of diplomacy which deserves attention. He said, "We have to consider not only one particular point, but what is the state of matters over the whole world; and we have to consider also the risk of involving ourselves in hostilities in any one part of the world where thereby we

might disable ourselves from even necessary defence in some other place where our interests are much more threatened." And then he added: "I say this only in a general and theoretical manner, for my own part, having attended to foreign politics for a great many years. Not many convictions have been so permanently impressed on my mind as that of the utter incapacity of the—I do not say average man—but of the wise man, to foresee coming events." As to the latter part of this statement, though Lord Derby no doubt drew it from his own personal experience, the substance of it had already been anticipated by Mr. Nassau Senior, who imagined a plan for training Foreign Office clerks, who were to be periodically required to prophesy the issue of existing political "questions," and upon their success, as tested by subsequent events, was to depend their promotion to responsible office; and also by Lord Palmerston, to whom the observation did not apply, for he always looked forward. He said, "There are very few public men in England who follow up foreign affairs sufficiently to foresee the consequence of events which have not happened." A striking confirmation of this was given upon Lord Granville's succeeding Lord Clarendon as Foreign Secretary on the eve of the French-German war, when he stated on the authority of Mr. Hammond, that there never was a time when the political atmosphere of Europe was so serene and cloudless, and the prospects of peace so well assured. Before another day or two France and Germany were practically at war, and the Protocol of the Treaty of Paris, above referred to, was treated by both with great contempt. The reason was that they had made up their minds to fight, and wanted only an excuse, no matter how trivial or absurd.

The moral of all this business is in fact to be found in the comment of the Bishop of Fréjus on the proposal of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre for a European Diet (the precedent for Louis Napoleon's fantastic congress), to make peace all over the world, to the effect that one thing was wanting, to send a troop of missionaries to dispose the heart and spirit of princes. The truth is, that in the present day diplomacy is passing

transition stage. The old system of diplomacy was essentially perverted; it took account of only a narrow range of persons and interests. It was, because it was entirely uncontrolled by those who worked it, directed by them to definite and unscrutinized aims. It was, in fact, a compromise between some half-altruism as to their common interests and mutual relations, and was controlled on their behalf by trusty executives who enjoyed their master's confidence and knew exactly what they were doing. The gradual development of the new system and opinion has now upset the old system—at least in our own country. The nation will not trust itself to any minister. Lord Palmerston put pretty much to himself, and he thought best that he could not give effect to. But Lord Palmerston to consider not only what is done, but how far the country will follow him. No foreign minister can safely dispense with taking the country fully into his confidence—if he runs the risk of finding himself out of a lurch. Further, any attempt of brag, with a view to impressing the Powers, is attended by the risk of either being repudiated by public opinion at home or of being out of opinion getting excited in ear-then secret and personal diplomacy no longer practical for us. Absolute intervention is also impossible as the old balance of power, which included moral force, took the place of physical power, and was based on the selfish and ungenerous notion that physical force could only be used for bad ends, and was certain, instead in a superior degree, to be a sound basis of modern diplomacy. It is not so much a material as a moral force between nations, but that between individuals and society—the balance of honest men against rogues and burglars, of government against the roughs; the balance of principle, and of individual personal strength. As the people must now take part in diplomacy, they should learn a lesson of temper and language, for their own ignorance of

facts. Moreover, there is a decided want of plain, straightforward language in diplomatic communications. What a difference Lord Palmerston's style would have made at the present time. The policy which he deemed safest was that of honesty and candor, and when he had anything to say he said it in the plainest and most unmistakable language, as, for instance, when he wrote to Sir H. Bulwer at Paris:—"If Thiers should again hold to you the language of menace, however indistinctly and vaguely shadowed out, pray retort upon him to the full extent of what he may say to you; and with that skill of language which I know you to be master of, convey to him in the most friendly and unoffensive manner possible, that if France throws down the gauntlet we shall not refuse to pick it up; and that if she begins a war, she will to a certainty lose her ships, colonies, and commerce before she sees the end of it; that her army of Algiers will cease to give her anxiety, and that Mehemet Ali will just be chucked into the Nile. I wish you had hinted at these topics when Thiers spoke to you; I invariably do so when either Guizot or Bourqueney begins to swagger; and I observe that it always acts as a sedative." And again, he says, "Nothing is more unsound than the notion that anything is to be gained by trying to conciliate people who are trying to intimidate us. I mean to conciliate by concession. It is quite right to be courteous in words, but the only possible way of keeping such persons in check is to make them clearly understand that one is not going to yield an inch, and that one is strong enough to repel force by force." The "great Eltchi" had also this distinctness of language; as Mr. Kinglake says:—"Every judgment which he pronounced was enfolded in words so complete as to exclude the idea that it could ever be varied, and to convey therefore the idea of duration." And those who remember the bold statement made to Prince Bismarck in February 1871, by Lord Odo Russell, who had been sent to Versailles in reference to the Black Sea question, will recognise a singular power of language on the part of that able and experienced diplomatist.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

WAGNER.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

I.

WAGNER is the most powerful personality that has appeared in the world of music since Beethoven. But indeed he seems to me, in his wide range as poet, dramatist, musician, and philosopher, almost alone in the history of Art.

Beethoven was a musician only. His glory is to have carried the art of music to its extreme limits of development: no one has yet gone beyond him.

Wagner says, "I have invented nothing." You cannot invent metre after the Greeks, or the modern drama after Shakspeare, or coloring and perspective after the Italians—there is a point at which an art ceases to grow and stand full-blown like a flower.

Most people admit that in music, as in other arts, that point has been reached. What then remained? *This*, according to Richard Wagner: to concentrate into one dazzling focus all the arts, and, having sounded and developed the expressional depth, and determined the peculiar function of each, to combine them at length into one perfect and indivisible whole.

II.

"Perhaps he has some talent for music," said the sick man as he heard little Richard, then only seven years old, strumming a tune from "Der Freyschutz" on the piano. It was Louis Geyer, his stepfather, painter, author, and actor, now on his deathbed, thinking of the future, planning as dying men plan, and hitting the mark as they often hit it, quite at random. The child's vivid temperament and eager sensitive mind had always made him a favorite with the actor and the poet, and he thought of making a painter of Richard, but the boy seemed to have no turn for it. His mother, a woman full of life and imagination, was less anxious and more wise. She let him grow, and happily he was left to her, "with no education," as he says, "but life, art, and myself."

Indeed any attempt to hasten Wagner's development, or to fix his career, would doubtless have failed. From the

first, the consciousness of his own force has been one of his strangest and strongest peculiarities. At times it seems to have almost intoxicated him—at others it sustained and cheered him in utter loneliness; it has dominated all who have come in personal contact with him, and bent the minds and wills of the rebellious like reeds before the wind.

And the reason is evident. Wagner was always prodigious in his ability. Like those very fast trotters that flash along the highways of England and America, he has been in the habit of passing every one on the road, and passing them easily. But the consciousness of power bred in him a singular wilfulness. At school he could learn anything, but he would learn only as he chose and what he chose. When *his* time came he mastered, with incredible rapidity and accuracy, Greek, Latin, mythology, and ancient history. As for his music-master, he soon sent him to the right about, telling him he would learn music his own way. Indeed the variety of influences, and the rapidity with which he absorbed them, one after the other, quite unfitted him for going into harness early in any one direction.

At the age of seventeen he had dipped into most literatures, ancient and modern—glanced at science, learnt English in order to read Shakspeare, weighed several schools of philosophy, studied and dismissed the contending theologies, absorbed Schiller and worshipped Goethe (then eighty-four years old), turned away from the conventional stage of Kotzebue and Iffland, tasted politics, and been deeply stirred by the music of Beethoven.

There was doubtless a great indistinctness about his aims at this time. To live, to grow, to feel, to be filled with new emotions, and to sound his enormous capacities for receiving impressions and acquiring facts—this had hitherto been enough; but the vexed question was inevitable: to what end?

The artistic temperament could give but one answer to that—"EXPRESSION!" Creation itself—man—the world, the universe is nothing but that. There is

ever this imperious divine necessity for outward expression. This is the lesson of the ages and of the universe—of which we see but a little speck realised upon our tiny and overcrowded planet. But this burning thought turns the mind of man itself into a divine microcosm—he, too, begins to obey in his higher activities what he perceives to be the supreme law of the divine life. He, too, must flash into self-consciousness, and breathe in form, until all that slept in the silence of his heart comes forth swift and radiant with the wind and fire of emotion, and stands at last like an angel, full of wreathed melodies and crowned with stars.

Such to the artist soul is the beloved parable of earth. The life within must become outward; all that we are is dying to be born, is craving to realize itself, to know, to possess, to adore! Is man social? His being passes by an organic law into the expression of family life. Is he political? He creates the State. Is he thoughtful and imaginative? He evolves literature, science, and the arts. Is he spiritual? His soul passes into the religions of the world.

It is quite obvious that life is here seized, not from the intellectual, but from the emotional side. The intellect is used to fathom, to formulate, to economize, and represent, in their most impressive forms, the feelings which would otherwise be wasted and misspent; but the intellect, which has played so important a part in Wagner's system, is always the second, never the first factor, and its function has been to analyze the various expressional media of the past and present, and to create some form or combination more exhaustive and powerful than all the rest.

Wagner was willing to be led. But he could not help feeling that an artist now is the heir of all the ages, that now for the first time he can stand and gauge the creations of the past in poetry, painting, drama, and music, and ask himself how far, through these, has the inner world of the mind found utterance. Wagner had the unconscious but inflexible hardihood to take up each art in turn, weigh it, and find it wanting. Each fell short of the whole reality in some respect. Painting leaves out motion and solidarity, sculp-

ture possesses solidarity without motion, and usually without color. Poetry without drama appeals to the senses chiefly through the imagination; in itself it has neither sound, color, nor solidarity. The spoken drama lacks the intensity which it is the unique function of musical sound to give; whilst mere pantomime, whether of dance or drama, lacks the indefinite power of sound as well as the definite suggestion of words; and, lastly, musical sound alone provokes the eternal "why?" which can only be answered by associating the emotion raised with thought, for music alone is without solidarity, color, or thought, whilst possessing motion and sound in the highest perfection.

Those who have traced Wagner's career from boyhood know how patiently he has questioned every art, how passionately he has surrendered himself to it, for a time; how willing he would have been to rest, how inexorably experience and feeling have urged him on until, like the hardy navigators of old, he broke at last into a new and undiscovered ocean.

At the age of eleven he had read Shakspeare. Surely dramatic expression of thought and feeling could go no farther. But he would test it as a form of art by experiment, and see how it worked. He immediately constructed a drama, horrible and thorough—a cross between "Hamlet" and "King Lear." Forty-two characters suffered death in the first four acts, so that in the fifth, in order to people his stage at all, most of them had to reappear as ghosts. The Shaksperian method was closely adhered to, and for several years he continued to brood over it lovingly.

Here was a form intensely individual, self-conscious—in which man explored the depths of his own nature. On that rough wooden stage of the Globe Theatre so vivid were the characters, so rapid and complex the feelings, so perfect and expressive the pantomime, that the want of stage-trappings and accessories was hardly felt. Still it was a restrained expression; it was too mosaic; the individuals lacked an universal element in which to live and move and have their being: we sit fascinated and bewildered with the subtle analysis and changing episodes; but the characters do not run up into universal types, they are too entirely absorbed by their own thoughts

and feelings. The contest here is not with Fate and Time, as on the Greek stage, but with Self and Society.

Excited but oppressed by the complex inner life of the Shaksperian drama, Wagner still felt the need of wedding the personal life to some larger ideal types, and intensifying the emotional element by the introduction of musical sound. Then the cramped wooden stage of the Globe Theatre vanished, and in its place rose the marble amphitheatre, open to the sky, embedded in the southern slope of the Athenian Acropolis.

In the classical drama nothing was individual—the whole life of Greece was there, but all was summed up in large and simple types. The actors speak through fixed masks. All fine inflexion is lost—all change of facial expression sacrificed to massive groupings and stately poses, regulated by the shrill pipe and the meagre harp. But still there is in the dramas of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles a breadth of expression which enables the soul to shake itself free from its accidental surroundings and enter into general sympathy with the wider life of humanity. It is this escape into the ideal which the modern self-conscious spirit most needs: this merging of discordant self in the universal harmony which drew Wagner towards the theatre of the Greeks. There we start from the gods, the ideal representatives of human thought and emotion. Zeus is in Agamemnon, Ares in Achilles, Artemis in Iphigenia, Aphrodite in Phædra; and there is something prophetic and sublime in the spontaneous growth of these types beneath the human touch, until they transcend the gods and conquer Olympus itself. Cassandra is greater than the gods in her consciousness of injustice—Prometheus is sublime in his god-like defiance of fate—Antigone triumphs through voluntary sacrifice—it is the inexorable progress of the human conscience towards a higher Olympus, a purer deity—men come from gods, but excel the gods; then follows the inevitable decline, “the dusk of the gods,” and, lastly, the assertion of man’s divinity and the rehabilitation through man of the divine idea.

For what the Greek was, and for what he saw, his theatre found an almost perfect art-form. The dance or science of

pantomimic motion was part of his daily education. His body was trained in the Palæstra, or gymnasium, and his life was one of constant drill to enable him to take part in the games and national festivals. The elastic tongue of Homer had been enriched and fired by a hundred poets before the full development of the Greek drama, and hymns and songs, set to rhythmic and choral melodies of every character and variety, supplied him with ready emotional utterance upon all occasions. Add to this the profound enthusiasm which still accompanied the ancient rites, the Delphic oracles and the Eleusinian mysteries, and we have all the materials which were woven into one harmonious whole by Æschylus—poet, warrior, stage manager, and religious devotee.

The soul of the Greek drama, freed from accidental associations, must now be melted down in the new crucible. Wagner found there an intense earnestness of purpose—the devout portrayal of a few fundamental types—the large clear outline like the frieze of the Parthenon—a simple plot and well-developed phases of feeling as pronounced and trenchant as the rhythmic motions of the *dramatis personæ*; and lastly he found—what he found not in Shakspeare—the Greek chorus. This gave its binding intensity to the whole drama—this provided the universal element in which the actors lived and moved and had their being. The chorus ever in motion—a band of youths or maidens, priests or supernatural beings, fluid and expressive, like the emotions of the vast and earnest assembly;—the chorus bore aloft a wail over the agonies of Philoctetes—a plaint for Iphigenia—a questioning of the gods for Cassandra; it enveloped the stage with floods of passionate declamation; it rushed, it pointed, it swayed, it sighed and whispered in broken pathetic accents; it was like the sobbing of the sea on a rocky strand—the sound of the waves in Ionian caves—the wild rush of the tempest answering back man’s passionate plaint, and fitting the simple feelings of the great types on the stage with an almost elemental intensity of expression. The mysterious variety of Greek metres, the varied spasmodic rhythms, can only be understood when the vision of the Greek chorus rises

us in its eager bursts of appropriate fitful activity. That changing that harsh ringing progression of on the Greek scales of which ians are still the Christian relics—uld not call it music, it was not, much less harmony, but it was inflexions marvellously used to eclamation, posture, and panto-
The soul of it has transmigrated e latter days—it has become the rian orchestra.

back now, for a moment, to the erian drama. Chorus, musical band, song, all the voices of unature environing man—appalling, ng, inspiring him—have vanished. inner-world, unknown to the has taken their place, and man bed with himself. Yet without iversal voice which he can make, how he shrinks, dwarfed by his individuality; no longer a part great whole and soul of things; no longer his mother, the winds e his friends, the sea no more his er! The ideal atmosphere of ek chorus is missed; the pow-usic, however rudimentary, is ab-shakspere seems to have felt it; s over his sublime creations as ocation to Music in “Twelfth or in Ophelia’s plaintive song. s is the point of contact between drama of Æschylus and the new of Shakspeare: the two stand for the opposite poles of dramatic e universal type, the individual d both are necessary. The indi-s naturally evolved from the uni-but once evolved and developed be restored to the universal and fied by it.

is crisis, in his quest after a per-t-form, Wagner found himself ted with Beethoven’s music. He believe that drama could be car-ther than Æschylus, Sophocles, akspere, or music any farther eethoven; but he did conceive ect of leading the whole stream

Beethovenian music into the s of Shaksperian drama. The horus might have been adequate simple types of Greek tragedy, lern life, with its self-conscious ity, its questions, its doubts, its nd its immense aspirations—this

seemed to require quite a new element of expression. The voice of this inner life had been preparing for four hundred years, when it was ready it turned out to be no inflexible mask, through which a human voice might speak, not even a mobile chorus, but a splendid and complex organ of expression, fitted so closely about the soul of man, as to become the very Æolian harp upon which the breath of his life could freely play.

In the great world-laboratory of Art, Wagner found already all that he required. There was, as he remarked, nothing left for him to invent: the arts of poetry, music, painting, and panto-mime had been explored separately and perfected; nay, one step more had been made—the arts had actually been *combined* at different times in different ways. Music with pantomime and poem by the Greeks; music with pantomime, drama, painting, and every conceivable effect of stage scenery and costume, as in modern opera; music and words, as in oratorio or the cantata. But in Greece, music was wholly undeveloped as an art; acting had never sounded the depths of individual life and expression. The Shaksperian drama left out music. The cantata and oratorio omitted pantomime and painting; whilst modern opera presented a meretricious and maimed combination of the arts resulting from a radically defective form.

With a surprising vigor of intellect, Wagner has analysed the situation, and explained exactly why he is dissatisfied with the best operatic efforts of the past, and why he seeks to supersede opera with the “musical drama.”

I think his critical results may be briefly summed up thus:—In the musical drama, poetry, music, scenery, and acting are to be so blended as that each shall have its own appropriate share, and no more, as a medium of expression. The acting must not be cramped by the music, as in common opera, where a man has to stand on one toe till he has done his *roulade*, or pauses in the dead of night to shout out a song about “Hush! we shall be discovered!” when there is not a moment to spare. The music must not be spoiled for the acting, as in ballet and pantomime, where acting is overstrained to express what the sister arts of poetry and music are better fitted to

convey. And poetry, which after all supplies the definite basis and answers the inevitable "why?" must not be sacrificed, as in our opera *libretti*, to the demands of singers for *aria* and *scena*, whilst the scenery must only attempt effects and situations which can be made to look real. The object of the grand musical drama is, in fact, to present a true picture of human feeling with the utmost fulness and intensity, freed from every conventional expression by the happy union of all the arts, giving to each only what it is able to deal with—but thus dealing with everything, leaving nothing to the imagination. The Wagnerian drama completely exhausts the situation.

Filled with this magnificent conception, Wagner looked out upon the world of modern opera—and what did he see?

First, he noticed that the opera had made a false start. It sprang, not from the earnest feeling of the miracle plays, but from the indolent desire of the luxurious Italian nobles to listen to the delicious popular melodies in a refined form. The spontaneous street action (which may to this day be admired in Naples or Florence) was exchanged for a sort of drawing-room stage, and poets were hired who reset the Italian melodies, as Moore reset the Irish melodies, for ears polite. This new aristocratic mongrel art had nothing to do with the real drama. Metastasio himself was only an Italian Mr. Chorley—the very humble servant of everybody's tunes; but these tunes had to be strung together, so the *recitative*, used for centuries in church, was borrowed; then the product was naturally a little dull, so the whole had to be whipped up with a dance; hence the *ballet*, and there you have the three fixed points of the opera—*aria*, *recitative*, and *ballet*—which to this day determine the form of modern opera. Thus opera, whilst it had no connection with the real drama, did not even spring from the best musical elements. "From the prosperity of opera in Italy," says Wagner, "the art-student will date the decline of music in that country. . . . No one who has any conception of the grandeur and ineffable depth of the earlier Italian church music—Palestrina's "Stabat Mater," for instance—will ever dream of maintaining

that Italian opera can be looked upon as the legitimate daughter of that wondrous mother." *

As ear-tickling, and not truth of expression, was the chief thing, and as there was nothing much to be expressed, the *arias* got wider and wider of the words, and at last the words became mere pegs, and the music totally irrelevant—as who should dance a jig over a grave.

Gluck's reform consisted in making the operatic tunes once more true to the words, but the improvement touched the sentiment only, without reaching the defective form. In France the form was slightly redeemed by the superior *libretti* and more elaborate pantomime; whilst in Germany opera arrived as a finished foreign production, and Mozart and others had to go to Italy to learn it. "In expressing my highest admiration of the exquisite beauties of our great masters," says Wagner, "I did not detract from their fame in showing that the cause of their weaknesses lay in the faultiness of the *genre*." †

And the defect of *genre* lay chiefly in the immolation of the *libretto* to the exigencies of fixed *aria*, *scena*, and *recitative*. The drama, which has to be stretched upon that Procrustean bed, must necessarily become disjointed and lifeless in the process. Rossini retarded the progress of the musical drama for at least fifty years through the absolute triumph of melody, in the most fascinating abundance, over the resources of the orchestra and the inspirations of the poet.

"His opera," writes Edward Dannreuther, to whose pamphlet on Wagner at this season we are all so much indebted, "is like a string of beads, each bead being a glittering and intoxicating tune. Dramatic and poetic truth—all that makes a stage performance interesting—is sacrificed to tunes." Poet and musician alike had felt this. Goethe and Schiller both found the operatic form, and even the existing stage, so uncongenial that they took to writing narrative and descriptive plays not to be acted at all and have been followed in this by Byron, Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne. Beethoven wrote but one opera,

* Music of the Future: Letter to F. Villot. p. 10.

† Ibid., p. 22.

," in which the breadth of the or overtures seems to accuse the narrowness of the dramatic form, the *libretto* of "Fidelio" is very times gone. Mendelssohn and Wagner could never find a suitable

conclusion of all this is obvious. The perfect medium which was to combine the apparently unmanageable arts was to come, and Wagner proposed to himself the task of harnessing these arts to his triumphal car and driving them all together. He must write his own subject, with a simple and direct a few strong passions and great effects. He must write his own music, which, without being either orthodox or fixed metre, would aim in the full and alliterative pathos at following the varied inflexions of natural

He must arrange his own scene in detail, and within the limits of stage possibility; and finally he must impose his own music and drill upon the chorus, and characters.

In his prophetic vision the old opera *aria, scena, and recitative* has disappeared. The orchestra in a wonderful fashion floods the soul with an atmosphere appropriate to the situation. The drama itself advances unshackled by the musical exigency; the music follows continuously, not imposing a form upon it, but taking its form from the emotion of the sentences as they follow each other. Snatches there are here and there of exquisite melody, broken up by the singing, with a wild burst of chorus and a full and faithful fulfilment of the dramatic occasion, but never must action be delayed, never must emotion be belied, never truth sacrificed: only at times, in the expressive power of words, the music will fulfil, deepen, and sometimes lift the drama out of itself. Then the spectator is drawn into a sphere of ecstatic communion; the pageantry passes before him as in a dream, whilst his soul moves only in the ideal sphere of varied and intense passions which are being played out before him.

III.

At these perceptions and aims were maturing in him, Wagner found

himself constantly at war with his age and his surroundings.

At sixteen, he had resolved to devote himself to music, finding in it the ineffable expression for emotions otherwise mainly inexpressible. Musical notes and intervals were to him radiant forms and flaming ministers. Mozart taught him that exquisite certainty of touch which selects exactly the right notes to express a given musical idea. Weber taught him the secret of pure melody, how to stamp with an indelible type a given character, as in the return of the Samiel motive in "Der Freyschutz;" he also perceived in that opera the superiority of legend and popular myth, as on the Greek stage, to present the universal and eternal aspects of human life in their most pronounced and ideal forms. Beethoven supplied him with the mighty orchestra, capable of holding in suspension an immense crowd of emotions, and of manipulating the interior and complex feelings with the instantaneous and infallible power of a magician's wand. Schubert taught him the freedom of song—Chopin the magic elasticity of chords—Spohr the subtle properties of the chromatic scale—and even Meyerbeer revealed to him the possibilities of stage effect through the Grand Opera. Shakspeare, Goethe, and Schiller suggested the kind of language in which such dramas as "Lohengrin" and "Rheingold" might be written; whilst Madame Schröder Devrient revealed to him what a woman might accomplish in the stage presentation of ideal passion with such a part as Elsa in "Lohengrin" or Brunhild in "Walküre." But the immediate result of this, as I have said, was not promising. Contrary to the advice of his friends, he had thrown himself, heart and soul, into the study of music as a profession. Under the Cantor Weinlig, at Leipsic, and whilst at the University, he produced an overture and symphony, which were played and not unfavorably received at the Gewandhaus; but his early work, with here and there an exceptional trait in harmony, was nothing but a pale copy of Mozart, as may be seen from a poor little piano sonata lately republished by Breitkopf.

His health now broke down. He was twenty years old (1833), and he went to

his brother, a professor of music at Wurzburg, where he stayed a year, at the end of which time he was appointed musical director at the Magdeburg theatre, where, under the combined influence of Weber and Beethoven, he produced two operas — "The Fairies" and "The Novice of Palermo,"—neither of which succeeded. He left his place in disgust, and obtained another post at the Königsberg theatre. There he married an actress,—a good creature, who, without being much to blame, does not seem to have materially increased his happiness, but who decidedly shared the opinion of his friends that the composition of "pot-boilers" was superior to the pursuit of the Ideal. The Ideal, however, haunted Wagner, and—Poverty.

In 1836 he left with Mina for Riga on the shores of the Baltic, and there, as *chef d'orchestre* at the theatre, he really appears to have enjoyed studying the operas of Mehul, Spontini, Auber, and Berlioz; for, whilst suffering what he describes as a dull, gnawing pain at the frequent irrelevance of the sentiment to the music, the nobler correspondences and beautiful inspirations gave him far-off glimpses of that musical drama to which he even now dimly aspired.

In the midst of his routine duties Bulwer's novel, "Rienzi," struck his imagination. There, as on a large and classic stage, was portrayed that eternal revolt of the human spirit against tyranny, routine, selfishness, and corruption, of which the Polish insurrection of 1831 and the Revolution of July were the modern echoes. Rienzi, a tribune of the people, dreaming of the old austere Republic, in the midst of corrupt Papal Rome—a noble heart, a powerful will at war with a brutal and vulgar age, supported; cheered by the enthusiasm of a devoted and patriotic sister—raised by a wave of popularity to the highest summit of human power, then hurled down by the Papal anathema, betrayed by a mean and cowering aristocracy, banished by the mob that had so lately hailed him as a deliverer, and at last falling by a treacherous hand upon the charred and crumbling ashes of his own homestead, the last great tribune of Rome!—here was a subject with immense outlines, full of situations in which the greatest breadth might be joined to the most de-

tailed inflexions of feeling. In it Wagner, whilst not departing avowedly from the form of the grand opera then in vogue at Paris, has in fact burst the boundaries. "Rienzi" is already the work of an independent master—it is at least prophetic of "Lohengrin" and "Tristan," whilst comparing favorably in pure melody and sensational effects with any of the current operas. What rush, triumph, aspiration about the large outlines and tramping measures of the overture—what *élan* and rugged dignity in the choruses—what elevation in Rienzi's prayer, "God of Light!"—what fervor and inexhaustible faith in the phrase, "Thou hast placed me as a pilot on a treacherous and rocky strand"—what imagery, as of vast buildings and ranged towers dimly seen athwart the dull red dawn, in the music of "Scatter the night that reigns above this city," and what chastened exaltation, free from all Italian flourish or ornament, of "Rise, thou blessed sun, and bring with thee resplendent liberty!"

But in 1839, which saw the text and the completion of the two first acts, we are far indeed from the production of "Rienzi;" it struck, however, the keynote of a most important and little-understood phase in Wagner's career—the political phase.

IV.

Wagner had left Magdeburg for Riga, but he soon came to the end of his tether there. A stupid little provincial town was not likely to become then what Wagner has made Bayreuth since—the stage for turning upside down the art-theories of the civilized world. Pushed by what he calls "despair," without money and without friends, but with that settled faith in himself which has made him independent of both until it has won both, the obscure *chef d'orchestre* resolved to go to Paris and storm the Grand Opera, then at the feet of Rossini and that strange, unscrupulous bric-à-brac composer Meyerbeer! The small vessel in which he sailed was blown about the Baltic for three weeks, put into many desolate coast-nooks, and nearly wrecked. After many hardships, shared with the rough and often starving crew, the lonely musician arrived in London (1840), with his head full of Paris and

and *Opéra*, and with "Rienzi" in the pocket bag.

First here he playfully seized the chief *motif* of the English people. It was said, in the five consecutive ascending notes (after the first three) of "Britannia:" there was expressed the whole breadth and downright bluff of the British nation. He threw "Britannia" into an overture, and sent it by post to Sir George Smart, then the most potent musical professor in London; the postage being insufficient, the letter was not taken in, and at this moment was probably lying in some dim archive of the Post Office, "left till called for."

Passing to Dieppe, he met the crafty and clever Meyerbeer, who instantly saw in him one he had to deal with, and probably conceived in a moment that policy and parent support and slow intrigue would make him throughout life Wagner's nearest and bitterest foe.

Wagner passed two terrible years, 1842, in Paris. Meyerbeer had given him introductions, and introduced him to M. Joly, a stage director at Paris, who he knew to be on the point of bankruptcy, and who suspended the rehearsal of the "Novice of Palermo" at that moment. But this was but the first of a series of checks. He wrote an overture to "Faust." His good friend and faithful ally, Schlesinger, editor of the *Gazette Musicale*, got it rehearsed at the Conservatoire. It sounded quite strange and queer to those ears, and was instantly snuffed out.

Wagner submitted a *libretto*, "Love for Love," to a theatrical manager, but it was not a chance, and dropped. Schlesinger now employed him to write, and he wrote articles and novels, and so kept body and soul together. No one would listen to his music, but he was not a musical hack, and was hired for a few francs to arrange Halévy's "Queen of Sheba" for the piano, and the latest of Donizetti and Bellini for piano and orchestra *à piston*.

One night, he stole into the Grand Opéra, and there, as he tells us, felt quite sure that his own works would one day supersede the popular efforts of Rossini and Meyerbeer. He does not seem to have been dejected like a lesser soul; but the French called his *immense* failure, and he was sorry for their want of

appreciation, but never dreamed of altering *his* ideas to suit them. "Je me flattais," says the unpaid musical hack, "d'imposer les miennes." Meanwhile the splendid band of the Conservatoire, under Habeneck, consoled him, and on the Boulevards he often met and chatted with Auber, for whom he had a sincere respect and admiration. Auber was at least a conscientious musician of genius, who knew his business, and did not debase what was at no time a very exalted but still a legitimate branch of his art, the *opéra comique*; and besides, Auber was a *bon camarade*, and liked Wagner, probably without understanding him.

After months of drudgery, and chiefly penny-a-lining for the *Gazette Musicale*, Wagner felt the imperious necessity for a return to his own art. He took a little cottage outside Paris, hired a piano, and shut himself up. He had done for a time, at least, with the mean, frivolous, coarse world of Paris—he did not miss his friends, he did not mind his poverty. He was again on the wild Norwegian coast, beaten about with storms, and listening to the weird tales of mariners, as in broken and abrupt utterances, or with bated breath, they confided to him the legend common in one form or other to seafaring folk in all parts of the world—the legend of the Flying Dutchman. The tale sprang from the lives and adventures of those daring navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and reflects the desperate struggle with the elements, the insatiable thirst for the discovery of new lands athwart unknown seas; and it seems to embody for ever the avenging vision of men who, resolved to win, had so often dared and lost all.

A famous captain, mad to double the Cape of Storms, beaten back again and again, at length swears a mighty oath to persevere throughout eternity. The devil takes him at his word. The captain doubles the Cape, but is doomed to rove the seas for ever from pole to pole,—as the Wandering Jew to tread the earth,—his phantom vessel the terror of all mariners, and the dreadful herald of shipwreck. Here was a legend which needed but one inspired touch of love to make it a grand epitome of seafaring life, with its hard toils, its forlorn hopes, and its tender and ineffably sweet respites. The accursed doom of the Fly-

ing Dutchman can be lifted by human love alone. The captain, driven by an irrepressible longing for rest, must land once in seven years, and if he can find a woman who will promise to be his and remain faithful to him for one term of seven years, his trial will be over—he will be saved.

The legend thus humanized becomes the vehicle for the expression of those intense yet simple feelings and situations which popular myth, according to Wagner, has the property of condensing into universal types. Immense unhappiness, drawn by magnetic attraction to immense love, tried by heartrending doubt and uncertainty, and crowned with fidelity and triumphant love, the whole embodied in a clear, simple story, summed up in a few situations of terrible strength and inexorable truth,—such is Wagner's conception of the drama of the "Flying Dutchman," with its "damnation" motive belonging to the captain, and its "salvation" motive given to the bride—its sailor's subject—its pilot's song—its spinning-wheel home-melody—and its stormy "Ho! e ho!" chorus;—and the whole, shadowed forth in the magic and tempestuous overture, stands out as this composer's first straightforward desertion of history proper, and adoption of myth as the special medium of the new Musical Drama.

Six weeks of ceaseless labor, which to Wagner were weeks of spontaneous and joyful production, sufficed to complete the music of the "Flying Dutchman." The immediate result in Paris was ludicrous. The music was instantly judged to be absurd, and Wagner was forced to sell the *libretto*, which was handed over to a Frenchman, M. P. Fouché, who *could* write music. It appeared with that gentleman's approved setting, under the title of "Le Vaisseau Fantôme."

This was enough! No lower depth could well be reached, and Wagner was preparing to leave Paris to the tender mercies of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and M. P. Fouché, when news reached him from Germany that "Rienzi," flouted in the capital of taste, had been accepted in Berlin and Dresden!

v.

It was the spring of 1842, and it was also the rapid and wondrous turn of the

tide for Wagner. He hurried to Dresden, to find the rehearsals of "Rienzi" already advanced. The opera was produced with that singular burst of enthusiasm which greets the first appreciation of an important but long-neglected truth, and Wagner, having become the favorite of the Crown Prince, was elected Kapellmeister at Dresden, and found himself for the first time famous. Some might now have rested on their laurels, but to Wagner's imperious development "Rienzi" was already a thing of the past. He had drunk of the crystalline waters of popular myth, and was still thirsty. The "Flying Dutchman" had opened up a new world to him, more real because more exhaustive of human feelings and character than the imperfect types and broken episodes of real history. He seemed to stand where the fresh springs of inspiration welled up from a virgin soil; he listened to the child-like voices of primitive peoples, inspired from the simple heart of Nature, and babbling eternal verities without knowing it. Legend was the rough ore—the plastic element he could seize and remould, as Æschylus remoulded Prometheus, or Sophocles Œdipus, adding philosophic analysis and the rich adornments of poetic fancy and artistic form.

The legend of Tannhäuser now engrossed him. The drama was soon conceived and written. There he summed up, in a few glowing scenes, the opposition between that burst of free sensuous life at the Renaissance, and the hard narrow ideal of Papal Christianity. Christ not only crowned with thorns, but turned into stone, is all the answer that Christianity had to give to that stormy impulse which at last poured its long pent-up torrent over Europe. The deep revolt still stares us in the face from the Italian canvases, as we look at the sensuous figures of Raphael or Titian—the free types of fair breathing life, surrounded with the hard aureole of the artificial saint, or limned as in mockery, like the dreams of a pagan world upon the walls of the Vatican.

Tannhäuser, a Thuringian knight, taking refuge with Venus, no longer the beneficent Holda, joy of gods and men, but turned by the excesses of the ascetic spirit into a malign witch, and banished to the bowels of the earth in the

Venusberg—Tannhäuser, with a touch eternally true to nature, bursting the fetters of an unruly sensual life, and sighing for a healthier activity—Tannhäuser seeing for a moment only, in the pure love of Elizabeth, the reconciliation of the senses with the spirit, a reconciliation made for ever impossible by the stupid bigotry of a false form of religion, but which is ultimately sealed and accomplished by love and death in heaven;—this is the human and sublime parable of the drama, wrought out with the fervor of a religious devotee, and epitomized in that prodigious overture wherein the dirge of the Church mingles with the free and impassioned song of the minstrel knight, and clashes wildly with the voluptuous echoes of the fatal Venusberg.

Wagner's progress was now checked by that storm of invective which burst out all over Germany—not on account of "Rienzi," but in consequence of the "Flying Dutchman," and especially of "Tannhäuser." The reason is simple. The power of "Rienzi," the audacity of its sentiment, the simplicity of its outline, and the realism of its *mise en scène*, together with a general respect for the old opera forms, ensured it a hearing which resulted in a real triumph. But in "Tannhäuser" the new path was already struck out, which singers, band, audience, critics, and composers, in a body, refused to tread—in short, *aria*, *recitative*, and *ballet* were dethroned, and suddenly found themselves servants where they had been masters.

In 1843, the "Flying Dutchman" was produced at Dresden, and failed. "Rienzi" was still revived with success. Wagner now sent the "Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser" to various theatres. The former was tried at Berlin in 1844, and failed. Spohr had the intelligence to take it up at Cassel, and wrote a friendly and appreciative letter to Wagner, but the MS. scores were, as a rule, returned by the other theatres, and the new operas seemed to react on the earlier success, for at Hamburgh "Rienzi" failed.

Meanwhile, failure, together with the close sympathy of a few devoted friends, convincing him that he was more right than ever, Wagner now threw himself into the completion of that work which is perhaps on the whole his most perfect,

as it certainly is his most popular creation, "Lohengrin." The superb acting and singing of Mdles. Titiens, Nilsson, and Albani, will be fresh in the minds of many readers. The choruses in England have never yet been up to the mark, but the band under Sir Michael Costa, at its best, renders the wondrous prelude to perfection.

The whole of "Lohengrin" is in that prelude. The descent of the Knight of the Swan from the jasper shrines of the sacred palace of Montsalvat, hidden away in a distant forest land—his holy mission to rescue Elsa from her false accusers—his high and chivalric love—his dignified trouble at being urged by her to reveal his name, that insatiable feminine curiosity which wrecks the whole—the darker scenes of treachery by which Elsa is goaded to press her fatal inquiry—the magnificent climax of the first act—the sense of weird mystery that hangs about the appearance and reappearance of the swan, and the final departure of the glittering Knight of the Sangraal—allegory of heavenly devotion stooping to lift up human love and dashed with earth's bitterness in the attempt;—to those who understand the pathos, delicacy, and full intensity of the "Lohengrin" prelude, this and more will become as vivid as life and emotion can make it. "Lohengrin" in its elevation, alike in its pain, its sacrifice, and its peace, is the necessary reaction from that wreck of sensual passion and religious despair so vividly grasped in the scenes of the Venusberg, in the pilgrim chant and the wayside crucifix of "Tannhäuser."

VI.

"Lohengrin" was finished in 1847, but the political events of the next few years brought Wagner's career in Germany to an abrupt conclusion. His growing dissatisfaction with society coincided, unconsciously no doubt, with the failure of his operas after that first dawn of success. He now devoted himself to criticism and politics. He read Schopenhauer, whose pessimist philosophy did not tend to soothe his perturbed spirit; and during the next ten years, from 1847 to 1857, he spoke to the world from different places of exile in that series of political and æsthetical

pamphlets to which I have before alluded.

In 1855, owing to the earnest advocacy of M. Ferdinand Praeger, who for thirty years, through evil report and good report, has never ceased to support Wagner, the Philharmonic Society invited him over to London, and whilst here he conducted eight concerts. He was not popular: he was surprised to find that the band thought it unnecessary to rehearse, and the band was surprised that he should require so much rehearsal. But he drove the band in spite of itself, and the band hated him. They said he murdered Beethoven with his *bâton*, because of the freedom and inspiration of his readings. Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony had been deliberately crushed,—or it was the only thing that went,—according to which paper you happened to read. He did not care for the press, and he was not much surprised that the press did not care for him. The unfailing musical intelligence of the Queen and Prince Albert was the one ray of sunlight in this his second visit to our inhospitable land, but the power of the man could not be hid even from his enemies; his culture astonished the half-educated musicians by whom he was surrounded, his brilliant originality impressed even his own friends, who saw him struggling through an imperfect acquaintance with French and English to make himself understood.

Thus Wagner passed through England for a second time, leaving behind him a vague impression of power and eccentricity, the first of which the musical press did its best to kill, whilst fanning the second into a devouring flame, which swallowed up Wagner's reputation. Notwithstanding Praeger's exertions, twenty-one years flitted by, and little enough was heard of Richard Wagner in this country until, owing to the increasing agitation of a younger school of musicians, foremost among whom we must name Mr. Edward Dannreuther and Mr. Walter Bache, the "Flying Dutchman" was at last indifferently produced at Covent Garden.

In 1874 Herr Hans von Bülow, pupil of Liszt and great exponent of Wagner's music, came over, and by his wonderful playing, aided steadily by the periodical Wagnerian and Liszt concerts given by

Messrs. Dannreuther and Bache, brought about the rise of the new Wagner movement in England, which received its development in the interest occasioned by the Bayreuth Festival, and reached its climax in the Wagner Festival actively promoted by Herr Wilhelmj, and undertaken by Messrs. Hodges and Essex, in 1877, at the Albert Hall.

I have anticipated a little, because space obliges me to draw briefly to the close of this sketch. Mina, Wagner's first wife, was now dead. I cannot here tell at length how Liszt (whose daughter, Cosima von Bülow, became Wagner's second wife in 1870) labored with untiring zeal to revive Wagner's works, and how his efforts were at last crowned with success all over Germany in 1849-50. It was a popular triumph. I remember old Cipriani Potter, the friend of Beethoven, saying to me at the time when the English papers teemed with the usual twaddle about Wagner's music being intelligible only to the few, "It is all very well to talk this stuff here, but in Germany it is the people, the common people, who crowd to the theatre when 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin' are given." I have noticed the same at the Covent Garden concerts; it was always the pit and gallery who called for the Wagner nights, whilst the opera which had the great run with Carl Rosa's English Company was the "Flying Dutchman," and "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" at both the other houses were invariably the crowded nights.

In 1861 the Parisians showed their taste and *chic* by whistling "Tannhäuser" off the stage.

In 1863 Wagner appeared at Vienna, Prague, Leipsic, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Pesth, and conducted concerts with brilliant success. In 1864 his constant friend, the Crown Prince, now Ludwig II. of Bavaria, summoned him to Munich, where the new operas of "Tristan" in 1865, and "Meistersinger" in 1868, "Das Rheingold" in 1869, and "Die Walküre" in 1870, were successively given with ever-increasing appreciation and applause.

The "Meistersinger," through which there runs a strongly comic vein, deals with the contrast between the old stiff forms of minstrelsy by rule and the spontaneous revolt of a free, musical,

and poetical genius, and the work *forms* a humorous and almost Shaksperian *pendant* to the great and solemn minstrelsy which fills the centre of *Tannhäuser*. In Wagner's opinion it is the opera most likely to find favor with an English audience, a point which we hope an English audience may soon determine for itself.

"*Tristan and Iseult*," in which the drama and analysis of passion—love and death—is wrought up to its highest pitch, was thrown off between the two first and two last great sections of the *Tetralogie*, and the *Tetralogie*, itself planned twenty years ago and produced at Bayreuth in 1876, stands at present as the last most daring and complete manifestation of Wagner's dramatic, poetic, and musical genius.

The purpose and power of that great cycle of Scandinavian and German myths, unrolled in the four colossal dramas of "*Rheingold*," "*Walküre*," "*Siegfried*," and "*Götterdämmerung*," would carry me far beyond the limits of this article. Fragments only of the music can be presented in the concert-room, and these, bereft of the sister arts, must necessarily lose much of their effect. But after studying well the written drama, we may close our eyes and allow some of the Bayreuth scenes to flash once more before the mind's eye.

The elemental prelude of the "*Rheingold*," full of deep and slumbrous sound, wafts us away from all account of time and space. The dim grey-green depths of the Rhine alone become visible. We are aware of the deep moving of the Rhine water, and the three Undines are seen like faint shadows, swimming and singing, guardians of the *Rheingold*. The dark King of the Undergrounds comes climbing after them amongst the rocks, but he is scarcely visible in the gloom. Presently the *Rheingold* begins to brighten. A shaft of radiance strikes through the water—the Undines scream with joy; then through the whole depths of the Rhine streams an electric light, shining upon a distant rock, dimmed to softest yellow only by the water, and the famous "*Rheingold! Rheingold!*" wild cry of the Rhine daughters, breaks forth with the golden illumination of the Rhine depths.

Or let the curtain rise on the last fare-

well duet between Brünnhild and the god Wotan. To long drawn-out enchanting melody Brünnhild's head sinks on her father's breast—she can but sob that she has loved him dutifully, and implore him if she is to become a mortal's bride to surround her rock with fire, and bar her from all but the bravest. It is now almost dark, a faint red light lingers on the supple yet lordly form of Brünnhild. A strange languor comes over her—the god lays her gently on the rock—and waves her into her long sleep. Then he calls for the fire-god—and as he lifts his spear a burst of fire breaks out and runs round the stage—in another moment the whole background is an immense wall of rose-colored flame. To the most enchanting and dreamlike music of silver bells, harps, and flutes, the sleep of the Walküre begins—the god scales the rocks, stands for a moment in the midst of the fire, then passes through it out of sight as the curtain falls.

But, indeed, it is hard to select. The exquisite scene where Siegfried listens to the birds in the golden summer woods, and understands their language, the wild mountain rocks, and the war maidens rushing through the clouds, alighting and shouting to each other from peak to peak, or the passage of the gods over the rainbow-bridge into the halls of *Walhalla*, or, lastly, the death of Siegfried and the dusk of the gods;—the Albert Hall Festival will revive gleams of all these.

Long will that prodigious last scene of the "*Götterdämmerung*" linger in the memory of those who saw it at Bayreuth. Brünnhild draws the gold ring of the *Rheingold*—the cause of such grief and manifold pain—from her finger, and flings it back into the Rhine from whence it was stolen. Her black Walküre horse has been brought to her; she waves high a flaming torch, and casts it upon the bier of Siegfried. The flames rise in vast fiery columns. At that moment, in the lurid glow of the flaming pyre, the water, still flashing with moonlight behind, begins to surge up and advance upon the shore; and the Rhine daughters, singing the wildest Rhine music, are seen floating to and fro. Beyond, a ruddy light broadens until the distant sky discloses the courts of the *Walhalla*.

in flames. With a crash like thunder, in the foreground the house of Hagen falls, and whilst the mighty conflagration flares up in the distance, the Rhine overflows to rushing music and submerges the whole stage. With this scene of unequalled dramatic splendor ends the im-

mense dramatic cycle of the "Niebelungen Ring," and, quite apart from the music, we may well be impressed with the poetical genius which has welded all these strange elements of Scandinavian and Germanic myth into such a whole.—*Contemporary Review*.

JAPANESE MINIATURE ODES.

THERE are, probably, few nations that do not point to their poetical literature as their chiefest glory. In England, in Germany, in Italy, in Greece, the national poets are by their countrymen awarded the palm over the great prose writers, while even in France itself, where, to an outsider, the distance between a Pascal and a Racine, between Voltaire as author of *Mahomet* and the *Henriade* and Voltaire as author of the *Siècle de Louis XIV.* appears like a yawning chasm, the compatriots of those writers are very loth to allow so trenchant a judgment, and would often seem, indeed, entirely reversing it, to point to the laurels of a Racine, a Corneille, and even a Boileau as the chief national title to imperishable renown.

In Japan, however, this rule does not hold. There the prose and the poetry of the classic age take equal rank in the popular appreciation, and, indeed, in countless cases it is the same men and the same women that have attained to equal celebrity both as prosaists and as poets. The foreign critic will feel disposed to re-echo this impartial judgment; for it will strike him forcibly, on perusing the classic literature of Japan, that the same faults and the same excellencies stamp all its productions (except, perhaps, the very earliest) — the same insinuating graces of style, the same love of nature, the same pathetic, and, to us Westerns, modern-seeming, tenderness, the same harping upon a few ideas, and the same absence of philosophic depth. Few tasks, indeed, could be more difficult than to have to draw any code of morals, any approach to a system of metaphysics from the writings of the poets of Japan—an admission which will appear to many Western readers to be the acknowledgment of a grave deficiency, while others, perhaps, who, in this utilitarian age, would welcome a beauti-

ful thing all the more warmly for its being useless, may be weak-minded enough to feel a certain satisfaction on learning that there is at least one literature wholly governed by the precept that delight — not instruction — should be poetry's end and aim, and that the poet's mission is fully accomplished if he leaves our minds dazzled with the graceful flights of his imagination, and our ears ringing with the most harmonious cadences. It is not, however, pretended that the great family likeness running all through the productions of the Japanese classic age, and which is but a natural result of a concentration and unity of national life almost unparalleled in the history of any other land, amounts to an absolute identity of characteristics in their various branches; nor can it be here attempted to discuss in detail the features of a whole literature. Not even an appreciation of the poetry as a whole comes within the scope of this paper. But, leaving aside the religious songs and the longer odes of the earliest ages, as well as the lyric drama of a somewhat later period, we must content ourselves with a few criticisms and illustrations of the thirty-one syllable stanzas, so well known to every student of Japanese literature under the name of "Shorter Odes," and which have not only, from the 9th century downwards, been by far the most popular form of poetical composition, both with writers and readers among the natives themselves, but are also, in the opinion of those outsiders, best qualified to pronounce on such a subject, the most characteristic of all the productions of the Japanese muse.

A poem complete in thirty-one syllables! Strangely as such an idea may strike a European, the notion of an epic in a dozen cantos would seem to these Easterns to the full as strange, and vastly more appalling; for in no other quarter

the globe does the doctrine that "the soul of wit" find so votaries. A prosody which knows nothing of either rhyme or assonance, alliteration, parallelism, quantity or accentual stress, may likewise appear a prosody in terms. What then, in fact, constitutes the difference between prose and verse, if all these distinguishing characteristics be missing? Well; in order that a proposition may be rhythmical, the order of which it is composed must be arranged as to fall into lines of either five or seven syllables, which lines must connect one another in a certain order; that order, in the thirty-one syllable line, is 5, 7, 5, 7, 7. Also many inversions unknown in prose are permitted; and upon words and a peculiar kind of phrases called "pillow-words," are insisted for the sake of grace and melody, and, above all, no barbarous or coarse expression must ever cross the poet's threshold. So much for the outer form touching which, indeed, if all its intricacies were to be noticed, a sufficiently voluminous treatise might be written by any English scholar who did not pause to ask himself whether it would be ever read.

What will be of wider interest is the contents of these miniature poems. The contents are various, it need only be said; for the ponderous tomes of the *Collection of a Myriad Leaves*, the many-titled collections some-classed together as the *Poetical Collections of the Twenty-one Reigns*, and of the other collections and selections which still continue to grow year by year even under the government of his most gracious Majesty, when so much that had appeared to be ineradicably rooted in the national affection is seen to be blown to the winds and become "as chaff when one awaketh"—all these hundreds and hundreds of volumes of thirty-one syllable odes cannot but treat of the multiplicity of subjects. In most of the collections, indeed, the poems are early classified under various heads: Spring, wherein the odes on the sweet flowers of that delightful season succeed each other in the order in which such flowers bloom—first the plum-blossom, and then the cherry, the most precious of all flowers; after that, in early summer, the wisteria, accompanied by the cuckoo, which, on the first

day of the fourth moon, takes the place left vacant by the nightingale on the preceding evening (the last evening of spring); and so on, down to the end of winter. Next comes incipient love, followed by all the other phases of the tender passion—and a large and important division this is—while elegies, travelling odes, acrostics, and odes congratulatory and miscellaneous bring up the rear. Such is, in brief, the order followed in the *Collection of Odes Ancient and Modern*, published A.D. 905, by command of the Mikado Daigo, and from which, as the most celebrated of the *Poetical Collections of the Twenty-one Reigns*, the majority of our illustrations will be drawn.

Of all the excellencies of the ancient Japanese poets, none can have a greater charm for the modern English reader than their passionate love of nature, and their tender interpretation of her mysteries—qualities which are inherited by their otherwise strictly practical descendants at the present day. Take, for instance, the following stanza:—

Softly the dew upon my forehead light :—
From off the oars, perchance, as feather'd
spray,
They fall, while some fair junk bends on her
way
Across the Heav'nly Stream on starlit night.

The "Heavenly Stream" is the Japanese name for that which we call the Milky Way.

Or, again, listen to the following,—one of the odes on the snow:—

When from the skies that wintry gloom
enshrouds
The blossoms fall and flutter round my head,
Methinks the spring e'en now his light must
shed
O'er heav'nly lands that lie beyond the clouds.

The flowers to which the snow is here compared are those of the splendid double cherry-tree, the king of trees, whose praises these far Eastern bards are never tired of singing. One of the most celebrated of them, Narihira, even goes so far, by an extreme of rapture, as almost to curse these two lovely flowers. He exclaims:—

If earth but ceased to offer to my sight
The beauteous cherry-trees when flowering,
Ah! then, indeed, with peaceful, pure delight
Mine heart might revel in the joys of spring!

Rather far-fetched, perhaps. But then

we should remember that to one nation alone, in all the annals of literature, was it given to know exactly the limits of true taste; and that if the Japanese sometimes sin against Greek ideas of moderation, we later Europeans could scarcely venture to throw at them the first stone. Possibly, too, a tendency to exaggeration was, in Narihira's case, but a family failing. At least, we find a half-brother of his—also a grandee of the then Mikado's court—giving vent to very ridiculous sentiments at the aspect of a celebrated cascade. He says:

The roaring torrent scatters far and near
Its silv'ry drops. Oh! let me pick them up.
For when of grief I drain some day the cup,
Each will do service as a bitter tear!

From this to avowed caricature is but a step; and the poet Tadaminé is himself laughing when he writes of another waterfall:

Long years, methinks, of sorrow and of care
Must have pass'd over the old fountain-head
Of the cascade; for like a silv'ry thread
It rolls adown, nor shows one jet-black hair!

It would be impossible to accuse the Japanese of want of imagination when we find them capable of so bold an idea as is contained in the following "miniature ode" on the wild geese:

What junk, impell'd by autumn's fresh'ning
gale,
Comes speeding t'ward me? 'Tis the wild
geese driv'n
Across the fathomless expanse of heav'n,
And lifting up their voices for a sail.

Yet it is certain that some of the most powerful aids to imagination are wanting among them; and of one of these aids in particular, the use of impersonation—which to us Europeans is naturally suggested by the genders of nouns either in our own or in kindred and well-known tongues—the Japanese are almost entirely deprived by the very different nature of their language, which does not so much as possess words answering to our "he" and "she" to distinguish a man from a woman. Death with his sickle, or Flora leading back the May, would appear to these simple-minded Orientals as queer and far-fetched a notion as would that of stationing upon bridges, and in other public places, big statues of scantily-dressed females supposed to represent Commerce and Agriculture, or Philosophy and Religion, or some such other abstract ideas. It would probably

be hard to get them at all to understand what was meant, and when they did at last understand, they would most assuredly burst out laughing. Indeed, in the whole course of his Japanese reading, the present writer does not remember to have met with more than one clear instance of impersonation. It occurs in a stanza on Old Age, which, though seemingly intended to be joking, may perhaps be thought to have in it a certain touch of pathos:

Old Age is not a friend I wish to meet;
And if some day to see me he should come,
I'd lock the door as he walk'd up the street,
And cry: "Most honor'd Sir, I'm not at home!"

To conclude, from the last few stanzas quoted, that the poets of Japan are much given to the comic, were to conclude wrongly. They are almost always serious,—too monstrously serious, perhaps, for European taste; and as for the commentators, *they* are hopelessly serious, insisting on discovering allusions where there are none, and meanings that were never meant. We read, for example, the following stanza:

With roseate hues that pierce the autumnal
haze,
The spreading dawn lights up Akashi's shore!
But the fair ship, alas! is seen no more,
An island veils it from my loving gaze;

and, as we read, the explanation that suggests itself to our untutored minds is, that the tiny ode means just what it says, and that the poet, apparently putting the words into the mouth of some high-born damsel of the Mikado's court, simply intends to represent her as watching with tender eyes the departing junk that bears her lover from her side. But no! the writings of so celebrated and so ancient a person as the author of the ode are not to be treated in this off-hand manner. All kinds of mystical interpretations are suggested: (as that, for instance, the reference is to the frank innocence of childhood, which all too soon disappears behind the rocky islands and makes shipwreck on the sands of life. Of one commentator it is reported that he pondered constantly on this stanza during the space of three years, and was at last rewarded by an insight into its secret intention. Unfortunately the outcome of his meditations has not been handed down to us.

the elegy is, of all the forms of poetry in which the Japanese may most be said to excel, even when—by a language which would jar on European ears but which, in their so differently tutored language, is extremely graceful and even pathetic—they introduce upon words into the midst of the serious thoughts. The poet Yuki thus laments the death of a friend, who, like himself, belonged to a bright galaxy that shone in the sky of Kiyoto at a time when almost the world was sunk in dark and hopeless barbarism:

Our life, perchance to-morrow's sun
Never rise for me. Ah! well-a-day!
Lasts the twilight of the sad to-day,
Fare thee, O thou beloved one!

Point which should never be forgotten is, that almost all the classical literature of Japan was written by and for a small circle of lords and ladies, emperors and princesses, at the Imperial Court.

For if, without entering into speculations on the reason of so strange a phenomenon—less strange to one who has adopted the theory of an original difference of race between the nobles and the plebeians of Japan—if we keep this in mind, we shall have a key to the interpretation of most of the characteristics of a highly peculiar literature. It is, indeed, if not in the ante-chamber of a court, should verbal harmony and the softer graces of style be pursued to a degree showing that manner rather than matter is held to be the one needful to poet and prosaist alike? What other circumstances should be more likely to find piquancy take place of profundity, and sentiment place of passion? For the high-poets who passed from one vice to another, and for the poetesses in damask and brocade, spent their time amid the magnificence of the palace—the “Son of Heaven,” few circumstances could arise which might have made them able to fathom the depths of the human heart or have brought them face to face with those problems that must suggest themselves to such as, conscious of right in themselves, yet have to fight a unequal battle with all the evil powers of the world. The, in Japan, all but derating influence of women was

also thrown into the scale; at least it may, we trust (even in our days, when this has become rather a delicate subject), be permitted us to hold that female writers are more likely to abound in subtle graces than in vigor and in philosophic depth.

Here are a few more miscellaneous examples of “miniature odes:”

REPROACH ADDRESSED TO THE NIGHTINGALES.

Whom would your cries, with artful calumny,
Accuse of scatt'ring the pale cherry-flow'rs?
'Tis your own pinions flitting through these
bow'rs
That raise the gust which makes them fall
and die!

UNREQUITED LOVE.

A youth once loved me, and his love I
spurned.
But see the vengeance of the powers above
On cold indiff'rence: now 'tis I that love,
And my young love, alas! is not return'd.

LOVE.

Now hid from sight are great Mount Fusi's
fires.
Mount Fusi, said I? 'Tis myself I mean!
For the word *Fusi* signifies, I ween,
Few see the constant flame of my desires.*

THE LOTUS.

O lotus-leaf! I dreamt that the wide earth
Held nought more pure than thou, held
nought more true.
Why, then, when on thee rolls a drop of dew,
Pretend that 'tis a gem of priceless worth?

Of the Buddhist bishop Henjō, writer of the above stanza, the justly celebrated author of the preface to the *Collection of Odes Ancient and Modern*, says: “The bishop was a skilful versifier, but in real feeling he was lacking: I might liken him to one that should conceive an artificial passion for the mere painted semblance of a maiden.” Of the already quoted poet Narihira, it is said in the same place: “His stanzas are so pregnant with meaning, that the words suffice not to express it. He is like a closed flower that hath lost her color, but whose fragrance yet remaineth.” Here is another sample of his obscure style:—

E'en when on earth the thundering gods held
sway
Was such a sight beheld? Calm Tats'ta's
flood,
Stain'd, as by China's art, with hues of blood,
Rolls o'er the peaceful moors and fields away.

* This stanza is necessarily rather an imitation of the original than a translation of it.

The allusion is to the crimson and scarlet of the autumn maples.

But we must not go on quoting for ever—if, indeed, quoting it can be called, where, in the place of the originals which the translator so much delights in reading, those he writes for are reduced to reading the translator. A few words in conclusion. If a moral, a lesson must perforce be drawn from the works of the classic poets of Japan, it might, perhaps, be formulated in three simple words: "Life is brief." Life is brief. Let us make the best of it; for we know not what comes after, nor if anything comes after. Let us pluck the flowers of spring before they fade; let us hark to the note of the cuckoo, as, in the reddening summer dawn, his shadow flits for an instant across the face of the sinking moon; let us love; let us be merry—not wildly or grossly, like the fool of Scripture, but with all comeliness and grace, as befits high-born and cultivated men and maidens. From those that are dominated by such an ever-present idea—albeit that it is less often proclaimed than understood—sadness cannot long be absent: hence the power of their elegies, and the tender grace of their conception of nature. For, be it observed, in ages of faith natural beauties are but little understood or appreciated. How, indeed, can they be greatly valued by men who look upon them as snares and hindrances, turning away the soul from the contemplation of higher and worthier objects? and the remark that it is only in these latter days of lukewarm conviction that we Europeans have really begun to enter into the meaning of outward nature is a trite one. Love nature, love life and enjoy it, would seem to be the burden of the songs of the poets of Japan; but yet they never can forget how soon the life to which they so greatly hold will end, how soon the natural beauties they so dearly prize will—for each one, at least—pass hopelessly away. One of the poets of the eighth century has expressed this in a more direct, as well as in a more graceful manner than any of his compeers. Writing, as he did, just before the time when the "shorter odes" of which we have been treating became almost the sole recognised form of poetical composition, his poem, which is a much longer one, does not strictly belong to the sub-

ject of this paper. But it so exactly reproduces that idea which may be called the fundamental idea of Japanese poetry, that we think our readers will not quarrel with us for quoting it. There is a short prose superscription which runs thus:—

Easy to accumulate and hard to avoid are the eight greater tribulations. Hard to obtain and easy to exhaust are the joys of an hundred years. What the ancients deplored, I too have now reason to lament, and have therefore composed this ode to give vent to my grief at the turning grey of my hairs:—

ODE ON THE UNSATISFACTORINESS OF LIFE.

Proem.

'Twere idle to complain,
Or think to stem unvarying nature's course,
And backward to its source
Turn the swift torrent of the years again,
That, with resistless force,
Rolls down with age and sorrow in its train.

Strophe.

Lo! where the virgin choirs are playing,
As tender virgins may befit,
When, hand in hand, they go a-maying,
And through the merry dance they flit:
Bracelets of gems and gold
Around their arms are roll'd;
And, lightly, sleeve in sleeve entwin'd,
What time the tender virgins go a-maying,
Their crimson robes all carelessly are swaying
As breathes the listless wind.
But eager time cannot be staying:
Their beauty loses its delight;
Already through their locks come straying
Pale threads of silv'ry white;
Already do the wrinkles furrow
The features erst so blithe and gay,
And fades the smile which seem'd
To borrow
The sweetness of the flowers of May—
Such is, alas! dread time's inevitable sway!

Antistrophe.

Behold the martial youth advancing,
As martial youth may well beseem,
In coat of mail, with sabre glancing,
And arrows that as hoar-frost gleam!
There, on the grassy mead,
Over his chestnut steed
He flings a cloth of leopard-hide,
And to the castle hies him gaily prancing,
Where dwells a lovely maiden soul entrancing,—
His own, his own sweet bride;
Then gently knocks, and, round his
glancing,
Throws back the door, and clasps
her tight
And she, too, clasps his hands, enhancing
The rapture of that night.
Vain fleeting dream! With none to guide
him,

See him now leaning on his staff,
 is sole support, where all avoid him
 Or greet him with a scornful laugh :
 s the old man's end—a butt for idle
 scoff!

Epode.

Cease, then, to wish ; cease to complain :
 What's past is past, and comes not back again.

Cornhill Magazine.

CAP—A NEW ENGLAND DOG.

BY T. K. WILLIAMS, OF PORTLAND, ME.

P was the usual name of Captain ;
 vner being a large Newfoundland
 ust crossed with the stag-hound,
 ig him the handsomest animal I
 saw, standing very tall, with ele-
 / curved neck and long silky ears
 ne could pull down and meet un-
 is chin. His whole head was a
 er of dog beauty, with long nose
 rondrously expressive eyes, which
 ed or cried with you, always sym-
 ing whatever your mood might be ;
 for a romp, or to come and press
 ose through your arm, looking up
 almost crying eyes, seeming to wish
 ow his sorrow at your grief. He
 reat tact, greater than many human
 is, never obtruding his sympathy ;
 ing quietly down, his nose between
 ws, he would watch every chang-
 xpression of face, till the time came
 he thought he could offer tangible
 athy ; then he would get up and
 to you, seeming to wish, by show-
 is own excessive love, to make
 ds for any shortcomings on the part
 e world. And in return, having
 his all, he wished the same, and
 not put up with any division of
 ion with any other animal, scarcely
 a human being ; and his intelligence
 his jealousy in gaining the point.
 ways accompanied my father to the
 which was at the head of a *very*
 light of stairs, and there spent most
 : day, amusing himself indifferently
 ooking out of the window and with
 eople coming to and from the office.
 warm day, the door being open, and
 much bored and put to it as to
 o spend his time, he spied a black
 an dog which belonged across the
 ; acting on the impulse, he went
 and invited him up ; which
 gement was very pleasing and sat-
 ury till, in the course of their play,
 black and Tan jumped into a chair
 e my father, who, attracted by the
 thing, put out his hand and caressed

him. Captain was very angry, and
 almost flew at the dog, then thought
 better of it, and bided his time. When
 Black and Tan got down, Cap was un-
 usually amiable and frisky, playing with
 him round and round, always a little
 nearer and nearer the door, till, at
 the head of the stairs, he gave one
 great shove, and sent him flying to
 the bottom. And never was that little
 dog allowed over those stairs again.
 When he saw him coming, or when he
 himself wished for a play, he would go
 down and play in the hall below, or in
 the street, thus keeping full possession
 of his own domain.

He had a remarkable memory, recog-
 nizing friends by face or voice, though
 perhaps for a year or two absent, and
 would run, wagging body and tail
 equally, to meet them. But this was not
 so astonishing as his memory for things.
 Like all Newfoundlands he was passion-
 ately fond of bathing, and had a certain
 stick which he always carried to the
 water, and on returning put in a partic-
 ular place in our back yard ; for, mind
 you, he had a bump for order. He put
 it away for the last time in October, the
 water being too cold to bathe later :
 snow came soon after, covering it up for
 months ; and it was late in May before
 it was warm enough to swim again. My
 father said, " Cap ! would you like to go
 to the water ? " Hy jumped up, said
 " Yes " in his way, ran to the door, round
 the house, over the fence, had the stick
 and back again, panting with excite-
 ment. Some one coming just then, my
 father had to say, " Not to-day, Cap, to-
 morrow : " slowly and lingeringly he
 walked back and deposited the stick.
 The next morning, however, on coming
 down, Cap was at the door, stick in
 mouth, apparently having perfectly un-
 derstood the cause of delay, and deter-
 mined to be in season to have no inter-
 ruptions this time. Of course he was
 taken to the water immediately and had

a grand bath: singularly this was the only occasion he was ever known to take his stick from its place without a particular invitation. Certainly he understood.

And he read character to a marvel, measuring each member of the household, understanding what he could, and what he could not, do with each. With those who could master him, he never held out uselessly, but yielded with a peculiar grace, quite his own; with those who could not, why he mastered them! Not overbearingly, but impudently; and when requested by them to do anything disagreeable to him, would wag his tail as much as to say, "I'm not in a mind to, and I know you won't make me."

They even laughed and said he understood the politics of the family, and from his amusing aversion to negroes one would suppose so, as he could never abide the sight of that African race. One night a colored man being sent to the house with some ice-cream, shrieks and a general sound of rumpus brought us all to the kitchen, where Cap had half torn the clothes off the man, who, with rolling whites, now stood petrified and livid with fright; Cap making fresh plunges, carrying off pieces of clothing each time. Indeed, it was almost impossible to take the dog off, so inveterate was his hatred. The servants, on being questioned, said the man had done nothing. But never did he see one of this race, even in the street, without hot pursuit.

This was in the war time, when Fort Warren was hung over our heads—so much for his pluck and party principles!

Beggars he looked on with a suspicious eye, and always watched closely, but never molested.

Little dogs were treated by him with contempt—not noticing their presence, or even insults, at first; but if too persistent and intolerable, he would give them a sound shaking, and throwing them over, would look off into space—quite unconscious—an expression inimitable, I assure you. In general he did not affect dog company; carrying himself with a grand air and great dignity, he would look at them and pass on. Perhaps a sense of superior intelligence caused this *hauteur*, more probably family pride; for mark you, Cap was nephew to the Prince of Wales's dog, the

Prince, while in this country, having had the finest specimen of a Newfoundland in the provinces presented to him. Whatever evolutions of thought Cap may have had, the fact is the same.

When a child, I had a severe typhoid fever, and every morning Cap was sent with a note tied to his collar with tidings of my welfare to my grandmother. Nothing could distract him on such an errand; but, when arrived at the house, he would go straight and lay his head in her lap till the note was untied. Then, considering his duty done he would go to the kitchen, be fed, and inspect the dinner—to which he always returned, if to his mind; but if it was to be of poultry, or game of any kind, they saw him no more that day. My father bought Cap when a pup for us children to play with, and great fun we had. As we grew older he came into the house with us, our constant companion, my own especial friend and confidant. I told him everything, and he never peached. Thus constantly with us, and talked to, he learned to understand all that was said, whether directly addressed to him or not; and the following story is strictly true, incredible as it may seem.

My father and mother were reading, and one of them, noticing an article about water standing in a room overnight absorbing impure gases, and being unhealthy to drink, read it aloud, and remarked, "If that's the case, we must be sure and see that Cap's water is changed every morning." He had water always in mother's dressing-room, where he went and drank when he liked. Cap lay on the floor, apparently unobservant. The next day he went to a member of the family and asked for water; he had a peculiar way of asking for different things, so that those who knew him could tell his wants. She went to the dressing-room, and there was plenty of water. Cap looked at it, languidly tasted, and then looked up, thinking something must be the matter; it was turned away, and fresh water given him, which he drank. The next day the same thing occurred, and the next after, so as to be remarked, and an explanation asked, when the foregoing conversation was recalled; and never till the day of his death, three years later, did he touch a drop of water without having first seen it poured freshly

out, though never before had he thought of objecting.

Captain slept in the house at night, on the broad flat landing where the stairs turned, thus having full view and command of everything; the doors were all left open, and every morning at about five he would go and put his nose in my father's hand and wake him up, apparently to tell him the night was safely past; being patted, and "All right Cap" said, he would go down, having completed his vigil, to await the first appearance of a servant, to let him out for his morning walk, which was usually short. Just before going to bed he also took a walk, which was not so sure to be short, if the night was pleasant—unless requested to return soon; he would then come back almost immediately. Whenever my father went away, he would lie at the foot of my mother's bed, realising there was a change, and that she needed protection.

He was essentially companionable, and could not tolerate being left alone,—not that I think he had sins to think of that made him unhappy, but he loved company, and would follow me miles on a walk; and it was on one of these walks, when I was older and alas! he too, that his first signs of advancing age showed themselves. The day was very warm, and Cap accompanied me to take a lesson some distance out of town. During the lesson he asked for water, which when brought he could scarcely reach, his hind legs being almost powerless. His endeavors to walk were ~~most~~ agonizing; he looking to me uncomprehending the cause, and asking for help. After a while he was better, and I started to walk home with him, there being no carriage or other conveyance obtainable in the place. We had gone but a short distance when Cap again wanted water, and I stopped at the country grocery store to get some. They brought it from the back of the store, but he could not drink, and lay down quite overcome. My own misery was intense, for I thought him dying. There was the usual gathering of a corner store, who all tried to console me with accounts of their dogs. One voluble Yankee told of his. "The little black one with white spots, you knowed him, you know!" I suppose I looked a little blank, for he said: "Any-

how, Jim did!" turning to the store-keeper for corroboration. "Wall, he got a-foul a toad one day, and was just so. He'll come out on it all right." Every one stopped who passed, till quite a crowd collected, each one with his own theory. In time a teamster with his dray loaded with lumber was passing, whom I hailed, told the necessities of the case, and he consented to unload his timber by the side of the road and take Cap home. The timber being taken off and Captain put in its place, the teamster started. Cap began to try to wriggle himself off the dray, not liking the distance between him and me on the side walk. He would have infallibly fallen off between the wheels, so the man stopped—it was no go. I then got on and he made no further objection, so we journeyed into town, I holding an umbrella over his head, little thinking of the figure I cut!

When arrived at home, the veterinary surgeon was called, but not being able to attend immediately, father thinking Cap poisoned, applied all sorts of known antidotes. Among others, oil was poured down his throat, and in the resistance he bit my father—not viciously, but naturally, for who does not remember the days when some one held our noses, and another some one poured the detested castor oil down, and what vigorous remonstrances we made? When the surgeon came, he pronounced it a slight attack of paralysis, and we knew we should not have Cap much longer. He recovered though, and went about for a time as usual.

The garden was a delight to him, filled with fruit and flowers. One would think he really had a sense of the beautiful to see him stop at a rose bush and contemplate it. Indeed he did his best to keep things in order by not running across lots, but always in the paths with the utmost propriety. Fruit of all kinds he liked, especially gooseberries, which he picked for himself with great care, holding up his lips and turning his head under the branch, then carefully pulling them off one by one. But if any one was in the garden, not he! That must be done for him. He would follow me from bush to bush, and if by chance I was more greedy than he thought proper, would get up, nudge me, and lie down again, remind-

ing me of his presence, and that he must have his share.

In January of 1872 one evening Cap had gone for his walk; my sister passing through the hall heard a faint rap, and going to the door, Cap came in and up stairs. Noticing something strange in his walk, she called father, who came out of the library and spoke. Cap hearing his voice, ran to the stairs, and on attempting to descend fell headlong, and only stopped at the landing. We all

knew what was the matter. Going up stairs my father put his arms under him, I behind, and we brought him down. There he lay, and could not bear to have us leave him, growing worse all the time, but responding to our caresses by a wag of the tail—less and less—till the very last, when only an inch moved; the rest of the body being quite stiff and rigid, and as the day left us, so did Captain.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

DRESDEN CHINA AND ITS MANUFACTORY AT MEISSEN, SAXONY.

To most people the very name of "Dresden china" has a magical charm; and though "old Dresden" is supposed by some people to be priceless and the thing to have, while "modern Dresden" is held to be of small account, we confess we were delighted to find that the manufactory at Meissen, where all Dresden china is made, was only one hour by rail from Dresden, where we were; that it was the easiest thing in the world to go and see it; and that an enthusiastic German friend—a connoisseur in china—was not only willing but charmed to accompany us.

The town of Meissen is a quaint, but not very interesting, old town built on a hill, with a castle and cathedral joined together at its summit; and as the train arrived at Meissen at twelve, and we were advised to be at the manufactory at two (when the workmen resume work after dinner), we spent the intervening time, first in eating a very indifferent and greasy luncheon under the shade of some oleanders in front of the best hotel, and then, in climbing an exceedingly steep street, and in going to the cathedral and castle.

Both buildings are extremely plain, and have no pretensions of any kind to their names. The castle, dark and old, with endless storeys and innumerable windows, gained a certain liveliness of appearance from being used as a barrack; and as the day was hot, every window was filled with lounging, smoking, little Saxon soldiers evidently enjoying themselves.

The cathedral consists of one aisle; its one picture was being "restored;" but on either side of the altar were some

very coarsely painted plaster figures representing Saxon sovereigns, with gilt crowns, and what, it must be confessed, appeared to us a very diabolical grin on their red faces.

We asked for the recess where the flames of purgatory are said to be heard, and putting in our heads we heard a peculiar and melancholy noise, made by the wind. One could quite understand a little imagination and ignorance converting this sound into the roaring of flames. Our guide said, very gravely, that when the wind was high the noise was "truly terrifying."

From the platform outside, the view is very extensive and pretty, with the Elbe winding along as far as the eye could see; in one direction the blue hills of Saxon Switzerland broke the line of the horizon, and the flat and uninteresting country between Meissen and Dresden gained all that enchantment which distance is supposed to lend.

Two o'clock found us in a suburb of Meissen, and in front of the large and substantial building which is the manufactory, and which looks much more like an overgrown German country-house. There is a great deal of building behind it, and it covers altogether a large space of ground.

On entering we went into the huge show-rooms down-stairs to wait for the guide, for whose services we each paid one mark (about one shilling).

These rooms contained an enormous amount of china of every description. From floor to ceiling, shelves, tables, and wide counters (not to speak of the floor itself) were loaded with articles, from the most fragile and costly tea-cups to

huge animals ; and ranging in price from small salt-spoons price sixpence, to vases and candelabras valued at many hundred pounds. Judging from what we saw, his Majesty of Saxony must find china pay. Our guide arrived, and we went with him first through the buildings on the ground-floor to see everything from the beginning. The clay from which the china derives its fineness and delicacy is found about an hour's journey from Meissen. When it arrives it is sifted and pulverised several times till nothing but the finest and purest part remains ; in this state it looks like very fine flour with a slightly yellow tinge. It is then mixed with *feldspatz* (a kind of flint)—which is ground to powder—gypsum, and water, made into huge balls, and kept in zinc-lined boxes, to be served out as occasion requires.

There was nothing in the moulding of the commoner forms, or in the whirling of plates and bowls, &c., in any way differing from the ordinary method pursued in every china manufactory in this country, and this is therefore not worth describing. In a very long gallery—round two sides of a square, and into which opened the various work-rooms—we saw the most extraordinary collection of moulds,—bodies guiltless of heads, legs, or arms ; right legs, left legs, with and without shoes ; birds, animals, and fishes,—ready to be filled at will.

In a large and well-lighted room sat a perfect army of workmen, to whom the contents of these moulds were given, after one baking, and while the clay is still plastic. Taking a body, they joined arms and legs and head with inconceivable rapidity, passing a camel's-hair brush dipped in water to make the members stick on. With small agate tools each began to bring these moulded figures to perfection. The workman gave the eyes expression ; he deepened an eyelid, softened the cheek, rounded an arm, marked the finger-nails, patted it on one side, then on the other, till it stood before us a shepherdess complete. Nothing was more marvellous than the gentleness and dexterity with which the fragile thing was handled, and the wonderful quickness with which he manipulated each smallest detail.

Next to this room in point of interest was the one where the raised fruits and

flowers are made and arranged on each vase or jug or basket.

There is no moulding here. The most delicate leaves are rolled at the point of the accomplished fingers ; leaf is added to leaf, every bit of the smallest rose is curled, patted into shape, and stuck into its place, till it grows before you into a perfect rose. The tiniest petal of each diminutive forget-me-not is made by itself and put in its place by the aid of daintily-held pincers, that might belong to fairy-land. The miniature flowers on the lap of a dancing-girl are all made in the same way : and seeing the time taken, and the care required, it made one understand why "raised china" cost so much.

The perforated edges of plates and baskets are marked in the moulds, and cut out with a penknife afterwards, then carefully rounded and smoothed by the inevitable agate tools. Indeed in all cases the mould gives the forms very roughly, and much more skilled labor is required than we had imagined—850 people being the regular staff, which does not include artists, sometimes specially engaged to undertake the painting of particular orders.

When the china is ready, it is taken to be baked again, then glazed, then painted, then baked again, in some cases being baked no less than six times, and breaking to pieces in the sixth baking. These accidents, however, are much less frequent than formerly, as the degree and distribution of heat are all much better understood now.

The ovens are built in circular chambers, and we stood in the centre of one, finding the heat less than we had expected. All round were recesses, in which trays of lovely china were placed ; and in the lower, and, as we supposed, the hottest ovens, moulds (looking in their closed form exactly like so many Stilton cheeses of all sizes) were deposited. The apparently careless way in which the workmen moved about with tray-loads of exquisite china made one a little breathless—no baker's boy, with a batch of rolls, could have looked less anxious than they did ; but we were assured that an accident hardly ever occurs ; and the china after one baking is so brittle, that on my admiring a basket, and wishing in my ignorance to buy

one, the superintendent, with a smile of superiority, put it into my hands where it crumbled to bits immediately.

The only part of the manufacture they would not explain thoroughly was the glazing-tub, into which everything is dipped; and our German friend said that some improvement in this glaze or enamel is thought to be a secret.

When the glaze is hard, the china is taken to the various painting-rooms; and as most people in these days know, the colors then are but dingy and often false to their after-appearance, the gold, which is a dull dark brown on going into the oven, comes out looking much the same, and the china is then taken to the burnishing-room, where a great many women and girls sit with agate tools of various shapes, and quick friction turns this dark and dusky brown to gold that glitters. In the room devoted to the finest painting, we were introduced to an old Frenchman, with two pairs of spectacles on. He was celebrated for his child figures, and was painting groups in the centres of a set of dessert-plates, ordered by one of the Imperial family of Prussia. Children guiltless of clothes were swimming, bathing, making flower-wreaths, riding goats, catching butterflies, &c.

Each group was different, and the grace and beauty of the figures were perfectly wonderful. He had painted there for years, but had never learned German; he had never tried, he said, with a little shrug. He also told us he seldom painted flowers. "Any one can do that," he said, with a fine sense of his own unrivalled talent; but looking at the flowers, we could not agree with him. It is not given to "any one" to paint such flowers.

The blue and white china, called *par excellence* "Meissen china," is of course also made here. The difference between it and Dresden china consists in its being painted in cobalt *before* it is glazed, and it is not baked so often.

Besides the reproduction of beautiful old shapes in the finest clay, this Meissen china is made more coarsely and strongly in commoner shapes, when it is much cheaper and very strong. It is also hand-painted, but is very quickly done, by means of a perforated paper laid over

plate or cup, when powdered cobalt is shaken over it, out of a thing exactly like a small pepper-box. This leaves the pattern marked, and lads, with a fine brush and a little water, stipple in the color. It is then baked and glazed. Some of the old shapes with perforated edges were quite beautiful.

When the china is examined by the superintendent, and he considers it perfect, he affixes on every piece the well-known crossed swords before the last baking. Every bit with the slightest imperfection in pattern, shape, or transparency, is marked imperfect, and sold for less than half-price either at the manufactory, or, more frequently, at a small shop in Dresden near the Frauen Kirche, which goes by the name of "the rejected shop."

This mark of imperfection is simply a small white line drawn through the crossed swords.

The perfect china is finally put on the list, and passes on to the packing-case or to the show-rooms.

There was something, apart from the prettiness of the manufacture, that was very taking. The quantity of light, the great space and cleanliness, the ventilation of all the rooms, and the well-to-do look of the "hands," gave one a very cheerful impression. The wages were good—half-a-crown a-day being the lowest to ordinary hands (young lads and girls), and £3 a-week and upwards to those with any particular skill. As in the buildings in Saxony many Italians are employed, so in this factory many Italians sat. The three best flower-makers were Italians; and their long dark hair, flashing eyes, and peculiar slender fingers, formed a strong contrast to the type of their Saxon neighbors.

When at length we drove away, we had the unusual and comfortable feeling of having seen a beautiful art produced under the happiest conditions, instead of having, as is sometimes the case, to pity the work-people, and regret that hard necessity compels a portion of humanity to injure their constitutions in order to supply the other portion with articles either of use or ornament.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

VITAL FORCE.

UGH we have not the slightest notion of what life is in itself, and presently could not define it, we may, for the sake of convenience, think of it as paper as some kind of force.

In the wonderful story,' says Prof. Huxley in his *Lay Sermons*, 'of the *peau de chagrin*, the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass's skin, which affords him the means of gratifying all his wishes.

But its surface represents the limit of the proprietor's life; and for gratified desire, the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, shortening length of life and the last handling of the *peau de chagrin* disappears with the gratification of a last wish. Protoplasm or the physical basis of life is the irritable *peau de chagrin*, and for vital act it is somewhat the smaller. Work implies waste, and the work of cells, directly or indirectly, in the life of protoplasm. Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical effort; and in the strictest sense, he knows that others may have light—so that his eloquence, so much of his body reverts into carbonic acid, water, and so forth. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on for ever. But, nevertheless, the protoplasmic *peau de chagrin* has in its capacity of being repaired ought back to its full size, after exertion. For example, this pressure is conceivably expressible by number of grains of protoplasm and of solidly substance wasted in many of its vital processes during its development.

My *peau de chagrin* will be diminished at the end of the day less than it was at the beginning. By the morning I shall have recourse to the sub-ordinarily called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size.

This explanation may be very philosophical, but it is only a roundabout way of saying that, within reasonable bounds, man can recover the effects of exhaustion by proper food and rest; which, as a people are pretty well acquainted with. The error to be avoided is, in attempting to make such a pull on the system as to be beyond the reach of recovery. Life-force, or call it proto-

plasm, is an inherent quantity not to be heedlessly wasted; and this truth becomes more apparent the older we grow. Why is one man greater, in the sense of being more powerful than another? Because he knows how to get out of himself a greater amount of work with less waste of life-force.

We see from experience that the more men have to do the more they can do. And this paradox is only reasonable, for it is the necessity of great work that forces upon us systematic habits, and teaches us to economise the power that is in us. With the cares of an empire on their shoulders, prime-ministers can make time to write novels, Homeric studies, anti-papal pamphlets. It is the busy-idle man who never loses an opportunity of assuring you that 'he has not a moment in the day to himself, and that really he has no time to look round him.' Of course idle people have no time to spare, because they have never learned how to save the odd minutes of the day, and because their vital energy is expended in fuss rather than in work.

'He hath no leisure,' says George Herbert, 'who useth it not;' that is to say, he who does not save time for his work when he can, is always in a hurry. One of the most sublime conceptions of the Deity we can form is that He is never idle, and never in a hurry.

The following words from a newspaper description of the sublime calmness of power manifested by the huge hydraulic crane used to lift Fraser's celebrated eighty-one ton gun, we take as our type of the powerful man who knows how to economise his vital force instead of wasting it by fussing: 'Is there not something sublime in a hydraulic crane which lifts a Titanic engine of destruction weighing eighty-one tons to a considerable height above the pier, with as noiseless a calm and as much absence of apparent stress or strain as if it had been a boy-soldier's pop-gun? When we further read of the hydraulic monster holding up its terrible burden motionless in mid-air until it is photographed, and then lowering it gently and quietly on a sort of extemporised cradle without the least appearance

of difficulty, one can readily understand that the mental impression produced on the bystanders must have been so solemn as to manifest itself in most eloquent silence.' With the same freedom from excitement and difficulty does the strong man who saves his force for worthy objects, raise up morally and physically depressed nations, take cities, or what is harder to do still, rule his own spirit. It is the fashion nowadays to say that people are killed or turned into lunatics by overwork, and no doubt there is much truth in the complaint. Nevertheless it would seem that vital force is wasted almost as much by the idle man as by him who overworks himself at high-pressure for the purpose of 'getting on.' It is indolence which exhausts, by allowing the entrance of fretful thoughts into the mind; not action, in which there is health and pleasure. We never knew a man without a profession who did not seem always to be busy. It may be he was occupied in worrying about the dinner or the place where he should spend his holiday—which he did not work for—in correcting his wife, in inventing pleasures, and abusing them when found, in turning the house upside down by doing little jobs foolishly supposed to be useful. And women too, when stretched on the rack of a too-easy chair, are they not forced to confess that there is as much vital force required to enable them to endure the 'pains and penalties of idleness,' as would, if rightly directed, render them useful, and therefore happy? The fact is there are far more who die of selfishness and idleness than of overwork, for where men break down by overwork it is generally from not taking care to order their lives and obey the physical laws of health.

Let us consider a few of the many ways in which we waste the stuff that life is made of. It has been well said that 'the habit of looking on the bright side of things is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year;' and certainly it is a habit that must add many years to the lives of those who acquire it. Really every fit of despondency and every rage take so much out of us, that any one who indulges in either without a great struggle to prevent himself doing so should be characterised as little less than—to use an American expression—

'a fearful fool.' How silly it seems even to ourselves after cooling, to have acquired a nervous headache, and to have become generally done up, stamping round the room and shewing other signs of foolish anger, because the dinner was five minutes late, or because some one's respect for us did not quite rise to the high standard measured by our egotism! As if it were not far more important that we should save our vital energy, and not get into a rage, than that the dinner should be served exactly to the moment.

One day a friend of Lord Palmerston asked him when he considered a man to be in the prime of life; his immediate reply was 'Seventy-nine. But,' he added with a playful smile, 'as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it!' How is it that such men work on vigorously to the end? Because they treasure their ever-diminishing vital force. They studiously refrain from making a pull on the constitution. Reaching the borders of seventy years of age, they as good as say to themselves: 'We must now take care what we are about.' Of course, they make sacrifices, avoid a number of treacherous gaieties, and living simply, they perhaps give some cause of offence, for the world does *not* approve of singularity. But let those laugh who win. They hold the censorious observations of critics in derision, and maintain the even tenor of their way. In other words, they conserve their vital force, and try to keep above ground as long as possible. Blustering natures forgetful of the great truth, that 'power itself hath not one-half the might of gentleness,' miss the ends for which they strive just because the force that is in them is not properly economised.

Then as regards temper: any man who allows that to master him wastes as much energy as would enable him to remove the cause of anger or overcome an opponent. The little boy of eight years old who in the country is often seen driving a team of four immense dray-horses, is one of the innumerable instances of the power of reason over mere brute-force, which should induce violent tempers to become calm from policy, if from no higher motive.

Many people squander their life's energy by not living enough in the present.

They enjoy themselves badly and work badly, because they are either regretting mistakes committed in the past, or anticipating future sorrows. Now, certainly no waste of force is so foolish as this, because if our mistakes are curable, the same energy would counteract their bad effects as we expend in regretting; and if they are incurable, why think any more about them? None but a child cries over spilt milk. The mischief is done, and let it be forgotten, only taking care for the future. Sometimes people keep fretting about troubles that may never take place, and spend life's energy on absolutely nothing. Real worry from Torturations of various sorts is quite enough, and causes a greater draught on our vital force than hard work. Let us not, therefore, aggravate matters by anticipations of troubles that are little better than visionary.

In looking ahead, it is of immense importance not to enter into any transaction in which there are wild risks of cruel disaster. There we touch on the grand worry of the age. A violent haste to get rich! Who shall say how much the unnaturally rapid heart-beats with which rash speculators in shares in highly varnished but extremely doubtful undertakings receive telegraphic messages of bad or good fortune, must use up their life's force? Hearts beating themselves to death! Rushing to trains, jumping upstairs, eating too fast, going to work before digestion has been completed—these are habits acquired naturally in days when it is the fashion to live at high-pressure; but such habits are surely not unavoidable, and would be avoided if we thoroughly valued our vital force.

There are persons of a nervous temperament who seem to be always upon wires. Nature has given them energy; but their physique is in many cases inadequate to supply the demands made upon it. The steam is there, but the boiler is too weak. Duke d'Alva, according to Fuller, must have been of this nature. 'He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it.' The same thought was wittily expressed by Sydney Smith when he exclaimed: 'Why, look there, at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend —, who has not body enough to cover his

mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed.' Now these are just the sort of people who should not kill themselves, for though wrapped in small parcels, they are good goods. They owe it as a duty to themselves and others not to allow their fiery souls 'to fret their pygmy bodies to decay'—not to throw too much zeal into trifles, in order that they may have a supply of life-force for things important. He who desires to wear well must take for his motto 'Nothing in excess.' Such a one, as we have had occasion more than once to urge, avoids dinners of many courses, goes to bed before twelve o'clock, and does not devote his energy to the endurance of overheated assemblies. When young men around him have got athletics on the brain, he keeps his head and health by exercising only moderately. He is not ambitious of being in another's place, but tries quietly to adorn his own. 'Give me innocence; make others great!' When others are killing themselves to get money, and to get it quickly, that with it they may make a show, he prays the prayer of Agur: 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' for he thinks more of the substance than of the shadow. This is the truly wise and successful man, and to him shall be given, by the Divine laws of nature, riches (that is, contentment) and honor (that is, self-respect), and a long life, because he did not waste the steam by which the machine was worked. In homely proverb, he 'kept his breath to cool his porridge,' and most probably was a disciple of Izaak Walton.

At this point, perhaps the secret thoughts of some who have not yet learned how 'it is altogether a serious matter to be alive,' may take this shape. 'What after all,' they may ask, 'is the good of economising life's force? Often I hardly know what to do with myself, nor have I much purpose in life beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping.' To such thoughts we should give somewhat of the following answer: There is a work for every single person in the world, and his happiness as well as his duty lies in doing that work well. This is a consideration which should communicate a zest to our feelings about life. We should rejoice, as experience teaches us that each of us has the means of being

useful, and thus of being happy. None is left out, however humble may be our position and limited our faculties, for we all can do our best; and though success may not be ours, it is enough if we have deserved it. Certainly if there be any purpose in the universe, a day will come when we shall all have to answer such questions as these: 'You were given a certain amount of life-force; what have you done with it? Where are your works? Did you try to make the little corner in which you were placed happier and better than it was before you came into it?' It is said that Queen Elizabeth when dying exclaimed: 'My kingdom for a moment;' and one day we shall all think nothing so valuable as the smallest amount of that force without which we cannot live.—*Chambers' Journal*.

THE MELANCHOLY OCEAN.

"Far off, amid the melancholy main."—MILTON.

• "Inhabiting an island washed by a melancholy ocean."—*Vivian Grey*.

Oh! the salt Atlantic breezes,
How they sweep reviving through me;
How their freshening spirit seizes
Soul and sense, to raise, renew me!

Oh! the grand Atlantic surges,
How they march, and mount, and mingle;
How their spray, exulting, scourges
Jutty cliff and sandy dingle!

Talk of melancholy Ocean,—
If thou feelest wane and wither
Every germ of glad emotion,
Come, O Vivian Grey! come hither.

Sit and mark the matchless glory
Of the clouds that overshadow us,
Afreet's of the Eastern story,
Titans such as Keats portrayed us,—

Till majestically blending,
Folded on the western billow,
They await their lord's descending,
Strewing his imperial pillow.

Not in youth's intoxication,
Not in manhood's strange successes,
Didst thou drink an inspiration
Such as here the heart confesses.

Here, where joy surrounds thee wholly,
If thy thought a moment listens
To intruding melancholy,
It is born of reminiscence,—

Of the old forsaken causes,
Of the higher fame's bereavement,
Of a lifetime of applauses,
Barren, barren of achievement;

Genius in ignoble traces,
 Leading ranks whom thou despisest,
 Till thy self-willed fate effaces
 All that in thy soul thou prizest ;

For the prophet's fire and motion,
 Icy mask and sneer sardonic,—
 Be it so.—Majestic Ocean,
 Thou art melancholy's tonic.

The Spectator.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDUCATION APPLIED TO INDUSTRY. By George Ward Nichols. With Illustrations. York : *Harper & Bros.*

Object of this work, as explained by Nichols in his preface, is "to show the art-education in the United States ; something of its history in Europe ; and in what is meant by its application to industry ; and to propose a method of instruction adapted to our people and institutions."

Mr. Nichols was one of the judges at the Centennial Exposition, and in studying the different national exhibits, was struck by the marked inferiority of American manufactures in all those departments where art is distinguished from merely mechanical skill and inventive ingenuity, are concerned. Looking about for the reason of this inferiority, he finds it in the simple fact that in America art and industry have been completely dissociated in popular opinion ; and in ordinary educational methods, which leading nations of Europe have been acting on. He holds the theory that the two are closely linked, and have applied the best talent of his respective countries to the devising of a system of instruction which shall impress on every student a sense of this intimate relationship, and at the same time impart to him knowledge both of the principles of art and of what has been done and may be done in the various fields of industrial effort. He holds the inferiority is not inherent in the race, but is the result of the French used arrogantly to maintain, is corrected by the experience of England. At the Exhibition of 1851 England learned the lesson regarding herself that was taught her by the comparative displays of 1876—namely, that the English are far ahead in the race for that part of the increasing portion of modern commerce which is secured by superiority in the art of applying refined taste and technical skill to industrial products and processes. By this characteristic energy, the English Government and people addressed themselves to

the task of remedying their deficiencies. Art-schools and institutes of technology were established in the leading industrial centres ; museums were formed ; drawing and the elementary principles of design were made an essential feature in the curriculum of all the schools ; and systems of prizes and rewards were introduced to arouse emulation and stimulate ambition. And the result is that in less than twenty-five years England has completely re-established her position, and is now confessedly an even competitor with France in fields of which for a century the French had enjoyed almost a complete monopoly.

Mr. Nichols desires us to profit in a similar manner by our own lesson, and is confident that if once the people are convinced of its importance, the same qualities and faculties that have gained us the lead in all things involving mechanical ingenuity will also secure us an honorable position in those industries from which we are at present almost excluded by our lack of art-knowledge and art-training. He is aware that we cannot adopt the same educational methods as those which have succeeded in countries where the general government can take the initiative and exercise control ; but he rightly assumes that their experience can be turned to our advantage, and he devotes a considerable portion of his book to a detailed examination of the systems in vogue in France, England, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, Russia, Italy, and Spain. Deducing from these various systems the principles which have been generally accepted as most essential, and the methods that experience has shown to be best, he constructs from them a systematic scheme of art-instruction which, as he says, "is adapted to our genius and institutions," and which in fact fits in exactly with our existing common-school and collegiate system. The plan is comprehensive in scope and specific in detail ; it is carefully reasoned out ; and it is flexible enough to adapt itself easily to such minor differences as exist between the educational methods of different

States and institutions of learning. Of its value as a whole, practical experiment, of course, can furnish the only adequate test, but there can be no doubt that it is full of suggestion for whoever would undertake scientific instruction in Art.

The matter of Mr. Nichols's book is of the highest value and interest, but the manner is faulty in the extreme. There is scarcely any attempt at systematic arrangement; different branches of the same topic are discussed in widely-separated chapters; subjects follow one another with scarcely more logical consecutiveness than in the miscellaneous excerpts of a scrap-book; the style is lacking in the precision which such a treatise calls for; and the entire work gives the impression that the author set himself a task which was beyond either his powers or the attention which he could bestow upon it. The numerous illustrations seldom have any particular relevancy to the text, but they are exceedingly beautiful, and the book is gotten up in a style of unusual richness and elegance.

COLLECTION OF FOREIGN AUTHORS. NO. I. Samuel Brohl and Company. Translated from the French of Victor Cherbuliez. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

The publication of this story marks the beginning of an enterprise which will probably add materially to the resources of that class of readers who seek mental recreation in the better class of current fiction and belles-lettres, and whose tastes are sufficiently cosmopolitan to enable them to enjoy the flavor of other literatures than the English. In their "Collection of Foreign Authors," the Messrs. Appleton propose to gather the best current productions of the leading Continental (non-English) writers, and to present them to the American public in careful and spirited translations. The design is somewhat similar to that of the German Tauchnitz series, and in size and general appearance the volumes will closely resemble the well-known Tauchnitz editions.

The initial volume of the series gives a favorable impression of its character and promise. Current French fiction is apt to be regarded by American and English readers with a not unnatural suspicion, especially if it has achieved a Parisian popularity; but though Cherbuliez is one of the most successful of living French novelists, his stories are as pure and wholesome as those of any English writer of equal rank, and far less objectionable on grounds both of morality and of art than the widely-circulated productions of the English sensational school. "Samuel Brohl and Company," as far as its "morality" is concerned, might have been written by

Miss Yonge, though its lightness of touch and sparkling vivacity of style would probably impress Miss Yonge as indicating in M. Cherbuliez a lack of that seriousness with which she evidently thinks the novelist should regard his vocation. It is a society novel, pure and simple, and aims at furnishing the reader with entertainment rather than at reforming or "elevating" him. It tells the story of a social impostor and of a beautiful young girl whose naïve innocence is for a time deceived by his social graces and his pretended nobility of heart; and it is written with all that vigor, and brilliancy, and suave grace of manner and style that render the best class of French writing so enjoyable. Some part of the flavor of these qualities is necessarily lost in a translation, yet in this case the translator has done his work exceptionally well, and the story ought to please a wide circle of readers.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR AS BEARING UPON COMPOSITION. By Alexander Bain, LL.D. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

This treatise completes Dr. Bain's excellent course in grammar, supplying, along with an independent commentary, copious examples illustrative of the general rules laid down in the preceding volume of the series, "Higher English Grammar." In the arrangement of the treatise, special pains are first bestowed upon securing precise and logical definitions of the various parts of speech; and then the parts of speech are taken up one by one, analyzed exhaustively, and the relative function pointed out which each performs in the art of speaking and writing. Much more attention than usual is bestowed upon the derivation and composition of words, and upon that portion of syntax which deals with the order of words in a sentence. Nearly a fifth of the entire book is devoted to exemplifying the modes of arrangement under many varieties of sentence and structure. The practical method of instruction adopted throughout by Dr. Bain is indicated by the following extract from his preface: "Long experience has convinced me that the greatest trouble in beginning the study of composition is to fix the attention upon any thing in particular; to find any exercise to the judgment, or any motive to choose between competing modes of expression. Hence, in teaching English, the most effective method of all seems to me to be this: having selected an exemplary passage, first to assign its peculiar excellence and its deficiency, and next to point out what things contribute to the one, what to the other, and what are indifferent to both. The pupils are thus accustomed to weigh every expression that

comes before them, and this I take to be the beginning of the art of composition."

The author raises sundry questions not previously agitated within the sphere of English grammar, and the accepted definitions and rules are subjected to a keen and exhaustive scrutiny. Indeed, one of the most hopeful features of the book is the proof which it affords that a higher order of intellect than hitherto is being attracted to the study of the structure and niceties of our English speech.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. Globe Edition. With Introductions by David Masson, M.A., LL.D. London and New York: *Macmillan & Co.*

Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s "Globe Editions" of standard English authors are famous for their combination of pure text, scholarly editing, and excellent print, with neatness of appearance and economy of price; and the present volume is one of the best of the admirably selected series. Professor Masson has devoted many years to the study and interpretation of Milton's life and works, and has brought to his task a loving enthusiasm and vast stores of scholarship. His life of Milton easily takes a place in the first rank of English biographical literature, and his "Cambridge Edition" of Milton's poems has been generally accepted by students as the best and most completely-equipped with critical aids that has appeared. The "Introductions," which form the special feature of the present edition, are an adaptation of the more extensive editorial matter of the Cambridge edition, and will be found to furnish a very complete and highly useful critical apparatus for the study and understanding of Milton's mind and method. Their purpose, as explained by Mr. Masson, is "to elucidate the circumstances, motives, and intention of each of the poems individually;" and if read in their chronological order, they also supply a continuous and rather minute literary biography of the poet.

Taking into consideration the editorial labor that has been bestowed upon it, its typographical excellence, and its cheapness of price, the Globe Edition of Milton may be confidently pronounced the best for popular use that has yet been issued.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. A Romance. By George Macdonald. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Sequels are apt to be inferior in interest to the stories which they continue, but the "Marquis of Lossie" is an undeniable improvement upon "Malcolm," though the latter was a romance of no little power. Mr. Macdonald seems to have become better ac-

quainted with his characters, and he depicts them in his later work with a surer hand and more delicate sympathy. There is still too large an infusion of the didactic, and too much space is devoted to digressions into the field of theology and morals; but such themes spring so spontaneously from the author's mind that we do not resent them as we are apt to do when they are lugged in irrelevantly and superfluously; and Mr. Macdonald always aims to stimulate high thought and noble endeavor, as well as to furnish innocent amusement. "The Marquis of Lossie" fulfils all these functions, and will be recognized as one of the best of its author's later stories.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Rev. Thomas Fowler, M.A., Professor of Logic at Oxford, is engaged upon a new edition of the *Novum Organum* of Bacon.

MR. SWINBURNE has in the press a study of Charlotte and Emily Brontë and their writings, in which their position as poets is discussed.

MESSRS. HACHETTE & Co. will publish shortly a large work with more than sixty plates, engraved on copper, relating to the excavations of Monsieur Carapanos at Dodona.

PROF. MICHAELIS, of Strasbourg, has just completed a monograph which is likely to provoke some discussion. The professor, who is an authority on all matters which have to do with the history of sculpture, confidently affirms that he has discovered among the treasures at Holkham a genuine bust of Thucydides.

THE number of students at the University established by the Germans at Strasbourg has decreased during the present summer Semester. In the winter Semester it was 704. The faculties of medicine and philosophy have most; that of theology fewest, containing but forty students. The two just mentioned have about 170 each.

THE first part of Luther's translation of the Old Testament, embracing the Pentateuch, appeared in 1523 at Wittenberg. The second, which was already finished on the 4th of December of the same year, appeared, like the first, in large quarto. It contains the portion from Joshua to Esther, 416 leaves, and has many pictures. Prof. Kindscher, of Zerbst, has found in the ducal archives of that place almost the whole MS. of this latter portion, in Luther's own handwriting.

It is not generally known that an interesting collection of letters of John Locke, nearly 100 in number, is preserved at Nynhead Court,

in Somersetshire, which seem never to have been used as biographical material. They are in the possession of Mr. Ayshford Sanford, into whose family they came from the representatives of Locke's friend, Clark of Chipley, to whom many of them are addressed. It were much to be wished that the accomplished possessor of these relics would take some means of making them known to the world.—*The Academy*.

AN important volume in theological literature has just appeared in German, entitled "Die Anfänge des Christenthums," by Holtzmann, Hossbach, Marbach, Pfeiderer, Schmeidler, Steck, and Ziegler, consisting of lectures delivered last winter in Berlin in connection with the Unionsverein. The volume presents the results of the theology which was elaborated by Baur, Zeller, and others; developing the circumstances out of which Christianity arose, and the immediate influences that produced the books of the New Testament. Able professors and pastors contribute to the work, in which old orthodox views are entirely reversed.

M. ALFRED FIRMIN-DIDOT has sent to Athens, consigned to the mayor of that city, the portrait of his father, Ambroise Firmin-Didot, which was exhibited in the *Salon* this year. Accompanying this present is a collection of all the Greek works published by the Didot firm at Paris, and handsomely bound, which are to be placed in one of the apartments of the Town Hall at Athens. M. Ambroise Didot was one of the earliest Phil-Hellenes, when the Greeks sorely needed sympathy and assistance. He was also the principal supporter and secretary of the Greek Committee at Paris, which included amongst its members the following distinguished persons:—Chateaubriand, Villemain, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, the Duke de Fitzjames, Laffitte, Delessert, etc.

M. LÉOUZON-LE-DUC has published an account of the French MSS. in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, which were acquired after the fall of the Bastille and the sack of the Abbey of Saint-Germain des-Prés in 1789, by a Russian agent, named Dubrowski, and by him sold to the Emperor Alexander I. in 1807. The Russians think very highly of this collection, and were so fearful of its falling into the hands of the French on their invasion of Russia in 1812, that it was packed up in boxes ready to be sent off to the extreme end of the Government of Olonetz, should anything disastrous occur at St. Petersburg. Among the documents a great many relate to the prisoners from time to time shut up in the Bastille. The letters and complaints of some of these are touching and often curious. Thus M.

D'Aligne, imprisoned for having been wanting in respect to the Marquise de Pompadour, complains of the intolerable *régime* to which he is subject; while an Abbé asks for a variety of indulgences, foremost among which is snuff. He likewise enumerates the following articles as essentially necessary to his comfort: a pair of slippers, four Indian handkerchiefs, four pairs of linen stockings, six collars, muslin for two pairs of ruffles, a muff, an "Almanach Royal," and a packet of tooth-picks.

SCIENCE AND ART.

MODIFICATION OF CLIMATE BY ARTIFICIAL HEAT.—It is computed that five million tons of coal are burnt in London in a year. The President of the Meteorological Society states in his annual address that the heat thereby produced combined with that evolved by the inhabitants, suffices to raise the temperature of the air two degrees immediately above the metropolis. Hence it is that some invalids find it better for their health to reside in London during the winter rather than in the country. But the country benefits also, for the prevailing winds being from the southwest and west, the county of Essex and the valley of the Thames below London profit by the adventitious warmth. On the other hand, it is stated that 'London air even in the suburbs proves, as might be expected, exceedingly impervious to the sun's rays.'

A REGISTER OF WEIGHT VARIATIONS.—Mr. Redier, clockmaker of Paris, has exhibited to the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale a balance which registers variations of weight. In this ingenious instrument clockwork is so arranged in connection with a copper cylinder, suspended in a vessel of water, as to produce two antagonistic movements, one of which comes into play whenever excited by the action of the other. By this alternate movement the registration proceeds steadily, and is recorded by a pencil on a band of paper. An exceedingly light spring lever is so combined with the clockwork that it will keep a comparatively heavy weight in action; such as holding a barometer free to rise and fall while the column of mercury stands always at the same level. Many applications may be made of this instrument, especially in the sciences of observation. Its sensibility is such that it will register the loss of weight in a spirit-lamp while burning. The physiologist may employ it to ascertain the weight lost by animals during respiration and perspiration, and the botanist to determine the amount of evaporation from the leaves of a plant; and from these examples others may be imagined.

JUPITER'S SATELLITES.—The Royal Astronomical Society have published an account of observations of Jupiter's satellites made by Mr. Todd of the Observatory, Adelaide, under remarkably favorable circumstances. Sometimes the satellite, when on the point of occultation, is seen apparently through the edge of Jupiter, "as if the planet were surrounded by a transparent atmosphere laden with clouds." In a subsequent observation, "the shadow of the third satellite, when in mid-transit along a high northern parallel, appeared to be visibly oval or flattened at the poles." On several occasions, as Mr. Todd states, he has been surprised at ingress of shadow by the marvellous sharpness, the minutest indentation of the limb being at once detected. One night he saw the second satellite, as it emerged from behind the planet, immediately pass into the shadow, then reappear within a few minutes of the reappearance of and close to the first satellite; and the two thus formed "a pretty coarse double star." This must have been a very interesting sight. And there were times when the astronomer was much impressed by the sudden and extensive changes in the cloud-belts of the planet, as though some storm were there in progress, changing the form and dimensions of the belts in an hour or two, or even less. After reading this, may we not say that the observer at Adelaide is remarkably fortunate?

"COSMIC DUST."—The fall of exceedingly minute mineral particles in the snow and rain in regions far away from dust and smoke has been accepted as evidence that a so-called "cosmic dust" floats in our atmosphere. Some physicists believe that this dust is always falling everywhere, that the bulk of the earth is increased, and that the phenomenon known to astronomers as acceleration of the moon's motion is thereby accounted for. Iron is found among the particles, exceedingly small and globular in form, as if they had been subjected to a high temperature. Recent spectrum analysis has led to the conclusion that the light of the aurora borealis may be due to the presence of these particles of iron in a state of incandescence. In a communication to the Vaudoise Society of Natural Sciences, Mr. Yung assumes that this dust, coming to us from celestial space, will be most abundant immediately after the showers of shooting-stars in August and November; and he purposes to collect masses of air on great heights and treat them in such a way as to eliminate all the cosmic dust which they may contain. His experiments lead him to believe that the particles are in much greater quantity than hitherto supposed, and that they

play an important part in the physics of the globe and in the dispersion of solar light. Dr. Tyndall has shewn that a perfectly pure gas has no dispersive action. The cosmic dust floating in the upper regions of the atmosphere would account for the luminous train of meteors, and for certain phenomena observed by means of the spectroscope. A long time will of course be required for the quantitative experiments, but they will be of great interest to astronomers as well as to physicists generally.

EFFECT OF PLANTS ON WATER.—M. Jeannel has described to the Société Centrale d'Horticulture de France some interesting experiments made by him, showing the action of plants on impure water. It appears that, in the month of May, 60 grams of water, which had been used for steeping haricots until it had become offensive, and which the microscope showed to be full of "bacteria"—small animalculæ, supposed to be the ordinary agents of putrefaction—was placed in a glass, and the root of a young growing plant plunged therein. An equal quantity of the same water was placed beside it in a test glass at the same time, without a root. The water in the second glass remained infected; that containing the living root, on the contrary, was pure at the end of the fourth day—all the bacteria had disappeared, and had been replaced by a large infusorial animalculæ of kinds found only in potable water. Water containing putrid meat was experimented upon in the same manner and with the same results. It was found that it was only necessary to immerse the root of a living plant therein for five days to remove all the ill odor and render the water pure and sweet.

STATE OF THE BRAIN AFFECTING SLEEP.—Direct experiments by Durham, Hammond, and others, show that in sleep the brain is anæmic. This is proved also, indirectly, by the greater quantity of blood which circulates in the skin and extremities during sleep, because there is greater radiation of heat from the skin. Whatever tends to abstract blood from the brain favors sleep; hence, digestion tends to cause sleep, as do hot drinks, etc., by drawing the blood supply from the brain to the stomach. So, conversely, whatever tends to keep up the activity of the brain-cells and the circulation tends to prevent sleep; this being, therefore, the effect of any stimulus applied to the senses, sights, sounds, thought, anxiety, and the like, while the opposite tends to favor sleep.

ALCOHOLIC ANÆSTHESIA.—Some interesting experiments made in Germany in the production of local anæsthesia, show that if the

hand be immersed for a short time in ice-water severe pain is caused, but that no such pain is produced on immersing the hand in cold alcohol, not even when the temperature of the alcohol is as low as five degrees Cent. Glycerine was found to possess a similar property. Ether occasioned pain, and quicksilver more acute pain still, causing the speedy withdrawal of the finger when plunged into this liquid at a temperature of three degrees. It was next ascertained that, on the finger being held for a long time in alcohol having a temperature of five degrees Cent., no pain was experienced, and, although the finger distinctly perceived the faintest touch, sharp pricks gave no pain. This seems to show that the application of cold alcohol, one of the most simple as well as safe processes, has the effect of depriving the part of the special sensibility to pain without, however, impairing the delicacy of the general tactile sensation which, as is well known, resides in the superficial integument.

HEALTH AND SLOW PULSE.—Some interesting statements are reported to have been made at a meeting of the Clinical Society, London, showing that a slow pulse may in no wise interfere with health. The most remarkable case, perhaps, was that of Dr. Hewan, as related by himself. It seems that, twenty-one years ago, after prolonged study and work, his pulse fell from seventy-two to fifty-five, and he felt very cold; from that time its frequency gradually decreased until about eleven years later, when it was but twenty-four beats per minute. Its present rate is about twenty-eight. Notwithstanding this, he has not suffered from fainting fits, or cold, is capable of great physical exertion—of which evidence is to be found in his ascent of a high mountain—and his digestion remains unimpaired. Another speaker said that Napoleon had a slow pulse, being about thirty to forty per minute; and another member stated the rate of a horse's pulse to be only sixteen.

CONVERSION OF THE DESERT OF SAHARA INTO AN INLAND SEA.—The French Academy is still discussing the proposal to convert the Algerian Sahara into a great inland sea. The improvement in the climate of Egypt since the Suez Canal was opened has been cited in support of the project, but the opponents of the plan do not consider the two cases similar. M. Naudin thought the interior sea would very likely turn out to be an immense pestilential focus, made by human hands at a great cost. The maximum depth is estimated at not more than 24 to 25 metres; but a more important question was, What of the borders

of the lake? There would necessarily be a long stretch of shallows, which would be left dry in the hot season, and would present all the conditions of insalubrity—mixture of salt and fresh water, bright solar light and tropical heat during two thirds of the year. This would generate a vast number of vegetable and animal organisms, which, falling into putrefaction, would corrupt the air for leagues round. The only feasible way M. Naudin saw for converting the bad Saharan region was the planting and sowing of arborescent vegetation which might suit the soil and climate. It was specially desirable to recover the slopes and summits of the Algerian mountains with larches and Aleppo pines, and oaks and chestnuts, with a view to modifying the climate. On the other hand, Mr. Roudaire claimed that these general results would follow the creation of an inland African sea: (1) a marked improvement in the climate of Algeria and Tunis, and the salubrity of adjoining regions; (2) the opening of a new commercial path for the countries south of the northern mountain ranges, and the caravans of Central Africa; and (3) the complete security of Algeria, by making insurrections impossible.

BRAIN AND SEX.—Few anthropologists, remarks the *English Mechanic*, have studied the weight of the brain in its relation with sex, and still less is known about the lower jaw-bone in the same relation. M. Bertillon lately called attention to the latter point, and said he had distinguished the jaws of New Caledonian females from those of males by the weight. M. Morselli has been giving attention to the subject, and has made exact measurements on 172 crania of known sex. His principal conclusions are these:—1. The cranium of man always weighs more than that of woman, the relation being about 100:85.7. This sexual character acquires high importance when connected with cerebral capacity and the cerebro-spinal index. 2. The lower jaw also weighs more in man than in woman, and in greater proportion than the cranium (100:78.5). This sexual divergence is the greatest and most constant of those now known to anthropologists. 3. The same difference exists between the two sexes of anthropomorphous apes. 4. The individual variations are more extensive in women than in men. 5. Taking into consideration the relation between the weight and the capacity of the cranium, it may be inferred that woman has a less development of osseous tissue. 6. In the ratio of the weights of the cranium and the lower maxillary, we have a new zoological difference between man and the apes, the latter always presenting a greater jaw relatively to the cranium than man.

TEMPERATURE OF THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.—From observations made on the well of Sperenburg, near Berlin, M. Mohr ("Les Mondes,") concludes that at the depth of 5170 feet the increment of heat must be nil. A similar decrease of the increment of heat has been observed in the Artesian well of Grenelle. Hence M. Mohr draws conclusions unfavorable to the Plutonian theory.

VARIETIES.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S FATHER.—Of the five brother masons, James Carlyle, though not the eldest, was the virtual leader. The brothers usually worked together, but it was James who acted as "master," making contracts for building and repairing cottages, the others working under him, if not quite as servants, yet in some sort of dependency. James Carlyle was acknowledged far and wide, not only as the most skilful man at his trade, but sagacious in all his undertakings, and with a store of knowledge, derived from study and observation, that was the astonishment of strangers with whom he came into contact. He was particularly noted for his habit of using quaint and uncommon expressions, derived, probably, from extensive reading of old books, chiefly such as related to the times of the Reformation and the deeds of the Covenanters. There now lives at Ecclefechan, where she was born and spent all her life, an old lady, past ninety, yet still full of intelligence and vivacity, Mrs. Mulligan, who, remembering James Carlyle most distinctly, was able, when asked, to give a singularly striking account of him. "Old James, aye! What a root (original) of a bodie he was," the old lady exclaimed, with singular animation; "aye, a curious body: he beat this warld. A spirited bodie; he would sit on no man's coat-tails. And sic stories he could tell! Sic sayings, too! Sic names he would give to things and folk! Sic words he had as were never heard before!" Continuing her description of James Carlyle, of whom she evidently was a sincere admirer, Mrs. Mulligan added, in answer to a question, "It is not true that he ever was an elder of the Kirk. He never belonged to the auld Kirk; he and all his brothers were members of the Relief Church here. He never held any office that I know of; nay, not he; but he always spoke out his mind at meetings." And, in answer to another question, the old lady went on with her description of James Carlyle:—"He was the best of the brothers, there canna be any doot about that. But I think they sometimes led him into trouble. He was a good scholar, he could do

his ain business well, and was looked up to as a knowing bodie. He had old-fashioned words, like nobody else. He read muckle; he was a great talker, weel gifted with the tongue. It was a muckle treat to be in his house at nicht, to hear him tell stories and tales. But he was always a very strict old bodie, and could bide no contradiction." Such was James, the father of Thomas Carlyle.—*Biographical Magazine*.

AMERICA'S FIRST ENVOY TO ENGLAND.—Although peace between Great Britain and the United States was definitively concluded on the 3d of September, 1783, it was not until the middle of 1785 that any representative of the new Power was officially received in England. The causes of this delay are not difficult to understand. There was a natural disinclination on both sides to make approaches. On the 24th of February, 1785, Congress elected John Adams to the post of Envoy to the Court of St. James's. He had to represent his country at the court of its former Sovereign, towards whom he had for several years stood in the position of a rebel; and it was necessary that he should do this in a way which should neither compromise the new Power nor offend the old. It was in the month of May that he arrived in England on his delicate mission; it was on the first of June that he was presented to George III., at St. James's Palace. The only other person present on this occasion was Lord Carmathen, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and the addresses then delivered have been reported only by Adams. It was not the original intention or desire of the Envoy to deliver any address at all, but he was informed by the Master of the Ceremonies that such a compliment was usual with newly-appointed Foreign Ministers, and he therefore complied. After assuring his Majesty that it was the unanimous disposition of the United States to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between his Majesty's subjects and their citizens, and expressing the best wishes of his country for his Majesty's health and happiness, and for that of the Royal Family, Adams entered on the real subject-matter of his speech. "I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens," said the American, addressing the monarch to whom he had once borne allegiance, "in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your Majesty's Royal presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your Majesty's Royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in better words, the old good-nature and the old good-

humor between people who, though separated by an ocean, and under different Governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and kindred blood. I beg your Majesty's permission to add that, although I have sometime before been entrusted by my country, it was never in my whole life in a manner so agreeable to myself." "Sir," replied the King, "the circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have told me is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered are so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly dispositions of the United States, but that I am very glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their Minister. I wish you, sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation; but the separation being made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent Power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give to this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect." George had evidently heard something of the distrust of France which was so prominent a feature in the political character of Adams; and he observed—which was certainly not in the best taste, considering that England and France were then at peace—that the American Envoy was understood to have no prejudices in favor of the French. Adams replied by admitting the fact, with the significant addition, "I must avow to your Majesty that I have no attachment but to my own country." George responded with a heartiness that could not be mistaken (for the principle was one with which he naturally sympathized), "An honest man will never have any other." And with these words the interview terminated. The brief conversation had been conducted on both sides with much good feeling, and Adams has recorded that both he and the King were powerfully affected.—*Cassell's History of the United States.*

HURRY AND "HIGH PRESSURE."—It is the pace that kills; and of all forms of "overwork," that which consists in an excessive burst of effort, straining to the strength, and worrying to the will, hurry of all kinds—for example, that so often needed to catch a train,

the effort required to complete a task of head-work within a period of time too short for its accomplishment by moderate energy—is injurious. Few suffer from overwork in the aggregate; it is too much work in too little time that causes the break-down in nineteen cases out of twenty, when collapse occurs. Most sufferers bring the evil on themselves by driving off the day's work until the space allotted for its performance is past, or much reduced. Method in work is the great need of the day. If some portion of each division of time was devoted to the apportioning of hours and energy, there would be less confusion, far less "hurry," and the need of working at high pressure would be greatly reduced, if not wholly obviated. A great deal has been written and said of late, to exceedingly little practical purpose, on the subject of "overwork." We doubt whether what is included under this description might not generally be more appropriately defined as work done in a hurry, because the time legitimately appropriated to its accomplishment has been wasted or misapplied. Hurry to catch a train generally implies starting too late. High pressure is, says the *Lancet*, either the consequence of a like error at the outset of a task, or the penalty of attempting to compensate by intense effort for inadequate opportunity. If brain is bartered for business in this fashion, the goose is killed for the sake of the golden eggs, and greed works its own discomfiture.

IRISH SONG.

[Air: "The Banks of the Daisies."]

WHEN first I saw young Molly
Sthritched beneath the holly,
Fast asleep, forenint her sheep, wan dreamy summer's
day,
Wid daisies laughin' round her,
Hand and foot I bound her,
Then kissed her on her bloomin' cheek, and softly stole
away.

But as, wid blushes burnin',
Tiptoe I was turnin',
From sleep she starts and on me darts a dreadful lightnin'-
ray,
My foolish, flowery fetters
Scornfully she scatters,
And like a winter sunbeam she coldly sweeps away.

But Love, young Love, comes stoopin'
O'er my daisies droopin',
And oh! each flower, wid fairy-power, the rosy Boy re-
news;
Then twines each charmin' cluster
In links of starry lustre,
And wid the chain enchanting, my colleen proud pursues.

And soon I met young Molly
Musin' melancholy,
Wid downcast eyes and startin' sighs, along the meadow
bank.
And oh! her swellin' bosom
Was wreathed wid daisy-blossom,
Like stars in summer heaven, as in my arms she sank.





Olden

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

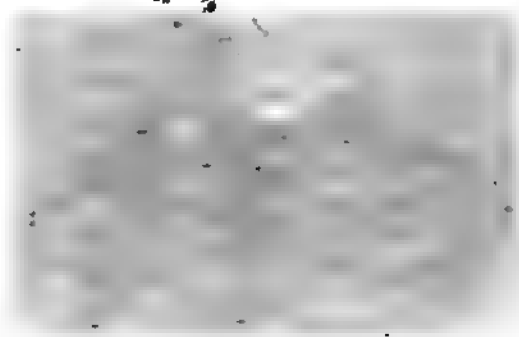
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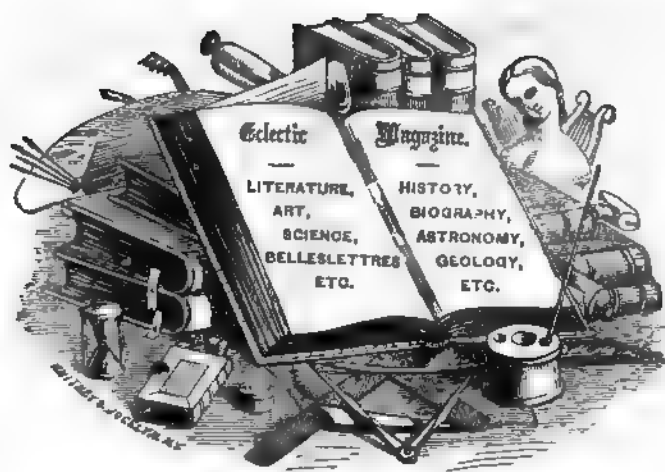
1886

1887

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1889





Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXVI., No. 4.

OCTOBER, 1877.

Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

SECRET SOCIETIES IN RUSSIA.

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THE history of Russia and the history of England present two clearly defined and widely different types of national progress. In England we have had several important revolutions, but we may fairly say that the thread of historic continuity has never been broken, and accordingly the history of the nation presents a long and regular development little affected by foreign influences. The reform movements, whether in peaceful or in stormy times, have always proceeded—at least until quite recently, when theoretical considerations have been occasionally used for party purposes—from keenly felt practical wants, and have subsided as soon as those wants were satisfied. The legislative and administrative authority has never slipped into the hands of pedantic professors or bureaucratic doctrinaires, but has always been wielded, or at least controlled, by men of the world, who had for the most

part learned to manage their own private affairs before undertaking to manage the affairs of the State. Thus the upper classes, having constantly received a political education, have been preserved from political dreaming, and the root-and-branch method of reform has never come into fashion. Very different has been the history of Russia during the last two centuries. In the reign of Peter the Great the thread of historical continuity was rudely snapped asunder. The old traditional methods of government were suddenly abandoned, and since that time the Tsars and their official advisers have ruled and reorganized according to foreign principles without the sympathy or co-operation of the people. Being men of theory and trammelled neither by tradition nor by practical knowledge, these legislators of the new school have habitually launched into grand schemes that would make a

prosaic, practical House of Commons stand aghast, and the country has been periodically subjected to "revolutions from above" such as are inconceivable among a people accustomed to self-government.

I have no intention of discussing here the various advantages and disadvantages of these two systems of government, but I wish to point out one practical result which is closely connected with the subject of the present paper. In England the reform movement has been slow but steady, and where reformers have gained a new position they have generally been able to hold it, for the simple reason that a very large section of the people has been ready to support them. In Russia, on the contrary, the advance has been rapid and spasmodic. It is easy, of course, to make any number of grand schemes on paper, and in a country where an uncontrolled autocrat rules over a politically passive population it is not difficult to transform any bit of paper into a law; but it is a very difficult thing, in Russia as elsewhere, to make a grand legislative scheme work well in real life among a people unprepared for it. Unforeseen practical difficulties arise, unknown disturbing forces are called into existence, the instruments do not effect what was expected of them—in a word, the plausible programme, which looked so well on paper, cannot be carried out, and the consequent despondency is in proportion to the warmth of the preceding inordinate expectations. Thus a period of violent reform is pretty sure to be succeeded by a period of equally violent reaction.

The history of the present campaign in Asia Minor has so far illustrated well the Russian character and habitual mode of action. First, great enthusiasm, inordinate expectations, and a haughty contempt for difficulties; next, a rapid advance, obstacles surmounted with wonderful facility, difficult positions stormed with reckless, dashing gallantry; and as a result of all this, overweening confidence whispering to them that, as one of their proverbs graphically and quaintly puts it, "if they tried to ford the ocean, the waters would not rise higher than their knees." Then comes a check, obstacles are met which no amount of dash and gallantry can surmount, the

overheated enthusiasm cools, the retreat begins, the imprudence of neglecting to secure firmly and methodically the positions gained becomes apparent, and the great shadowy conquest collapses into the most modest of acquisitions. This has been the history of the campaign in Asia Minor, and it has likewise been the political history of Russia since the time of Peter the Great—a fact which may be recommended to the consideration of those who imagine that impulsiveness and spasmodic enthusiasm can flourish only in southern climes. In the opening chapter of Macaulay's history, it will be remembered, there is an eloquent passage in which national progress is compared to the advancing tide. First the wave advances, and then it recedes, but only in order to gain new force to advance further than before. To use this metaphor, I should say that in a country like ours the waves are mere ripples. If we have what may be termed periods of Liberal enthusiasm and periods of Conservative reaction, the enthusiasm does not drive us very far forward, and the Conservatism simply stops us without perceptibly pulling us back. In countries like Russia, on the contrary, the tide advances in great rolling, foam-crested waves, and the recoil is, of course, in proportion to the impulse. It is in these moments of recoil that Secret Societies are likely to appear.

I say likely, because other conditions are also requisite. If a people is in a state of complete political passivity and indifference, there may be conspiracies among those who surround the throne, but there cannot be secret societies in the proper sense of the term. It is only when a certain portion of the public, excluded from political influence, have imbibed political aspirations which they are prevented from expressing freely, that the formation of secret societies becomes possible. This is well illustrated in the history of Russia. Since the end of the seventeenth century there have been four great reforming epochs, associated respectively with the names of Peter the Great, Catherine II., Alexander I., and Alexander II. Each of these violent advances was succeeded by a corresponding recoil, but the first two produced no secret societies, because the reform enthusiasm which produced them

afined to the rulers. There was side public sharing the enthusiasm and excluded from the sobering which experience and the position of authority naturally generate.

moved forward in the impulsion d voluntarily in the recoil, and ie Emperor Paul, Catherine's son ccessor, carried his reactionary *ad absurdum*, he was opposed, secret societies, but merely by a nd of conspirators—men belonging he Court—who removed him by ation. The two more recent ents had a very different character of them I must speak more in

Whilst resembling each other in igin, they are very different in aracter and aim, and the points arity and contrast were reflected secret societies which they pro-

Let us glance first at those in e of Alexander I.

For, Alexander I. ascended the after the violently repressive his father Paul, who had a fanatied of everything which had the dor of liberalism. Alexander ed in almost every respect a contrast to his father. He had ained under the eyes of the phi Catherine II. by a Swiss tutor Laharpe, a man of high moral er and imbued with the liberalen in fashion. Under the influthis teacher he had, at the age of n, in spite of the reactionary spirit s then dominant at Court, learnate despotism in all its forms, to erty as something to which every being had an inalienable right, n to rejoice at the success of the Revolution! He wished to see s established everywhere, and d that form of government as the e consistent with the rights of For the first time in her history, received as her legitimate, auto-sar, a young sentimental Repub-

on as this young Republican suc-to the throne, he determined to philosophical principles into prac-a grand scale. A boundless field ity opened itself up to his imagi-

He would make his subjects vilised, prosperous, and happy, uld then retire like Washington

to the ranks of private life, where he would enjoy, without the cares and responsibilities of office, the love and veneration of his emancipated countrymen.

These youthful dreams, I need scarcely say, were not destined to be realised. Alexander was not of the stuff of which great reformers are made. His policy did not proceed from vigorous natural instincts, as in the case of Peter the Great, nor from keen political sagacity, as in the case of Catherine II. His political aspirations were the result of education on a weak impressionable character, and, as such, could ill bear the rough handling of real life. He had been taught to believe that a sovereign had merely to be virtuous, well-intentioned, and animated with the liberal spirit of the time, in order to render his people prosperous and happy. But gradually he discovered how different real life is from theory. By bitter experience he learned that high aims, liberal convictions, and autocratic power do not suffice to make a successful reformer. Looking back over a reign of more than twenty years, he could not but feel that he had realised few of his youthful aspirations, and that his humanitarianism and liberalism had proved a mistake. In the army he saw insubordination and disaffection; in the civil administration venality, theft, and abuses of every kind. "These fainéants," he said, speaking of the officials, "would steal my ships of war if they had the chance, and if they could draw my teeth without my noticing it, I should have been long since without a tooth in my head." In his foreign policy he felt that he had been equally unsuccessful. The sovereigns whom he had saved in the hour of danger showed themselves ungrateful, and the nations whom he had helped to free from the Napoleonic yoke now forgot their liberator and regarded him—not altogether without reason—with profound distrust. Even many of his own subjects, on account of his Polish schemes and his refusal to aid the Greeks against the Turks, regarded him as almost a traitor to his country and to the national faith. As is often the case with ambitious natures who fail and have not the moral energy to begin anew, he sought consolation in religious contemplation and mysticism—a world in which no energy is required,

and in which there is no possibility of disappointment. Having lost his faith in Liberalism, he adopted the most energetic repressive measures, and sought to root out abuses by severe punishments. In a word, the young enthusiastic sentimental republican, who at first took Washington as his model, became in the later years of his reign a victim to religious melancholy and a devoted adherent of Metternich.

The events which produced this remarkable change in the Emperor had a very different effect on a large section of the young noblesse. The study of French literature, and all those intellectual influences which had made him first a sentimental Republican and then a believer in constitutional monarchy, had affected them in a similar way, and their enthusiasm was not, as in his case, counteracted by the sobering influence of a responsible position. During the wars with Napoleon, and the subsequent occupation of France by the Allies, they became to some extent acquainted with the social and political life of Western Europe, and with the opinions and aspirations of the various political parties. On returning home they were struck with the contrast, and their excited patriotic feelings led them to seek the causes of this difference. Much that had formerly seemed to them in the nature of things, now appeared barbarous and disgraceful for a nation that professed to be civilised. The general air of poverty, the apathy and ignorance of the people, the corruption of the administration, the venality of the law-courts, the brutality of the police, the frivolity of St. Petersburg life, the want of energy in all classes of the nation—these, and a thousand little facts which had hitherto passed unnoticed, made upon them now a painful impression. What irritated them most of all was the talk of the elderly men, who praised all that was old and condemned every attempt at reform as a dangerous innovation. They felt, as one of them afterwards said, that they had got a century ahead of their fellow-countrymen.

It is always a very dangerous thing for a little group of people to get a century ahead of their contemporaries, and so it proved in this instance. The apathy of those around them, and the

decidedly reactionary spirit of the Government and the Emperor, drove these men first into extra-legal and then into positively illegal means of realising their reforming aspirations. At that time the most approved means of producing political and social reform were secret political societies. So it was in Germany, in France, in Italy, in Spain, and in Greece, and the young Russians naturally followed the prevailing fashion.

The first Russian secret society was formed about the year 1816, under the title of "the Union of Salvation," and was composed chiefly of officers of the Guards. Its professed aim was to struggle for the common weal, to aid in carrying out all beneficial measures of the Government and all useful private undertakings, and to oppose evil of every kind—especially the malpractices of the officials. In 1818 it was reorganised on the model of the German Tugendbund, and received the new name of "Union for Public Welfare." Under this new form it proposed to itself—besides the vague aim of assisting the Government in all beneficial measures—certain definite objects, the principal of which was the obtaining of representative institutions. In the years 1819 and 1820 its members rapidly increased, till nearly all the young nobles who had any pretensions to being "civilised" and "liberal" were in more or less intimate relations with it. Though it was in form and organization an illicit secret society, it had little or nothing of the nature of a conspiracy, and the great majority of the members had certainly no illicit designs. They still believed in the Emperor's liberal sympathies and intentions, and on more than one occasion it was proposed to inform his Majesty of the aims and intentions of the society and to petition him to aid them in their work.

Whilst the great majority of the members were thus entirely innocent of treasonable or revolutionary designs—indulging in impracticable, idealistic sentimentalism, and trusting to moral rather than political propaganda for bringing about the national regeneration,—there was a small minority animated with a very different spirit, and this minority greatly increased when it became evident that the Emperor was adopting the policy of Metternich. Many came

they had nothing to hope from concessions on the part of his and concluded that the autocrat must be abolished. Some favor of constitutional monarchy, idea met with little favor. Writers had proved that all forms of government in which the supreme power hereditary must lead to despotism. Republican institutions practical liberty and insure a rapid development of the resources, all which was supposed to have been proved to demonstration by the history of Greece and Rome in times, and more recently by the example of the United States.

The differences of opinion caused the party to be broken up, and the different members formed a new society which took for its principle of action the French saying of its president "Les demi-mesures ne valent pas pour faire maison nette!" What was understood by these words was to overthrow the military insurrection, to annihilate the Imperial Family, and to form a new government under his own rule, after which the Empire was to be transformed into a federation of independent provinces, resembling the United States of America.

Alexander died, and Nicholas I. in 1825, an attempt was made to carry out the programme, but it failed signally. On the morning of the oath of allegiance was to be taken by the troops in St. Petersburg several companies refused, and a riot broke out in the Senate Square. So far the conspirators were successful, but their success ended. They had crossed the Rubicon without making plans for further action. They were deceived as to the point at which they were ready to fight, but they had not the command was hastily given by several officers in succession, who all resolutely declined. Every one disobeyed and no one obeyed. All knew something, they knew not what to do. In the meantime the troops who had taken the oath were being ordered to the front of them, under the command of Nicholas himself. The Governor of St. Petersburg rode in the midst of the mutineers, and exhorted them to turn to their duty, but his words

had no effect, and he was shot down by one of the officers. The two Metropolitans made a similar attempt, but with as little success. At last, when all attempts at persuasion proved fruitless, the artillery fired a few rounds of grape-shot and cleared the square. A similar attempt in one of the southern provinces proved equally unsuccessful. The whole thing collapsed without any serious effort. A hundred and twenty-one officers were tried for high treason. Of these, five were condemned to the gallows and executed, and the others were transported to Siberia. Here ends the first chapter in the history of Russian secret societies.

The Emperor Nicholas was very different from his sentimental brother. At no period of his life did he ever show even a Platonic affection for liberty in any form. He put his faith in military discipline—especially in drill—and considered it one of the chief duties of a Tsar to stamp out what the Liberals called "the spirit of the time." To effect this, he adopted and pushed to its extreme limit the Metternich system of police supervision and repression, and for a time the system served its purpose. During his reign tranquillity reigned in Russia. The administration was incredibly corrupt, but there were no public expressions of disloyalty or liberalism—two words which were in his Majesty's mind synonymous—and no revolutionary movements even in the stormy times of '48. The police considered it necessary occasionally to send a few "restless" people to Siberia, and once they discovered—malicious ill-intentioned people said invented—a political conspiracy; but there was nothing that could be called, even in elastic official language, a secret society. Had Nicholas died in 1852, his last moments might have been comforted by the conviction that he had fulfilled the whole duty of an autocrat, and that the system he loved so well had proved a brilliant success. That illusion was rudely dispelled by the Crimean War.

In the history of England and France that war is but an episode of second-rate importance; for Russia it was an event of the first magnitude, for it was the direct cause, as I have elsewhere explain-

ed, of all those great reforms which have made the present reign one of the most important epochs of Russian history.

In many respects the present reign resembles that of Alexander I. Both open with a violent outburst of reform enthusiasm, and in both cases the Emperor puts himself at the head of the reform movement. For a time all goes well. Great reforms are conceived and partly executed, and many sanguine people believe that a national millennium is at hand. But gradually the enthusiasm cools under the influence of chilly experience. The chilling process naturally takes place more rapidly among those in authority. The new institutions do not work nearly so well in reality as on paper, and new forces appear which do not readily submit to control. The Government think it well to apply the curb, first in an intermittent, irritating way, and then in a more decided, systematic fashion. This is naturally resented by the enthusiastic, sanguine people, and the cry is raised that the reaction has set in. It is no longer possible, they say, to trust to the Government for the realisation of the expected millennium. If it is to be realised, extra-legal means must be employed. In a word, the stage is again prepared for the entrance of secret political societies.

In the present reign the cooling process commenced almost as soon as the emancipation law began to be put in execution in 1861. Serf-emancipation—the conferring of liberty and civic rights on forty millions of human beings—is of course a grand thing of which a nation should be proud, and with which every patriotic man with any pretensions to being civilised and liberal must warmly sympathise; but when this great event accidentally deprives you of all power over one-half of your estate, and you find that your serfs are dissatisfied because they do not get the whole of it, you will probably feel—especially if your liberalism and patriotism be of the vapoing, rhetorical type—that really liberalism may be pushed a little too far. So, at least, thought many of the Russian proprietors. On the other hand certain youths, not amenable to sobering influences, held that the Emancipation law and the Government in general were not nearly liberal enough. These consid-

ered that more land and less taxation should have been given to the peasantry, and after due consideration arrived at the conviction that the best way to mend matters was to write and disseminate the most terrifically seditious proclamations. Then there were the disorders in the universities, and above all there were the Nihilists. What are the Nihilists? That is a question which I have often put to men who ought to be competent authorities, and I have never received a satisfactory explanation, but there is no difficulty in describing the popular conception of them. According to popular opinion they were a band of fanatical young men and women—many of them medical students—who had determined to turn the world upside down and to introduce “a new kind of social order,” founded on the most advanced principles, communistic and otherwise. They had discovered that the two chief fountains of crime and human misery, viz. lust and the desire of gain, might be hermetically sealed by abolishing the obsolete institutions of marriage and private property. When society would be so organized that all the natural instincts of human nature would find complete and untrammelled satisfaction, there would be no inducement to commit crime. That could not of course be effected instantaneously, but something might be done at once. The adherents of the new doctrines accordingly reversed the traditional order of things in the matter of *coiffure*: the males allowed their hair to grow long, and the female adepts cut their hair short, adding occasionally the additional badge of blue spectacles. Their appearance naturally shocked the æsthetic feelings of ordinary people, but to this they did not object. They had raised themselves above the level of popular notions, were indifferent to so-called public opinion, despised Philistine respectability, and rather liked to scandalise people with antiquated prejudices. Besides this they had a special grudge against the worship of æsthetic culture. Professing extreme utilitarianism, they explained that the shoemaker who practises his craft in the true sense a greater man than Shakspeare or a Goethe, because humanity has more need of shoes than poet. Strange to say, the opera found favor

yes—perhaps because the founder of modern theoretical Communism had made dramatic representations in his *stère* programme. Perhaps the curious part of this curious phenomenon was the prominence of the element in all the demonstrations. The students held meetings against orders of the authorities, ladies in fair and blue spectacles were gentlemen among the orators.

It must be distinctly understood that I am describing not the Nihilists but simply the popular conception of them. Some of their friends have assured me this conception is radically false. According to these authorities there were no Nihilists. The people in whom this name was applied were students [who desired] beneficent reforms. The peculiarities in costume arose merely from a neglect of trivialities in view of higher interests. However this may be I do not pretend at present to decide the question—many people were deceived, and the reaction was prepared in consequence. To illustrate this, I quote here part of an unpublished letter written in October, 1861, by a man who now occupies one of the high positions in the Administration. At one time he was regarded as ultra-liberal and consequently we may assume that, relatively speaking, he did not take an alarmist view of the situation. This is what he says, writing to a near friend: "You have not been long absent—merely a few months; but if you were here now, you would be astonished at the progress which the Opposition—might say the Revolutionary Party—has already made. The disorders in the University do not relate merely to students. I see in the affair the beginning of serious dangers for public tranquillity and the existing order of things."

Young people, without distinction of costume, uniform, and origin, participated in the street demonstrations. These were the students of the university and the students of other institutions—and a mass of people who are students only in name. Among these last were certain gentlemen in long beards and *volontaires* in crinoline who are the most fanatical. Blue collars were the distinguishing mark of the stu-

dents' uniform—have become the *signe de ralliement*. Almost all the professors, and many officers, take the part of the students. The newspaper critics openly defend their colleagues. Mikhaïlof has been convicted of writing, printing, and circulating one of the most violent proclamations that ever existed, under the title of, 'To the young generation.' Among the students and the *littérateurs* there is unquestionably an organized conspiracy, which has perhaps leaders outside the literary circle. The Polish students have not yet spoken out in this movement, but they are so self-confident that . . . the police are powerless. They arrest any one they can lay their hands on. About eighty people have been already sent to the fortress and have been examined, but all this leads to no practical result, because the revolutionary ideas have taken possession of all classes, all ages, all professions, and are publicly expressed in the streets, in the barracks, and in the ministries! I believe the police itself is carried away by them. What all this will lead to it is difficult to predict. I am very much afraid of some bloody catastrophe. Even if it should not go to such a length immediately, the position of the Government will be extremely difficult. Its authority is shaken, and all are convinced that it is powerless, stupid, and incapable. On that point there is the most perfect unanimity among parties of all colors, even the most opposite. The most desperate 'Planter,'* agrees in that respect with the most desperate Socialist. Meanwhile those who have the direction of affairs do almost nothing, and have no plan or definite aim clearly in view. At present the Emperor is not in the capital, and now, more than at any former time, there is complete anarchy in the absence of the master of the house. There is a great deal of bustle and talk, and all blame they know not whom."†

The expected revolution did not take place, but timid people had no difficulty in perceiving signs of its approach. The press continued to disseminate under a

* An epithet commonly applied, at the time of the emancipation, to the adherents of serfage and the defenders of the proprietors' rights.

† For obvious reasons I refrain from naming the writer of this letter, which accidentally fell into my hands.

more or less disguised form ideas which were considered dangerous. The *Kolo-kol*, a Russian paper published in London by Herzen, and strictly prohibited by the Press-censure, found its way regularly into the country, and was eagerly read by thousands. The youth, it was said, was being corrupted by socialistic ideas. Young girls of respectable family had been heard to express most objectionable views on the subject of matrimony. Not a few suspected that a great Nihilist organization had been secretly formed for the overthrow of society; and this suspicion found confirmation in several great fires which broke out in St. Petersburg and other towns, and which were believed to be the work of Nihilist incendiaries.

Soon a new event came to strengthen the reactionary influences. In the beginning of 1863 the Polish insurrection broke out. That ill-advised attempt on the part of the Poles to recover their independence had a curious effect on Russian public opinion. There was at that time in Russia a very large amount of generous liberal sentiment, which was, perhaps, not very deep, but was at least genuine so far as it went. Both the Government and the better section of the educated classes were ready to grant to Poland very considerable concessions. The Poles were to have their own administration and almost complete autonomy, under the vice-royalty of a Russian Grand Duke. Whether the scheme would have succeeded, if the Poles had shown sufficient political tact and patience, is a question that need not here be discussed. Political tact and patience are not prominent features of the Polish character, and certainly they were not displayed on this occasion. The new administration committed some grave mistakes, and the Poles appealed to arms. As the news of the rising spread over Russia, there was a moment of hesitation. Those who had been for several years habitually extolling liberty and self-government as the necessary conditions of all progress, and sympathizing warmly with every Liberal movement, whether at home or abroad, could not well frown upon the political aspirations of the Poles. The Liberal sentiment of that time was so extremely philosophical and cosmopolitan that it

scarcely distinguished between Poles and Russians, and liberty was supposed to be a good and grand thing in Warsaw as well as in St. Petersburg. But underneath this fair artificial growth of cosmopolitan liberalism lay the volcano of national patriotism—dormant for the moment, but by no means extinct. Though the Russians are, in some respects, the most cosmopolitan of the European nations, they are at the same time capable of indulging in violent outbursts of patriotic fanaticism; and these two contradictory elements in their character were brought into contact by the news of the Polish insurrection. The struggle was only momentary. Ere long the patriotic feelings burst forth, and carried all before them. The *Moscow Gazette* thundered against the pseudo-Liberal sentimentalism which would, if unchecked, necessarily lead to the dismemberment of the empire; and Mr. Katkoff, the editor of that paper, became for a time the most influential private individual in the country. A few, indeed, remained true to their convictions. Herzen, for instance, wrote in the *Kolo-kol* a glowing panegyric on two Russian officers who had refused to fire on the insurgents, and here and there a man might be found who confessed that he was ashamed of the severity displayed in Lithuania.* But such men were few, and were commonly regarded almost as traitors. The great majority of the public thoroughly approved of the severe energetic measures adopted by the Government, and when the insurrection was suppressed, men who had a few months previously spoken and written in magniloquent terms about humanitarian liberalism, joined in the ovations given to Muraviéff! At a great dinner given in his honor, that energetic and by no means too humane administrator, who had systematically opposed the emancipation of the serfs, and had never concealed his contempt for the Liberal ideas recently in fashion, could ironically ex-

* I have heard, at least, two genuine, nominally orthodox Russians make statements of this kind. I must, however, in fairness add that the conceptions commonly held in Western Europe regarding Muraviéff and his administration are, though not without a foundation of fact, in my opinion, gross exaggerations.

press his satisfaction at seeing so many "new friends" around him.*

Still the Government, whilst repressing all political agitation, did not abandon its policy of introducing reforms by means of the autocratic power. The Zemstvo, a system of local self-government comprising periodical elective assemblies, was created, and preparations were made for thoroughly reorganizing the law-courts and the judicial procedure. But in 1866 a new event came to strengthen the reactionary influence. A foolish, misguided youth, called Karakózof, made an attempt on the life of the Emperor. The effect of such an incident on his Majesty and on those who surrounded him may easily be imagined. Report says—though I must add that I have never seen the official documents relating to this affair—that the would-be assassin, formerly a student, belonged to a little domestic community composed of two or three youths of not very satisfactory moral character, and calling itself by the ill-sounding name of *Ad*, that is to say, Hell.

This incident, in conjunction with the others which I have indicated, induced the Government to take energetic measures. It was found that the agitation proceeded in all cases from young men who were studying, or had recently studied, in the universities, the seminaries, and the technical schools, such as the Medical Academy and the Agricultural Institute. Plainly, therefore, the system of education was at fault. The semi-military system of the time of Nicholas had been succeeded by one in which discipline had been reduced to a minimum, and the study of natural science formed a prominent element. Here, it was thought, lay the chief root of the evil. Englishmen may have some difficulty in imagining a possible connection between natural science and revolutionary agitation. To them the two things must seem wide as the poles asunder. Surely mathematics, chemistry, physio-

logy, and similar abstract subjects have nothing to do with politics. Certainly they have not much to do with each other in this country, but in Russia it is different. This is one of the many curious and interesting phenomena to be found in the present intellectual condition of the Russian educated classes. To explain it would require at least a long article, so I must content myself for the present with simply indicating the explanation. When an Englishman undertakes the study of any branch of natural science, he gets up his subject by means of lectures, text-books, and museums or laboratories, and when he has mastered it he probably puts his knowledge to some practical use. The man who has studied the medical sciences becomes a doctor; the student of chemistry finds employment as a professor or in a factory; the mathematician becomes, perhaps, an engineer. Probably none of these men feel any desire to enter political life or imagine that their previous studies have specially fitted them for such activity. In Russia it is otherwise. Few students confine their attention to their specialty. Many of them dislike the laborious work of getting up details, and with the presumption which is often to be found in conjunction with youth and ignorance, aspire to become social reformers. But what has social reform to do with natural science? To understand the connection the reader must know that, though very few Russian students have opened the voluminous works of Auguste Comte, nearly all of them are more or less imbued with the principles of Positivism. Now in the Positive Philosophy the study of natural science leads to the study of Sociology. In the classification of the sciences proposed by Comte, Sociology is the main part of the edifice, and to it all the other sciences are subsidiary. Social reorganization is thus the ultimate aim of scientific research, and the Positivist can behold with prophetic eye Humanity organized on strictly scientific principles. Cool-headed people who have had a little experience of the world recognise clearly that this ultimate goal of human intellectual activity is still afar off—that even in the lower parts of the structure there are still enormous gaps which it will require many years, and probably many genera-

* Count Muraviéff has left a most interesting autobiographical fragment relating to the history of this time, but it is not likely to be published during the life-time of the present generation. As an historical document it is very valuable, but must be used with extreme caution. A copy of it was for some time in my possession, but I was bound by a promise not to make extracts from it.

, to fill up, and that consequently it would be folly to attempt at present to instruct the higher parts. But the would-be social reformers among the Russian students are too young, too inexperienced, too impatient, and too presumptuously self-confident to perceive this plain and simple truth. As soon as they have acquired a smattering of chemistry, physiology, and biology, they imagine themselves capable of reorganizing human society, and when they have acquired this conviction they are of course unfitted for that patient, plodding study of details which is the only foundation of genuine scientific knowledge.

To remedy these evils the Government determined to introduce more discipline into the schools, and to supplant, to a certain extent, the study of natural science by the classics—that is to say, Latin and Greek. This measure naturally caused much discontent among the students. Young men who considered themselves capable of reorganizing society and playing a political part, fretted of course under discipline, and resented being treated as school-boys. The Latin grammar seemed to them an ingenious instrument adopted by the Government for the destroying of intellectual development and the checking of political progress. Ingenious speculations about the possible organization of the working classes and magnificent views of the future of humanity, are so much pleasanter than the irregular verbs and rules of syntax.

But I must refrain from going deeper into this interesting subject. These few threads in the tangled web of Russian social history during the present reign will, I hope, enable the reader in some measure to understand how the soil was prepared for the growth of secret societies, differing widely in character and aim from those which flourished in the time of Alexander I. The contrast between the two groups is very striking. In the time of Alexander I. the members of the secret societies were all, or nearly all, young men of good family, and very many of them belonged to the *jeunesse dorée* of the period. The societies which have recently appeared are composed of very different elements. They are violently anti-aristocratic, and draw their recruits chiefly from the sons of the

clergy, the small proprietors, and the minor officials. In strong contrast to the romantic, sentimental, idyllic spirit which animated the conspirators of 1825, they declare war against romanticism in all its forms, despise sentimentality, and declare themselves the champions of the peasantry. In aims, too, they differ widely from the societies of the old school. What they desire is to produce not merely a political, but also a fundamental social revolution, which will abolish for ever all obsolete institutions, such as private property, marriage, and religion, and for ever equalise rich and poor. The overthrow of the Government and the annihilation of officials, nobles, and capitalists, form only the introductory part of the programme. But for the realisation of even this introductory part, great efforts are necessary. A court conspiracy, though backed by disaffection in the army, will not suffice. It is necessary that the masses should be raised from their ignorance and apathy, and made to understand what a magnificent future they have before them if they would only bestir themselves. To effect this, and at the same time to study the character of these much-talked-of and little-understood masses, intelligent Young Russia must enter for a time the ranks of the people (*idti v narod*).

Perhaps the best way of conveying an idea of this peculiar movement is to describe briefly the society which has most recently attracted public attention.

In April, 1875, a peasant, who was at the same time a factory-worker, informed the police that certain persons were distributing revolutionary pamphlets among the people of the factory where he was employed, and as a proof of what he said he produced some pamphlets which he had himself received. This led to an investigation, by which it was found that a number of young men and women, evidently belonging to the educated classes, were employed as common laborers in several factories, and were disseminating revolutionary ideas by means of pamphlets and conversation. Arrests followed, and it was soon discovered that these agitators belonged to a large secret association, which had its centre in Moscow and local branches in Ivanovo-Tula, and Kief. In Ivanovo, for instance—a manufacturing town ;

hundred miles to the north-east of Moscow—the police found a room inhabited by three young men and four women, all of whom, though belonging to the educated classes, had the rank of ordinary factory-workers, cooked their own food, did with their hands all the domestic work, and strove to avoid everything that could distinguish them from the laboring population. In the room were found two hundred and forty-five copies of revolutionary pamphlets, a considerable sum of money, a large amount of correspondence in cipher, and several forged pass-

ports. Among many members the society consisted of both sexes; it is impossible to say, for some were under the vigilance of the police; but many were arrested, and ultimately twenty-seven were condemned. Of these, twenty were nobles, seven were sons of nobles, and the remainder belonged to the lower classes—that is to say, to the small officials, burghers, and peasants. The average age of the prisoners was rather less than twenty-four, the oldest being thirty-six, and the youngest under seventeen! Only five were more than twenty-five years of age, and none of these five were ringleaders. The female element was represented by more than fifteen young persons, whose average age was under twenty-two. Two of these, to judge by their photographs, were of decidedly prepossessing appearance, and apparently little disposed for taking an active part in wholesale massacres, such as the society talked of organizing. It would be interesting to inquire how it has come about that there are in Russia young ladies of prepossessing appearance, respectable, and considerable education, who are ready to enter upon wild sanguinary enterprises which inevitably lead in the end to the house of correction or the mines of Siberia; but I must postpone this investigation to a more convenient season. For the present suffice it to say that there are such young ladies in Russia, and that several of them were named as founders and active members of the society in question.

The character and aims of the society were early depicted in the documentary evidence produced at the trial. According to the fundamental principles,

there should exist among the members absolute equality, complete mutual responsibility, and full confidence and openness with regard to the affairs of the organization. Among the conditions of admission, we find that the candidate should be willing to devote himself entirely to revolutionary activity; that he should be ready to cut all ties, whether of love or of friendship, for the good cause; that he should possess great powers of self-sacrifice and the capacity for keeping secrets; and that he should consent to become, when necessary, a common laborer in a factory. The desire to preserve absolute equality is well illustrated by the regulations regarding the administration: the office-bearers are not to be chosen by election, but all members are to be office-bearers in turn, and to be changed every month.

The ultimate aim of the society seems to have been to destroy the existing social order and to replace it by one in which there should be no private property and no distinctions of class or wealth—or, as it is put in one place, “to found on the ruins of the social organization which at present exists the empire of the working classes.” The means by which the necessary revolution is to be effected, are carefully enumerated in one of the documents seized by the authorities. Each member, it is there explained, has the greatest liberty as to the means, but he is to leave nothing undone to forward the cause of the revolution. For the guidance of the inexperienced the following means are recommended: simple conversation, dissemination of pamphlets, the exciting of discontent, the formation of organized groups, the foundation of funds and libraries. These, taken together, constitute, in the terminology of revolutionary science, “propaganda.” Besides it, there should be “agitation.” The difference between propaganda and agitation, we are informed, consists in this, that the former aims at enlightening the masses regarding the true nature of the revolutionary cause, whilst the latter aims at exciting an individual or group to direct revolutionary activity. In time of peace “pure agitation” is to be carried on by means of organized bands, the purpose of which is to frighten the Government and the privileged classes; to draw away the atten-

tion of the Government from other forms of revolutionary activity; to raise the spirit of the people, and thereby render it more fit to accept revolutionary ideas; to obtain pecuniary means for the activity of the society; and to liberate those who have been imprisoned. The tendency of the bands should always be "purely socialistic-revolutionary" — whatever that may mean. In time of revolution the members should give to all movements every assistance in their power, and impress upon them "a socialistic-revolutionary character." The central administration and the local branches should form connections with publishers, and take steps to secure a regular supply of prohibited books from abroad. Such are a few characteristic extracts from a document that might fairly be called a treatise on revolutionology.

As a specimen of the revolutionary pamphlets above mentioned, I may give here a brief account of one which is well known to the political police, and figures largely at all the political trials. It is entitled *Khitraya Mekhanika* (cunning machinery), and gives a graphic picture of the ideas and method of the propaganda. The *mise en scène* is extremely simple. Two peasants, Stepán and Andrei, meet in a gin-shop and begin to drink together. Stepán is described as good and kindly when he has to do with men of his own class, but very sharp-tongued when speaking with a foreman or director. Always ready with an answer, he can on occasion even silence an official. He has travelled all over the country, has associated with all manner of people, sees everything most clearly, and is, in short, a very remarkable man. One of his best qualities is that he is always ready to enlighten others, and he soon finds an opportunity of displaying his powers. When Andrei, a peasant of the ordinary type, proposes that they should drink another glass of *vodka*, he replies that the Tsar, together with the nobles and traders, bars the way to his throat. As his companion does not comprehend this metaphorical language, he explains that if there were no Tsars, nobles, or traders, he could get five glasses of *vodka* for the sum which he now pays for one glass. This naturally suggests wider topics, and Ste-

pán gives something very like a lecture. The common people, he explains, pay by far the greater part of the taxation, and at the same time do all the work: they plough the fields, build the houses and churches, work in the mills and factories, and in return for all this they are systematically robbed and beaten. And what is done with all the money that is taken from them? First of all, the Tsar gets nine millions of roubles—enough to feed half a province—and with that sum he amuses himself, has hunting-parties and feasts, eats, drinks, makes merry, and lives in stone houses. He gave liberty, it is true, to the peasant, but we know what the emancipation really was. The best land was taken away and the taxes were increased, lest the *mushik* should get fat and lazy. The Tsar is himself the richest landed proprietor and manufacturer in the country. He not only robs us as much as he pleases, but he has sold into slavery (by forming a national debt) our children and grandchildren. He takes our sons as soldiers, shuts them up in barracks, so that they should not see their brother peasants, and hardens their hearts, so that they become wild beasts ready to tear their own parents. The nobles and traders likewise rob the poor peasant. In short, all the upper classes have invented a cunning bit of machinery by which the peasant is made to pay for all their pleasures and luxuries. But the people will one day arise and break this machinery to pieces. When that day arrives, they must break every part of it, for if one bit escapes destruction all the other parts will immediately grow up again. All the force is on the side of the peasants, if they only knew how to use it. Knowledge they will get in time. They will then destroy the machine, and perceive that the only real remedy for all social evils is fraternity. People should live like brothers, having no *mine* and *thine*, but all things in common. When we have created fraternity, there will be no riches and no thieves, but right and righteousness without end. In conclusion, Stepán addresses a word to "the torturers:" "When the people shall rise, the Tsar will send troops against us, and the nobles and capitalists will stake their last rouble on the result. If they do not succeed, let them expect no quarter

from us. They may conquer us once or twice, but we shall at last get our own, for there is no power that can withstand the whole people. Then we shall cleanse the country of our persecutors, and establish a brotherhood in which there shall be no *mine* and *thine*, but all will work for the common weal. We will construct no cunning machinery, but will pluck up evil by the roots and establish eternal justice."

It would be interesting to trace the connection between these secret revolutionary societies and the great intellectual movement which took place in the educated classes after the Crimean War, and produced the beneficent reforms of the present reign. Want of space prevents me from entering on that investigation. All I can say for the present on this subject is, that these societies are the illegitimate and monstrous progeny of that movement. Many of the agitators claim to be disciples of Tchernishewski—a man who held the most influential position in Russian periodical literature during the time of the Emancipation, and who was afterwards exiled to Siberia, where he is still living—but I venture to think that he could not recognise them as such, and I am quite certain that he could have no sympathy with those specimens of the class whom I have seen. If we except a novel which he wrote while in solitary confinement, and which cannot fairly be considered an exposition of his real views in his serious moments, we find everywhere in his writings a large amount of common sense and moderation. In the conversation of the few agitators whom I have met I have always found the reverse—a strange farrago of pedantry, childishness, and political fanaticism. Not long ago I was favored with a visit from one of these gentlemen. During several hours I listened attentively to his tirades, and endeavored, immediately after his departure, to put on paper what I had heard, but I must confess that, though not without considerable practice in that kind of work, I failed completely. Beyond the ordinary stereotyped phrases about tyranny, obscurantism, "the cursed bourgeoisie," "exploitation" of the peasantry, and the like, I could recall nothing. My visitor spoke Russian during the interview, but his dissertations were inter-

larded with Russified-French words, showing plainly the source of his inspiration. Such men do a grievous wrong to the man whom they call their teacher, and whom they profess to revere; for the authorities, though disposed to clemency, think that they cannot safely liberate one whose name is used as a watchword by unscrupulous political fanatics. This is, no doubt, a grave consideration, but I think that more importance is attached to it than it deserves. Surely, at the present moment, when so much is said about justice and humanitarianism, the Government might do a graceful and politic act by liberating a man who unquestionably did good service in the cause of serf-emancipation, who systematically discountenanced all foolish political demonstrations, and who has more than expiated, during fifteen years, any youthful indiscretions he may have committed.

A few words in conclusion regarding the real importance of these secret societies. Do they constitute a real danger for the state? Any one who knows Russia well will not hesitate, I believe, to answer this question in the negative. Even some of the agitators have come to perceive the folly of their conduct. Here is the literal translation of a letter written by a member of the secret society above described. I preserve, as very characteristic of the movement in general, the pedantic, pseudo-scientific style in which the document is written. Referring to the impetuous, inconsiderate conduct of one of the female members of the society, the writer says:—

"I explain her conduct by her complete subjection to the desire of acting in a certain direction without thinking of consequences, and by the want of critical power or perhaps by the desire not to consider the thing critically. We ought at last to look into the past and learn from experience. It is time for us to give up running our heads against a stone wall. She wishes to act in a 'rude,' 'democratic' sphere, but she forgets that if she now gives way to her impulse, she will be again within a month in prison, and she will thereby deprive herself of all possibility of ever doing anything. Further, such impulsive action at the present time, when so many people are in prison, is a bit of extreme egotism and a giving way to personal feeling. All the authorities are now alarmed and on the watch. Their nervous system and their feeling of revenge are excited. Their fears are exaggerated. Every new attempt of the kind will not

only be quickly discovered and end in the ruin of those engaged in it, but it will at the same time strengthen and keep up the present excitement among the authorities, and make them act more energetically against those who have fallen into their hands. Is it not, then, extremely egotistical to give way to personal feeling, and to disregard the fate of hundreds who will suffer in consequence? Besides this, it will greatly injure the people by calling forth a series of repressive measures which have a prejudicial influence on the national life. That is the more evident side of the question, but there is another side which may be called the principal one. Are all problems solved accurately so as to admit of no doubt? Surely experience is not altogether silent. What is the people? Not only are the problems not solved, but they are not accurately stated. Experience must lead to doubt. The thing is that Russian Radicalism is merely an abstract logical conclusion, founded on an untrustworthy basis of sentiment and an ignorance of the nature and wants of the Russian people—ignorance of the conditions of its historical life and of man in general. So long as that specially practical and partly theoretical information has not been obtained, it is impossible to arrive at any conclusion, and still more impossible to begin any activity. That Russian Radicalism does not know man in general and the Russian in particular—that is unquestionable. We know by experience that it wishes to impose on Russians foreign modes of thought and ideals which they are incapable of appropriating. It promises them a stork in heaven, when they would much prefer a sparrow on earth. By *à priori* reasoning and from general knowledge of human nature, we may conclude that every ignorant and 'undeveloped' man values most of all his own life, that the sphere of his requirements is confined to food and a wife, and that anything higher than these is unintelligible for him until they are satisfied, and until you develop in him human dignity and thought. Besides this, various social misfortunes have brought down the wants of the Russian peasant to such a minimum, that firstly it requires very great want to make him protest, and secondly it requires very small concessions to make him be silent and tranquil. If the apparent emancipation of the serfs postponed popular insurrection for several decades, it is evident that when serious attempts at insurrection are made in the future, it will be sufficient to diminish the taxes and increase a little the amount of peasant land. Small material concessions will induce them the more readily to deliver up the leaders and intelligent propagandists, and that will continue until there have been created in the people a popular idea and more or less human culture, which must be created not by books imported from abroad, not by incitement to revolt, but by gradual human development, and by influence in those places where it is not completely excluded by unfavorable circumstances. The times of Pugatcheff are past. The State has succeeded in crushing the warlike, nomadic instincts of the

people. A popular rising has, therefore, no chance of success, and if such a thing did happen to succeed, the people in its present intellectual condition would gain nothing, and would simply fall into the hands of a dictator, or of capitalists, or of both. I do not deny the possibility of an insurrection as the result of a whole series of causes, but I am convinced that it can be produced and guided only by elemental forces independently of artificial influences. He who can raise the spirit of such a popular movement and take advantage of it will alone gain by it, and his success or failure, so far as the people are concerned, will depend on the degree of conscientiousness of the leaders; for a popular revolution is an elemental force, and not a principle, or a logical conclusion, or a mathematical programme. Hence to raise *Revolutionarity* (*Revolutionnost*) to the rank of a principle is in my opinion an absurdity. Revolutionarity can exist only in the feelings of an individual man or in the periodical outbursts of the masses. The masses as an element do not possess the critical faculty, and at certain moments act by instinct. The individual is obliged to act according to the critical faculty, and ought not to construct his principles on elemental impulses of the masses. Regarding the latter as an historical and 'cultural' necessity, he ought to content himself with the following programme: by the attentive study of the masses and of the separate units of which they are composed, he should inoculate the separate units with consciousness and the critical faculty, avoiding all bias and instigation, and introduce into the masses, in so far as it is possible, the elements of human culture. The rest should be left to the elaboration of this material by the people. Further than this the part of intelligent units cannot go. Every departure from this, so to say, natural programme, is as fatal to the intelligent units and to the people as every departure from the laws of nature must be. Revolutionarity as a principle is an anomaly—a transferring of instinct to the sphere of logic, that is to say, an unnatural union. But all that is general theory. There are no actors, and those who remain should spare themselves. Such a miserably small group cannot do anything more in the direction which I regard as the true one. It ought therefore to contract itself so as to form the nucleus of a future radical party, and in the meantime it ought to examine the surroundings in which it lives, study these surroundings and the people, investigate the conditions and organization of civilised life, elaborate the foundation of a programme, increase as much as possible the number of conscious and reflecting adepts—not of children—and wait. Every revolutionary pamphlet should be thrown into the fire. All that is nonsense and absurdity. Perhaps the time will soon come when it will be necessary to have a conscious—radical—popular party, a genuine champion of popular interests—not a mere phantom in the form of an anachronism; and such a party will not then be found. It is necessary to create it, and in the meantime to wait, working slowly

but surely in that direction. It is time to get rid of the charms of peasant surroundings, and to give up thinking about externals. These youthful outbursts without criticism lead to nothing but harm."

Let us hope that Young Russia will soon come to perceive clearly the truth contained in the last sentence of this curious document.—*Fortnightly Review*.

VICTOR HUGO.

IF there is a contemporary writer whose language could do justice to Victor Hugo's genius, it is the great poet and novel-writer himself. For it is altogether impossible to define it, and exact definition is a thing of which Victor Hugo is incapable. But it might be appropriately indicated by those sonorous phrases often so magnificently eloquent, which may mean much or little, or nothing at all, according as it pleases you to interpret them. We can hardly doubt that Victor Hugo generally understands himself; or at least that he has a clear conception of the dominating idea which is firing his imagination for the moment. But it is rarely easy to follow his chain of reasoning or his line of thought; and the brain gets dazed and dazzled in the multiplication of his metaphors and illustrations. He is not content with expressing his idea in a single far-fetched epigram. He exults in the exuberance of his warm fancy, and seems to fetch his illustrations from the immensity of the Infinite in which his intellect is floating. His greatest source of power is fatal to the completeness and finish of his work. For his mind is far too fervid, and its action far too rapid and impulsive. Whatever his gifts and the virtues of his style, he has no strength of self-control, and no sense of proportion. When the spirit is moving in him it must have its say, no matter how unfortunately timed may be the utterance; so that his poems have seldom either consistency or sequence, and his fictions are marred by all manner of digressions. Victor Hugo has good reason to believe in himself, and we probably do him no injustice in fancying that he is his own most ardent worshipper. But it is a pity that he had not shown some little consideration for those simple rules of art which go so far to make the grandest reputations. He would occupy a very different position with his contemporaries, to say nothing of his standing in the temple of fame, had he taught him-

self to submit to the practice of self-restraint instead of abandoning himself absolutely to the volition of his genius. In his latest poem he confesses the inspired independence which rejects all order or systematic relation, although he does not care to apologise for it, nor seem conscious that it has been his invariable habit. And we could wish too that he had condescended to be more intelligible. It is true that it may not be given to meaner mortals to plumb the depths in the mind of the Poet; and in the consciousness of his mission and his heaven-born gift it must sound to him like the profanity of ignorance, should we pray him to be more prosaic. But, after all, the noblest forms of poetry should surely come as a revelation which may be brought home to the mind of the many; not like the mystic mutterings of the oracle, which can only be vaguely interpreted by the initiated.

One must have a certain sense of presumption in calling attention to the shortcomings of an extraordinary genius; but, at least, in the case of Victor Hugo, we may be free from any strong feeling of the kind. These faults of his are too patent, and, we may add, too painful. For we admire him so much, and have so often been delighted by his works, that it is honest flattery rather than ingratitude, when we are indignant that he should not have delighted us more. And we are angry for his sake as much as for our own, that he should not have stooped to go to school in his youth, when he might have profited by the universal experience of his predecessors. We dare not say that he has wasted, but he has certainly been reckless of opportunities such as rarely fall to the lot of writers. It is now five-and-fifty years since he published his first volume of poems; it was some ten years later that he wrote his 'Notre Dame de Paris,' which had been preceded by more than one remarkable novel; and here we have this veteran at the age of seventy-five giving

us a fresh instalment of the 'Légende des Siècles'—a magnificent poem when all is said—and promising not merely its completion in due course, but the immediate publication of several other works.

Victor Hugo is seventy-five, yet his mental eye is not dimmed, nor is his bodily strength greatly abated. He shows the same richness of fancy, the same powerful grasp of grand ideas, the same originality of thought, and the same susceptibility of feeling, as when he wrote in what would have been the maturity of men of feebler stamina. There is as much of youthful impetuosity, and as much of nervous vigor, as when he flashed out on the world in the 'Odes and Ballads.' And all the time he has been indefatigably occupied; ransacking strange store-houses of fantastic learning; tracing the mythology, the superstitions, the legends, and the semi-mythical history of every race and creed, till he has accumulated a store of the peculiar treasure which he of all men has the talent to use. But how much of it has been unhappily misapplied so far as his own immortality is concerned! Should he be spared, as we trust he may, to write those books which he promises, we know very nearly what we may expect. They will abound in beauties of no common order; they will be enriched by rare thoughts and sublime conceptions; they will show a generous sympathy with the sorrows of mankind, and breathe ideal aspirations as to human perfectibility. But they will be written in the style and shape that were formed thirty or forty years ago. They will show the tyro in practical politics; and possibly the melancholy spectacle of a Titan in intellect laying himself open to the ridicule of the *premier-venu* of the pigmies. We may enjoy them more or less than others that have gone before, but that will be all. For this noble 'Légende des Siècles' shows not the slightest advance in art on its predecessor or on the 'Châtiments'; and his latest novel but one—'L'Homme qui rit'—is more artistically faulty than anything he has composed.

It has been unfortunate for his fame that he has been so much of a Frenchman in more ways than one. It seems harsh to reproach a man with an excess of patriotism, especially when his much-

loved country has fallen upon evil times. But Hugo's party escapades and democratic volubility have reacted on his literary career and his serious literary workmanship. Political opinions fly to the head with him; he has preached the principles of that pernicious gospel that the Communists of Paris translated into action. He has dreamed a perfection of institutions that presupposed a perfectibility of nature; and those of his countrymen who have followed him, or dragged him with them, have still a long way to go towards perfection. We cannot conceive that he has been blind to their shortcomings; and it is probable that at their very faults or their crimes have tended to increase the exaltation of his language. If his doctrines in their legitimate application have sown the dragon's teeth,—if things turn out other than as they ought to do,—the more that he is disappointed and disenchanted in his heart, the more fondly he clings to his illusions. It is touching, in spite of the unconscious self-satire of his writings, to see how firmly he has held to his fancies about his ideal Paris,—the salt of the earth, and the lamp of civilisation. We are far from desiring to deny the claims of France on the friends of civilisation and refinement; but Victor Hugo's jealous and excessive exaggeration is almost the only sign of senility about him. Not that there is anything really senile about that, for he felt and spoke equally extravagantly in the hot-headed fervor of his early youth. He is perfectly happy making a speech to the crowd on some subject that is touching every man of them closely; when each burning word falls like a firebrand on the heap of inflammable materials that is piled all ready to his hand. He is entirely in his element, writing a glorification of his darling Lutetia in such a handbook as was given to the world on the occasion of the last grand exhibition there. But it would have been well for him, and well for his readers, had he been blown off his sentimental hallucinations by such occasional safety-valves, instead of leavening all his books with them; thus provoking our smiles when we would have had us most serious, by blending the sublime with the ludicrous and impossible.

At the same time, rather than be mis-

tood, we must run the risk of re-
g ourself. We admire and we re-
him too much to do him uninten-
njustice : and the comprehensive
and tenderness of his philanthropy ;
bit of judging the world by him-
his rooted belief in his theories of
—only needed to have been modi-
unbiased observation, and chas-
by his own melancholy expe-
. It is that vast philanthropy
indiscriminate and ill-regulated
it be—those feelings of chival-
gentleness towards the helpless,
he affection he shows for the
ing and the miserable—that make
eat charm of his books. And
his heart is as soft as a woman's,
though he is impulsively feminine
quick transitions of his moods,
spirit of his genius is thoroughly
ine. He glorifies manhood where
e meets with it, and his moral con-
is are invariably lofty. Not a few
noblest characters are to be found
men whose opinions or preju-
re antipathetical to his own. And
aching, if it is sometimes politi-
dangerous, is always morally pure.
e of the *écartades* of his somewhat
sentimentality, the tone of his
is sound and invigorating : he
es above everything man's duty
neighbors ; he inculcates charity
self-abnegation ; he arouses you to
ve responsibilities of life, and bids
ake the most of the powers and
ents that are given you in trust
ir fellows. He reminds you that
e bound to bear your part in ad-
g the cause of humanity ; and is
more indignantly eloquent than
ouncing the pharisaism that wraps
in self-righteousness and despises
Victor Hugo is French in every
out he is a living reproof to the
of his clever countrymen who
rostituted facile pens to pander to
r fashions. It is true that he
s delicate subjects with the force
e freedom of a strong and honest
He calls a spade a spade on oc-
with the nervous bluntness of
red writers and old divines. Nay,
netimes scandalises English taste,
ng in rhapsodies that had better
een omitted ; as when he chants
epithalamium" of Marius and
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Cosette in the 'Misérables,' from his
own very peculiar point of view ; or
when he indulges in his odd "excursus"
on the imaginary "mot" of Cambronne.
It is his habit to analyse, rather than to
gazer. But he only rests upon impurity
to reprobate it ; though, while holding
the sin up to reprobation, he delights in
offering opportunities of repentance to
the sinner.

So he carries the earnestness of his
nature and the courage of his opinions
into the choice of his subjects. Not un-
frequently, according to our ideas, he
provokingly fails in some magnificent
theme, because he will persist in looking
for far-fetched lessons in it, and will
wrest it to the illustration of doctrines
with which it is only connected by some
shadowy train of association invisible to
all but himself. Yet, on the other hand,
we may have him selecting some subject
where failure seems a foregone conclu-
sion. Perhaps it even suggests at first
sight nothing but what is ludicrous or
degrading ; and it is hard to attune the
soul of the reader to sympathy and ad-
miration when he is disposed before-
hand to smile or mock. Yet it is pre-
cisely in some feat of the kind that
Hugo is likely to be most successful.
He accomplishes his *tour de force* with-
out the slightest apparent effort ; and
before you are aware of it, the smile is
dying on your lips, and possibly the
moisture may be rising in your eyes.

Victor Hugo is essentially a poet, and
he is a great poet ; yet, as he is more
likely to live in his novels than in his
poems, it is as a novelist that we propose
chiefly to regard him. But it would be an
imperfect and one-sided criticism indeed
that ~~passed~~ his poetry over in silence ;
and, as it happens, we can hardly give a
better idea of it than by passing under
rapid review his new 'Légende des Siè-
cles.' There are passages and whole
poems in his earlier volumes which we
like at least as well as anything in this
later work—"Boaz endormi," for exam-
ple, in the former part of the 'Lé-
gende ;' but, on the whole, this latest
work does its author ample justice. Its
theme is humanity. Its pervading idea
is the *ἀνάγκη*, or inexorable Fatality,
whose imaginary influences on various
orders of society he has elaborated in
four of his most admirable novels. Here

we have the cycle of the sufferings of the whole human race, with the struggles waged by its heroes and martyrs against the powers that oppress it. The careless rule of the immortal gods who had crushed the sturdy children of the Earth, was succeeded by the tyranny of kings and priests, aggravating the inevitable miseries of mankind. The opening argument is the vision, "D'où est sorti ce livre." The poet's blindly devoted admirers will be delighted by it; and to us it seems that the grand and sublime greatly predominate over the fantastic. What is certain is, that in thought and style it is in Victor Hugo's most characteristic manner. He attributes life and sensation to inanimate objects. He revels in the most original and wildest conceptions. He brings the old and the new, the sacred and profane, mythology and history, facts and fancies, into strange yet often striking juxtaposition. The wall of the ages rises before him.

"C'était de la chair vive et du granit brut,
Une immobilité faite d'inquiétude,
Un édifice ayant un bruit de multitude,
Des tours noirs étoilés par de farouches yeux,
Des évolutions des groupes monstrueux,
De vastes bas-reliefs, des fresques colossales."

It was a floating mass like a rolling cloud; at once a wall and a crowd of weeping dust and bleeding clay, where the falling stones took human forms, and all mankind, and existence, and the universe, interwoven by the threads of destiny, were palpitating in the face of this wall that lost itself in a vague immensity of darkness. There was a vision of everything, though in dire inextricable confusion—mind and matter, mud and sunlight, archangels, demi-gods, saints, heroes; the cities of the universe, from Thebes to Paris; the rivers, from the Nile to the Scheldt; "Hicétus preceding Newton; the Marseillaise, Æschylus, and the angel after the spectacle."

"Et dans l'obscur taillis des êtres et des choses,
Le regardais rôder, noir, riant, l'œil en feu,
Satan, ce braconnier de la forêt de Dieu."

In charming contrast to the grotesque imagery of the prologue is the opening hymn to the Earth. Then comes a wild Veda of the Hindoo mythology, entitled

"Suprématie;" but the finest of the fragments are those that follow, whose themes are the battles of the gods and the Titans. Even here, however, the writer will be political. Those Titans, whose strength and courage have succumbed to the supernal powers, are the prototypes of the people rising in its might to vindicate the rights of man against the monarchy and the privileged orders. In "Le Géant," the mighty Titan growls out his opening monologue with the voice of a man of the Parisian people; and in the turn of the sentences he launches at Olympus, you recognise the ring of a Danton's eloquence.

"Un mot; si par hasard il vous venait l'idée
Que cette herbe où je dors, de rosée inondée
Est faite pour subir n'importe quel pied nu,
Et que ma solitude est au premier venu,
Si vous pensiez entrer, dans l'ombre où je
séjourne,
Sans que ma grosse tête au fond des bois se
tourne,
Si vous figuriez que je vous laisserais
Tout déranger; percer des trous dans mes
forêts,
Ployer mes vieux sapins et casser mes grands
chênes,

Vous me croiriez plus bête encore que je ne
suis."

There is a fine account of the victory of the gods, of the wreck that has been scattered broadcast over the affrighted Earth, when mountains were bandied about as missiles, and rivers took refuge in subterranean darkness, never again to reappear.

"Les Dieux ont triomphé. Leur victoire est
tombée
Sur Enna, sur Larisse et Pylos, sur l'Eubée;
L'horizon est partout difforme maintenant;
Pas un mont qui ne soit pas blessé; L'Atlas
saignant
Est noir sous l'assemblage horrible des
nuées;
Chalcis que les hiboux emplissent des huées,
Le Thrace où l'on adore un vieux glaive
rouillé,
L'Hémonie où l'éclair féroce a travaillé,
Tout de mornes deserts que la ruine encom-
bre."

And one solitary mountain, sombre and menacing, blots out the whole horizon of man. It is the sunny Olympus where the gods are revelling after their victory,—the superb Venus, "the murder called Mars," "the theft styled Mercury," and all the rest of them. But while they are

careless, Pthos, the oldest of the
shed Titans, lies bruised and fet-
in the caverns deep in the roots of
mountain : he broods and meditates
gnaws his giant fists, refusing to
his defeat. The doom he resents
rebels against has befallen his
n, for

es géants sont pris et garrottés. Que
ire ?”

ises to resign himself. He exerts
unic force and strains his muscles.
sts his bonds and is at liberty in
rhythms of his dungeon. Then as
s himself along in the darkness,
his way through the rocks with
g and mutilated hands, Victor
imagination has free scope. The
groping between darkness 'and

“He pushes the abyss before
d says, ‘Allons.’”

lle le néant et le néant resiste
in flamboiement plus noir que la nuit
iste

Et tout ce qu'il faut faire,
poit. La fin de l'être et de l'espoir,
length,

l'endroit morne ou tout n'est plus.
erreur.
i. Le titan regarde l'invisible.”

last, struggling forth from his
house, he scales the seats of the
immortals, and breaks in upon
inquieting—

r cria, terrible ; O dieux, il est un
ieu.”

essarily ‘La Légende’ in its prog-
ist fall below that ambitious key-
“Après les dieux les rois,” is the
the following section, and thence-
l we are hurried hither and thither
those scenes of legend and his-
it have taken the poet's fancy.
ome, “Les Trois Cents,” the gal-
nd made by the Greeks against
ging tide of Asiatic barbarism.
re the march of Xerxes set out at
with the muster-roll of the many
and hordes who crowded into
ks in the train of his triumphant
When we have been impressed by
ce of those brute masses, who
well make their master believe
invincible, we are transported to
s of Thermopylæ and the decks

of the Grecian fleet. We are among the
men of thought and culture, heroes and
warriors as well, who are charged with
the defence of the destinies of civilisa-
tion. And when the battle is fairly
ranged as it were, and incalculable re-
sults are trembling in the doubtful bal-
ance, by a favorite trick of Victor Hugo's
art, the situation is solved abruptly with
a “Xercès s'en vu.” As a pendant to
that we have the interview of Majorian
with Attila, when the Roman legionar-
ies—the *Wacht am Rhein* reversed—
are menaced by the clouds of barbarians
from the mysterious depths of the Ger-
man forests ; a subject, by the way,
which struck Southey, who recommended
it to Savage Landor. Only in this in-
stance the poet's sympathies are with the
hosts who were to relieve the groaning
world from the despotism of imperial
Rome.

“The Romancero du Cid” fills an al-
together disproportionate space in the
work ; indeed it is a complete poem in
itself, of no little power and beauty,
though in the extreme variety of its local
allusions, it aims over the head of the
ordinary reader. The Cid, too, stands
out as a champion—the champion of
popular rights against the encroach-
ments of royalty. He is the true type
of the knight-errant, the protector of the
feeble against the strong. Chivalrous
in his bearing as in his deeds, he is as
loyal in his conduct as rough in his
speech. He will not draw his sword
against his sovereign and liege-lord, but
he apostrophises him in language of un-
measured vehemence, and speaks his
mind with the frankness of a Castilian
of the oldest and bluest blood. There
is a martial ring in the verses, which run
on over many pages.

In “Montfauçon,” we are in that full
vein of the horrible, which seems as dear
to the best French writers as it is repug-
nant to English taste. “Montfauçon”
is a bitter invective on the Church, as
the sworn enemy of thought and prog-
ress. An archbishop teaches the king
to persecute, by a parable he draws
from the dead birds that are hung up as
scarecrows in a field of corn. And we
have such revolting details of rotting
corpses, swinging from the gibbets, as
charmed the senses of Catherine de
Medicis when she paid her famous visit

after the St. Bartholomew. The same idea of ecclesiastical aggression is developed, even more dramatically and far more agreeably, in Welf, Castellan d'Osbor. Welf is a medieval Titan and a northern Cid. The stay and providence of the poor and weak, he holds his mountain stronghold against all comers, till he provokes the resentment of the mighty and merciless. He is beset and beleaguered by the forces of a famous leader of free-lances, of a king, of the Emperor, and of his Holiness the Pope. Each of these powers or potentates addresses him in person, mingling threats with magnificent promises. To all he turns a deaf ear, till he makes his final and indignant answer, giving voice to the cry of suffering humanity. As for the Pope, ignoring his offers of eternal felicity, denying his assumption of the vicerency of the Deity, and assuming that the keys of St. Peter open hell rather than heaven, Welf bursts out—

"N'usurpez pas ce mont. Je le conserve à Dieu."

But as *ἀνάγκη* prevails on earth more often than virtue, the Castellan loses his mount by an act of charity. He calls in a wandering beggar-child to warm herself at the furnace he has kindled to melt lead for his defence, when his enemies rush in upon him out of their ambush. Then the neighbors he had watched over, and who had regarded him as a demi-god, load the captive with insults. For it is the inconsistency of Victor Hugo, that he knows human nature as it actually is; although he credits it with an imaginary perfection of virtue when it is a question of advancing his favorite theories. There is much that is vigorously, almost morbidly, suggestive in the long "Epopée du ver," which is a pæan of the sovereignty of the worm over all created existences, and reaches its characteristic climax in the stanza—

"La création triste aux entrailles profondes,
Porte deux Tout-puissants, le Dieu qui fait les mondes,
Le ver qui les détruit."

The descriptions of mountain scenery in "Masferrer" are very fine; and Masferrer himself, a beneficent bandit, robbing the rich and giving to the poor, comes in as a most picturesque figure in

the foreground. He sits mending his bow in his cave in the Pyrenean forest, contemptuous as Welf of the proposals of the robber-kings who sue for the alliance of the formidable freebooter. Admirably spirited is the song of the Reitres, with its wild scent of blood, lust, and rapine; and the sonorous jingle of the ringing refrain to the clink of gold and the clatter of arms. And by way of contrast, and as showing the poet in his gentlest mood, what can be more tender and touching than his "Petit Paul"? Victor Hugo adores children; witness not only this perfect little piece, but scores of pictures scattered through his writings—notably that one in the "Misérables," where Valjean comes in quest of Cosette, and that other in "Quatre-vingt-treize," of the three infants in the tower of La Tourgue. Little Paul is left motherless from his birth: adopted and petted by his grandfather, he becomes the tyrant and darling of the fond old man, who anticipates his every fancy. But the old man dies, and the child is once more left solitary at the age of three.

"L'aïeul, parfois, se sentant las,
Avait dit—Paul, je vais mourir. Bientôt
hélas!
Tu ne le verras plus, ton pauvre vieux grand-père
Qui t'aimait.—Rien n'éteint cette claire lumière,
L'ignorance; et l'enfant, plein de joie et de chants,
Continuait de rire."

Paul is taken to his father's house, where his stepmother hates and maltreats him. He listens to the caressing language with which he was once so familiar, but now it is addressed to his baby half-brother. His prattle is silenced. He ceases to weep. Often he would gaze mournfully at the door. They missed him one evening and sought him in vain. Next morning they found him at rest upon the ground, outside the grating of the village cemetery.

"On voyait qu'il avait essayé de l'ouvrir.
Il sentait là quelqu'un pouvant le secourir;
Il avait appelé dans l'ombre solitaire,
Longtemps; puis il était tombé mort sur la terre,
A quelques pas du vieux grand-père, son ami.
N'ayant pu l'éveiller, il s'était endormi."

Again we have a swift change in the

as in the ode of Timotheus at
nder's feast; and we are in the
aidst of Napoleon's campaigns, in
eat of the battle of Eylau. The
of this feat of arms, we are told,
a uncle of the poet's; and it was a
e good fortune to him to find such
me in his own family annals. The
el summons the Captain Hugo, and
him the curt order, "Take the
of your company and *faites vous*
the cemetery." The cemetery is
y of the strategy of the day, and
be held at any cost. The colonel

la mort n'est pas loin. Capitaine,
la vie et vivre est la chose certaine,
rien ne sait mourir comme les bons
vivants.
donne mon cœur, mais ma peau, je le
vends.
aux belles! Trinquons. Votre poste
est le pire.
tre colonel avait le mot pour rire."

though the scene is enveloped in
of poetical fancies, the language
at, rough, familiar, and almost vul-
The soldiers of the forlorn-hope
wn to sleep in the snowstorm, that
them in heavy shrouds emblematic
ir fate on the morrow. They rise
fend the churchyard wrapped in
nd while the spectre-like ranks are
d by the shot and shell, the suc-
n of casualties is hidden from the
ors. At last the colonel arrives to
e them towards evening, to the
of "victory," from the men who
trooping after him.

qui donc la bataille a-t-elle été gagnée?
us, dit-il. La neige était de sang bag-
née.
it; C'est bien vous, Hugo? C'est votre
voix?
ombien de vivants êtes-vous ici?
Trois."

e 'Legend,' which is really grand,
h wild, fantastic, and fragmentary,
ates fittingly in the "Abîme,"—
adacious flight even for Victor
. The dialogue commenced by
he creature, carried on by constel-
s, comets, and the Infinite, is closed
ngle line by the Deity—

aurais qu'à souffler, et tout serait de
l'ombre."

here at least there is none of that
onable tampering with a subject

that ought to be approached reverentially
or not at all, which is not an uncommon
vice of Victor Hugo's art; as, for ex-
ample, when he explains Napoleon's
catastrophe at Waterloo in three words,
"Il gêna Dieu!"

But it is time we passed on to his
novels, for we should be led too far aside
were we tempted to advert to his drama-
tic pieces. 'Notre Dame de Paris' is
the first of those that really made him
famous, and it ran rapidly through eight
or nine editions. That it should have
had an extraordinary success is not sur-
prising, for there is much that is both
beautiful and exciting in the story;
while, as a vivid reproduction of the
manners of a most picturesque period
of history, it stands altogether unap-
proached in French fiction. Victor
Hugo has been an indefatigable, if not a
very exact, student of history. He has
pushed his researches in its *quartiers*
perdus as in its more commonly trodden
fields; in the palaces; the university,
which was a power in itself; in cloisters
and taverns; in the *cour des miracles*;
and in the dungeons and the torture-
chambers of Bastilles and *châteaux*. As
Macaulay remarked of Burke's studies
on Hindustan, he had made everything
that was most vague to other people
vivid reality for himself. His lively
imagination flying lightly back, rebuilt
old Paris and repeople it; and he
threw himself so entirely into the life of
the period, that you felt as if you had
been carried backwards over three cen-
turies and a half, to assist at the events
you found passing around you. It is
only a pity that he should not have been
content to tell his tale out of the fulness
of his own historical knowledge, convey-
ing information and instruction incident-
ally. But that, as we have said already,
is the one thing he cannot do. He *will*
digress, and he must pause to moralise.
Now he comes to a stand on the *parvis*
of Notre Dame, before the superb portal
of the cathedral, to read you a long lec-
ture on Gothic architecture *apropos* to
the noble structure before you. It is
inevitable, then, that when he is in the
full swing of his eloquence he should
launch the thunderbolts of his wrath on
those restorers who make a profession
of sacrilege. He drags you up the steps
of the tower of St. Jacques Boucherie to

map out the old city as it used to be ; or he stops short in the middle of an exciting scene of disturbance to explain the constitution of the venerable university. All that is most interesting and curious—infinately more so than those philosophical and poetical rhapsodies in which we shrink from following him at the best of times ; but then its legitimate place is in an appendix, or in archæological notes to illustrate the novel. The intense individuality of the author is perpetually asserting itself ; he is himself the central figure in every one of his books ; and in place of paying some deference to the recognised rules of his art, he takes us drifting hither and thither on the current of his tastes and his fancies. We may be sure that it is a fatal mistake artistically. The primary purpose of the novelist ought to be to sustain the interest, apart from what is popularly known as sensation. The object of that interest may be manifold—the most simple story of the feelings of a child, or the disentanglement of a network of mysteries and horrors. And erratic geniuses of the intellectual power of Victor Hugo might learn profitable lessons from the practice of the primitive artists who gain their livelihood in unsophisticated societies by paying attention to the popular taste. Fancy an oriental story-teller or an *improvisatore* pulling up in the middle of a flow of imagination while his excited audience were hanging on his lips, to give them his ideas on things in general. He would learn to his cost that he was squandering his talents, when his hearers melted away before he had sent round the hat or the turban.

It is the more provoking in the case of Victor Hugo, that he has most of the qualities that command the attention. Nothing can be more striking than some of his scenes ; nothing more subtly effective than many of his studies of character. In his gathering in the great hall of the Palais de Justice, we are transported bodily into the middle ages. We are made to mark the most conspicuous signs of the period in which the reign of Louis XI. was a turning-point. What passes on the grand *estrade* under the eyes of the excited populace of Paris, as a *résumé* of contemporary history is a masterpiece. The magnificent princes

of the Church and the great feudatories of the Crown, are still formidable enough to excite the apprehensions of the sovereign,—witness his Eminence the Cardinal de Bourbon, who appears in the pomp of his rank and the authority of his sacred office. But the people begins to be conscious of its strength ; and a far-seeing prince like Louis, who smarts under the fretting restraints of his aristocracy, has been cunningly practising the policy of playing one off against the other. He sees and welcomes a sign of the times, when Coppenole the shoemaker of Ghent is sent him as one of the Flemish envoys,—a formidable burgher, who, as he says himself, had not only seen revolutions, but made them. For Louis had a dangerous courage of his own ; and no one, not excepting Sir Walter Scott or Michelet, has painted him more happily than Victor Hugo. It was his pleasure to fish in troubled waters, for though the perils were great, the profits might be incalculable. Nothing can well be more true to his nature, as we have imagined it, than the Louis XI. of 'Quentin Durward'—the *bonhomme* of Tours who has the provost-marshal for his gossip—the wary fox, who for once overreached himself when he ran into the lion's den at Peronne. But there is a finer and more scientific analysis in the Louis of 'Notre Dame de Paris : ' there is an almost instinctive perception of each shade of inconsistency in that strange character ; in the mingling of timidity with inexorable resolution ; in the cold-blooded cruelty luridly lighted up by fitful gleams of good-nature ; in the liberality that would always have value for its money ; in the systematic sacrifice of appearances to realities ; in the seasonable condescension that sought to smooth the way for the unbridled exercise of tyranny. It is the man all over as we conceive him, when we see him becoming almost the sycophant of his physician, whom he propitiates with every offering that covetousness can crave ; and drawing freely on the treasures he has amassed by his crimes, to conciliate the saints and his mistress the Virgin. And all the time, his astuteness is on the alert to get the better of heaven, if he can do it with impunity. We have the spirit of his policy in the events of the night when the savage hordes of

the *truands* are swarming to the storm of Notre Dame.

Louis chances to be in Paris for the moment, and according to his distrustful habit, he has taken up his quarters in the Bastille. Characteristically, he has welcomed with familiar hospitality the plebeian delegates of the Flemish embassy, and he has his barber, Olivier le Diable, at his elbow. Another monarch in Louis's place would have shrunk from lifting the veil that covered the cruelties of his justice. This king of France, on the contrary, shows his claws out of policy. He invites his foreign visitors to accompany him on a round of the dungeons. There they make the tour of one of his iron cages, and its inmate, a bishop who had once been a favorite, recognises the presence of the tyrant and pours forth his miserable complaint. Louis, affecting to turn a deaf ear, calmly discusses the cage-maker's bill.

"'Mercy, sire! Is it not enough that they have given all my property to my judges, my plate to M. de Torcy, my books to Maître Pierre Doriolle, my tapestries to the Governor of Rousillon? I am innocent. Here are fourteen years that I shiver in this iron cage. Mercy, sire! you will have your reward in heaven.'

"'Maître Olivier,' said the king, 'the total?'

"'Three hundred and seventy-five livres, eight sous, three deniers.'

"'Notre Dame!' exclaimed the king, 'what an exorbitant cage!'

The lamentable accents "had iced all who were present, even Olivier himself." The decrepit king hobbles up the stairs, apparently unconscious of what had thrilled everybody, and then we have the second scene of the drama. His "gossip Jacques" bursts in, all in agitation, to tell him that the *truands* of Paris are up, and are delivering a formal assault on the fortress of the *bailli* of his palace. "If you do not send promptly to his help, he is lost." "Assuredly we shall send," says the king, placidly; "but it will be time to-morrow morning! I said to-morrow," he repeats in a tone that silences the terrified official, who has continued timidly to protest. And then as he looks out of a window, removing his cap, "Bon, mon peuple! bravement! brise ces faux seigneurs! fais les besogne. Sus! sus! pille-les, pends-les, saccage-les! Ah, vous voulez être

rois, monseigneurs." Never has Louis been seen in a more genial humor, when fresh news arrives, to be followed by a fierce revulsion. It is the church of Notre Dame that the *truands* are attacking, and not his Majesty's officer. The king turns livid, and is trembling with rage. "What? They lay siege to my good mistress in her cathedral of Notre Dame?" And he gives his orders for the onslaught so ferociously that the savage Coppenole, who has been looking on in wonder, whispers to his comrade, "Here! I have enough of this king who coughs! I have seen Charles of Burgundy intoxicated; he was less malignant than the invalid Louis XI.!" "Maître Jacques," replied Rym, "you see that the wine of kings is less cruel than their *tisane*." That passage seems to us to show Hugo at his best in that particular manner of work; nor do we know any professed historian who could have written a chapter more comprehensively suggestive.

But if we leave King Louis in his Bastille to follow the author among the *truands* of the Court of Miracles, we find him even more entirely in his element. There the scum of Paris are in their stronghold, which insures them all the privileges of sanctuary, since it can only be taken by deliberate siege or carried by formal assault. We have a terrible picture of the times—a picture in its breadth and its blunt minuteness something between a Dutch piece and a Gustave Doré—of the times when the privileged classes held the *rascaille* in check by occasionally making atrocious examples; when the borders of so-called respectable society were beset by gangs of desperate outlaws, whose precarious lives were so full of wretchedness, that the gibbet, the dungeon, or even the torture, had but little terror for them. Among these Victor Hugo can indulge to his heart's content in the graphic delineation of the grotesque and horrible. He groups together with revolting effect the most repulsive maladies of mind and body; yet whatever flights he may permit to his fancy, we may well believe that he has exaggerated but little; and it is immediately against that background of hideous shadow that he has thrown the bright and graceful figure of his Esmeralda.

Esmeralda, like his Dea in 'L'Homme qui rit,' is a beautiful embodiment of his idealistic dreams on social subjects. Engaging as she is, charming his readers by seeming enchantment as she charmed the penniless poet Gringoire, the gay Captain Phœbus de Châteaupers, the grave Canon Claude Frollo, it is only as an after-thought it flashes upon us that the girl is a brilliant impossibility. Brought up by reckless Bohemians who live by outrages of every kind—who pride themselves in the shamelessness of their profligacy, and whose talk is the foulest obscenity—although innocent of all principles of morality, her virgin nature is a law unto itself, and she remains pure, and even refined, in the midst of that loathsome contamination. Her sole safeguard beyond her instincts is her belief in the precious amulet her mother has hung round her neck. It is in the sublimity of passionate self-sacrifice that she decides to 'give herself to her lover, since she knows that in that case the charmed amulet must lose its virtue. But even in that extremity the author saves her by a crime that comes as an interposition of Providence. And when the secret of her birth is disclosed at last, the details of the disclosure would have surprised us, with ninety-nine authors out of a hundred. With Victor Hugo it is natural and characteristic. Notwithstanding the delicacy of her beauty and graces, Esmeralda is no child of illustrious descent. She is a daughter of the dregs of the people—the offspring of the promiscuous amours of a peasant woman. The scene where the lovely Bohemian is torn from the arms of the miserable mother, who has just recovered her, is extraordinarily moving in its exquisite pathos. The way she betrays herself, by a shriek of love, to the brutal soldier who had intended her for his plaything, is admirably dramatic. There is the grandeur of passion in action, without any descent to melodrama, in the desperate defence of the mother behind the bars of her cage, when even the relentless soldiers of the provost-marshal hold back half in sympathy and half in terror; while her agonising appeals for pity are so heart-rending, that we can almost give credit to that climax of the novelist's imagination when he makes a tear twinkle in the

eye of the stony-hearted Tristan mite.

Yet Quasimodo, the horribly deformed hunchback, impresses us as almost more tender conception; unquenchably he is a more surprising effluvia genius. One's sympathies go out naturally to beauty and feminine helplessness; but it is another thing altogether when you are to be profoundly interested in a monster of physical deformity whose infirmities make him the most vile of the vile. Quasimodo's life is as deplorable as can well be conceived; and a saint who could find consolation in the hopes of redemption might well have been soured by the torment he received. Deaf from his infancy, he has been struck dumb by the clangour of the cathedral bells. It is scarcely possible that a ray of light should penetrate a glimmer into that clouded intelligence; everybody's hand is turned against him, and whenever he quits the shelter of the church he is mobbed as an outcast of his species. No wonder he detests the world that is so cruel to him! Yet he shows himself susceptible of the most passionate gratitude, and has an almost morbidly sensitive nature that hunger for sympathy and affection. The positive melancholy in the eye of the poor mute would have betrayed that something was passing within him, had any one cared to regard. But even when tied to the pillory and scourged by grotesque contortions, in his hours of agonies, only provoke shouts of hilarity. One timely deed of charity by the stony-hearted Esmeralda makes him her freed slave for ever—and her involuntary executioner, as their ill-fate would have it. His uncouth love for her is produced of nothing but exquisite suffering to himself as he contrasts his hideous form with her charms; and his "marriage" is worthy of his blighted life. For he goes to seek his mistress in the vault beneath the foot of the scaffold, where her corpse has been cast after her ignominious death; and he disappears never to be heard of again, till her skeleton shall be found locked in his mouldering embrace. Throughout, the destinies of the happy pair have been most ingeniously interwoven; for when Esmeralda was snatched from her cradle, it was this hunchbacked outcast who was left in her place.

In 'Notre Dame de Paris,' as in all the author's books, the gloomy and tragic elements predominate. But in 'Notre Dame' not a soul is made happy, except one or two of the commonplace and volatile characters who figure in the secondary parts. The Canon Frollo, who fills much of the space, closes a life of misplaced ambition and ill-regulated passion by one of those strangely horrible deaths which it is Hugo's delight to dwell upon. Yet we can recall no more striking fancy of the power of love than the scene where he and the hunchback look down together from the galleries of Notre Dame on the execution of the hapless Esmeralda in the *parvis*. Till the fair Bohemian crossed his path, Quasimodo had been the faithful slave of the Canon, who had adopted and cared for him in his abandoned infancy. Now he suspects his benefactor of being concerned in her horrible end; he sees him grin a ghastly smile over her dying agonies; and accordingly, he murders him parenthetically, as we may say, relapsing dreamily into his contemplation, and looking down on the desperate struggle for life, without a thought for anything but the figure at the gibbet.

But the 'Misérables' is even more melancholy than 'Notre Dame.' It is true that the good bishop is a most pleasing picture of a life of superhuman benevolence, sweetening self-imposed privations, and anticipating the bliss of Paradise in almost perfect serenity on earth. But the bishop being a modern saint, and consequently a phenomenon, must be the despair rather than the encouragement of those who would tread in his footsteps. And through the rest of the book, as its name implies, we are generally with the sinful and the suffering. Fair flowers like Fantine are plucked and cast aside when they fade. Even Fantine's more fortunate child has to go through a long period of misery before she is made happy with Marius, and then their future is left in doubt. Vicious natures like those of the Thenardiers are traced in their steady deterioration: men like Tholomyès, who have sown their wild oats, are, perhaps, none the better off that they have become so eminently respectable, without having learned to feel remorse for the sins of

their youth. We have a sense of a multitude moving towards the grave, predestined to trials, probations, and calamities which even virtue cannot elude—of a bustle and a scramble where the weaker go down. The *ἀνάγκη* is weighing upon everybody, while impelling them irresistibly forward. Saddest of all is the fate of Jean Valjean, almost as deserving of the aureole of glory in his way as his benefactor Monseigneur Magloire; yet more conceivable than the bishop, since he has so much of the old Adam in him. As strong in mind and in will as in body, his herculean exertions fail to save him from the consequences of a single inconsiderate and insignificant action committed in a moment of moral frenzy. There is the dexterity of genius in the manner in which we are doubly interested in this victim of social circumstances, wearing himself out in so noble a struggle with them. For he shines in the lustre of the light reflected by the bishop who had touched his heart by something like a miracle. When he made his tour of the streets of D——, rejected everywhere till welcomed by Monseigneur, he was far more callous to good than Quasimodo, inasmuch as he had prostituted his natural talents to evil, and been hardened by long familiarity with crime. Yet when treated for the first time like a man and a Christian, those seeds of good that had hitherto lain dormant, quicken instantaneously in the genial warmth. The subsequent struggles are but natural. He admires the bishop, in the sense of wondering at him, and carries off his candlesticks from force of habit—almost as matter of principle. He is caught and brought back. Set face to face with the benefactor he has injured, he finds, to his stupefaction, that he is to escape the punishment that awaits those who are found out. The bishop, by what Victor Hugo would call a sublime stretch of the conscience, tells a falsehood and screens the culprit. Valjean leaves the episcopal palace the second time far more puzzled than before. New moral senses are being born in him, and his reformation is being accomplished in paroxysms and convulsions. In the moment when he is struggling between good and evil, and scarcely answerable for his actions, fatality sends the little Savoyard across his path.

He robs the child of his piece of money : in a savage impulse he immediately repents. Eager to make restitution, he rises and shouts for the child. Alas ! it is too late. He does make pecuniary restitution to salve his conscience, but the consequences of that act of passing insanity pursue him to the grave. Thenceforth we see him in the triple aspect of the hero, the philanthropist, and the skulking criminal. All his patient perseverance in well-doing only prepares refinements of torture for him. The spectre of unreconciled justice pursues him in the shape of the austere Javert. He has to hide his identity under an anonym : he is compelled to be a hypocrite in spite of his honorable and truthful instincts. Nay, when he is trapped into a *guet-apens*, he has to elude the police like the malefactors who have outraged him. It is his fate, besides, to lend himself to the vilest misconstruction, and to be treated with ingratitude or indifference by those he has served or cherished. This benefactor of his species remains an object of compassion through the whole of an exemplary career ; and his end would be as melancholy as anything in the range of fiction, were it not for our firm conviction that he has earned his reward elsewhere.

For in the story of Valjean, and in the influence exerted on him by the bishop, Victor Hugo has done justice to the power of religion—to the power of religion as distinct from the systems of priestcraft. We recognise the writer's ingrained prejudices, even in the engaging picture he has made of Magloire. He represents him as a brilliant exception to the common run of the clergy. This eccentric Monseigneur perpetuates the true traditions of the Saviour and the apostles, and practises in the France of the nineteenth century those primitive virtues that were possible in the Palestine of the Christian era. In fact, the glorification of the bishop is a satire on the modern Church. Yet although there is an injustice in it which we cannot fail to perceive, at the same time there are moral lessons which are well worth laying to heart. It is useful sometimes to set up for contemplation ideals which are practically unattainable. And Valjean's deathbed scene is made singularly beautiful, when the friend whose Chris-

tianity has been his beacon through life, throws brighter rays of comfort on the close of his gloomy career, and when the presence of that beautiful spirit gives him assurance of his welcome into Paradise.

“ ‘Will you have a priest?’ they asked him. “ ‘I have one,’ replied Jean Valjean. . And with his finger, he seemed to designate a point above his head, where you would have said he saw some one.

“ ‘Is it possible, indeed, that the bishop was present at this deathbed?’ ”

To the last the ruling spirit of self-abnegation and of practical beneficence is strong in the convict and outlaw. Far from having a thought of reproach for the adopted daughter who had neglected him, he is ineffably grateful for her tender caresses ; and knowing that he lies on the threshold of eternity, he spends his failing breath in assuring her husband that the fortune of Cosette has been honestly come by. Familiar as we have been made with his practical goodness, there is nothing incongruous or unreasonable in his going into a variety of trivial details as to the trade secrets of the manufacture of his specialty ; since the communication of these secrets may increase the wealth and the happiness of the beings whose welfare he has preferred to his own.

In the episode of Fantine, which is in a measure irrelevant, although far less so than many of the others, there is that tenderness for faults in a manner involuntary, which it is Hugo's habit to carry to excess. Fantine's is the common story—a beautiful and thoughtless girl betrayed and abandoned. But her feelings are more earnest than those of most women, and maternity makes her devotion almost divine. Like Jean Valjean, in whose employment she is, she is terribly punished for her lapse from virtue. The discovery of her early frailty deprives her of her hardly-earned bread. She could live herself on little ; but she has to provide for the comforts of her child, whom she has put *en pension* with harpies. As she says herself, when she has been driven back to sin, “ ‘Moi, j'avais ma petite Cosette ; j'ai bien été forcée de devenir une mauvaise femme.’ ” Finally, the motherly feelings that have been intensified by distance and absence, nearly madden her when she receives the

that her child must die if she send forty francs for medicines. In despairing embarrassment, she prompts her to sell him her beautiful This woman, who was so vain of duty, submits herself thankfully to a terrible operation. Her landlady, who has been in the secret of her anxieties, comes into her room next morning.

"Is!" exclaimed Marguerite; "what is wrong with you, Fantine?"

"Nothing," replied Fantine. "On the contrary, the child will not die of this frightful operation, nor want of help. I am happy."

"By showing it she showed the old maid a fortune of napoleons that sparkled on the table. Jesus Dieu!" exclaimed Marguerite, "it is a fortune. Where have you got these diamonds?"

"I've got them," said Fantine.

At the same time she smiled. The candle lit her face. It was a bleeding face. A reddish saliva stained the corner of her lips, and she had a black hole in her front teeth had been drawn."

Truly an English writer would have preferred to indicate the effect of this passage in the life of the mother, rather than to express it in words. The mother indicates her prolonged suffering and the depth of her feelings more strongly than pages of sentimentalism could do.

As he can probe the saddest of a woman's heart, so Victor Hugo takes a wonderful delight in his colored sketches of childhood, and plunging into children's feelings; and delight, perhaps, is scarcely the word to use, since he never goes more deeply or sympathetically to work when he is stirring us by the specter of childhood in suffering. We are diverted already, as we shall refer to the "children of the regiment," the 'tre-vingt-treize;' but perhaps the most touching of his plaintive descriptions is when Valjean goes after the child, and rescues the little one from the brutalities of the Thenardiers. He does not scarcely complain, because he has been led to hope for so little; but his infantile prattle, out of the fuller heart, is the more naturally touching on that account. She hardly seems the more fortunate *demoiselles* of the mistress and nurse, though her loneliness makes her more sensible of her own isolation. "And you, what do you do?" Valjean asks, when he has

come upon the ragged child in the twilight, when she had been sent to the wood to fetch water in mortal terror.

"I—I work."

"All the day?"

"The child lifted her great eyes, with the tear in them that one did not see in the darkness, and answered softly—

"Yes, sir."

"She went on after an interval of silence—

"Sometimes, when I have done my work, and when they let me, I amuse myself."

"How do you amuse yourself?"

"As I can. They leave me to myself. But I have not many playthings. 'Ponine and 'Zelma won't let me play with their dolls. I have only a little sabre of lead, no longer than that."

"The child showed her little finger.

"And which doesn't cut?"

"Si, monsieur," said the child. "It can cut the salad and the heads off flies."

Nor can anything, to our fancy, be more brightly humorous than the chatter of Eponine and Azelma. As yet, at least, it is very much the fault of their parents' example that they behave so unkindly to the little Cosette. "C'était pour elles comme le chien." They were merely thoughtless, and, left to themselves, they had all the thoughtless graces of childhood. They are playing with the cat, which they have dressed up in colored rags.

"See, my sister, this doll here is more amusing than the other. It kicks, it cries, it is warm. See, my sister, come and play with it. It would be my little girl. I should be a lady. I should come to call on you, and you would look at it. By-and-by, you would see its moustaches, and that would surprise you. And then you would see its ears, and then its tail, and that would surprise you. And you would say to me, 'Ah, mon Dieu!' and I should say to you, 'Yes, ma'am, it's a little girl I have like that—Les petites filles sont comme ça à présent.'"

Anything of the kind must lose by translation; but it seems to us no slight proof of the versatility of the author of 'Les derniers Jours d'un Condamné' and the 'Légende des Siècles,' that he can unbend to trifling like that. It would be infinitely amusing, too, were it not so pathetic, the episode where Gavroche regales his little *protégés* at the baker's, and then proceeds to welcome them to the hospitality of his elephant, stripping himself in the meantime of his warm cravat, to throw it over the shoulders of the shivering little beggar-girl. But through the whole of the book you

are always coming on the most delicate incidents and touches, in every variety of style. The pity is, that it would obviously have gained so much by judicious retrenchment. The inimitable Gavroche himself is almost an excrescence on its scheme; and considering that he illustrates so admirably the *gaminerie* in flesh and blood, we could very well have spared the physiological chapters on the *gamin*. The battle of Waterloo, although a masterpiece of French imagination, is still more absolutely out of place; and as for the rhapsodies over the fable of Cambronne, it is simply a farrago of patriotic nonsense, with a strong point of coarseness. *Il va sans dire* that in a fiction dealing professedly with social sores, there are innumerable minor disquisitions that read like the flights of an inspired monomaniac. But, as we have remarked already, and as we may repeat again and again, we must accept the author with his crotchets as with his beauties; and the 'Misérables,' on the whole, is such a work as no other modern novelist could have written.

When Victor Hugo was proscribed in Paris, he sought a refuge in the Channel Islands. As a Frenchman and politician, he felt deeply and expressed himself bitterly; but it says much for the kindly nature of the man, that he should have adapted himself so easily to his altered circumstances. In place of being flattered and fêted, surrounded by troops of admiring friends, and mobbed by petitioners and flatterers, he lived in the picturesque retirement of Guernsey, a passive spectator of the policy he execrated. But art gained, though the artist suffered. He fell back upon the observation of his primitive neighbors; he entertained himself with the superstitions of the peasants and fishermen—superstitions with which we may suspect that the poet was not altogether destitute of sympathy. He gratified his antiquarian tastes by researches into the records and ancient customs of those fragments of medieval Normandy. He studied the rocks, the reefs, the currents, and the "races" of those dangerous seas, until apparently he might have passed for a certificate as first-class pilot. He examined the forms of life that fill them, with the weeds that float upon their

waves, and are tossed up on the shores; and he let his imagination dive into their depths and disport itself in their submarine caverns. The result was the 'Travailleurs de la Mer,' a novel that is strangely compact and condensed, since it is actually contained in three great volumes, while it confines itself to the fortunes of some half-dozen people.

In this case the hero is unfortunate as usual, but at least a couple of persons are made happy. Poor Gilliatt was even more unlucky than Quasimodo, because he had keener sensibility, had cherished ardent hopes, and came very nearly touching the blessing he had toiled for. He was looked upon with an evil eye because he had more intelligence than those about him; and might have been burned for a sorcerer had he lived some centuries before, because he chanced to have a tender heart, and was addicted to kindly actions. In the pages in which Victor Hugo explains the reasons of the aversion in which Gilliatt was held, we have excellent specimens of his dry irony. You might fancy you were listening to some superior native who was slightly ashamed of the prejudices he shared. We take a passage or two at random.

"At a census taken in the island, when questioned as to his profession, he had answered,—'*Fisherman, when there are fish to catch*—mettez-vous à la place des gens, on n'aime pas ces réponses-là.'"

"Gilliatt, not without good reasons, lived in the odor of sorcery. In a storm at midnight Gilliatt was at sea in his boat on the side of La Sommeilleuse: they heard him ask—

"'Is there room to pass?'

"A voice cried from the height of the rocks—'*Voir ! hardi !*'

"To whom was he speaking, if not to somebody who answered? That seems to us a proof."

"Highly respectable people, and absolutely worthy of credit, affirmed that near the stones they had seen Gilliatt conversing with a frog. Now there were no frogs in Guernsey; Jersey had all the frogs and Guernsey all the snakes. That frog must have swum across from Jersey to talk to Gilliatt. The conversation was amicable.

"These facts were in evidence; and the proof is that the three stones are there still. People who doubt may go and see them and besides, not far off, there is a house in

you may read this inscription : ' March-
bétail mort et vivant, vieux cordage,
et chiques, est prompt dans son paie-
t dans son attention.'

'audrait être de mauvaise foi pour con-
a présence de ces pierres et l'existence
e maison. Tout cela nuisait à Gilliatt."

asionally the French would lose
int of droll simplicity by any at-
at translation. Moreover, this
t had actually been guilty of such
f malice as taking a brood of young
from a boy and restoring them to
est that had been robbed, to the
of the agonised mother. "But he
weakness for birds; it is a sign by
one generally recognises the magi-
!" Gilliatt had the seeming good-
ie to have a grand opportunity of
ng the favor of Mess Thierry, the
man of the place; to whom he was
mended besides by his athletic
and dauntless seamanship. And
eared for a moment as if he had
d the fancy of the fair Déruchette,
iece and adopted daughter of
ry. Thence the labor of Her-
he undertook, when he went out
ve the engine from the wreck of
Durande, with the hand of Déru-
; for the recompense of success.
is to be remarked that in most of
's romances love plays a secondary
-in 'Quatre-vingt-treize' there is
trace of it—and that in every in-
e, so far as we remember, the male
is made the superior being. To
omen he freely assigns all the graces
erson and manner: they are winning
beautiful, and often kind-hearted;
oly, even, like Fantine and her
iter, they are capable of ardent
ion. But more frequently they are
le and shallow; they have rarely
uick perceptive sympathies that re-
l to nobility of nature and intellect.
atically, we should say that Déru-
e should have recognised the man
lliatt through the rough husk he
have easily rid himself of; that in
of being shocked and repelled by
ualid aspect, when he comes back
his fierce battle with the elements,
he had been waging for weary
s for her sake, she should have only
the hero, and been softened by the
is of his passion. But in spite of
beauty and engaging ways, she is
a very commonplace female after

all, and Victor Hugo deliberately in-
tended to make her so. Looking at her
in that light, there was nothing unna-
tural in her being fascinated by the
position and the soft raiment of the sin-
gularly uninteresting clergyman she pre-
fers. This story, too, like all the others,
was predestined to the saddest of ends.
It was necessary to show that Gilliatt's
mind and will were cast in a mould as
heroic as his body. We are meant to
measure the absorbing power of his pas-
sion by his almost superhuman exertions
over the wreck, and the patience with
which he endured fatigue and the ravages
of disease in all the extremities of thirst
and hunger. Through days and nights
of solitary and dreary exposure, he had
been borne up by a single hope, and
cheered by a delightful dream. He
came back to disillusion and disappoint-
ment, and we can realise something of
the depths of despair to which he fell in
the revulsion of his feelings. Déru-
chette, in her selfishness, has scarcely a
thought for him; yet his strength of
self-abnegation never fails him for an
instant, when there is anything to be
done to help her to happiness. It is he
who almost forces her into the arms of
the man she has preferred. It is he
who promises to smooth any difficul-
ties, and who has the courage to attend
to the most trivial and commonplace de-
tails of her elopement. Finally, when
he has seen her fairly on her way, repos-
ing on the shoulder of the man who has
robbed him of her, he resigns himself in
passive abstraction to the mounting tide,
and dies in the sea that has been his
cradle and his home.

But as to that crowning act of Gil-
liatt's, we must differ from Victor Hugo.
He intends the placid suicide to be the
appropriate climax to a brave career.
We have been taught to think self-mur-
der cowardly—a shirking of duty, and
a shrinking from pain. With Victor
Hugo it is the bravest and the wisest
characters who undertake to decide for
themselves when they shall shuffle off
this mortal coil. That poor Quasimodo,
who never had much to live for, should
have sought for his rest in the vaults of
Montfaucon is nothing surprising. But
the stern Javert, in the 'Misérables,'
condemns himself to death for dereliction
of duty. Gwynplaine, in 'L'Homme

qui rit,' removes himself out of the world when he suspects that, like Mrs. Gum-midge, he "had better be a riddance;" and Cimourdain, in 'Quatre-vingt-treize,' the type of inflexible principles, levels his pistol at his own head while the firing-party is disposing of his pupil. In that respect, Hugo has the morals and the notions of a pagan. He does not believe life to be a trust, which we are bound to make the best of until we are relieved from it; but a chance property with which we may play fast and loose, according as the luck runs with us or against us.

It is in his 'Travailleurs de la Mer' that his descriptions of nature are most attractive. Generally speaking, although it may sound hypercritical to say so, he throws too much of his poetry into them. There is a lack of simplicity, and consequently of fidelity, in the expressions of his rapturous admiration. You feel yourself less in the presence of fields and foliage, of rock and plain, than before some elaborate drop-scene in a theatre, painted by an inspired master of the brush. But in the natural aquaria off the Channel Islands, and in the submerged transparencies of the surging waves, with the reflections of trembling lights, Victor Hugo is at home as no other man could be. His effects are heightened by the luxury of metaphors, which he uses so well, and too often abuses. Take the cave into which Giliatt plunged; the den of the terrible *pieuvre*, which was to succumb later to his prowess.

"It is by this submerged portal that the brilliancy of the open sea entered the cavern: marvellous light given by absorption.

"This brilliancy diffused itself under the cavern like a broad fan, and reflected itself on the rocks. Its rectilinear rays, cut out in long, straight strips upon the opacity of the bottom, growing lighter and darker from one broken angle to another, resembled the interposition of sheets of glass. There was light in the cave, but a mysterious light. You might fancy you had made a stride into another planet. The light was an enigma; you might have said it was the purple glare from the pupil of a sphinx. The cave represented the interior of an enormous and splendid death's-head; the vault was the brain, and the arch the mouth, but the eyeballs were wanting. This mouth, swallowing and giving up again the flow and the ebb, yawning in the face of the exterior sunshine, drank in the light and belched out bitterness. There are beings, intelligent and malignant, who resemble that.

The rays of the sunshine, in passing through porch, obstructed by the glassy density of sea-water, became green as a beam of debaran. The water, all filled with thickened light, had the appearance of molten rald. A shade of aqua-marine of incredible delicacy, tinged the whole of the vault, with lobes almost cerebral, sinuous ramifications like the blossoms of the nerves, showed a soft reflection of chrysoprase. The watering (*moires*) flood, washing against the ceiling, was less a course of decomposition and reaction, enlarging and contracting the meshes in the movements of a myriad dance. A spectral impression disengaged itself: the mind might ask what was the joyous purpose of waiting of the magnificent network of living fire. From the crevices of the vault, and the asperities of the rock, streamed long and delicate groves of vegetation, probably knitting their roots beyond the granite, in some lap of the water, and letting fall, one by one, from their extremities a drop of water—a pearl. The pearls dropped into the abyss with a sweet sound. The effect of the whole was inexpressible. One could fancy nothing more charming, or happen upon anything more sombre.

"C'était on ne sait quel palais de l'océan contente."

If any one is disappointed with the translation, we entreat him to read the original. We find Victor Hugo at the height of the most untranslatable of a poet. To do bare justice to his imagination, you must stick by a literal rendering, and when you have rendered him faithfully into bald English, you can only be remorseful over the injustice you have done him.

With 'L'Homme qui rit' we can scientifically be brief. To our mind it falls far below all his later romances, and had he not recovered himself brilliantly in the one that follows, we should have said it marked a melancholy decline in his powers. The scene is laid in England—in the land of Queen Anne's time,—and seems always to lose his head and strength when he takes his readers to English soil. The far-fetched idea is equally repulsive and far from the face of the laughing hero, which is cut into its perpetual grin by one of those wandering gangs of Comrades, who, as we are informed, made notice of mangling infants, that the eccentricity might have its price. The depraved fancies of the wealthy. The work is a burst of bitter satire and

inve- And if you took the story *au pied du let-* *tre*, and admitted all the assertions and assumptions of the author, no doubt you would be sufficiently impressed. Possibly his countrymen may think it a powerful novel; but to an Englishman it is ludicrous. You know that the eloquently imaginative author invents the texts he has determined to preach upon. You see that his fancy has freely colored most of the facts he has not invented. You see that the personages he elaborates in such circumstantial detail, are sheer impossibilities. The very names he christens them by wantonly shock your sense of the conceivable. Even in the free-and-easy *régime* of Charles II., profligacy was forced to pay some tribute to decency; and "the Duchess Josiane," though the illegitimate sister of the Queen, would very speedily have been banished to Coventry. Lord David Dirry-Moir is rather more extravagant as a man than the Duchess Josiane as a woman. The *ressemblance* of the story as a reproduction of English life is summed up in the *sobriquet* his lordship rejoiced in—Tom-Jim-Jack.

One is inclined to smile or laugh, from the first page to the last; and among the choicest caricatures in it, nothing can well be more droll than the account of the boxing-match. For Victor Hugo is by no means free from the foible of his less gifted and less informed countrymen; and when he has a glimmer of an idea on an unfamiliar subject, he discusses that subject with a solemn self-satisfaction which leaves nothing to desire. At the same time, as we need hardly add, this tissue of absurdities is in a measure redeemed by scenes of extraordinary power and passages of singular beauty,—the storm, for example, in which the Comprachicos go to the bottom; and the parting of the charming blind girl Dea from her mutilated lover, the grinning man. No being could more naturally provoke to ridicule than Gwynplaine; yet the artificial absurdity of his appearance, so irresistible to all but the blind girl, heightens the pathos of the scene. Gwynplaine has come back to Dea, who is dying from the shock of his disappearance.

"'Dea,' he says, 'all is arranged. We are

going to be happy. Don't drive me to despair. Dea! I have done nothing to you!'

"These words were not spoken, but sobbed out. You felt in them a mingling of prostration and revolt. There issued from the bosom of Gwynplaine a groan that would have drawn the doves to him, and a roar that would have made the lions shrink back.

"Dea answered him in a voice more and more indistinct, pausing almost at every word.

"'Alas, 'tis useless, my well beloved! I see you do what you can. An hour ago I was longing to die, now I desire it no longer. Gwynplaine, my adored Gwynplaine, how very happy we have been! God had placed you in my life; He takes me away from yours. You will remember the green box, will you not? and your poor little blind Dea. You will remember that song of mine. Don't forget the sound of my voice, and the way I used to say, I love you. I shall come back to tell you of it in the night when you are sleeping. We had found each other again, but the joy was too great. It had to come to an end immediately,' " &c.

If 'L'Homme qui rit' made us fear the veteran had outwritten himself, since the appearance of his admirable 'Quatre-vingt-treize,' we have been eager for another novel from his pen. Yet 'Quatre-vingt-treize' is all thought and action, with very little sentiment; and the most of the sentiment there is, is born either of masculine friendship, of the profound instincts of maternity, or of the rough devotion of a savage soldiery to the helpless infants they have taken for their playthings. Strange to say, the nearest approach to a young and attractive female in the book is the *vivandière* of a red battalion of Paris. Nobody falls in love with anybody else; and Gauvain, the youthful and chivalrous hero, has given himself over to his principles, his duty, and *la patrie*. At the same time, there is no lack of interest, and the interest seldom flags. The scheme of the book is the development of the conflicting forces of the old *régime* and the Revolution. On the one side are loyalty and the haughty spirit of the feudal *seigneurie* embodied in Lantenac; on the other, progress and the cause of humanity, championed by Gauvain and the iron-souled Cimourdain. As for the rank and file of the combatants, they are but the pawns on the great chess-board, set in motion by the conflicting dictatorship of remote intelligences. The mass of the Royalists are directed by the *émigrés*, and by their English allies,—according to Victor Hugo; those of the Re-

publicans by that terrible triumvirate in Paris, who hold their stormy meetings in a room in a *café*. It is true that Hugo, with some reason, endows the opposing armies with different degrees of understanding. He makes the ignorant peasants stand desperately in their defence against the vindication of their actual interests, with those blindly combative instincts that are in one sense bestial. While the Parisian recruits of the Republic of Terror have had their understandings enlightened by the demagogues of the capital; and possibly they might act as they think for themselves, were it not for the pressure of a relentless discipline, and the presence of those civil representatives, who are virtually the delegates of the guillotine. Yet, on the whole, we may honestly confess that he holds a fairly even balance. It is not in his nature to be unjust to loyalty and devotion, whatever may be the political ideas they advocate; and his Marquis of Lantenac, when all has been said, is perhaps the most sublime figure in the pages of the novel. Here, too, his subject is so comprehensive, that he can hardly avoid studying concentration. No one of his episodes can be condemned as irrelevant; and although those inevitable digressions of his may sometimes be tedious, yet they seldom fail to converge upon his points.

He is in his element when he takes us on a survey of the ground that is covered by the strategy of that strange campaign. Such strongholds as the forts of Brest and L'Orient were garrisoned by the forces of the Republic; but the real defences of Brittany lay in its trackless forests. Stretching for leagues on leagues in a tangle of inextricable thickets, each of these had to be *cerné* and guarded, if the communications of the Republican advance were to be secured. You may say for once that you had a forest-war, that was waged by mine and countermine. For additional security the peasant irregulars burrowed away below ground. Vast subterranean caverns were excavated, and the issues from them were carefully and artistically sealed. The covert might be closely beaten without discovering a sign of an enemy; yet whenever the exploring force had withdrawn, the insurgent leader had but to send round

the signal, and the forest was swarming with armed men. The whole of the warfare was a heroic epic, where the assailants exposed themselves to mysterious dangers, with extermination for the inevitable penalty of their defeat. Nothing could be more ruthless than all the conditions; and their author elaborately shows how passions had been embittered to the utmost. But his picture, which it must have been difficult indeed to overcharge, places the formidable qualities of his gallant countrymen in a far more powerful and effective light than those rhapsodies in which it is his pleasure to indulge *apropos* of nothing in particular.

He shows himself a master of contrast, too, in the studies of the three infants who play so conspicuous a part in the story. The most ferocious of the combatants, flushed with bloodshed and thirst for revenge, submit themselves to the commanding power of helpless and unconscious innocence. Infants as they are, and the children of an ignorant peasant woman, he shows his affectionate experience of the childish nature by giving each a distinct individuality and interests. Listen, for example, to the fragments of talk of the hapless *vivandeuse*, who is treading on the very brink of her grave, as she threads her way through the thickets with the mother and the babes.

"Come along, then, René-Jean."

"It's he all the same that keeps us back. He will be stopping to speak to all the little peasant girls one meets, 'Ca fait son honneur'."

"Dame, he's close upon five."

"Dis-donc, René-Jean, why did you speak to that little girl in the village?"

"A childish voice, the voice of a boy," answered—

"Because it's somebody I know."

"The woman resumed—

"What! you know her?"

"Yes," replied the little boy; "for she gave me some beasts this morning."

"Voilà! qui est fort!" exclaimed the woman. "Here it's only three days that we have been in the country. It's no bigger than my fist, et ça vous a déjà une amoureuse!"

Then we have that inevitable scene in the tower of La Tourgue, where the babes waken on the morning of the conflagration from which they have so narrow an escape. The incident is long, but not a line too long to our fancy; but we can only extract one little bit of

ich may mean more or less accord—it strikes the reader.

Two eldest, René-Jean and Gros-Alain had paid no attention to the trumpet or the clarion. They were absorbed in something else,—a wood-louse was in course of eating the library.

Gros-Alain saw it, and cried out—
‘Beast!’

René-Jean ran up.

Gros-Alain resumed, ‘It bites.’

‘Don’t hurt it,’ said René-Jean.

And both of them set to work to watch the messenger (*passant*).

For Georgette, she had finished her

She was looking after her brother. René-Jean and Gros-Alain were in the recess of the window, stooping down and serious at the sight of the wood-louse. Their foreheads touched and their locks tumbled through each other. They held their breath in wonder, gazed at the insect, that had come to a standstill and did not stir, anything but gratified by the admiration.

Georgette, seeing her brothers in contemplation, longed to know what was the matter.

Far from easy getting to them; however, she undertook it. The passage bristled with difficulties. There were lots of things on the ground—footstools upset, piles of books, packing-boxes, unnailed and empty, and heaps of one kind or another, round which she must pick her way—a whole archipelago of shoals. Georgette ventured it, began by getting out of her cradle—the cot. Then she engaged herself among the books, wound her way through the narrow passages between a couple of chests, passed over a pile of papers, clinging fast to one side, and over on the other,” &c., &c.

Is the almost miraculous rescue of the children that gives us the measure of the grandeur of Lantenac, and is a human sympathy in his fate. Lantenac to admiration has been overruled by repulsion. The veteran *roué* is the terrible leader of guerillas, scarcely redeemed the *fredaines* of his youth and manhood by the prowess of his most superhuman inflexibility. His principles are a fetish to which he sacrifices remorselessly. He does the work of violence to our sense of humanity, that he has chosen his own ancestral home as the theatre of some of his ruthless actions. It is true that he is regardless of his own life as of the life of others; but, after all, almost as much can be said for nineteen-twenty of the rude peasants who have answered his call to arms. If he has no trace of ordinary humanity about him, yet we have seen no sign of it. The only conceivable excuse must be,

that he is the champion of a great but desperate cause, while he has satisfied himself that his only chance of victory lies in showing himself consistently relentless. All at once he is face to face with a dilemma. It rests with him, and with him alone, to save the lives of three innocent children; but their salvation involves the sacrifice of himself. That direct consideration weighs for nothing with him. But the sacrifice of himself is treason to the cause whose success seems inextricably bound up in his safety. Nay, more; should he show weakness now and compromise his mission, all the former deeds he has done on a principle, must change their character and become crimes that might have been avoided. The conflict in that stern and conscientious nature is rather indicated than analysed. But there is short space left for decision, and the turmoil by which he was agitated must have been the more violent for its brevity. It is hard to say whether he showed himself consistent in the resolution he came to; but happily the most austere of men have their passing moments of gentleness; and when Lantenac comes down through the flames holding the infants in his arms, we feel at once that the chief we had taken for a monster, has been brought within the pale of our sympathies and the category of our fellow-creatures.

His kinsman Gauvain, head of a younger branch of their house, the man of those new ideas to which he gives the humane interpretation of a chivalrous soldier, is what Lantenac might have been with a different training. By the *ironie sanglante* of the civil war the nephew is opposed in mortal combat to the uncle who had played with him as a boy. These old family memories have half faded from the recollections of the hard old worldling, though they are revived on occasion when he is taunting the other. Each of the chiefs proscribes the leader of the opposing forces—one with the courteous though cruel circumlocution of the aristocratic *régime*, the other with the blunt abruptness of the executioners of the Republic. And probably, though Gauvain is ill-regarded at Paris on account of his clemency, and though he has only been left in his command because of his skill and daring, he

would have given effect to the bloody letter of his proclamation had Lantenac come into his hands by the ordinary chances of war. But when Lantenac falls a victim to a sublime impulse of unexpected humanity, the situation is abruptly changed. Cimourdain had made the seizure, and Lantenac himself had approved it; and convictions of his strict duty would have made Gauvain pitiless. But he is placed in turn in a position very similar to that of his uncle; and in spite of convictions and scruples of duty, his chivalrous compassion speaks to him imperatively. One can conceive the dramatic situations that arise out of the complication. Gauvain assists his uncle's escape, and offers himself as the scapegoat to Cimourdain, who represents the justice of the inexorable Republic. Cimourdain's position is even more painful than that of either of the others. He would gladly give his life for his darling pupil, but that, unhappily, is impossible. On the contrary, he sends to announce the impending execution to the heads of the Republic at Paris even before the court-martial has assembled. His voice gives the casting vote that decides the sentence he has anticipated. Then he visits Gauvain in the condemned cell, where they hold philosophical converse on political affairs, without an *arrière-pensée* of bitterness on either side

as each feels that *ἀνάγκη* is weighing him, and that this heart-rending affliction was not to have been avoided. then it is that on the morrow, at the discharge of the firing-party, Cimourdain puts an end to his existence.

No one but a profound student of human mind, and a thinker who was master of the eloquence of language, could have handled so difficult a subject without inviting discomfiture. Hugo was treading on the edge of an abyss, where a single slip or false step might have landed him in a bad melodrama. But, as we have seen from the outset, he is capable of *taille-fer*, which would prepare in advance for failure for ordinary talents; and in this instance, at least, his success has justified his daring. To borrow a phrase from an idea of his own, he is unquestionably one of the Titans of literature. When he breaks down, it is either from carelessness or on a principle, or from the overconfidence that is born of the consciousness of his strength. Like men of genius, he has the conviction of a mission, in which he must be in season and out of season; and unhappily, instead of confining himself to the limits of his art, he will expend himself in Titanic exertions to set the world in order.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ON SOME ASTRONOMICAL PARADOXES.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.S.

FOR many years the late Professor De Morgan contributed to the columns of the 'Athenæum' a series of papers in which he dealt with the strange treatises in which the earth is flattened, the circle squared, the angle divided into three, the cube doubled (the famous problem which the Delphic oracle set astronomers), and the whole of modern astronomy shown to be a delusion and a snare. He treated these works in a quaint fashion, not unkindly, for his was a kindly nature; not even earnestly, though he was thoroughly in earnest—yet in such sort as to rouse the indignation of the unfortunate paradoxists. He was abused roundly for what he said, but much more roundly when he de-

clined further controversy. Paradoxists of the ignorant sort (for it must be remembered that not all are ignorant indeed, well practised in abuse, and long learned to call mathematical astronomers cheats and charlatans) freely used their vocabulary for the benefit of De Morgan, whom they denounced as a scurrilous scribbler, a pamphlet-maker, a liar, a scoundrel, a famatory, dishonest, abusive, unmanly, and libellous trickster.

He bore this shower of abuse with exceeding patience and good nature, and had not been wholly unprepared for it in fact; and, as he had a purpose in dealing with the paradoxists, he was satisfied to continue that quiet analysis of their work which so roused their

le found in them a curious study; and he found an curious subject of study in their

The simpler—not to say sh—paradoxists, whose wondrous discoveries are merely amazing visions, were even more interesting to De Morgan than the craftier who make a living, or try to make it of their pretended theories. These last he treated, as they deserve, with a scathing satire quite different from his humorous and not ungentle comments on the wonderful theories of the dishonest paradoxists.

One special use to which the paradox-literature may be applied—so far as I know—has not been much attended to. It may be used whether half the strange things to which paradoxists fall must be attributed to the vagueness of too many scientific treatises. A half-

explanation, or a carelessly account of some natural phenomenon is the paradoxist, whose unpounded of conceit and simony originate a theory of his own effect. Once such a theory has been adopted, it takes complete possession of the paradoxist's mind. All the world henceforward hears of, which is at least on his favorite craze, give evidence in its favor, but in reality they are most opposed to it. He learns to look at himself as an unappreciated Newton, and to see the bitterest malevolence in every venture to question his pretensions. He is fortunate if he can defer his theories to withdraw by some means of earning a livelihood, and he does not waste his substance in arguing and defending them.

His favorite subjects for paragoning is the accepted theory of the system. Our books on astronomy often present this theory in such a way that it seems only a successor of the old; and the impression is con- like Ptolemy's, it may be one discredited by some other theory. It is enough for the paradoxist. The new theory is to replace the one discredited, why should not *he* be the Copernicus? He starts upon the conquest of a tithe of the knowledge which Ptolemy possessed, unaware of

the difficulties which Ptolemy met and dealt with—free, therefore, because of his perfect ignorance, to form theories at which Ptolemy would have smiled. He has probably heard of the

centrics and eccentrics scribbled o'er
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb,

which disfigured the theories of the ancients; but he is quite unconscious that every one of those scribblings had a real meaning, each being intended to account for some observed peculiarity of planetary motion, which *must* be accounted for by any theory which is to claim acceptance. In this happy unconsciousness that there are any peculiarities requiring explanation, knowing nothing of the strange paths which the planets are seen to follow on the heavenly vault,

Their wand'ring course now high, now low,
then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,

he placidly puts forward—and presently very vehemently urges—a theory which accounts for none of these things.

It has often seemed to me that a large part of the mischief—for let it be remembered that the published errors of the paradoxist are indicative of much unpublished misapprehension—arises from the undeserved contempt with which our books of astronomy too often treat the labors of Ptolemy, Tycho Brahe, and others who advocated erroneous theories. If the simple truth were told, that the theory of Ptolemy was a masterpiece of ingenuity and that it was worked out by his followers in a way which merits the highest possible praise, while the theory of Tycho Brahe was placed in reality on a sounder basis than that of Copernicus, and accounted as well and as simply for observed appearances, the student would begin to realise the noble nature of the problem which those great astronomers dealt with. And again, if stress were laid upon the fact that Tycho Brahe devoted years upon years of his life to secure such observations of the planets as might settle the questions at issue, the student would learn something of the spirit in which the true lover of science proceeds. It seems to me, also, that far too little is said about the kind of work by which Kepler and Newton finally established the accepted theories. There is a

strange charm in the history of those twenty years of Kepler's life during which he was analysing the observations made by Tycho Brahe. Surrounded with domestic trials and anxieties, which might well have claimed his whole attention, tried grievously by ill-health and bodily anguish, he labored all those years upon erroneous theories. The very worst of these had infinitely more evidence in its favor than the best which the paradoxists have brought forth. There was not one of those theories which nine out of ten of his scientific contemporaries would not have accepted ungrudgingly. Yet he wrought these theories one after another to their own disproof. *Nineteen* of them he tried and rejected—the twentieth was the true theory of the solar system. Perhaps nothing in the whole history of astronomy affords a nobler lesson to the student of science—unless, indeed, it be the calm philosophy with which Newton for eighteen years suffered the theory of the universe to remain in abeyance, because faulty measurements of the earth prevented his calculations from agreeing with observed facts. But, as Professor Tyndall has well remarked—and the paradoxist should lay the lesson well to heart—'Newton's action in this matter was the normal action of the scientific mind. If it were otherwise—if scientific men were not accustomed to demand verification, if they were satisfied with the imperfect while the perfect is attainable—their science, instead of being, as it is, a fortress of adamant, would be a house of clay, ill fitted to bear the buffetings of the theologic storms to which it has been from time to time, and is at present, exposed.'

The fame of Newton has proved to many paradoxists an irresistible attraction; it has been to these unfortunates as the candle to the fluttering moth. Circle-squaring, as we shall presently see, has had its attractions, nor have earth-fixing and earth-flattening been neglected; but attacking the law of gravitation has been the favorite work of paradoxists. Newton has been praised as surpassing the whole human race in genius; mathematicians and astronomers have agreed to laud him as unequalled; why should not Paradoxus displace him and be praised in like man-

ner? It would be unfair, perhaps, to say that the paradoxist consciences thus. He, doubtless, in instances, convinces himself that he has really detected some flaw in the law of gravitation. Yet it is impossible to recognise, as the real motive of the paradox-monger, the desire to be famous, said of him which has been ascribed to Newton: '*Genus humanum inperavit.*'

I remember a curious instance which occurred soon after the appearance of the comet of 1858. It was at that time, while that object was under discussion, reference was made to the action of a repulsive force exerted by the sun upon the matter of the comet. On this, some one addressed a letter to a Glasgow newspaper, announcing that he had long ago proved that the sun's attraction alone is insufficient to account for the planetary motions, and that his reasoning was amazingly simple. He said that the sun's attraction is powerful enough to keep the outer planets in their orbits, but must be too powerful for Venus and Mercury close by the sun; if it suffices to keep these in their orbits, it cannot possibly be powerful enough to strain the outer planets. The letter said that he had been badly treated by scientific bodies, and that he had announced his discovery to the Royal Astronomical Society, the Society, the Imperial Academy, and other scientific bodies; but that one and all refused to listen to him, and that he had forsaken or neglected his work for several years in order to give up to the new and, as he thought, better theory of the universe. He concluded in a specially bitter manner of unfavorable comments which mere opinion had made upon his views in his letters addressed to him in reply to communications.

There is something melancholy in what is most ridiculous in this sort. The simplicity which supposes that considerations so obvious to those adduced could escape the notice of Newton only, but of all who followed in the same track during centuries, is certainly stupendous. Can one fail to smile at seeing a theory, such as might naturally suggest itself to a beginner, and such as half-

from an expert would clear up, and gravely as a discovery calculate its author famous for all et, when one considers the consequences of the blunder to a happy enthusiast, and perchance humbly, it is difficult not to feel a pity, quite apart from that pity and contempt which is excited by the mistake. A few words added to the explanation of Newton's theory, which the paradoxist had probably read in some astronomical treatise, would have prevented all this mischief. Indeed, this error, which, as we have said, is a common one, should be dealt with and pointed out in any account of the planetary system intended for beginners. The statement that the outer planets move more slowly than the inner, and that there is a smaller force to keep them in their course, would have sufficed, not, altogether, to remove the difficulty, but at least to show the beginner where the explanation was to be looked for.

As in connection with this subject I have mentioned that one of the most well-known of the paradoxists—the late Mr. Reddie—came under Professor De Morgan's criticism. Mr. Reddie was nothing more than well-meaning. He was earnestly desirous of advancing the interests of science, as well as of delivering religion from what he mistakenly thought to be the dangerous teachings of the Newtonians. He founded for the purpose the Victoria Institute, of which society he was the secretary from the time of its institution until his death, eight or nine years since; and, unfortunately, many who declined to join the society because of the anti-Newtonian activities of its secretary, were attracted to that secretary the Institute lost its existence.

It chanced that I had myself a deal of correspondence with Mr. Reddie (who was, however, personally unknown to me). This correspondence tended to throw quite a new light on mental habits and the ways of thinking of the honest paradoxist. I beat Professor De Morgan hardly for Mr. Reddie credit for the perfect logic which he really possessed. It has been that a clear reasoner like De Morgan could hardly (despite his experience) appreciate the confu-

sion of mind which is the normal characteristic of the paradoxist. But certainly the very candid way in which Mr. Reddie admitted, in the correspondence above named, that he had not known some facts and had misunderstood others, afforded to my mind the most satisfactory proofs of his straightforwardness. It may be instructive to consider a few of those paradoxes of Mr. Reddie's which Professor De Morgan found chief occasion to pulverise.

In a letter to the Astronomer Royal, Mr. Reddie announced that he was about to write 'a paper, intended to be hereafter published, elaborating more minutely and discussing more rigidly than before the glaring fallacies, dating from the time of Newton, relating to the motion of the moon.' He proceeded to 'indicate the nature of the issues he intended to raise.' He had discovered that the moon does not, as a matter of fact, go round the earth at the rate of 2,288 miles an hour, as astronomers say; but follows an undulatory path round the sun at a rate varying between 65,000 and 70,000 miles an hour; because, while the moon seems to go round the earth, the latter is travelling onwards at the rate of 67,500 miles an hour round the sun. Of course he was quite right in his facts, and quite wrong in his inferences; as the Astronomer Royal pointed out in a brief letter, closing with the remark that, 'as a very closely occupied man,' Mr. Airy could 'not enter further into the matter.' But further Mr. Reddie persisted in going, though he received no more letters from Greenwich. His reply to Sir G. Airy contained, in fact, matter enough for a small pamphlet.

Now here was certainly an amazing fact. A well-known astronomical relation, which astronomers have over and over again described and explained, is treated as though it were something which had throughout all ages escaped attention. It is not here the failure to comprehend the *rationale* of a simple explanation which is startling, but the notion that an obvious fact had been wholly overlooked.

Of like nature was the mistake which brought Mr. Reddie more specially under Professor De Morgan's notice. It is known that the sun, carrying with him his family of planets, is speeding swiftly

through space—his velocity being estimated as probably not falling short of 20,000 miles per hour. It follows, of course, that the real paths of the planets in space are not closed curves, but spirals of different orders. How then, can the theory of Copernicus be right, according to which the planets circle in closed orbits round the sun? Here was Mr. Reddie's difficulty; and like the other it appeared to his mind as a great discovery. He was no whit concerned by the thought that astronomers ought surely to have noticed the difficulty before. It did not seem in the least wonderful that he, lightly reading a book or two of popular astronomy, should discover that which Laplace, the Herschels, Leverrier, Airy, Adams, and a host of others, who have given their whole lives to astronomy, had failed to notice. Accordingly, Mr. Reddie forwarded to the British Association (in session in Newcastle) a paper controverting the theory of the sun's motion. The paper was declined with thanks by that bigoted body 'as opposed to Newtonian astronomy.' 'That paper I published,' says Mr. Reddie, 'in September 1863, with an appendix, in both thoroughly exhibiting the illogical reasoning and absurdities involved in the theory; and with what result? The members of Section A of the British Association, and Fellows of the Royal Society and of the Royal Astronomical Society, to whom I sent copies of my paper, were, without exception, *dumb*.' Professor De Morgan, however, having occasion to examine Mr. Reddie's publications some time after, was in no sort dumb, but in very plain and definite terms exhibited their absurdity. After all, however, the real absurdity consisted, not in the statements which Mr. Reddie made, nor even in the conclusions which he drew from them, but in the astounding simplicity which could suppose that astronomers were unaware of the facts which their own labors had revealed.

In my correspondence with Mr. Reddie I recognised the real source of the amazing self-complacency displayed by the true paradoxist. The very insufficiency of the knowledge which a paradoxist possesses of his subject, affords the measure of his estimate of the care with which other men have studied that sub-

ject. Because the paradoxist pronounce an opinion about has not studied, it does not seem to him that Newton and he should be ready equally to correct subjects they had not inquired into.

Another very remarkable instance afforded by Mr. Reddie's treatise on the subject of comets. And the way, I shall quote a remark by Sir John Herschel soon after the appearance of the comet of 1861. 'I received letters,' he said, 'concerning the comets of the last few years, which make one's hair stand on end at the absurdity of the theories they present at the ignorance of the common principles of optics, of motion, of heat, and of general physics, they betray in their errors.' In the present instance my correspondence showed that the paradoxist supposed the parabolic path of comets to be regarded by astronomers as analogous to the parabolic path of projectiles. He expressed a little astonishment when I informed him that, in the first place, projectiles do not travel on truly parabolic paths; and secondly, that in all respects their motion differs essentially from that which astronomers ascribe to comets. Comets, like projectiles, make their last move more and more quickly as they reach what is called the vertex of the parabola (the point of which lies nearest to the sun); while projectiles, on the contrary, move more slowly as they approach the corresponding point of their path. In other words, the comet first approaches and then recedes from the centre of attraction; while the projectile first recedes from the centre and then approaches the attracting centre.

The earth-flatteners form a considerable section of the paradoxists. They experienced a practical demonstration of the error of their view a few years since, which should have shaken their faith in the present chief of their order. The chief justice, he is probably very confident about the flatness of the earth, more than any of his disciples. One of the assumed names of Parallax is that of Parallax, the name of most of the chief towns of England. Parallax is the name of the verb from which the word is derived signifies p-

out or dodge, and secondarily to little, especially for the worse. Employment of the word zetetic is subtle; as he claims for his system that it alone is founded on the true going out of Nature's secrets.

The experimental basis of the theory of Parallax is mainly this: Having been himself to a part of the Bedford Canal where there is an uninterrupted line of about six miles, he tested the water-surface for signs of curvature; and (as he said) found none.

Unhappily, unfortunately, that a dissenting Mr. John Hampden, of Swindon, doubted the narrative of this observation with an unquestioning spirit; and was confident that the Bedford Canal has a plane surface, that he wagered five hundred pounds on his opinion, challenging the believers in the earth's rotundity to repeat the experiment. The challenge was accepted by Mr. Wallace, a dissenting naturalist; and the result was anticipated. Three boats were to be ordered in a line, three miles or so between each. Each carried a mast of given height.

If, when the summits of the first and third masts were seen in a line through the telescope, the summit of the middle mast was not found to be above the line, Mr. Hampden was to receive five hundred pounds from Mr. Wallace. If, on the contrary, the top of the middle mast was found, as the accepted theory said it would be, to be several feet above the line joining the tops of the two outer masts, then Mr. Hampden was to lose five hundred pounds he had so rashly wagered. Everything was conducted in accordance with the arrangements made upon.

The editor of a well-known sporting paper acted as stakeholder, and unprejudiced umpires were provided as to what actually was seen through the telescope. It need scarcely be said that the accepted theory held its ground, and that Mr. Hampden lost his bet. He scarcely bore the loss with grace as was to have been expected from a philosopher merely desirous of ascertaining the truth. His wrath was not expended on Parallax, whom he might have suspected of having led him astray; nor does he seem to have been angry with himself, as would have been natural. All his anger was reserved for those who still continued to

believe in the earth's rotundity. Whether he believed that the Bedford water had risen under the middle boat to oblige Mr. Wallace, or how it came to pass that his own chosen experiment had failed him, does not appear.

The subsequent history of this matter has been unpleasant. It illustrates, unfortunately but too well, the mischief which may ensue from the tricks of those who make a trade of paradox—tricks which would be scarce possible, however, if text-books of science were more carefully written and by those only who are really acquainted with the subject of which they treat.

The book which originally led to Mr. Hampden's misfortunes, and has misled not a few, ought to have deceived none. I have already mentioned the statement on which Parallax (whose true name is Rowbotham) rested his theory. Of course, if that statement had been true—if he had, with his eye a few inches from the surface of the water of the Bedford Canal, seen an object close to the surface six miles from him—there manifestly would have been something wrong in the accepted theory about the earth's rotundity. So, also, if a writer were to announce a new theory of gravity, stating as the basis of his theory that a heavy missile which he had thrown into the air had gone upwards on a serpentine course to the moon, any one who accepted the statement would be logically bound to admit at least that the fact described was inconsistent with the accepted theory. But no one would accept such a statement; and no one should have accepted Mr. Rowbotham's statement.

His statement was believed, however, and perhaps is still believed by many. Twenty years ago, De Morgan wrote that 'the founder of the zetetic astronomy gained great praise from provincial newspapers for his ingenuity in proving that the earth is a flat, surrounded by ice,' with the north polar ice in the middle. 'Some of the journals rather incline to this view: but the "Leicester Advertiser" thinks that the statement "would seem to invalidate some of the most important conclusions of modern astronomy;" while the "Norfolk Herald" is clear that "there must be great error on one side or the other." . . . The fact is worth noting that from 1849

to 1857 arguments on the roundness or flatness of the earth did itinerate. I have no doubt they did much good, for very few persons have any distinct idea of the evidence for the rotundity of the earth. The "Blackburn Standard" and "Preston Guardian" (December 12 and 16, 1849), unite in stating that the lecturer ran away from his second lecture at Burnley, having been rather too hard pressed, at the end of his first lecture, to explain why the large hull of a ship disappeared before the masts. The persons present and waiting for the second lecture assuaged their disappointment by concluding that the lecturer had slipped off the ice edge of his flat disc, and that he would not be seen again till he peeped up on the opposite side.' . . . 'The zetetic system,' proceeds De Morgan, 'still lives in lectures and books; as it ought to do, for there is no way of teaching a truth comparable to opposition. The last I heard of it was in lectures at Plymouth, in October 1864. Since this time a prospectus has been issued of a work entitled "The Earth not a Globe;" but whether it has been published I do not know.'

The book was published soon after the above was written, and De Morgan gives the following quaint account of it: 'August 28, 1865. The zetetic astronomy has come into my hands. When in 1851 I went to see the Great Exhibition I heard an organ played by a performer who seemed very desirous to exhibit one particular stop. "What do you think of that stop?" I was asked. "That depends on the name of it," said I. "Oh! what can the name of it have to do with the sound? 'that which we call a rose,' &c." "The name has everything to do with it: if it be a flute stop, I think it very harsh; but if it be a railway-whistle stop, I think it very sweet." So as to this book: if it be childish, it is clever; if it be mannish, it is unusually foolish. The flat earth floating tremulously on the sea; the sun moving always over the flat, giving day when near enough, and night when too far off; the self-luminous moon, with a semi-transparent invisible moon created to give her an eclipse now and then; the new law of perspective, by which the vanishing of the hull before the masts, usually thought to prove the earth globular, really proves

it flat;—all these and other things are well fitted to form exercises for a person who is learning the elements of astronomy. The manner in which the sun dips into the sea, especially in tropical climates, upsets the whole. Mungo Park, I think, gives an African hypothesis which explains phenomena better than this. The sun dips into the Western ocean, and the people there cut him in pieces, fry him in a pan, and then join him together again; take him round the under way, and set him up in the East. I hope this book will be read, and that many will be puzzled by it; for there are many whose notions of astronomy deserve no better fate. There is no subject on which there is so little accurate conception as on that of the motions of the heavenly bodies.* The author, though confident in the extreme, neither impeaches the honesty of those whose opinion he assails, nor allots them any future inconvenience: in these points he is worthy to live on a globe and to rotate in twenty-four hours.'

I chanced to reside near Plymouth when Mr. Rowbotham lectured there in October 1864. It will readily be understood that, in a town where there are so many naval men, his lectures were not altogether so successful as they have sometimes been in small inland towns. Numbers of naval officers, however, who were thoroughly well assured of the fact that the earth is a globe, were not able to demolish the crafty arguments of Parallax publicly, during the discussions which he challenged at the close of each lecture. He was too skilled in that sort of evasion which his assumed name (as

* The Astronomer Royal once told me that he had found that few persons have a clear conception of the fact that the stars rise and set. Still fewer know how the stars move, which stars rise and set, which are always above the horizon, which move on large circles, which on small ones; though a few hours' observation on half-a-dozen nights in a year (such observations being continuous, but made only at hourly intervals) would show clearly how the stars move. It is odd to find even some who write about astronomy making mistakes on matters so elementary. For instance, in a primer of astronomy recently published, it is stated that the stars which pass overhead in London rise and set on a slant—the real fact being that *those* stars never rise or set at all, never coming within some two dozen moon-breadths of the horizon.

ed by Liddell and Scott) suggested he be readily cornered. When a question was used which he could not easily meet, or seem to meet, he replied simply: 'Well, sir, you have had your fair share of the discussion—some one else have his turn.' It was stated in the newspapers that one audience was so wrathful with the lecturer on account of these evasions, that he endeavored to strike Parallax with a loaded stick at the close of the lecture; but probably there was no foundation for the story.

Rowbotham did a very bold thing, at Plymouth. He undertook, by observations made with a telescope upon the Eddystone Light from the Hoe and from the beach, to prove that the surface of the water is flat. On the beach, usually only the lantern of the lighthouse is visible. On the morning of the 1st, Mr. Rowbotham appeared. From the Hoe a telescope was directed at the lighthouse, which was well visible in the morning being calm and still, and the air was unusually clear. On descending to the beach, it was found that, instead of the lantern being visible as usual, only the top of the lighthouse could be seen—a circumstance due to the fact that the air's refractive power, which usually diminishes with height, did not dip due to the earth's curvature about one-sixth part, was less that morning than usual. The peculiarity was manifestly contrary to Mr. Rowbotham's theory. The curvature of the earth produced a difference than usual between the apparent distance of a distant object as seen from a certain high station and from a certain low station (though still the difference fell short of that which would be shown if there were no air). Parallax claimed the peculiarity observed that morning as an argument in favor of his flat earth. It is manifest, however, that there is something wrong with the accepted theory; for it tells us that much less of the lighthouse is seen from the beach than from the Hoe, whereas less still was seen. And the Plymouth folk went away from the Hoe that morning, and from the lecture in which Parallax had just quoted the results of the ob-

servation, with the feeling, which had been expressed seven years before in the 'Leicester Advertiser,' that 'some of the most important conclusions of modern astronomy had been seriously invalidated.' If our books of astronomy, in referring to the effects of the earth's curvature, had only been careful to point out how surveyors and sailors and those who build lighthouses take into account the modifying effects of atmospheric refraction, and how these effects have long been known to vary with the temperature and pressure of the air, this mischief would have been avoided. It would not be fair to say of the persons misled on that occasion by Parallax that they deserved no better; since the fault is not theirs as readers, but that of careless or ill-informed writers.

Another experiment conducted by Parallax the same morning was creditable to his ingenuity. Nothing better, perhaps, was ever devised to deceive people, apparently by ocular evidence, into the belief that the earth is flat—nor is there any clearer evidence of the largeness of the earth's globe compared with our ordinary measures. On the Hoe, some ninety or a hundred feet above the sea-level, he had a mirror suspended in a vertical position facing the sea, and invited the bystanders to look in that mirror at the sea-horizon. To all appearance the line of the horizon corresponded exactly with the level of the eye-pupils of the observer. Now, of course, when we look into a mirror whose surface is exactly vertical, the line of sight to the eye-pupils of our image in the mirror is exactly horizontal; whereas the line of sight from the eyes to the image of the sea-horizon is depressed exactly as much as the line from the eyes to the real sea-horizon. Here, then, seemed to be proof positive that there is no depression of the sea-horizon; for the horizontal line to the image of the eye-pupil seemed to coincide exactly with the line to the image of the sea-horizon. It is not necessary to suppose here that the mirror was wrongly adjusted, though the slightest error of adjustment would affect the result either favorably or unfavorably for Parallax's flat-earth theory. It is a matter of fact that, if the mirror were perfectly vertical, only very acute vision could detect the depres-

sion of the image of the sea-horizon below the image of the eye-pupil. The depression can easily be calculated for any given circumstances. Parallax encouraged observers to note very closely the position of the eye-pupil in the image, so that most of them approached the image within about ten inches, or the glass within about five. Now, in such a case, for a height of one hundred feet above the sea-level the image of the sea-horizon would be depressed below the image of the eye-pupil, less than three-hundredths of an inch—an amount which could not be detected by one eye in a hundred. The average diameter of the pupil itself is one-fifth of an inch, or about seven times as great as the depression of the sea-horizon in the case supposed. It would require very close observation and a good eye to determine whether a horizontal line seen on either side of the head were on the level of the centres of the eye-pupils, or lower by about one-seventh of the breadth of either pupil.

The experiment is a pretty one, however, and well worth trying by anyone who lives near to the sea-shore and sea-cliffs. But there is a much more effective experiment which can be much more easily tried—only it is open to the disadvantage that it at once demolishes the argument of our friend Parallax. It occurred to me while I was writing the above paragraph. Let a very small mirror (it need not be larger than a sixpence) be so suspended to a small support and so weighted that when left to itself it hangs with its face perfectly vertical—an arrangement which any competent optician will easily secure—and let a fine horizontal line or several horizontal lines be marked on the mirror; which, by the way, should be a metallic one, as its indications will then be altogether more trustworthy. This mirror can be put into the waistcoat pocket and conveniently carried to much greater heights than the mirror used by Parallax. Now, at some considerable height—say five or six hundred feet above the sea-level, but a hundred or even fifty will suffice—look into this small mirror while *facing* the sea. The true horizon will then be seen to be visibly below the centre of the eye-pupil—visibly in this case because the horizontal line traced

on the mirror can be made to coincide with the sea-horizon exactly, and will be found *not* to coincide with the centre of the eye-pupil. Such an instance could be readily made to show the distance of the sea-horizon, which determines the height of the eye above the sea-level. For this purpose all that would be necessary would be means of placing the eye at some distance from the small mirror, and a fine vertical scale on the mirror to show the exact depression of the sea-horizon. For balloonists such an instrument is sometimes be useful, as showing the variation independently of the barometer whenever any portion of sea-horizon is in view.

The mention of balloon experiments leads me to another delusive argument of the earth-flatteners.* It has been the experience of all aeronauts that when a balloon rises, the appearance of the earth is by no means what would be expected from the familiar teachings in our books of astronomy. There is a picture in most of these books representing the effect of ascent above the sea-level, depicting the line of sight to the horizon, and bringing more and more into view the convexity of the earth's surface. One would suppose, from the picture, that when an observer is at a great height the earth would appear under him, like some great round well-curved shield whose convexity was turned towards him. Instead of this, the aeronaut finds the earth presenting the appearance of a great hollow basin, or the concave side of a well-curved shield. The horizon seems to rise as he ascends, while the earth beneath him sinks and lower. A somewhat similar phenomenon may be noted when, after longing for the landward side of a high mountain, one comes suddenly upon a view of the sea; invariably the sea-horizon is higher than we expected to find it. *Only*, in such a case, the surface of the sea seems

* In passing, let me note that, of course, I am not discussing the arguments of the earth-flatteners with the remotest idea of doing them. They are not, in reality, worth the trouble. But they show where the reader of astronomical text-books, and such works, is likely to go astray, and conveniently indicate matters whose correction may be useful or interesting.

he beach below towards the horizon convexly not concavely; reason of which I take to be this, the waves, and especially long rollers form large ripples, teach the eye to have conceptions of the shape of the face even when the eye is deceived as to the position of the sea-horizon. Indeed, I should much like to know what would be the appearance of the sea from a balloon, when no land is in sight (though I do not particularly wish to make the observation myself): the convexity discernible, for the reason named, would contend strangely with the concavity imagined, for the reason to be indicated.

The deception arises from the circumstance that the scene displayed below and the balloon is judged by the eye from the experience of more familiar scenes.

The horizon is depressed, but so that the eye cannot detect the depression, especially where the boundary of the horizon is irregular. It is here that next-book pictures mislead; for they show the depression as far too great to be overlooked, setting the observer on his knees about two thousand miles below the sea-level. The eye, then, judges the horizon to be where it usually is, at the same level as the observer; looking downwards, the eye perceives a great depth at once and at once appreciates if it does not exaggerate, the great depth at the earth lies below the balloon. The appearance, then, as judged by the eye, is that of a mighty basin whose rim rises up all round to the level of the balloon, while its bottom lies two or three miles or more below the balloon.

The zetetic faithful reason about this as though the impressions of the senses were trustworthy under all conditions, familiar or otherwise; whereas, in fact, we know that the senses deceive, even under familiar conditions, and almost always deceive under conditions which are not familiar. A man, for example, accustomed to the dim haze of our British air, is told that his sense of sight, when he is travelling where a clearer atmosphere prevails, that a mountain forty miles from him appears as a hill a few miles away. On the other hand, an Italian travelling through the highlands is impressed with the beauty of all the features of the scenery

are much larger (because he supposes them much more remote) than they really are. A hundred such instances of deception might easily be cited. The conditions under which the aeronaut observes the earth are certainly less familiar than those under which the Briton views the Alps and Apennines, or the Italian views Ben Lomond or Ben Lawers. It would be rash, therefore, even if no other evidence were available, to reject the faith that the earth is a globe because, as seen from a balloon, it looks like a basin. Indeed, to be strictly logical, the followers of Parallax ought on this account to adopt the faith that the earth is not flat, but basin-shaped; which hitherto they have not been ready to do.

We have seen that Parallax describes a certain experiment on the Bedford Level, which, if made as he states, would have shown certainly that something was wrong in the accepted system—for a six-mile straight-edge along water would be as severe a blow to the belief in a round earth, as a straight line on the sea-surface from Queenstown to New York. Another curious experiment adorns his little book, which, if it could be repeated successfully before a dozen trustworthy witnesses, would rather astonish men of science. Having, he says, by certain reasoning—altogether erroneous, but that is a detail—convinced himself that, on the accepted theory, a bullet fired vertically upwards ought to fall far to the west of the place whence it was fired, he carefully fixed an air-gun in a vertical position, and fired forty bullets vertically upwards. All these fell close to the gun—which is not surprising, though it must have made such an experiment rather dangerous; but two fell back into the barrel itself—which certainly was very surprising indeed. One might fairly challenge the most experienced gunner in the world to achieve one such vertical shot in a thousand trials; two in forty bordered on the miraculous.

The earth-flatteners I have been speaking of claim, as one of their objects, the defence of Scripture. But some of the earth-flatteners of the last generation (or a little further back) took quite another view of the matter. For instance, Sir Richard Phillips, a more vehement earth-flattener than Parallax, was so little interested in defending the Scriptures, that

in 1793 he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for selling a book regarded as atheistic. In 1836 he attempted the conversion of Professor De Morgan, opening the correspondence with the remark that he had 'an inveterate abhorrence of all the pretended wisdom of philosophy derived from the monks and doctors of the Middle Ages, and not less those of higher name who merely sought to make the monkish philosophy more plausible, or so to disguise it as to mystify the mob of small thinkers.' He seems himself to have succeeded in mystifying many of those whom he intended to convert. Admiral Smyth gives the following account of an interview he had with Phillips: 'This pseudo-mathematical knight once called upon me at Bedford, without any previous acquaintance, to discuss "those errors of Newton, which he almost blushed to name," and which were inserted in the "Principia" to "puzzle the vulgar." He sneered with sovereign contempt at the "Trinity of Gravitating Force, Projectile Force, and Void Space," and proved that all change of place is accounted for by motion.' (Startling hypothesis!) 'He then exemplified the conditions by placing some pieces of paper on a table, and slapping his hand down close to them, thus making them fly off, which he termed applying the momentum. All motion, he said, is in the direction of the forces; and atoms seek the centre by "terrestrial centripetation"—a property which causes universal pressure; but in what these attributes of pushing and pulling differ from gravitation and attraction, was not expounded. Many of his "truths" were as mystified as the conundrums of Rabelais; so nothing was made of the motion.'

A favorite subject of paradoxical ideas has been the moon's motion of rotation. Strangely enough, De Morgan, who knew more about past paradoxists than any man of his time, seems not to have heard of the dispute between Keill and Bentley over this matter in 1690. He says, 'there was a dispute on the subject, in 1748, between James Ferguson and an anonymous opponent; and I think there have been others;' but the older and more interesting dispute he does not mention. Bentley, who was no mathematician, pointed out in a lecture certain

reasons for believing that the moon does not turn on her axis, or has no axis on which she turns. Keill, then only nineteen years old, pointed out that the arguments used by Bentley proved that the moon does rotate instead of showing that she does not. (Twenty years later Keill was appointed Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. He was the first holder of that office to teach the Newtonian astronomy.)

In recent times, as most of my readers know, the paradox that the moon does not rotate has been revived more than once. In 1855 it was sustained by Mr. Jellinger Symons, one of whose staunchest supporters, Mr. H. Perigal, had commenced the attack a few years earlier. Of course, the gist of the argument against the moon's rotation lies in the fact that the moon always keeps the same face turned towards the earth, or very nearly so. If she did so exactly, and if her distance from the earth were constantly the same, then her motion would be exactly the same as though she were rigidly connected with the earth, and turned round an axis at the earth. The case may be thus illustrated: Through the middle of a large orange thrust one short rod vertically, and another long rod horizontally; thrust the further end of the latter through a small apple, and now turn the whole affair round the short vertical rod as an axis. Then the apple will move with respect to the orange as the moon would move with respect to the earth on the suppositions just made. No one in this case could say that the apple was turning round on its axis, since its motion would be one of rotation round the upright axis through the orange. Therefore, say the opponents of the moon's rotation, no one should say that the moon turns round on her axis. Of course, the answer would be obvious even if the moon's motions were as supposed. The moon is not connected with the earth as the apple is with the orange in the illustrative case. If the apple, without rigid connection with the orange, were carried round the orange so as to move precisely as if it were so connected, it would unquestionably have to rotate on its axis, as any one will find who may try the experiment. Thus for the straight rod thrust through the apple substitute a straight horizontal bar car-

rying a small basin of water in which the apple floats. Sway the bar steadily and slowly round, and it will be found (if a mark is placed on the apple) that the apple no longer keeps the same face towards the centre of motion; but that, to cause it to do so, a slow motion of rotation must be communicated to the apple in the same direction and at the same rate (neglecting the effects of the friction of the water against the sides of the basin) as the bar is rotating. In my *Treatise on the Moon* I have described and pictured a simple apparatus by which this experiment may easily be made. But, of course, the experiment is not essential to the argument by which the paradox is overthrown. This argument simply is, that the moon as she travels on her orbit round the sun—the real centre of her motion—turns every part of her equator in succession towards him once in a lunar month. At the time of new moon the sun illuminates the face of the moon turned from us; at the time of full moon he illuminates the face which has been gradually brought round to him as the moon has passed through her first two quarters. As she passes onwards to new moon again, the face we see is gradually turned from him until he shines full upon the other face. And so on during successive lunations. This could not happen unless the moon rotated. Again, if we lived on the moon we should find the heaven of the fixed stars turning round from east to west once in rather more than twenty-seven days; and unless we supposed, as we should probably do for a long time, that our small world was the centre of the universe, and that the stars turned round it, we should be compelled to admit that it was turning on its own axis from west to east, once in the time just named. There would be no escape. The mere fact that all the time the stars thus seemed to be turning round the moon, the earth would not so seem to move, but would lie always in the same direction, would in no sort help to remove the difficulty. Lunarian paradoxists would probably argue that she was in some way rigidly connected with the moon; but even they would never think of arguing that their world did not turn on its axis, *unless* they maintained that it was the centre of the universe. This, I think,

they would very probably do; but as yet terrestrial paradoxists have not, I believe, maintained this hypothesis. I once asked Mr. Perigal whether that was the true theory of the universe—the moon central, the earth, sun, and heavens carried round her. He admitted that his objections to accepted views were by no means limited to the moon's rotation; and, if I remember rightly, he said that the idea I had thrown out in jest was nearer the truth than I thought, or words to that effect. But as yet the theory has not been definitely enunciated that the moon is the boss of the universe.

Comets, as already mentioned, have been the subjects of paradoxes innumerable; but as yet comets have been so little understood, even by astronomers, that paradoxes respecting them cannot be so readily dealt with as those relating to well-established facts. Among thoroughly paradoxical ideas respecting comets, however, may be mentioned one whose author is a mathematician of well-deserved repute—Professor Tait's 'Sea-Bird Theory' of Comets' Tails. According to this theory, the rapid formation of long tails and the rapid changes of their position may be explained on the same principle that we explain the rapid change of appearance of a flight of sea-birds when, from having been in a position where the eye looks athwart it, the flight assumes a position where the eye looks at it edgewise. In the former position it is scarcely visible (when at a distance), in the latter it is seen as a well-defined streak; and as a very slight change of position of each bird may oftens suffice to render an extensive flight thus visible throughout its entire length, which but a few moments before had been invisible, so the entire length of a comet's tail may be brought into view, and apparently be formed in a few hours, through some comparatively slight displacement of the individual meteorites composing it. This paradox—for paradox it unquestionably is—affords a curious illustration of the influence which mathematical power has on the minds of men. Everyone knows that Professor Tait has potential mathematical energy competent to dispose, in a very short time, of all the difficulties involved in his theory; therefore few

seem to inquire whether this potential energy has ever been called into action. It is singular, too, that other mathematicians of great eminence have been content to take the theory on trust. Thus Sir W. Thomson, at the meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh, described the theory as disposing easily of the difficulties presented by Newton's comet in 1680. Glaisher, in his translation of Guillemin's 'Les Comètes,' speaks of the theory as one not improbably correct, though only to be established by rigid investigation of the mathematical problems involved. In reality, not five minutes' inquiry is needed to show anyone acquainted with the history of long-tailed comets that the theory is quite untenable. Take Newton's comet. It had a tail ninety millions of miles long, extending directly from the sun as the comet approached him, and seen, four days later, extending to the same distance, and still directly from the sun, as the comet receded from him in an entirely different direction. According to Tait's sea-bird theory, the earth was at both these epochs in the plane of a sheet of meteorites forming the tail; but on each occasion the sun also was in the same plane, for the edge of the sheet of meteorites was seen to be directly in a line with the sun. The comet's head, of course, was in the same plane; but three points, not in a straight line, determine a plane. Hence we have, as the definite result of the sea-bird theory, that the layer or stratum of meteorites, forming the tail of Newton's comet, lay in the same plane which contained the sun, the earth, and the comet. But the comet crossed the ecliptic (the plane in which the earth travels round the sun) between the epochs named, crossing it at a great angle. When crossing it, then, the great layer of meteorites was in the plane of the ecliptic; before crossing it the layer was greatly inclined to that plane one way, and after crossing it the layer was greatly inclined to that plane another way. So that we have in no way escaped the difficulty which the sea-bird theory was intended to remove. If it was a startling and, indeed, incredible thing, that the particles along a comet's tail should have got round in four days from the first to the second position of the tail considered above,

it is as startling and incredible that a mighty layer of meteorites should have shifted bodily in the way required by the sea-bird theory. Nay, there is an element in our result which is still more startling than any of the difficulties yet mentioned; and that is, the singular care which the great layer of meteorites would seem to have shown to keep its plane always passing through the earth, with which it was in no way connected. Why should this preference have been shown by the meteor flock for our earth above all the other members of the solar system?—seeing that the sea-bird theory requires that the comet, and not Newton's comet alone, but all others having tails, should not only be thus compliant with respect to our little earth, but should behave in a totally different way with respect to every other member of the sun's family.

We can understand that, while several have been found who have applauded the sea-bird paradox for what it might do in explaining comets' tails, its advocates have as yet not done much to reconcile it with cometic observation.

The latest astronomical paradox published is perhaps still more startling. It relates to the planet Venus, and is intended to explain the appearance presented by this planet when crossing the sun's face, or, technically, when in transit. At this time she is surrounded by a ring of light, which appears somewhat brighter than the disc of the sun itself. Before fully entering on the sun's face also, the part of Venus's globe as yet outside the sun's disc is seen to be girdled by a ring of exceedingly bright light—so bright, indeed, that it has left its record in photographs where the exposure was only for the small fraction of a second allowable in the case of so intensely brilliant a body as the sun. Astronomers have not found it difficult to explain either peculiarity. It has been proved clearly in other ways that Venus has an atmosphere like our own, but probably denser. As the sun is raised into view above the horizon (after he has really passed below the horizon plane by the bending power of our air upon his rays, so the bending power of Venus's air brings the sun into our view round the dark body of the planet. But the new paradox advances a much bolder

Instead of an atmosphere such as Venus has a glass envelope; instead of a surface of earth and in some cases covered with water, Venus has a surface shining with lustre.* The author of this startled astronomers by announcing five years ago, that with an telescope he could see the light of the sun's corona without the aid of a telescope, though astronomers had observed that the delicate light of the corona was out of view with the first rays of the sun after total

the latest paradoxist, misled by the term 'centrifugal force,' proposed to 'modify, if not banish,' the term from astronomy. What is centrifugal force is in truth only a misnomer. In the familiar instance of a ball whirled round by a string, the tension of the string no more implies

that an active force has pulled away the body, than the breaking of a rope by which a weight is pulled implies that the weight has exerted an active resistance. Of course, here again the text-books are chiefly in fault.

Such are a few among the paradoxes of various orders by which astronomers, like the students of other sciences, have been from time to time amused. It is not altogether, as it may seem at first sight, 'a sin against the twenty-four hours' to consider such matters; for much may be learned not only from the study of the right road in science, but from observing where and how men may go astray. I know, indeed, few more useful exercises for the learner than to examine a few paradoxes, when leisure serves, and to consider how, if left to his own guidance, he would confute them.—*Belgravia Magazine.*

ROUND THE WORLD IN A YACHT.

BY THOMAS BRASSEY, M.P.

II.

After an easy passage of six days from the meriffe, we arrived, on the morning of the 30th of July, off the Bay of St. Antonio, in the Island of St. Antonio, Cape de Verdes. Here we obtained cocoa-nuts, bananas, potatoes, poultry, sheep, goats, and, in all, a copious supply of excellent water. Tarafal Bay is sheltered from the prevailing trade-winds, but it is otherwise completely open. We landed

As anticipated this paradoxist in attributing glassiness to an inferior body made the inhabitants, however, very glassy. 'The intense heat of the sun,' he says, speaking of the planet Venus, 'must, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants to suit the climate; so that all the tenements of the inhabitants may be nothing else, for ought of the best philosophy can show to the contrary, but one fine transparent body of clear glass, that till the inhabitant grows old and wrinkled, whereby the rays of the sun are monstrously refracted, or return from the surface, &c., his soul might be driven by the fool out o' doors as in her own

near the mouth of an ample brook, which descends to the sea, by a narrow and sinuous ravine, from a deep circular basin or crater formed amid the mass of lofty mountains in the interior of the island. Wherever the water can be conducted, the sugar-cane, cocoa-nut, and banana grow luxuriantly. The sugar, which forms the principal article of export, is forwarded to Lisbon in schooners. The sides of the ravine, which extends for nine miles into the interior, are terraced and industriously cultivated in every part to which the water has access. The laboring population, who are all negroes, live in mud huts. Tarafal Bay, lying on the south-west side of St. Antonio, is in an almost perpetual calm. There was no steady breeze throughout the day of our visit, and we stood off and on under steam. Facing the burning south, sheltered from the cooling breezes of the north-east trade, the climate would be almost unendurable to an Englishman. There was an air of depression about the negroes

and their employer, which we attributed in part to their isolation, in part to the excessive heat.

The scenery of this little-known spot would, if it lay in a temperate zone and within the scope of ordinary travel, have been long since highly renowned, and would have inspired the pen and the pencil of many lovers of the sublime and beautiful. The bay lies in an amphitheatre of mountains and precipices. Pinnacles and spires and turrets of rock are clustered together in noble masses, and in forms and outlines of infinite variety. The rocks have a burnt-up volcanic aspect, and are absolutely barren of vegetation. The only green spot in the landscape is the grove of cocoa-nut trees and bananas, surrounded by a few fields of sugar-canes, in the small delta on the shore formed by the solitary brook of Tarafal. Our moist and variable climate furnishes a frequent topic to discontented people in England; and yet to be wholly deprived of refreshing and fertilising showers, to spend long months unsheltered from the rays of a tropical sun, is a far more serious privation. It is not in such a climate as that of the Cape de Verdes that those pleasant places can be found which abound in dear old England, and which were so happily depicted, in harmonious numbers, by the poet Gray :

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit. . . .

Here, too, it may be added, the sportsman may carry his gun, may ride to hounds, or wield the bat or the oar, on a greater number of days in the year than it would be possible to devote to similar wholesome exercises in any other climate in the world.

Leaving Tarafal Bay on the evening of the 30th of July, we steamed 600 miles through the doldrums. In latitude $7^{\circ} 42' N.$ and longitude $22^{\circ} 33' W.$ we entered the south-west monsoon, which prevails in the summer off the African coast. Here the propeller was feathered, and we proceeded under canvas only. The monsoon gradually changed into the south-east trade. We crossed the equator on the 8th of August in longi-

tude $26^{\circ} W.$, and carried a favorable breeze, without even a momentary lull, for a distance of 2,500 miles, until we sailed under the lee of Cape Frio, on the coast of Brazil, on the 17th of August. In this section of the voyage the distances were under steam 888, and under sail 3,615 miles.

We crossed the line on the 8th of August. This important event was celebrated with a ceremonial more elaborate perhaps than usual, though not differing materially from the time-honored rites observed on similar occasions on other vessels.*

After the excitement of the equator, the repose of our first day in south latitude was highly appreciated. The weather was perfect. Scarcely a cloud was visible. The sea was smooth; and a pleasant breeze from the south-east impelled us onward at from six to eight knots an hour. I went out to the extremity of the jib-boom, to admire the graceful bow of my little vessel, with easy motion cleaving the azure waters of the South Atlantic, and throwing the waves aside in masses of sparkling spray and creamy foam.

Ferunt ipsa æquora classem;
Æquataë spirant auræ; datur hora quieti.

We arrived at Rio on the 17th of August, having first made the land on the previous day in the vicinity of Cape Frio. From the cape towards Rio, high mountains rise up behind the low expanse of level sand, which extends for many miles along the shore. The distance from the cape to Rio is 63 miles. About midway a spur from these mountains juts into the sea, forming the blue dark headland of Cape Negro, to the westward of which the scenery of the coast assumes a grand and remarkable aspect. On the eastern side of the entrance to the harbor of Rio, the False Sugar-Loaf, a conical hill rises from the sea to a height of 1,317 feet and forms an almost perpendicular crag. On the southern side there is a magnificent range of mountains, including the Gavia, 2,600 feet in height, with an immense cube-like summit. The ridge of the Gavia extends for a distance of six

* Mrs. Brassey's forthcoming diary will give the details of this and similar incidents.

or seven miles, attaining, in the peak of the Corcovado, a height of 2,300 feet, and terminating in the true Sugar-loaf Peak, which forms a fine feature in the landscape on the western side of the entrance to the harbor. The outline of this ridge presents in a remarkable manner the figure of a man lying on his back.

The sun was sinking in the west as we approached Rio. The aspect of the sky was such as we sometimes see in England towards the close of a stormy day. Broad bands of glowing crimson and luminous yellow extended across the heavens, and the masses of rolling clouds were enriched with the same superb hues. I have compared the scene with the like phenomena in England; but colors so brilliant and varied rarely enrich the grey canopy of Northern Europe. The range of mountains, from the Gavia to the Sugar-loaf, stood out in majestic mass from the glorious background of the western sky; and we gazed in admiration on this beautiful effect of nature until the shades of night closed in upon the scene.

After a short residence of three weeks, it would be presumptuous to pretend to an intimate personal knowledge of Brazilian politics. The following observations, however, are drawn from numerous conversations with well-informed Englishmen long settled in Brazil.

The system of government is constitutional, though it urgently needs reform. The influence of the Ministry is too freely used at elections, and their nominees are brought into Parliament as representatives of constituencies with which they are wholly unacquainted. The members of the Senate are far superior, both in social position and in political knowledge, to the deputies.

The Emperor of Brazil is the only hereditary ruler in South America. The anomaly of his situation is sufficiently obvious, and the prospects of his heir are shadowy in the extreme. The republican system is popular with the unprincipled and ambitious men who usually occupy themselves with the affairs of government in the newly settled countries on the verge of the civilised world. The possibility of his own election to the presidency of his State is present to the mind of many a competitor for power; and all are ready to combine against the

hereditary principle which shuts the door impartially against all aspirants. The Empire of Brazil is held together but loosely by the existing constitution. It is rather a federation of separate states under an emperor, than a compact and homogeneous empire. If the empire were to be transformed hereafter into a republic, it would be split up into several independent states. Bahia, Pernambuco, Rio Grande do Sul, and Rio de Janeiro, would each become the seat of a separate government, and a new focus of intrigue and rapacity.

The reasons why a republican rather than a monarchical form of government would be adopted are not far to seek. 'Those who speculate on change,' says Burke, 'always make a great number among people of rank and fortune, as well as among the low and indigent.' How true is this remark in reference to the affairs of the Old World, and how inevitable is such a condition of men's minds in a new and unsettled community!

The personal influence of the present ruler is the chief security for the maintenance of the imperial style and the monarchical form of government in Brazil. The Emperor, as his habits of life during his visits to Europe testify, is endued with untiring energy. He manifests a deep interest in schools, and frequently opens new educational establishments and training colleges in person. By these manifestations of solicitude for their social elevation, the hearts of the Brazilians are won over to the imperial cause. We know the good effect in England of royal visits to the City and the provincial towns, and of manifestations of sympathy from high quarters with the great cause of social improvement.

At the date of our visit the religious question was uppermost in the public mind in Brazil. Freemasonry flourishes throughout the Empire, and the Pope had recently promulgated an edict that all Freemasons were to be deprived of the privileges of membership of the Church of Rome. The course which the Emperor would take was a subject of deeply interesting speculation. It was the opinion of many that his throne would be rudely shaken should he lend his support to the papal edict of exclusion, directed against a body of men who are

strongly imbued with liberal, not to say republican, ideas.

From Monday, the 21st of August, to Thursday, the 24th, we were absent from the 'Sunbeam' on an excursion to Petropolis, Entre Rios, and Rio Bonito.

The journey is accomplished for the first fifteen miles by steamer across the bay, thence for fifteen miles by railway, thence for eighteen miles by coach. Its most remarkable feature is the ascent from the railway, by an admirably engineered road, not inferior to the great works of a similar kind in Switzerland, to a pass where the road crosses a spur of the Organ mountains, at an elevation of 2,400 feet, and thence descends to Petropolis. The scenery recalls to memory the Simplon or the St. Gothard. The distant views of the plain and the harbor of Rio de Janeiro suggest a comparison with the fair prospect over the Lago Maggiore and the plains of Lombardy.

Petropolis is a small town, surrounded by numerous villas charmingly situated. Here the Emperor has a palace to which he retires in the hot season. We made an interesting excursion into the virgin forest. It is a dense jungle of palms, bamboos, tree ferns, and tropical hard wood trees. The larger trees are bound together by parasitical plants, and thus the steepest slopes are clothed with an impenetrable vegetation. Here we first began to realise the difficulties of colonisation in the tropics. The task of clearing the ground for cropping is so arduous that a luxuriant crop must be grown, or the laborer cannot be repaid for his toil. The wood is felled and then burnt. The following description, in an official report on the colony of Assunguy, from Mr. Lennon Hunt, our consul at Rio, gives some idea of the work which colonists in Brazil are compelled to undertake :—

The land of Assunguy varies considerably in quality; much of it is extremely fertile, this depending upon the more or less recent decomposition of the granitic base, and the quantity of decayed vegetation of earlier growths resting on the surface; but it is not of a kind that can be ultimately reduced, and possessed in a manner understood in Europe. It rises at angles varying from 35° to 75° from the level of the mule-paths, called roads. When the virgin forest is cleared, it produces one or two most abundant crops; it is then necessary to allow it again to be covered with wild

growth, which, after being cleared and burnt, in three or four years will again give one or two rich crops. But wherever the steep land may be cleared to a large extent, the tropical rains falling on the denuded surface will carry the greater part of the rich but scanty alluvium into the rivers.

A laborer, therefore, on this soil, would be in a worse position, after a few years, than one who had cultivated the poorer, but clear and level, soil of the table land, which will improve every year, even with the limited quantity of manure it is likely to receive.

The native Brazilians are not therefore very unwise in their generation. They do not attempt to reduce and occupy permanently these forest lands. They select and clear a patch of forest, burn the undergrowth, and one or two marvellous crops are then produced. The cultivator moves on to a new field, where the same operation is repeated.

It is impossible, on the land in Assunguy, to use any but the most elementary aids to agriculture. The only patch of land I saw in any portion of the colony, where it would be possible to use a plough, was the acre and a half which forms the central square of the colony.

The colony of Petropolis, with which we are at this moment more particularly concerned, is thus described by Mr. Eden, a former member of the British legation at Rio, and the author of an able pamphlet entitled *Brazilian Colonisation* :—

In 1845 was created that miserable delusion, that imperial starveling, the colony of Petropolis. There, on narrow slopes of crumbling gneiss, always between a torrent and a crag, was founded one of the most numerous German settlements of the empire, and here German assiduity and sobriety have managed, and still manage, to subsist on mere thankless plots of ground. But even this poor result is only owing to the artificial stimulus of the Emperor's summer residence, and to the money brought by wealthy excursionists flying the heats of Rio.

As we rode through the forest, and here and there came upon small clearances not exceeding in extent the garden usually allotted to our English farm laborers, and producing little more than the vegetables which a single family might consume, it was abundantly evident that the emigrants to Petropolis have not been able to eke out their livelihood by agriculture alone. The dwellings erected by the settlers are small and built of wood, and the doorsteps were thronged by blue-eyed flaxen-haired children, who have not yet lost traces of their Saxon origin. We were told that, in the second generation, the

settlers usually abandon the use of native tongue, and speak Portuguese.

As a field for British emigration, the advantages offered by Brazil are inferior to those afforded in the colonies. The climate is therefore utterly unsuited for the purposes of northern regions. The observations, extracted from the report of Mr. Phipps, are on the subject :

Attempts have been made by the Government, at great expense, to found colonies of European immigrants, but none can be said to have proved successful, with the exception of one or two German colonies established at Rio Grande, at the southernmost point of the empire, where the climate is

unhealthy with respect to the northern Europeans, that if the immigrants establish themselves on or near the coast line, they will probably kill them, sooner or later, and devote themselves to agriculture ; they cannot penetrate into the interior to the extent where the climate is comparatively healthy, no roads exist for the transport of produce to a market, and they find themselves isolated in a wilderness.

Applications are addressed to this effect by British subjects as to the advantages offered by Brazil to immigrants, and it is well to state here that [no recommendation can be given to such persons to emigrate to that country : not only is the climate unhealthy, but the European constitutions throughout the tropical portion of the country, and the import duties have arrived at such a point where the impression is left that the country has long passed the limit of productive capacity. The Treasury and check consumption, and duties on the principal articles of export have reached the enormous amount of 10 per cent on coffee and cotton, and 9 per cent on sugar.

The work on Brazil, just published, showing the terms of the openings for immigrants, and the social advantages which await them, a subscription is now in progress for the collection from the British residents of a considerable number of immigrants of both sexes to return to their native country.

Therefore undertook a most grave responsibility, who, in the excitement of the trials of the agricultural laborers, counsel to the guileless people of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire to remain, in favor of such a change, to the more invigorating climate and the more fertile soil in which, though they did not see the friends of the progress of the country, they nevertheless desired the protection of equal laws and

enlightened government, a religion adapted to their needs, and the precious sympathy of race and religion with the mass of their fellow-citizens. Vain indeed were the hopes they cherished of improving their condition by settling in a less favored country.

If I have dwelt at some length on the subject of emigration, it is because I should have deemed it a neglect of my duty if, after having visited those distant countries, and ascertained their unsuitability for English settlers, I did not utter a word of warning to my poor but enterprising fellow-countrymen.

Acting-Consul Austin, in his report on the trade of Rio for the year 1875, describes in earnest language the measures necessary for the purpose of attracting to the shores of Brazil emigrants from civilized, industrious, and physically endowed races, who will intermarry with the native population, and impart to the Brazilian people that intellectual capacity and bodily vigor in which they are undoubtedly deficient. Hitherto Brazil has discouraged Protestant immigration by the intolerance of the laws relating to matrimonial contracts and the rights accruing to the children of Protestant parents. No candidate, not being a Roman Catholic, is allowed to take his seat in the Chamber of Deputies.

The prices of waste lands should be gradually reduced. The cultivation of the unoccupied territory should be commenced in the vicinity of populous centres, instead of planting immigrants in a wilderness, without roads or means of disposing of their produce or obtaining supplies. Lastly, if a land tax were to be imposed, it would have the effect of compelling the proprietors of extensive domains which they make no effort to bring under cultivation, either to use their lands themselves, or to dispose of them to others.

Coffee is by no means the only product of the fertile soil of Brazil. Mandioca, from which tapioca is prepared, yields a result superior to that derived from coffee, sugar-cane, cotton, and nearly all other articles of produce ; and, as Mr. Austin observes, it demands less care, and scarcely any capital.

On Thursday, the 24th of August, we visited the coffee plantation or *fazenda* of the Baron de Rio Bonito. This wealthy

thy planter has received a well-merited title in recognition of his kindness to a band of unfortunate English emigrants who came out to Rio a few years ago, and found the colony they were to occupy not ready to receive them, and the capital decimated with yellow fever. In this emergency, the Baron took the emigrants up to his establishment in the country, and for some months provided them with food and shelter.

On the present occasion we were most hospitably received. The *fazenda* consists of a vast courtyard paved with concrete, on which the coffee is spread to dry. Round three sides of the courtyard there is a range of single stone buildings; containing the dormitory for the slaves, the residence of the proprietor, and in one corner a small chapel. The staff of the establishment includes a priest, and several accountants, foremen, and heads of departments.

Shortly after our arrival, we were taken to the chapel. The door opened into a long verandah, which commanded a view of the altar. Presently the slaves, divided into companies of girls, boys, women, and men, were seen advancing, in a picturesque yet orderly procession, across the yard, and thence up the verandah to the door, at the threshold of which they stopped. The priest then performed mass. During the greater portion of the service the negroes sang several chants with a degree of musical art too rarely attained in the village churches of England.

I had never before been in personal contact with the institution of slavery; and the reflection that the large congregation before us was composed of people living in a state of bondage was inexpressibly sad. Nor did the privation of personal liberty seem a less intolerable misfortune because the slaves were well fed, well clothed, and well housed. As the voices of the little negroes, who stood in front of the congregation, were lifted up in touching harmony to heaven, they recalled the hymn taught in the early days of infancy to every English child—

I was not born a little slave
To labor in the sun,
And wish I were but in the grave,
And all my labor done.

My God, I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me.

Baron Rio Bonito is the owner of three coffee plantations and 1,500 slaves. His establishment, at which we were received, is most complete. It contains a hospital, a flour mill, a sugar refinery, an apparatus for making potash, a distillery and a well-equipped forge and smithy.

An able-bodied slave in a liberal managed *fazenda* is employed about nine hours a day in field labor. His food is abundant, and he receives medical attendance and hospital treatment, without deduction from any savings which he may have accumulated.

The annual value of the labor of a good slave is estimated at 80*l.*, and the cost of his maintenance at 15*l.* A plot of land is allotted to each slave, the produce of which is bought by the owner at the market price. By working on Saturdays for the whole day the slave can make about 2*s.* 7*d.* The accounts, which the slave can have access to, are kept by the master.

Each slave has a small hut, which he occupies with his family during the day. At 9 P.M. all the working hands are required to retire to their respective dormitories, where they are locked up during the night, and whence they are dispatched with absolute punctuality to their work in the morning.

The importation of negroes from Africa has long since ceased. Formerly as many as 40,000 slaves have been introduced into Brazil in the course of a year. In 1871 a measure was introduced and accepted by the legislature for the abolition of slavery. The report by Phipps on the trade of Brazil for 1870 contains a detailed statement on the subject of the emancipation of slaves. The main provisions are that 'all children born of slave women shall be considered free, but shall remain at the charge of the owners of their mothers until they shall have completed the age of eighteen years. When the child is at that age the owner of the mother will have the option of receiving 60*l.* from the State as compensation (in which case the child will be received by the Government and disposed of according to the provisions

), or else may have the use of services for thirteen years unless his majority.

proposed to form the emancipated with the proceeds of the tax and the tax on the transmission of property in slaves.

At present, the number of slaves was at 1,609,673. The number of little more than half the number among the slave population, joint result of the decrease in number, and of the manumissions which are constantly taking place, cause an annual net decrease at 4.2 per cent.

withstanding the recent legislation, the value of the slaves is increasingly an able-bodied slave bought for 20%, or less than of a horse. Now more than often paid for a man in the life. Untrained female slaves

40 per cent less than men. A clever in sewing, cooking, or work, command higher prices not trained in field or domestic.

It is equally strange and rare to see the columns of the Brazilian papers crowded with advertisements inserted by persons anxious to sell these unfortunate bond-

Manasse's diary contains the following description of the *modus operandi* of the Brazilian slave trade :—

All have been much interested in the reports we read in the daily papers of slaves sold or hired ; so Mr. O'Connor made arrangements with a Brazilian that some of our party should have the opportunity of seeing something of the way these transactions are carried on. A man is allowed to hold slaves here, and part of the business of the Legation is that this law is strictly enforced. The slave trade is accordingly jealously guarded by the natives, especially from the English gentlemen of our party there, who themselves look as much like foreigners as possible, one of them pretending to be a Yankee who, in conjunction with another, had purchased large estates in Brazil, between Santos and San Paulo, and, after some deliberation, they had determined to work with slave instead of coolie. They had therefore come to Rio to see the slaves, but would have to see and hear from a partner before deciding to purchase. They were taken to a small shop, and, after some delay, were conducted to a room upstairs, where they waited

about a quarter of an hour. Twenty-two men and eleven women and children were then brought in for inspection. They were suitable for a variety of occupations, indoor and out, and 'all appeared to look anxiously' at their possible purchaser, with a view to ascertain what they had to hope for in the future. One couple in particular, a brother and sister, about fourteen and fifteen years old respectively, were most anxious not to be separated, but to be sold together ; and the tiny children seemed quite frightened at being spoken to or touched by the white men. Eight men and five women having been specially selected as fit subjects for further consideration, the visit terminated.

The daily Brazilian papers are full of advertisements of slaves for sale, and descriptions of men, pigs, children, cows, pianos, women, houses, &c., to be disposed of, are inserted in the most indiscriminate manner.

The work of renewing a coffee plantation is most arduous. The plants will not bear fruit more than twenty-five years, after which period they are cut down, and holes are dug to receive new plants. Again, the task of picking the coffee is most laborious, partly on account of the heat, partly because the task exacted is very severe. An unskilled European could not pick more than three bushels of coffee daily. From a slave nine to ten bushels are required.

The slaves are utterly ignorant. Baron Rio Bonito, kind as he is, in so far at least as a slaveowner can be kind to his herd of slaves, considers it quite unnecessary, not to say impolitic, to establish elementary schools on his plantations. On many coffee estates the negroes are badly treated, being driven to labor, under terror of the lash, to the utmost point which the human frame will endure. Even under liberal planters, we may be sure that all the labor is required from the slave of which he is believed to be fairly capable.

Until a very recent period, Brazilian coffee commanded the lowest price in the market. It was the practice to dry the berry on earthen floors, which destroyed the flavor. Concrete has now been substituted by the best planters, in imitation of the methods adopted in Egypt and Ceylon ; and the result has been a marked improvement in quality. The value of Brazilian coffee has lately risen to a guinea for an arroba, a measure containing thirty-two pounds weight. A few years ago the price did not exceed ten shillings.

The ultimate effect of the abolition of slavery on the coffee production of Brazil is a subject of anxious speculation among the planters. It has been ably discussed in a recent report by Mr. Phipps, British Secretary of Legation. The conclusion at which he arrives is that coffee production will be carried out by the separation of the agricultural from the industrial element. A system so complicated as the preparation of coffee for the market can only be undertaken by a large capitalist with machinery at his disposal. In Brazil the large coffee planter and slaveowner of the present day will, in the future, play the same part in relation to the free negro cultivator which the miller does to the farmer in England. The effect of emancipation in Brazil will probably be, as in the United States, the break-up of the large estates.

A question has been raised as to the practicability of substituting free labor for the gangs of slaves by whom all extensive agricultural operations have hitherto been carried on in Brazil. It is said that in a tropical climate no man will do more physical work than is absolutely essential to procure the necessaries of life, and that the cost of living for the free man is twice as great as the maintenance of the slave. Those advocates of free labor reply that it has had no chance. In San Paulo, where alone the metayer system has been tried, the planters have exacted such extortionate terms for their advances that it was impossible for the tillers of the soil to succeed. The hardy races of the North are not fitted to undertake manual labor in a hot climate; but all the great public works of Brazil have been constructed by Portuguese emigrants, whose native vigor is not impaired by many years of toil under a tropical sun. There is no reason, therefore, to believe that free labor is inapplicable to the industrial conditions which present themselves in Brazil. There, as elsewhere, the cost of production will depend on the successful application of the great administrative principles of payment by the piece, cooperation between labor and capital, and participation on equitable terms in the benefits derived from their united efforts.

It is a too common practice to find fault with the climate, the soil, and other

conditions over which man has no control, when, in truth, the difficulties, which are deemed insuperable, are caused by laws and institutions established with the most selfish objects, and maintained by arbitrary force. It was truly said by Montesquieu: 'Il n'y a peut-être pas de climat sur la terre, où l'on ne peut engager au travail des hommes libres. Parce que les lois étaient mal faites, on a trouvé des hommes paresseux; parce que ces hommes étaient paresseux, on les a mis dans l'esclavage.'

After our return to Rio de Janeiro we made several excursions into the beautiful mountain regions in the vicinity. The ride to the foot of the peak of Corcovado, and the ascent by a steep path to the almost perpendicular needle rock which forms the summit, are especially charming. The lower slopes are clothed with the luxuriant evergreen vegetation of the tropics, and streams and torrents dash with refreshing murmur down the deep glens which furrow the mountain side.

A long climb on horseback brought to the steps which lead to the peak. From its summit we surveyed, as from an eagle's nest, the richly cultivated plain at our feet, the wide-spreading city of Rio de Janeiro, the bay, the purple sea, and the noble amphitheatre of mountains extending from the Gavia, near hand, on the east, to the magnificent range of the Organ mountains on the west.

Another excursion was that to Tijuca, where we stayed four days. The woods, boulders of marvellous mass and picturesque form, waterfalls, peaks and precipices, and sequestered vales, tend to give to this favored spot the character of Welsh and Scotch scenery, combined with the luxuriance only to be found in the tropics. The resemblance to the hilly districts of England was the most striking, because it rained every day that we spent at Tijuca.

The yellow fever is one of the great curses of Rio. In the summer it is always more or less severe. The cause of this terrible disease is probably to be found in the want of water to clear the sewers, in the dirty habits of the people, and in the overcrowded state of the dwellings. The crews of the foreign

the harbor are the greatest; while, on the other hand, the population of the city seem to be free from attack. The shipping suffer much less severely if the vessels were to distribute the vessels part over the whole area of the harbor and were to prohibit their being near the quays, through which the water is emptied into the sea. The harbor might be purified by means of a pumping machinery, applied to the water and force it through the harbor.

This resource, at any rate, merits consideration, should a supply of fresh water from the harbor be unobtainable.

Overcrowding of the dwellings is a great evil. A certain proprietor, who had been charged with receiving 800 people into a house of very moderate dimensions, replied in a tone of injured pride: 'Eight hundred! I have had more than six hundred people in my house.' The yellow fever having been taken out, all classes are exposed to infection, and the only means of securing immunity from attack is to remove to the mountain suburbs, such as Rio de Janeiro, which are at some distance from the city, and are not very convenient, especially for men of business.

It is not to conclude these extracts from a note-book at Rio without some reference to the condition and duties of the British naval force maintained on the east coast of America. The British station at this station, in spite of the unhealthy climate, is kept thoroughly up to date. During our stay here we were anchored under the guns of the 'Volage,' and it has been a privilege to us to witness the seamanship with which the exercises have been carried on.

In regard to desertion, however, no considerable anxiety has been experienced by officers on this station, especially those in command of small vessels in the River Plate.

The present return gives the following number of deserters from the navy:—

	Blue jackets.	Others.	Total.
3	810	262	1,072
4	829	232	1,061
5	895	283	1,178

—5, 282 of the deserters were re-accepted. Previous to that year returns

of the number recovered had not been kept.

How to put an end to desertion is a grave problem. Every seaman in the navy has cost the country at least 300*l.* for the expenses of his training; and when, as it recently happened, six first-class boys are sent out on board a store-ship to join a gunboat stationed in the River Plate, and four desert on the day after their arrival, it is plain that the service does not present all the attractions that might be desired. The man-of-war's man of the present day is surrounded by comforts never dreamed of in olden times, and the amount of labor devolving upon the numerous crews of our ships of war is never excessive; while the care and attention bestowed upon their health, food, and clothing, and the cleanliness and commodiousness of their quarters, leave nothing to be desired.

In this respect the condition of the merchant seaman contrasts most unfavorably with that of the man-of-war's man. In regard, however, to wages, the latter is in a position of regrettable inferiority. It is idle to expend large sums of money in other ways, however beneficial to the sailor, in the belief that compensation may thereby be made for insufficiency of pay. The seaman would appreciate far more the expenditure of equal sums in the more direct and tangible form of higher wages. After a short period of service in the navy as able seaman, an addition of sixpence a day to the present scale of pay—which addition might perhaps be limited to those who were in the first class for conduct—would be highly desirable. The diminution in the number of desertions would amply repay the increased outlay.

In consequence of the comparative smallness of the numbers who re-engage, the proportion of experienced men in the crews of our ships is sometimes scarcely sufficient. A further advance of pay, therefore, to seamen engaging for a second period of service, would be highly advantageous to the navy. By the present system of entering boys, a body of admirable seamen is raised up for the navy; but it is eminently unsatisfactory to know that the country is deprived of the proper return for the large expenditure incurred in training seamen, both

by the numerous desertions and by the retirement of a large proportion of the men after their first term of ten years' service.

The pay in our navy, compared with that in the navy of the United States, is not sufficient. Able seamen in American ships receive 21.50 dollars per month, or 54*l.* a year. Able seamen in our service

receive 28*l.* 17*s.* 11*d.* a year. Ordinary seamen receive 22*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* in the British, and 42*l.* in the American service. The prospect of a pension is to be taken into consideration as an advantage in favor of the British seaman; but this is a boon not very highly prized by boys at the early age when they first enter the navy. — *The Nineteenth Century.*

ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

ILIAD, xviii. 202.

So saying, light-foot Iris pass'd away.
Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus; and round
The warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas flung
Her fringed ægis, and around his head
The glorious goddess wreath'd a golden cloud,
And from it lighted an all-shining flame.
As when a smoke from a city goes to heaven
Far off from out an island girt by foes,
All day the men contend in grievous war
From their own city, and with set of sun
Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the glare
Flies streaming, if perchance the neighbors round
May see, and sail to help them in the war;
So from his head the splendor went to heaven.
From wall to dyke he stept, he stood, nor join'd
The Achæans—honoring his wise mother's word—
There standing, shouted; Pallas far away
Call'd; and a boundless panic shook the foe.
For like the clear voice when a trumpet shrills,
Blown by the fierce beleaguers of a town,
So rang the clear voice of Æakidês;
And when the brazen cry of Æakidês
Was heard among the Trojans, all their hearts
Were troubled, and the full-maned horses whirl'd
The chariots backward, knowing griefs at hand;
And sheer-astounded were the charioteers
To see the dread, unweariable fire
That always o'er the great Peleion's head
Burnt, for the bright-eyed goddess made it burn.
Thrice from the dyke he sent his mighty shout,
Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans and allies;
And there and then twelve of their noblest died
Among their spears and chariots.

The Nineteenth Century. —

MRS. SIDDONS AND JOHN KEMBLE.

FROM Ward, who was Roger Kemble's father-in-law, and an actor under Betterton, to Mrs. Scott Siddons, who still

graces the stage, we have five successive generations of a family some member of which has been attached to the theatric

This is an astonishing embracing as it does a period of hundred years, and has probability.

as a strolling manager when Kemble, who united hair-dressing, eloped with his daughter. The couple started in managing their own account and strolled to town and village to village in manner and under the disadvantages of the time; at times received with gracious others treated like lepers and with the stocks and whipping's tail, according as the great liberal-minded or puritanic first child, born June 13th, 1773, was christened Sarah; and a boy, christened John Phillips at Prescott in Lancashire in the old farm-house in which the marriage took place is, it is said, living. There came a Stephen in the following year, and other sons and daughters with whom we have nothing to do in due succession. All were put upon the stage as soon as old enough to speak a few words as the years advanced. Mr. Kemble's company, like that of the late Crummies, was almost ended under one patronymic. As we find Sarah playing Ariel in the room of the King's Head at which she boasted no other success, and four years later sustaining principal parts at Wolverhampton, she had now grown to be a very fine girl, and made great havoc of the hearts of susceptible squires, and included an earl among the list of admirers. But in her father's time there was a handsome young man of Birmingham named Henry whom she preferred to all other admirers. As Mr. and Mrs. Kemble married against parental opposition followed as a matter of course would not allow their daughter to marry for herself; besides, they had pride and their ambition, and

strongly objected to an alliance with a poor player. So Henry Siddons was told the manager's daughter was not for him. But on his benefit night he revenged himself by reciting a poem of his own composition, in which he detailed to the audience the story of his hapless love, and thereby greatly won their sympathies and a box on the ear from his innamorata's mother, who was listening at the side-scene in a very great passion.

This brought about a disturbance. Siddons left the company, and Sarah went away in a huff, and hired herself as lady's maid to Mrs. Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire. There she did not remain long, for Roger and his wife, finding her determined, and probably moved by the solicitations of their patrons, gave a reluctant consent to the marriage, and on the 6th of November, 1773, Sarah Kemble became Mrs. Siddons, and from that time so appeared in the playbills. Soon afterwards she and her husband joined the company of Crump and Chamberlain, well-known strolling managers in their day, at Cheltenham; and there for the first time we hear of her being accredited with superior powers as an actress. As *Belvidera*, in Otway's '*Venice Preserved*,' she achieved a great success, and became a *protégée* of all the fashionable play-goers, especially of the Honorable Miss Boyle, who assisted her scanty wardrobe by the loan of dresses, and helped her with her own hands to make new ones. Her fame reached London, and Garrick sent his stage manager, King, down to the Gloucestershire watering-place to take stock of her abilities. He reported very favorably, and soon afterwards Parson Bates, of the '*Morning Post*,' pugilist, duellist, and critic, a well-known man of the day, took the same journey for a similar purpose, and brought back a warm eulogy upon her acting as *Rosalind*. Thereupon Roscius engaged her for Drury Lane at £5 a week. Her first appearance was on the 29th of December 1775, and here is a copy of a portion of the playbill for that evening:

Drury Lane.

(Not acted these two years.)

By His Majesty's Company, at the Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane, this day will be performed,

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

<i>Shylock</i>	MR. KING.	<i>Antonio</i>	MR. REDDISH.
<i>Gratiano</i>	MR. DODD.	<i>Lorenzo</i> (with songs)	MR. VERNON.
<i>Duke</i>	MR. BRAMBEY.	<i>Launcelot</i> (first time)	MR. PARSONS.
<i>Gobbo</i>	MR. WALDRON.	<i>Salanio</i>	MR. FAWCETT.
<i>Salarino</i>	MR. FARREN.	<i>Tubal</i>	MR. MESSING.
<i>Bassanio</i> .		MR. BENSLEY.	
<i>Jessica</i> (with a song) .		MISS JARRATT.	
<i>Nerissa</i> .		MRS. DAVIS.	
<i>Portia</i> (BY A YOUNG LADY), being her first appearance.			

The *début* was a failure. The part was not suited to her, and she was so overpowered by nervousness that a naturally weak voice sank almost to a whisper; her movements were awkward, her dress old, faded—and in bad taste, as it always was even in her great days; there was nothing but her delicate, fragile figure and beautiful face to recommend her. After this she appeared, as Venus in the Shakespeare Jubilee, as Mrs. Strickland in ‘The Suspicious Husband,’ and in several other pieces,—in all she was coldly received both by the press and public. Finally she appeared as Lady Anne to Garrick’s Richard; here, again, nervousness paralysed all her powers, she forgot certain stage directions he had given at rehearsal, and was reproved for her forgetfulness by a glance from those terrible eyes that nearly made her faint with terror. One of the newspapers the next morning pronounced the performance “lamentable.” Five nights afterwards Garrick took leave of the stage, and the season closed. He promised to recommend her to Sheridan for the next. Sheridan used afterwards to declare that he took an opposite course, and depreciated her, but the great manager’s word was not always to be relied upon. Mrs. Siddons ever afterwards nursed a grudge against Garrick; he had used her as a catspaw against the overweening arrogance of Mesdames Abington, Crawford, and Young;—he was jealous of her, she said. There may have been some truth in the first part of the accusation, but the second is ridiculous: it is probable that he really believed her talents to be only mediocre, and in this

he was joined by all his company, except Mrs. Abington, who called them “fools” in their judgment.

“It was a stunning and cruel blow,” she says, “overwhelming all my ambitions, and involving peril even to the subsistence of my helpless babes. I was very near destroying me. My blighted prospects, indeed, produced a state of mind that preyed upon my health, and for a year and a half I was supposed to be hastening to a decline. Her next engagement was at Manchester, and thence she went to York to Thomas Wilkinson. There “all lifted up their eyes in astonishment that such a voice and such a judgment should have been neglected by a London audience.”

In 1778 John Palmer, on the recommendation of Henderson, engaged her at Bath, then the first English theatre of London, at £3 a week. In her first parts, Lady Townley and Mrs. Candlish—the latter appears a strange character for a young lady—she was only coldly received, and seemed to be on the threshold of new disappointments and mortifications.

But I must now go back to detail the fortunes of another member of the Kembles family. John Philip acted as a clerk like all the rest of his brothers and sisters, but by and by his father resolved to make a priest of him. Roger was Catholic and brought up the boys to that faith, the girls following the Protestant religion of their mother. So at ten years old the boy was sent away to Sedgely Park College, Wolverhampton. There he remained four years, and in 1771 proceeded to Douai, where he was famous as

and for a prodigious memory. undertook to get two books of heart, and actually repeated hundred lines. But the theatric within him rebelled against work and burned for the sock. So he left the college in 1778 at Bristol, and proceeded to London, where his parents were waiting. Bitterly disappointed in his son, Roger refused to receive him; a subscription of a guinea was raised among the comic actors, which the irate father was induced to add a guinea, and with this assistance John Philip had the money to get him. He started on foot for London, where his sister's friends, Crump and Chamberlain, met him at the theatre. On the road he met another wandering disciple, who was wending his way to the same place.

Christmas Day they found shelter at an inn without a penny in their pockets. They composed two letters, one in Latin to a parson, the other in English to a lawyer—charitable people who were ready to presume, and known as such by the public, which they stated their destitute circumstances and solicited assistance. The appeal was responded to, and the funds thus obtained were completed.

But upon their arrival at Wolverhampton one was rejected, and the rejecter, as was John Philip. After a while, however, the theatrical potentates were induced to reconsider their decision, and on the 8th of January Kemble appeared as Theophrastus.

He did not make a favorable impression, as evidently what, in expression, is called "a stick." His study was studious and painstaking, and he made a progress in his art which, if it was sure. Lewis, the comedian, afterwards relate that "after some little time after leaving country town, he was greatly surprised to find a young man who was playing 'The Clandestine Marriage,' though attired in a very ridiculous manner, was so correct and gentlemanly in his acting and bearing, that such progress was lost sight of. He was to be a Mr. John Kemble, who was associated with a person

who exhibited tricks of legerdemain. In 1778 his sister procured him an engagement at Liverpool; thence, in the same year, probably by the same recommendation, he joined Tate Wilkinson at York. There all the great leading parts were in the possession of a veteran actor named Cummings, who played the gay Charles Surface at sixty. The audience pronounced Kemble "Very good in his way, but nothing to Coomins;" and the press advised him, if he desired to attain eminence in his profession, to study that gentleman's style. It would have been considered a sacrilege for any other actor to have played the parts in which the favorite was identified. Once upon a bespeak night a servant of the patron's refused to go to the theatre because "that Kemble was playing one of Mr. Coomins' parts." An actor had much to endure from the ignorance and insolence of the audience in those days. There was a certain influential "lady" at York who took a delight in insulting the actors upon the stage. One night, when Kemble was performing some tragic part, she disconcerted him so much by loud laughter and ridicule, that he was compelled to address her and say he could not go on until she desisted. Some officers who were in the box with her cried out she had been insulted, and demanded an apology. Kemble refused to make any. There was a great uproar, but the tragedian remained firm. The next day these gentlemen called upon the manager, and informed him that, unless the actor was dismissed, they and their friends would withdraw their patronage, and compel their tradesmen to do likewise. The manager replied spiritedly that he had always found Mr. Kemble a gentleman, that he considered he was in the right, and should not think of discharging him. Such a determination produced great excitement and astonishment in the city, but after a time the audience came over to the side of the actor, and the storm blew over. This same female insulted Michael Kelly, the singer, in a similar manner, "Lawks, see, the fellow's actually got a watch!" she cried with a laugh, and loud enough to be heard by the whole house. "Yes, madam," replied Kelly, holding it up to her box, "and as good a one, I flatter myself, as any in England."

From York John Philip proceeded to Dublin. Here, again, he appears to have made little impression, for the audience still remembered Barry, and were loath to accept any one in his place. He worked indefatigably, played a round of some thirty-eight characters belonging to every range of the drama, and, although never esteemed in comedy parts, gradually won his way as a tragedian, until his performance as the Count, in Jephson's 'Count of Narbonne,' raised him to be an established favorite in the Irish capital.

Let us now return to his sister, whom we left at Bath struggling against her inability to play comedy. Upon her appearance in the sympathetic parts of tragedy her success was at once assured. Four years did she remain in the Western city, and during that time made many friends in the best society. Henderson acted with her, and recommended her to Sheridan in the most enthusiastic terms, and the Duchess of Devonshire spread the fame of her talents everywhere she went. By-and-by there came an offer for one more trial at Drury Lane. But her former failure had left upon her mind so gloomy and bitter an impression that she had constantly declared she should never desire to act again in London. Telling Palmer, the manager, of her offer, she expressed her readiness to decline it, and remain with him if he would give her some little advance upon her small salary of 3*l.* a week. Strange to say, although she was so immense a favorite, he declined to do so. This refusal probably arose from personal feeling; Sarah Siddons was never liked behind the scenes; she was cold, exacting, and disagreeable. Her farewell benefit took place on May 12th, 1782. All the pit was laid out in stalls, and a few front rows of the gallery were reserved for the frequenters of that part of the house, and for which inconvenience she entreated their indulgence with many humble apologies. The performance consisted of 'The Distressed Mother' (Racine's *Andromaque*), a poetical Address, and the 'Devil to Pay,' in which she played Nell. The theatre was crammed, the receipts were 146*l.*, and the excitement was tremendous.

Even now Sheridan was only lukewarm over the engagement, and her *dé-*

but was put off until the 10th of October. She was in town a fortnight beforehand preparing and rehearsing in a torture of apprehension, for a second failure would have meant an eternal one, and probably the diminution of her provincial position. The play selected was South-*erne's* tragedy, 'Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage.' At the rehearsals the old nervousness again deprived her of voice, until excitement and encouragement gave her strength. Two days before the dreaded night she was seized with hoarseness which filled her with terror, but happily it passed away by the next morning.

"On the eventful day," she writes, "my father arrived to comfort me and be a witness of my trial. He accompanied me to my dressing-room at the theatre. There he left me, and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly."

Her husband had not the courage to enter the theatre, but wandered about the street or hovered about the playhouse in an agony of suspense. The house was crammed, and she was received with a hearty round of applause.

"The awful consciousness," she says, "that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect from top to bottom and all around, may be imagined but can never be described, and by me can never be forgotten."

All doubts, however, were soon at rest. Her beautiful face and form, the exquisite tones of her voice, her deep tenderness, seized upon every heart, and as the tragic story advanced, her overwhelming agony thrilled every soul as it had never been thrilled before. Men wept, women fell into hysterics, transports of applause shook the house, the excitement, the enthusiasm was almost terrible in its intensity, and the curtain fell amidst such acclamations as perhaps not even Garrick had ever roused. In striking contrast to this tumultuous triumph is the home picture that follows:

"I reached my own quiet fireside on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead, and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself sat down to a frugal meat supper in a silence,

uninterrupted except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments, but occasionally stopped short, and laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night, and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection (who can conceive the intenseness of that reverie?), fell into a sweet and profound sleep which lasted to the middle of the next day."

As may be supposed, the old queens of tragedy did not submit to dethronement without a struggle. Mrs. Crawford, the haughtiest and most indignant of all, entered the lists against her young rival at Covent Garden, and numbers of old playgoers flocked thither to renew old impressions and confirm doubtful judgments. But it was soon discovered that each represented a different school of acting; by Mrs. Crawford the level portions of the part were hurried over or given in neutral tones, and she reserved herself for sudden bursts of energy, whereas Mrs. Siddons elaborated the utmost effect, whether of elocution or feeling, out of every line. For her benefit, the elder actress announced her rival's greatest part, 'Isabella,' but the boxes were not taken, and she fell ill with mortification. The press, too, became hostile to the *débutante*, jealous of her too great success. But nothing could shake it, or damp the public ardor. The very lobbies were crammed with people of the first fashion. Seats in the boxes were not to be had, and ladies hazarded their lives by struggling to gain admittance to the pit. The street in which she lodged was daily crowded with the carriages of the aristocracy; the parties to which she was invited were packed to suffocation, and people stood on the chairs and even on the tables to catch a glimpse of her. Her salary was to be 5*l.* a week, but before the end of the season it was raised to 20*l.*, and her first benefit realised 800*l.*

It was Mrs. Siddons who first commenced that pernicious star system, which has done as much as anything to sap the very foundations of the theatrical profession, and as soon as the London season was over she scoured the provinces for fame—and money. At Dublin she was again opposed by Mrs. Crawford, who, as the wife of the su-

preme favorite Barry, had been enormously popular; and the Dublinites rallied around their old love, preferring her to the younger actress. Mrs. Siddons' engagement was not a success, she hated the place and the people, and her opinions oozing out were quite sufficient to render her unpopular. The press wrote her down and ridiculed the emotion her performances excited. One of these skits is worth transcribing:

"On Saturday Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful adamantine, soft, and comely person, for the first time, in the Theatre Royal, Smock Alley. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators that went away without a sight. . . . She was nature itself—she was the most exquisite work of art. . . . Several fainted, even before the curtain drew up. . . . The fiddlers in the orchestra blubbered like hungry children crying for their bread and butter; and when the bell rang for music between the acts, the tears ran from the bassoon player's eyes in such showers that they choked the finger-stops, and, making a spout of the instrument, poured in such a torrent upon the first fiddler's book that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played it in two flats; but the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of the corks drawn from the smelling-bottles, prevented the mistake being discovered. . . . The briny pond in the pit was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches were in that position up to their ankles in tears. An Act of Parliament to prevent her playing will certainly pass, for she has infected the volunteers, and they sit reading 'The Fatal Marriage,' crying and roaring all the time. May the curses of an insulted nation pursue the gentlemen of the college, the gentlemen of the bar, and the peers and peeresses that hissed her on the second night. True it is that Mr. Garrick never could make anything of her, and pronounced her below mediocrity; true it is the London audience did not like her. But what of that?"

The Scotch capital more than recompensed her for the slights of the Irish. Yet on her first night in Edinburgh, the house, although crammed, was freezing; scene after scene the audience sat like mutes, and after one of her greatest efforts, a single voice exclaimed from the pit in a tone of judicial calmness, "That's nae sae bad!" But on her second visit the Scotch went as mad as the Londoners. In one day 2,557 people applied for the 650 seats at the disposal of the management; the doors were besieged at noon, and footmen took their stand at

the box entrance as soon as the play was over, to secure their masters' places for the following night. Even the church synod arranged its meetings according to her performances.

In 1783 she brought her brother John to London, where he appeared on the 12th of September as Hamlet. His reception in no degree approached that of his sister, and it brought forth much conflicting criticism. His new readings, which were many and strange, excited much comment. The performance was eminently graceful, calm, deeply studied—during his life he wrote out the entire part forty times!—but cold and unsympathetic. Nevertheless, it was felt that a fine artist had appeared, and with the exception of Henderson he had at the time no rival in the highest walk of tragedy.

"Old playgoers," says Dr. Doran, "have told me of a grand delivery of the soliloquies of Hamlet, and mingled romance and philosophy in the whole character; an eloquent by-play, a sweet reverence for his father, a remembrance of the *Prince* with whatever companion he might be for the moment; of a beautiful filial affection for his mother, and of one more tender, which he could *not* conceal, for Ophelia."

Unlike his sister, who never exceeded the greatness of her first performances and degenerated in her later years, Kemble was a progressive actor, improving yearly until the very last. But the old theatrical law of precedence which had hampered him with "Coomins" at York again kept him back at Drury Lane, where the principal tragic parts were in possession of "gentleman Smith," the original Charles Surface, who, although an excellent light comedian, was certainly very unfit for tragedy. Nevertheless, he played Macbeth to Mrs. Siddons' Lady Macbeth on her first appearance in that character, February the 2nd, 1784. Let us go back to the time when, little more than a girl, she first studied the part, and listen to her own account of it:

"It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that in which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do

believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head, for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure in the silence of the night (a night I never can forget), till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapt my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting the candle out, and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes. At peep of day I rose to resume my task, but so little did I know of my part when I appeared in it at night that my shame and confusion cured me of procrastinating my business for the remainder of my life."

Although her performance of the part in London was an undoubted triumph, memories of Mrs. Pritchard in the same character were too fresh in the minds of old playgoers for her conception to be unchallenged. Many considered her inferior to her great predecessor. Maso, the poet, was so prejudiced that he could not endure to hear the name of Siddons mentioned in his presence. Lord Harcourt said she wanted the dignity, the compass and the melody of Mrs. Pritchard. Then he proceeds to contrast the different points made by the two:

"Her countenance," he says, "aided by a studious and judicious choice of head-dress, was a true picture of a mind diseased in the sleeping scene, and made one shudder; and the effect, as a picture, was better than it had ever been with the taper, because it allows of variety in the actress washing her hands; but the sigh was not so horrid, nor the voice so sleepy, nor yet quite so articulate, as Pritchard's."

Apropos of the taper there is a story that well depicts the theatrical feeling of the time. Mrs. Pritchard had held it in her hand throughout the scene, Mrs. Siddons determined to place it on a table as soon as she entered, that she might go through the pantomime of washing her hands, a piece of business that had never then been done. Sheridan strongly opposed the idea; it would never do, he said; the audience would not stand such an innovation; it would damn the whole performance. But she would not

Even at the last moment, when dressing for the part, and had orders that no one was to approach her room, he insisted upon seeing her, and again expostulated upon the proposed change. When the play was laid down, a sensation ran through the house, but the audience, bound by the wonderful act, did not heed the innovation. Such conservatism will seem ridiculous to the differentism of the present day, yet it betrays an artistic feeling, a jealousy for art-tradition to which we can make no claim.

With the glory of these triumphs, mingled at times those bitter humiliations which in some form chequer all life abroad, even the most successful sports were spread of her avarice and intractableness; from Ireland there were stories of her refusal to play for the profits of old and disabled actors, or greed for money was well known.

The consequence of all this was the organisation of a clique against her upon her reappearance after a short tour in Mrs. Beverley, she was met with groans and hisses. She was rescued in her brother's arms, and was taken off the stage; the riot continued, and was only by means of a cleverly contrived defence that she succeeded in completing the performance; after which she was as much defending and proving; accusations to whom she was accused of being ill were brought forward to contradict the rumors, and after a time the storm blew over. Revenge for her wrongs of them had no doubt induced her followers to greatly exaggerate and present stories which may be regarded as not altogether destitute of truth. It is a well authenticated fact, that after her retirement she refused to appear on her own son, Henry, then manager of the Edinburgh theatre, and in difficulties, for a less consideration than the receipts and a free benefit. There was nothing amiable or lovable in the character of the great actress, and the impression she seemed to produce upon nearly all who came in contact with her. Under date 1787, Fanny describes in her diary her first introduction, at a party, to Mrs. Siddons in her private life:

"and her," she says, "the heroine of a

tragedy—sublime, elevated, and solemn; in face and person truly noble and commanding; in manners, quiet and stiff; in voice, deep and dragging; and in conversation, formal, sententious, calm, and dry. I expected her to have been all that is interesting; the delicacy and sweetness with which she seizes every opportunity to strike and to captivate upon the stage had persuaded me that her mind was formed with that peculiar susceptibility which, in different modes, must give equal powers to attract and to delight in common life. But I was very much mistaken. As a stranger, I must have admired her noble appearance and beautiful countenance, and have regretted that nothing in her conversation kept pace with their promise; and, as a celebrated actress, I had still only to do the same. Whether fame and success have spoiled her, or whether she only possesses the skill of representing and embellishing materials with which she is furnished by others, I know not; but still I remain disappointed."

In this year, 1787, John Philip married Priscilla Brereton, a young widow, née Hopkins, who survived him many years, dying at ninety, in 1845, and could then boast herself as having been a member of Garrick's company. The courtship was very brief and very unromantic. He had always evinced a partiality for the young lady, even before her marriage; but one night as he was coming off the stage, meeting her in the wing, he chucked her under the chin, and with a pleasant smile said, "Pop, you may shortly learn something to your advantage." "Pop," the familiar name by which Mrs. Brereton was known among her friends, ran to her mother, who was also an actress in the same theatre, told her what had happened, with "I wonder what he meant?" "Why, he means to make you an offer of marriage to be sure," replied the old lady, "and you'll of course accept it." Mrs. Hopkins was right, the offer was made, accepted, the wedding quietly celebrated, and the bride and bridegroom went through their professional duties the same night as if nothing had happened.

It was in 1778 that Kemble succeeded King as stage-manager of Drury Lane, and at once began a very considerable reform in the dressing and casting of pieces. Sheridan's chronic impecuniosity had reduced the stage accessories to a condition which nowadays would scarcely be tolerated in a booth at a fair, and Kemble set to work not only to renovate them, but to introduce an appro-

priateness to period and locality never before attempted. Yet the first time he played Othello in London it was in the full uniform of a British General; and he continued to appear in Macbeth with a hearse-like plume in his bonnet until Walter Scott plucked it out and substituted a single eagle's feather. His new position was a bed of thorns; tradespeople refused to credit unless he himself became answerable, and sometimes Sheridan neglected to honor the debt, and once Kemble was arrested; the actors were unpaid and rebellious, and frequently refused to go on the stage until they received their night's salary; more than once even Kemble and his sister were driven to such degrading means to obtain money. One night, patience and temper now utterly exhausted, at a supper at Mrs. Crouch's, the great singer's, John Philip gave in his resignation; the words in which it was couched are highly characteristic. After much preliminary growling he burst forth: "I am an eagle, whose wings have been bound down by frosts and snows; but now I shake my pinions and cleave into the genial air unto which I am born!" But Sheridan, whose power over men was something marvellous, succeeded in again cajoling him. Not until 1802 did he finally sever his connection with Drury Lane, then recently rebuilt. In that year he bought Lewis's share in Covent Garden for £23,000, borrowing half the sum on interest.

Ere he appeared there he paid a visit to Paris. He was now in the very zenith of his fame; from the time he had assumed the direction of Drury Lane he took the position of principal actor, and performed one after another that series of parts with which his name became identified, — Macbeth, King John, Wolsey, the Stranger, Rolla, Brutus, Cato, and greatest of all, Coriolanus. He had mounted Garrick's throne, and there was none to dispute the sceptre with him. During his absence his wife was the guest of the Marquis of Abercorn. In Paris he was received in the best society, dined daily with Lords Holland and Egremont, and received the homage of the great Talma.

Within six years after his becoming part manager of Covent Garden, the theatre was burned to the ground.

Kemble lost all; but generous friends came to his assistance. The Duke of Northumberland pressed upon him a loan of £10,000, and, on the day the foundation-stone of the new house was laid, destroyed the bond. In eight months the building was completed. But new troubles now beset him. I have no space to give any account of the "O. P." (Old Prices) riots which arose upon his raising the prices of admission to the pit and boxes, and making the addition of a tier of private boxes, till then unknown. After bravely resisting the unparalleled tumult for a week, he was compelled to give way to popular clamor.

The Kemble management certainly did not tend to the elevation of the stage; the vast size of the new theatres, so different to the old, which were quite small, induced him to create that spectacular drama which has since swollen to such enormous dimensions. Splendid processions, real water, real horses, elephants, dogs, too frequently possessed the stage, to the exclusion of artistic talent. Even in these degenerate days we would not tolerate much that drew eager crowds to the patent houses, where the Kembles and a host of talent besides graced the boards. The importance given to the quadruped actors was particularly degrading, and was severely commented on by the press. Upon the revival of the famous old spectacle 'Blue Beard,' in 1811, the following burlesque copy of theatrical rules was published: 'Every mare or horse who refuses a part shall forfeit one peck of oats. Should any mare, horse, or gelding come to rehearsal in dirty shoes, or lie down in the green-room, or snore during rehearsal, the forfeiture shall be one peck of oats.'

During these years, I have been compelled to so rapidly skim over, Mrs. Siddons was still advancing in fame and fortune. She had commenced at £5 a week, by 1804 she had advanced to £20 a night, and in 1811 to 50 guineas. She had purchased a house in Gower Street, the back of which she describes as being "most effectually in the country and most delightfully pleasant." What a change in that neighborhood since those days! The limit of her ambition had once been £10,000; she had long since realised that sum more than twice over,

tless she would have still gone
 nulating more, had there not
 nings that her days of greatness
 ing. She had grown very stout
 eldy, and although her age did
 nt it, so infirm, that after kneel-
 part she had to be assisted to
 r acting was becoming heavy,
 ous and stagey ; the tenderness,
 on of her younger days had
 way with her youth and beauty,
 sabella and Belvidera that once
 very heart, over which Hazlitt
 he had wept outright during a
 rformance, had no affinity with
 ombre woman, of whose awful
 ; even in private life, so many
 ve been told.

her luminary, young, beautiful pathetic, Miss O'Neill, was rising from her throne as she had hers. And so it became necessary to abdicate and lay down the laurels she had worn so long, ere it was plucked from her head. "I feel I am mounting the first step of a ladder conducting me to the other side," she said sadly. Her farewell took place on the 29th of June. Lady Macbeth was fitly chosen to sit, and at the end of the sleep-scene, a nobly artistic audience felt that the curtain should there fall, the last grand impression should be undisturbed. Yet her retirement did not make the sensation that might have been expected. As it has been believed her powers were failing, and, as the public disliked her. A night might be filled with enthusiastic opinions of her acting by contemporaries. None were more warm than the fine critic, Hazlitt, who wrote upon this favorite subject :

image she has received is greater which is paid to queens," he said, well. "The enthusiasm she ex- something idolatrous about it; she ed less with admiration than with if a being of a superior order had om another sphere to awe the world majesty of her appearance. She edy to the skies, or brought it down e. It was something above nature. nceive of nothing grander. She to our imagination the fables of , of the heroic and deified mortals me. She was not less than a god- an a prophetess inspired by the wer was seated on her brow; pas-

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sion emanated from her breast as from a shrine. She was tragedy personified. She was the stateliest ornament of the public mind. She was not only the idol of the people, she not only hushed the tumultuous shouts of the pit in breathless expectation, and quenched the blaze of surrounding beauty in silent tears, but to the retired and lonely student, through long years of solitude, her face has shone as if an angel had appeared from heaven ; her name has been as if a voice had opened the chambers of the human heart, or as if a trumpet had awakened the sleeping and the dead. To have seen Mrs. Siddons was an event in every one's life ; and does she think we have forgot her ?”

“To see the bewildered melancholy of Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep,” writes Leigh Hunt, “or the widow’s mute stare of perfected misery by the corpse of the gamester Beverley, two of the sublimest pieces of acting on the English stage, would argue this point (the greatness of her powers) better than a thousand critics. Mrs. Siddons has the air of never being an actress ; she seems unconscious that there is a motley crowd called the pit waiting to applaud her, or that a dozen fiddlers are waiting for her exit.”

It must have been a terrible renunciation to have retired from those dazzling triumphs into the monotony of private life. As she sat at home in the long evenings, she would say, "Now I used to be going to dress—now the curtain is about to rise." Her body was there, but her soul was still before the footlights. She played several times after her formal retirement for her brother Charles's benefit, and gave some performances at Edinburgh for her son's children. Her last appearance was in 1819 as Lady Randolph to Macready's Glenalvon. "It was not a performance," he writes in his diary, "but a mere repetition of the poet's text—no flash, no sign, of her pristine all-subduing genius." She received the homage of the great to the last, and when she lodged in town, files of carriages were nearly all day drawn up before the door of her lodgings. She survived until the year 1831, still continuing to delight select circles, even royal ones, with her fine private readings from Shakspeare and Milton.

In 1817, warned by increasing infirmities, Kemble gave a round of his great parts—in which he continually drew £600 houses—and made his last appearance on June 23rd of that year. To again quote Hazlitt :

" Mr. Kemble took his leave of the stage on Monday night in the character of Coriolanus.

On his first coming forward to pronounce his farewell address, he was received with a shout like thunder; on his retiring after it the applause was long before it subsided entirely away. There is something in these partings with old public favorites exceedingly affecting. They teach us the shortness of human life, and the vanity of human pleasures. Our associations of admiration and delight with theatrical performers are among our earliest recollections, among our last regrets. They are links that connect the beginning and the end of life together; *their* bright and giddy career of popularity measures the arch that spans our brief existence. . . . He played the part as well as he ever did—with as much freshness and vigor. There was no abatement of spirit and energy—none of grace and dignity; his look, his action, his expression of the character, were the same as they ever were, they could not be finer."

I continue the description of the scene from Mr. Fitzgerald's biography of 'The Kembles':

"Kemble seemed to put his whole soul into the part, and, it was noticed, seemed to cast away all unfavorable checks and reserves, as though there was no further need for husbanding his strength. As he approached the last act a gloom seemed to settle down on the audience; and when at the end he came forward slowly to make his address, he was greeted with a shout like thunder of 'No farewell!' it was long before he could obtain silence, or could control his feelings sufficiently to speak. At last he faltered out, 'I have now appeared before you for the last time: this night closes my professional life.' At this a tremendous tumult broke out, with cries of 'No, no!' and after an interval he went on with the remainder of his speech. . . . At the end he seemed to hurry over what he had to say, to be eager to finish, and withdrew with a long and lingering gaze, just as Garrick had done. Some one handed a wreath of laurel to Talma, to which was attached an inscription, bearing a request that Mr. Kemble would not retire, but would act at least a few times in the year, so long as his strength would allow him. Kemble, however, had withdrawn, but the manager (Fawcett) coming out, assured them that it should be his

pride to present it to Mr. Kemble. But in the green-room he received an unexpected shape of homage, for all his brother artists begged from him the various articles of his theatrical dress as memorials. Mathews obtained his sandals, Miss Bristow his pocket-handkerchief, and, when he at last withdrew from the theatre, he found the entrances lined with all the assistants and supernumeraries, waiting to give him a last greeting."

After this a grand dinner was given in his honor at the Freemason's Tavern, Lord Holland in the chair; the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Bedford, and others of the highest nobility, together with the most eminent men in literature and art, were present. Not even Garrick had been so greatly honored. His savings had been but moderate, and soon afterwards he went abroad, first to Toulouse, then to Lausanne, where he died in 1823. Once he returned to London for a short time, and from Hazlitt we obtain a last glimpse of the great actor in his decay:

"His face was as fine and as noble as ever, but he sat in a large armchair, bent down, dispirited, and lethargic. He spoke no word, but he sighed heavily, and after drowsing thus for a time went away."

It is doubtful whether, could John Kemble be revived and brought back to the stage, he would be successful in the present day. We have not yet arrived at the end of the extraordinary revolution Kean's impulsive style of acting created in the dramatic art. It swept away at one blow the studied and artificial school of the Kembles, and brought us back to a more natural and impassioned style; which, however, in this eighth decade of the nineteenth century has degenerated into a bald realism, wholly devoid of poetry, passion and artistic grace.—*Temple Bar*.

THE FELLAH.

A LITTLE girl asked her father who was starting for Egypt if he should see Joseph at Cairo. The question was not so absurd as it may have seemed. Nothing astonishes the modern tourist more than to find the scenes described by Moses, and represented by the paintings in ancient tombs, still faithful pictures of the manners and customs of to-day. But Joseph, the "discreet and wise"

ruler, is nowhere to be discovered. There are prisons and executioners, coats of many colors, and Mrs. Potiphars in abundance. There are lean kine and fat sheaves, corn as the sand of the sea, honey, spices, myrrh, nuts, and almonds. There are cruel taskmasters and forced public works. The first-born is mourned in many a house, for the conscription has taken him and he re-

more. On all sides may be great and bitter cry, not on account of bad harvests or unseasonable prices, but because of earthquakes or price of wool, but for unjust taxation, and hard, ill-paid toil. "It is all day," said a Fellah lately, "the Khedive has taken out of our mouths." It is extremely difficult to obtain correct information with regard to the real position of the peasant farmers in Egypt. It is impossible to believe even the oath of a man; but, by sifting contradictory statements, by contrasting the replies of different dragomans to the same questions, by riding along the inland roads, by observing the daily life and occupations of the people in their villages, shops, and bazaars, and becoming acquainted with the small artisans, but especially by talking with the sailors who come from the various little towns round the coast, an intelligent person may, with a moderate smattering of Arabic, obtain a fairly true notion of the state of this interesting and misgoverned country.

A statement made lately that advertisements are to be laid on the oppressed people cannot fail to excite a feeling of indignation in the mind of one who has become acquainted with the Fellah at home. We talk in England about slavery in Egypt, and are greatly shocked that such a thing should exist anywhere. Benevolent people ask questions about it in the House of Commons, and old ladies become hysterical on the subject. The fact is that the position of a slave in an ordinary household is far more luxurious idleness and well-being compared to that of the Egyptian proprietor or agricultural laborer. The strict and humane laws made by the British have improved the condition of the Fellah. He can have justice for himself except that which made him a slave. But the Fellah is practically a slave. No one can interfere because the land is increased in the Said, or the land is in some places reaped and sown, since the people can no longer afford to leave their seed, having nothing left after the landlord's visit but their naked, hungry, and the bare mud. The Fellah, oppressed by taxation goes to enrich the landlord, the governor, the pasha, the British, everybody except the native

Egyptian and Egypt. New streets and palaces, gardens and harems, harbors and lighthouses, are being made; but nothing comes back to the earners of the money which pays for these costly undertakings. Great sugar factories are built in which the machinery is constantly changed as English or French overseers are appointed. The old works are left to rust on the banks, though their price has been wrung from the life-blood of the people. When things were supposed to be at their worst last year, the Viceroy gave a sumptuous breakfast and presented each guest with a costly ring. His sons are growing up and require establishments. English horses, diamonds, eunuchs, and pretty Circassians are expensive necessities which must be provided. Daughters require dowries suitable to their exalted rank. Still more expensive are standing armies and fruitless expeditions to Abyssinia and Turkey. Immense sums go to entertain foreign visitors of distinction and to provide steamers and trains for them. English people are apt to forget that the Khedive, with all his virtues, is still a Turk. He impresses strangers who have the privilege of an interview with him by his ability, industry, intelligence, and good impulses. But he has had no early practical training, and has all his experience to acquire through making mistakes. Were he William Pitt himself, he could not succeed in filling the positions simultaneously of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Foreign Minister, Minister of War, Board of Works, and general autocrat.

The land, as its peasant cultivators say, is gold, not mud. For ordinary crops it requires no manure and little labor. The yield, with the most primitive tillage, is enormous. Two crops of corn may be grown in a year, or even three. The moment a canal is made, the ground in its vicinity grows green. It needs no preparation for the seed but a little surface scratching and small water-courses for irrigation. Along the Nile the shadoof goes all day long, except during the inundation, when it is not required. In some places the sakia, with its rows of graceful earthen jars, raises water both day and night. At the wheel two yoke of patient oxen relieve each other, driven by a child who ought to be at school. The Khedive spent a

great deal of money in putting up large pumping engines; but they have turned out useless, partly because of the non-existence of fuel, partly because the smaller parts wear out, and cannot be replaced by native workmen. There is some talk of cutting a canal and floating wood down from the upper Nile. M. Lesseps has lately been over the ground, but bondholders must surely by this time be becoming somewhat chary of their help. Meanwhile the old labor-wasting methods must be retained. New canals might be multiplied indefinitely, always with splendid results, but, under the present system of forced labor, they can only be cut at the cost of the lives of many bread-winners. The Fellah, drafted away from his home, hard worked, ill-fed, harshly treated, dies of the slightest illness. It is said that, when a new canal is begun, the Khedive secures the land nearest to it, his officers take what comes next, and the Fellah who makes it gets little or no benefit. He is obliged still to stand at his bucket, and, with only a rag round his loins, work the water up to his little tenement, while the intense sun blazes down on his bare back and shaven head. It is unlikely that any private enterprise can spring up amongst the people to improve the cultivation of their farms. They are too poor, and have not time to learn about new inventions. The fine climate prevents them from being braced to exertion and rebellion, as would be the case in a more northerly country. But they do feel very sore to see the land slipping into the hands of large proprietors who take all the finest ground for sugar-canes. When the present Viceroy succeeded, he had no estates. Now he owns a very large acreage. This change in his circumstances was not brought about by means which would be approved here. A case in point is that of a sugar estate not far from Farshoot, but on the east bank. The land was bought at the Government valuation from the present proprietors, who were never paid, it being arranged that the price should be taken out in exemption from labor at the factory and in sugar. After a time it turned out that the land did not suit sugar, and the factory was abandoned. It stands empty and useless, though it cost many thousands of pounds and much forced

labor. But what became of the land? It was sold back to the original proprietors again at the Government valuation which had been revised—that is to say raised—but ready money was exacted for every acre. It need hardly be added that the whole district is reduced to absolute beggary, that the Government is not exactly popular, and that a man whose camel was “requisitioned” to carry cane killed it rather than let it go.

At sugar factories forced labor is the rule under a thin disguise. The laborers are paid in sugar, which is valued at the Cairo price. If a man wishes it he can sell his sugar to the authorities at the factory, but it is at the local price. As the sugar is useless to him, he is thus robbed of a third or a fifth of his earnings. The land itself is made the means of similar extortions. It is revalued for taxation every six years, and if it is situated by the river, where the banks are altered by every inundation, the unfortunate farmer has often to pay for several years after his land has disappeared. Land left dry becomes the property of the village or “commune,” and last year a sheykh was murdered by his own villagers for appropriating some common land to his own use. For this the village was burnt by the Khedive, who seized the land of the whole commune himself; and nothing can more plainly show the state of political degradation to which Turkish rule has reduced the country than that the punishment was looked upon as just, and acquiesced in without a murmur. The people do not care to grow sugar for the Khedive's benefit, but much prefer corn crops, of which both barley and wheat are everywhere common. The Fellah rarely eats his own wheat. It is a luxury far beyond him; but sailors in the Nile boats live on the brown bread made from it. The corn is left standing till it is perfectly hard, as there is no rain or wind to hurt it. It is in ear in February, and is reaped with the sickle; but in Nubia it is pulled up by the roots; and the farmer often, if he has a good crop, goes with it himself by boat to Cairo. It is classed according to the color, which varies very much, and the straw is chopped fine as food for camels or fuel for steam-engines. The ordinary bread-stuff is “doura,” which is much like Indian corn. This is sown

or during the inundation, "cast
e waters," and is sometimes swept
It is often roasted before it is
t generally made into unleavened

It is also given to fowls by those
1 afford to feed their chickens;
erally the poor beasts pick up a
ous living amongst the dust-heaps,

their eggs never taste fresh or
and their bodies are nothing
ies. The great staple in Egypt

r, is the date. Palms are heavily
by the suicidal policy every-
een under Turkish rule; and the
say, alluding to this tax, that

he Turk comes no trees can grow.
ly is it esteemed that, according
native legend, when Allah had
nan and woman, he had a little

t, and of it he made a date-palm.
tant ill-usage has made the Fellah
d and a liar, but he has courage
durance when suffering is inevi-

You may see a man at work in
irons, yet he wears a cheerful
ance, and greets an old acquaint-
ith a pleasant laugh. He has

ted no crime, and everybody
it; but a crime had been commit-
d somebody had to be punished.
net" willed that he should be

d, and, having no money to bribe
lge, he is condemned. So, too,
than pay an increased tax, he will
to the bastinado, and may be

to boast of the number of blows
bear and the weeks during which
; unable to put his feet to the
. He looks upon the Government

natural enemy, and with good
regards taxation as a Border
must have regarded blackmail.
n the Khedive is the lineal suc-

of the Bedouin freebooter who
his forefathers. He has no
against an overcharge, and no
n the assessment of the tax. If

were a printed form setting forth
bilities it would be useless, for he
not read it. By nature he is gay,
and saving, yet he can be lavish

sions, and does not grudge money
in hospitality or charity. His
ants are few, but among them is
Nothing can be done without

. He sings at work, at play, in
d, at the wedding, at the funeral,
rows his boat, as he rides his

camel, in fact everywhere. Sometimes,
as when he works the shadoof, there is
great beauty in the oft-repeated cadence;

but generally the European ear can find
no melody in his music. The scale
differs so much from ours that it cannot

be played on any of our keyed instru-
ments; and the principles on which it is
founded are so involved that it is hard-

ly possible even for a trained musician
to unravel it. There is probably a mix-
ture of the Greek and Asiatic scales;

possibly there is a remnant of old Egyp-
tian harmony. The scientific musician
finds much to interest him in following

a song on the violin, but to the vulgar
musical ear it is distracting. It may be
roundly asserted that the attempts made

by Lane and others to write Arab melo-
dies in our notation are ludicrous fail-
ures. The native performers sometimes

show great skill in manipulating an in-
strument with two strings, and some
Egyptian Paganini may blush unheard

and waste his sweetness among dusky
sailors on the Nile. At Cairo a leaning
towards the European scale is sometimes

very perceptible, owing to the opera
companies which go there every year,
and the military bands practise a kind

of compromise which is most distressing
to hear; but a concert of expert native
performers in the Esbekeeyah Gardens

is well worth hearing. In the country
singers extemporize to a tune, but have
special airs appropriate to all possible

occasions. No other art is practised,
and life goes on under the most simple
conditions.

The Fellah wears but one garment,
and suffers from cold in winter, for he
has no fire and no bedclothes, except

perhaps a kind of quilt. He lives on
unleavened bread, sour milk, raw vege-
tables, but sometimes for weeks together

has nothing but dried dates. In towns
the food is sold ready cooked, and con-
sists of different kinds of haricots and
lentils. His house is roofless, except for
a few canes laid across the low mud walls.
It contains no furniture; but in Upper
Egypt there is generally a mat at the
door and a sort of raised divan made of
mud. He can afford but one wife, who,
like himself, has but one garment and a
hood or veil, while his children go naked.
In this respect, indeed, travellers remark
greater poverty year by year. There

is immense mortality among the children, partly, no doubt, from the dirt in which they are kept, as they are never washed before they are seven years old, but partly also from the absence of medical aid and the universal ignorance of the causes of disease. The women are in every respect inferior to the men. They are too poor to have employment; they have no stockings to darn, no house linen to mend, no furniture or cooking implements to clean. They wash their one garment in the river, cleaning it with a piece of mud which acts like soap and pumice combined. They wear their bracelets and necklaces in the field where they pull corn or herd the cattle. They carry all the water required in their houses from the river in heavy jars, and sit long on the bank gossiping and catching fleas. Women in Egypt do not say prayers like the men, and have a soulless expression which contrasts strangely with the intelligent and even noble look frequent among their husbands. Their highest idea of life consists in doing nothing. The daughters of a family are kept at home as long as possible, as it is a mark of respectability to retain them at least till they reach fifteen; but this advanced age is only attained in comparatively wealthy homes. In Nubia the position of women is better. Though the clothing is even scantier than in Egypt, they have some idea of working embroidery, weaving mats, and making baskets; and they keep their houses, in better order, spreading the golden sand on the floor and sweeping it clean. There are doors to all the houses, and sometimes an iron lock and even a knocker. Over the doorway there is an attempt at ornament, and a plate or saucer begged from a passing dacha-

beeah is sometimes inserted. Before the door is a row of round mud bins like barrels for storing corn; and there are separate pigeon-houses. The pigeons everywhere eat more than they are worth, and contribute greatly to the dirt of the houses in Lower Egypt. Fever is rare, considering the filth, but there are stomach complaints and innumerable skin diseases of great severity. Ophthalmia is said to be decreasing in Cairo since the opening of wider and better-watered streets, but everywhere else it is very common, and seems to be carried by the flies from child to child. There is also a mysterious sleeping sickness, about which doctors differ; it is always fatal. A man comes home from his work, lies down and sleeps for three days, when he dies. It is impossible to get leave to make a post-mortem examination, though English physicians have repeatedly attempted it.

It is hard to imagine a more dreary existence than that led by the ordinary Fellah. He is born, works hard all his life for wages of which he is robbed at intervals under the name of government, and dies in his birthplace, his whole view through life having been bounded by the table-topped mountain at his own side of the river and the table-topped mountain at the other, under whose rocky sides a few little mud domes, a few little heaps of shining pebbles, mark the nameless graves of his people, the place to which, when the end comes, his body will be rowed across the Nile to a chant from the Koran, just as five thousand years ago his forefathers were ferried over to the mummy pits, while a hymn was sung to Osiris, the Judge of the Dead.—*Saturday Review*.

AMALFI, PÆSTUM, CAPRI.

THE road between Vietri and Amalfi is justly celebrated as one of the most beautiful pieces of coast scenery in Italy. Its only rivals are the roads from Castellammare to Sorrento, from Genoa to Sestri, and from Nice to Mentone. Each of these has its own charm; and yet their similarity is sufficient to invite comparison: under the spell of each in turn, we are inclined to say—this then,

at all events, is the most beautiful. On first quitting Vietri, Salerno is left low down upon the seashore, nestling into a little corner of the bay which bears its name, and backed up by gigantic mountains. With each onward step these mountain ranges expand in long aerial line, revealing reaches of fantastic peaks, that stretch away beyond the plain of Pæstum, till they end at last in mist and

Saracens in Southern Italy, these adventurers succeeded in annexing Amalfi. But it was not their interest to extinguish the state. On the contrary, they relied for assistance upon the navies and the armies of the little commonwealth. New powers had meanwhile arisen in the north of Italy, who were jealous of rivalry upon the open seas; and when the Neapolitans resisted King Roger in 1135, they called Pisa to their aid, and sent her fleet to destroy Amalfi. The ships of Amalfi were on guard with Roger's navy in the bay of Naples. The armed citizens were under Roger's orders at Aversa. Meanwhile the little republic lay defenceless on its mountain-girdled sea-board. The Pisans sailed into the harbor, sacked the city, and carried off the famous Pandects of Justinian as a trophy. Two years later they returned, to complete the work of devastation. Amalfi never recovered from the injuries and the humiliation of these two attacks. It was ever thus that the Italians, like the children of the dragon's teeth which Cadmus sowed, consumed each other. Pisa cut the throat of her sister-port Amalfi, and Genoa gave a mortal wound to Pisa, when the waters of Meloria were dyed with blood in 1284. Venice fought a duel to the death with Genoa in the succeeding century; and what Venice failed to accomplish, was completed by Milan and the lords of the Visconti dynasty, who crippled and enslaved the haughty queen of the Ligurian Riviera.

The naval and commercial prosperity of Amalfi was thus put an end to by the Pisans in the twelfth century. But it was not then that the town assumed its present aspect. What surprises the student of history more than anything is the total absence of fortifications, docks, arsenals, and breakwaters, bearing witness to the ancient grandeur of a city, which numbered 50,000 inhabitants, and traded with Alexandria, Syria, and the far East. Nothing of the sort, with the exception of a single solitary tower upon the Monte Aureo, is visible. Nor will he fail to remember that Amalfi and Atrani, which are now divided by a jutting mountain buttress, were once joined by a tract of sea-beach, where the galleys of the republic rested after sweeping the Levant, and where the fishermen drew up their boats upon the smooth grey sand.

That also has disappeared. The violence of man was not enough to reduce Amalfi to its present state of insignificance. The forces of nature aided;—partly by the gradual subsidence of the land which caused the lower quarters of the city to be submerged, and separated Amalfi from her twin-port by covering the beach with water—partly by a fearful tempest accompanied by earthquake in 1343. Petrarch, then resident at Naples, witnessed the destructive fury of this great convulsion; and the description he wrote of it soon after its occurrence is so graphic that some notice may well be taken of it here.

His letter, addressed to the noble Roman, Giovanni Colonna, begins with a promise to tell something of a storm which deserved the title of "poetic," and in a degree so superlative that no epithet but "Homeric" would suffice to do it justice. This exordium is singularly characteristic of Petrarch, who never forgot that he was a literary man, and lost no opportunity of dragging the great names of antiquity into his rhetorical compositions. The catastrophe was hardly unexpected; for it had been prophesied by an astrological bishop, whom Petrarch does not name, that Naples would be overwhelmed by a terrible disaster, in December, 1343. The people were, therefore, in a state of wild anxiety, repenting of their sins, planning a total change of life under the fear of imminent death, and neglecting their ordinary occupations. On the day of the predicted calamity women roamed in trembling crowds through the streets, pressing their babies to their breasts, and besieging the altars of the saints with prayers. Petrarch, who shared the general disquietude, kept watching the signs of the weather; but nothing happened to warrant an extraordinary panic. At sunset the sky was quieter than usual; and he could discern none of the symptoms of approaching tempest, to which his familiarity with the mountains of Vaucluse accustomed him. After dusk he stationed himself at a window to observe the moon, until she went down, before midnight, obscured by clouds. Then he betook himself to bed; but scarcely had he fallen into his first sleep, when a most horrible noise aroused him. The whole house shook; the night-light on

ble was extinguished; and he was with violence from his couch. His lodging in a convent; and soon his first intimation of the tempest heard the monks calling to each other in the darkness. From cell to cell hurried, the ghastly gleams of light-flicking on their terror-stricken faces. Led by the Prior, and holding candles, and relics of the saints in their hands, they now assembled in Petrarch's oratory. Thence they proceeded in a procession to the chapel, where they spent the night in prayer and expectation of imminent ruin. It would be impossible, even to the poet, to relate the terrors of that hellish night—the deluges of rain, the roaring of the wind, the earthquake, the thunder, the howling of the elements, and the shrieks of agonising human beings.

All these horrors were produced, as though by some magician's wand, in less than twice the duration of a natural day.

It was so dark that at last by conjecture rather than the testimony of the senses, they knew that day had passed.

A hurried mass was said. As the noise in the town above began to diminish, and a confused murmur from the sea-shore continually increased, their suspense became unendurable. They mounted their horses, and descended to the port—to see and hear.

A fearful spectacle awaited them. Ships in the harbor had broken their masts, and were crashing helplessly against the shore. The strand was strewn with drowned corpses. The breakwaters were submerged, and the sea seemed to rush momentarily upon the solid land. The sea and mountains surged up into a fury between the shore and Capri; these massive billows were not black and purple, but hoary with a livid foam. Petrarch describes some picturesque episodes—such as the gathering of the people of Naples to watch the ruin of the city, the procession of court ladies led by the queen to implore the intercession of Mary, and the wreck of a ship freighted with 400 convicts bound for Sicily—Petrarch concludes with a fervent prayer that he may never have to witness the sea, of whose fury he had just seen so awful an example.

Amalfi, the capital on this occasion escaped destruction as prophesied. But Amalfi was not spared; and what the waters then

gained has never been restored to man. This is why the once so famous city ranks now upon a level with quiet little towns whose names are hardly heard in history—with San Remo, or Rapallo, or Chiavari—and yet it is still as full of life as a wasp's nest, especially upon the molo, or raised piazza paved with bricks, in front of the Albergo de' Cappuccini. The changes of scene upon this tiny square are so frequent as to remind one of a theatre. Looking down from the inn-balcony, between the glazy green pots gay with scarlet amaryllis-bloom, we are inclined to fancy that the whole has been prepared for our amusement. In the morning, the corn for the macaroni-flour, after being washed, is spread out on the bricks to dry. In the afternoon the fishermen bring their nets for the same purpose. In the evening the city magnates promenade and whisper. Dark-eyed women, with orange or crimson kerchiefs for head-gear, cross and re-cross bearing baskets on their shoulders. Great lazy large-limbed fellows, girt with scarlet sashes and finished off with dark blue night-caps, for a contrast to their saffron-colored shirts, white breeches, and sunburnt calves, slouch about or sleep face downwards on the parapets. On either side of this same molo stretches a miniature beach of sand and pebble, covered with nets, which the fishermen are always mending, and where the big boats lade or unlade trimming for the sardine fishery, or driving in to shore with a whirr of oars and a jabber of discordant voices. As the sand-wind freshens, you may watch them let off one by one, like pigeons taking flight, till the sea is flecked with twenty sail all scudding in the same direction. The torrent runs beneath the molo, and finds the sea beyond it; so that here too are the washerwomen, chattering like sparrows; and everywhere the naked boys, like brown sea-urchins, burrow in the clean warm sand, or splash the shallow brine. If you like the fun, you may get a score of them to dive together, and scramble for coppers in the deeper places, their lithe bodies gleaming wan beneath the water in a maze of interlacing arms and legs.

Over the whole busy scene rise the grey hills, soaring into blueness of air-distance, turreted here and there with

ruined castles, capped with parti-colored campanili and white convents, and tufted through their whole height with the orange and the emerald of the great tree-spurge, and with the live gold of the blossoming broom. It is difficult to say when this picture is most beautiful—whether in the early morning, when the boats are coming back from their night-toil upon the sea, and along the headlands in the fresh light lie swathes of fleecy mist, betokening a still, hot day—or at noontide, when the houses on the hills stand, tinted pink and yellow, shadowless like gems, and the great carub-trees above the tangles of vines and figs are blots upon the steady glare—or at sunset, when violet and rose, reflected from the eastern sky, make all these terraces and peaks translucent with a wondrous glow. The best of all, perhaps, is night, with a full moon hanging high overhead. Who shall describe the silhouettes of boats upon the shore, or sleeping on the misty sea? On the horizon lies a dusky film of brownish golden haze, between the moon and the glimmering water; and here and there a lamp or candle burns with a deep red. Then is the time to take a boat and row upon the bay, or better, to swim out into the waves and trouble the reflections from the steady stars. The mountains, clear and calm, with light-irradiated chasms and hard shadows cast upon the rock, soar up above a city built of alabaster, or sea-foam, or summer clouds. The whole is white and wonderful: no similes suggest an analogue for the lustre, solid and transparent, of Amalfi nestling in moonlight between the grey-blue sea and lucid hills. Stars stand on all the peaks, and twinkle, or keep gliding, as the boat moves, down the craggy sides. Stars are mirrored on the marble of the sea, until one knows not whether the oar has struck sparks from a star-image or has scattered diamonds of phosphorescent brine.

All this reads like a rhapsody; but indeed it is difficult not to be rhapsodical when a May night of Amalfi is in the memory, with the echo of rich baritone voices, chanting Neapolitan songs to a mandoline. It is fashionable to complain that these Italian airs are opera-tunes; but this is only another way of saying that the Italian opera is

the genuine outgrowth of national melody, and that Weber was not the first, as some German pedants have supposed, to string together Volkslieder for the stage. Northerners, who have never seen or felt the beauty of the south, talk sad nonsense about the superiority of German over Italian music. It is true that much Italian music is out of place in Northern Europe, where we seem to need more travail of the intellect in art. But the Italians are rightly satisfied with such facile melody and such simple rhythms as harmonise with sea and sky and boon earth sensuously beautiful. "Perchè pensi a? Pensando s' invecchia," expresses the same habit of mind as another celebrated saying, "La musica è il lamento dell'amore o la preghiera agli Dei." Whatever may be the value of Italian music, it is in concord with such a scene as Amalfi by moonlight; and he who does not prefer this to any more artificial combination of sights and sounds in Wagner's theatre at Bayreuth, has scarcely learned the first lesson in the lore of beauty.

There is enough and to spare for all tastes at Amalfi. The student of architecture may spend hours in the Cathedral, pondering over its high-built western front, and wondering whether there is more of Moorish or of Gothic in its delicate arcades. The painter may transfer its campanile, glittering like dragon's scales, to his canvas. The lover of the picturesque will wander through its aisles at mass-time, watching the sunlight play upon those upturned southern faces with their ardent eyes; and happy is he who sees young men and maidens on Whit-Sunday crowding round the church-rails, to catch the marigolds and gillyflowers scattered from baskets which the priest has blessed. Is this a symbol of the Holy Spirit's gifts, or is it some quaint relic of Pagan *sparsiones*? This question, with the memory of Pompeian *graffiti* in our mind, may well suggest itself in Southern Italy, where old and new faiths are so singularly blended. Then there is Ravello on the hills above. The path winds upward between stone-walls tufted with maidenhair; and ever nearer grow the mountains, and the sea-line soars into the sky. An Englishman has made his home here in a ruined Moorish villa, with cool colonnaded cloisters, and rose-embowered terraces,

far prospect over rocky hills and dled villages to Pæstum's plain. rches of Ravello have rare mod bronze doors and marble pul- er perhaps than those of Tus- nich tempt the archæologist to Nicholas, the Pisan, learned his re. But who cares to be a sober y at Amalfi? Far pleasanter limb the staircase to the Capu- id linger in those caverns of the ck, and pluck the lemons hang- ie mossy walls; or to row from cove along the shore, watching s swimming in the deeps be- id the medusas spreading their ls; to land upon smooth slabs where corallines wave to and to rest on samphire-tufted ledges, e shadows slant beneath the west- a.

is no point in all this landscape es not make a picture. Paint- it even complain that the pict- too easy, and the poetry too st as the musicians find the mel- this fair land too simple. No arefully sought and strenuously ould enhance the mere beauty i bathed in sunlight. You have some average summer day to and paint the scene. Little afforded for suggestions of far- ird thoughts, or for elaborately motives. Daubigny and Corot ien here as Blake or Dürer.

is wanted, and what no modern a successfully recapture from the past, is the mythopœic sense— rehension of primæval powers man, growing into shape and e on the borderland between the d the keen human sympathies it us. Greek mythology was the orm of art for scenery like this. ie final touch to all its beauties, ed to its sensuous charm an in- spirital life. No exercise of ic faculty, far less that metaphy- od of the reflective conscious- h "leads from nature up to na- od," can now supply this need. a, and earth, and sky, in those ages when the world was young, aned to greet the men whose ide them, forms imagined and -human, divine—the archetypes asting patterns of man's deepest

sense of what is wonderful in nature. Feeling them there, for ever there, in- alienable, ready to start forth and greet successive generations—as the Hama- dryad greeted Rhaicos from his father's oak—those mythopœists called them by immortal names. All their pent-up long- ings, all passions that consume, all as- pirations that inflame—the desire for the impossible, which is disease, the day- dreams and the visions of the night, which are spontaneous poems—were thus transferred to nature. And nature, re- sponsive to the soul that loves her, gave them back transfigured and translated into radiant beings of like substance with mankind. It was thus, we feel upon these southern shores, that the gods of Greece came into being. The statues in the temples were the true fine flower of all this beauty, the culmination of the poetry which it evoked in hearts that feel and brains that think.

In Italy, far more than in any other part of Europe, the life of the present is imposed upon the strata of successive past lives. Greek, Latin, Moorish, and medieval civilisations have arisen, flour- ished, and decayed on nearly the same soil; and it is common enough to find one city, which may have perished twenty centuries ago, neighbor to another that enjoyed its brief prosperity in the middle of our era. There is not, for example, the least sign of either Greek or Roman at Amalfi. Whatever may have been the glories of the republic in the early middle ages, they had no relation to the classic past. Yet a few miles off along the bay rise the ancient Greek temples of Pæstum, from a desert—with no trace of any inter- vening occupants. Poseidonia was found- ed in the sixth century before Christ, by colonists from Sybaris. Three centu- ries later the Hellenic element in this settlement, which must already have be- come a town of no little importance, was submerged by a deluge of recurrent bar- barism. Under the Roman rule it changed its name to Pæstum, and was prosperous. The Saracens destroyed it in the ninth century of our era; and Robert Guiscard carried some of the ma- terials of its buildings to adorn his new town of Salerno. Since then the ancient site has been abandoned to malaria and solitude. The very existence of Pæstum was unknown, except to wandering herds-

men and fishers coasting near its ruined colonnades, until the end of the last century. Yet, strange to relate, after all these vicissitudes, and in the midst of this total desolation, the only relics of the antique city are three Greek temples—those very temples where the Hellenes, barbarised by their Lucanian neighbors, met to mourn for their lost liberty. It is almost impossible to trace more than the mere circuit of the walls of Poseidonia. Its port, if port it had in Roman days, has disappeared. Its theatre is only just discernible. Still not a column of the great hypæthral temple, built by the Sybarite colonists two thousand and five hundred years ago, to be a house for Zeus or for Poseidon, has been injured. The accidents that etased far greater cities, like Syracuse, from the surface of the earth—pillage, earthquake, the fury of fanatics, the slow decay of perishable stone, or the lust of palace-builders in the middle ages—have spared those three houses of the gods, over whom, in the days of Alexander, the funeral hymn was chanted by the enslaved Hellenes.

"We do the same," says Aristoxenus in his *Convivial Miscellanies*, "as the men of Poseidonia, who dwell on the Tyrrhenian Gulf. It befell them, having been at first true Hellenes, to be utterly barbarised, changing to Tyrrhenes or Romans, and altering their language, together with their other customs. Yet they still observe one Hellenic festival, when they meet together and call to remembrance their old names and bygone institutions; and having lamented one to the other, and shed bitter tears, they afterwards depart to their own homes. Even thus a few of us also, now that our theatres have been barbarised, and this art of music has gone to ruin and vulgarity, meet together and remember what once music was." *

This passage has a strange pathos, considering how it was penned, and how it has come down to us, tossed by the dark *insouciant* stream of time. The Aristoxenus, who wrote it, was a pupil of Aristotle, born at Tarentum, and therefore familiar with the vicissitudes of Magna Græcia. The study of music was his chief preoccupation; and he used this episode in the agony of an en-

slaved Greek city, to point his own conservative disgust for innovations in an art of which we have no knowledge left. The works of Aristoxenus have perished, and the fragment I have quoted is embedded in the gossip of Egyptian Athenæus. In this careless fashion has been opened for us, as it were, a little window on a grief now buried in the oblivion of a hundred generations. After reading his words one May morning, beneath the pediment of Pæstum's noblest ruin, I could not refrain from thinking that if the spirits of those captive Hellenes were to revisit their old habitations, they would change their note of wailing into a thin ghostly pæan, when they found that Romans and Lucanians had passed away, that Christians and Saracens had left alike no trace behind them, while the houses of their own ἀντήλιοι θεοὶ—dawn-facing deities—were still abiding in the pride of immemorial strength. Who knows whether buffalo-driver or bandit may not ere now have seen processions of these Poseidonian phantoms, bearing laurels and chaunting weird hymns on the spot where once they fell each on the other's neck to weep? Gathering his cloak around him, and cowering closer to his fire of sticks, the night-watcher in those empty colonnades may have mistaken the Hellenic outlines of his shadowy visitants for fevered dreams, and the melody of their evanished music for the whistling of night winds, or the cry of owls. So abandoned is Pæstum in its solitude that we know not even what legends may have sprung up round those relics of a mightier age.

The shrine is ruined now; and far away
To east and west stretch olive groves, whose
shade
Even at the height of summer moon is grey.

Asphodels sprout upon the plinth decayed
Of these low columns, and the snake hath
found
Her haunt 'neath altar-steps with weeds o'er-
laid.

Yet this was once a hero's temple, crowned
With myrtle-boughs by lovers, and with palm
By wrestlers, resonant with sweetest sound

Of flute and fife in summer evening's calm,
And odorous with incense all the year,
With nard and spice, and galbanum and balm.

These lines sufficiently express the sense of desolation felt at Pæstum, except that the scenery is more solemn and

* Athenæus, xiv. 632.

mournful, and the temples are too august to be the shrine of any simple hero. There are no olives. The sea plunges on its sandy shore within the space of half-a-mile to westward. Far and wide on either hand stretch dreary fever-stricken marshes. The plain is bounded to the north, and east, and south, with mountains, purple, snow-peaked, serrated, and grandly broken like the hills of Greece. Driving over this vast level where the Silarus stagnates, the monotony of the landscape is broken now and then by a group of buffaloes standing up to their dewlaps in reeds, by peasants on horseback, with goads in their hands, and muskets slung athwart their backs, or by patrols of Italian soldiers crossing and re-crossing on the brigand-haunted roads. Certain portions have been reclaimed from the swamp, and here may be seen white oxen in herds of fifty grazing; or gangs of women at field-labor, with a man to oversee them, cracking a long hunting-whip; or the mares and foals of a famous stud-farm browsing under spreading pines. There are no villages, and the few farm-houses are so widely scattered as to make us wonder where the herdsmen and field-workers, scanty as they are, can possibly be lodged.

At last the three great temples come in sight. The rich orange of the central building contrasts with the paler yellow of its two companions, while the glowing color of all three is splendidly relieved against green vegetation and blue mountain-flanks. Their material is travertine—a calcareous stone formed by the deposit of petrifying waters, which contains fragments of reeds, spiral shells, and other substances, embedded in the porous limestone. In the flourishing period of old Poseidonia these travertine columns were coated with stucco, worked to a smooth surface, and brilliantly tinted to harmonise with the gay costumes of a Greek festival. Even now this coating of fine sand, mingled with slaked lime and water, can be seen in patches on the huge blocks of the masonry. Thus treated, the travertine lacked little of the radiance of marble, for it must be remembered that the Greeks painted even the Pentelic cornice of the Parthenon with red and blue. Nor can we doubt that the general effect of brightness suited the

glad and genial conditions of Greek life.

All the surroundings are altered now, and the lover of the picturesque may be truly thankful that the hand of time, by stripping the buildings of this stucco without impairing their proportions, has substituted a new harmony of tone between the native stone and the surrounding landscape, no less sympathetic to the present solitude than the old symphony of colors was to the animated circumstances of a populous Greek city. In this way those critics who defend the polychrome decorations of the classic architects, and those who contend that they cannot imagine any alteration from the present toning of Greek temples for the better, are both right.

In point of color the Pæstum ruins are very similar to those of Girgenti; but owing to their position on a level plain, in front of a scarcely indented sea-shore, we lack the irregularity which adds so much charm to the row of temples on their broken cliff in the old town of Agrigentum. In like manner the celebrated asymmetreia of the buildings of the Athenian Acropolis, which causes so much variety of light and shade upon the temple fronts, and offers so many novel points of view when they are seen in combination, seems to have been due originally to the exigencies of the ground. At Pæstum, in planning out the city, there can have been no utilitarian reasons for placing the temples at odd angles, either to each other or the shore. Therefore we see them now almost exactly in line and parallel, though at unequal distances. If something of picturesque effect is thus lost at Pæstum through the flatness of the ground, something of impressive grandeur on the other hand is gained by the very regularity with which those phalanxes of massive Doric columns are drawn up to face the sea.

Poseidonia, as the name betokens, was dedicated to the god of the sea; and the coins of the city are stamped with his effigy bearing a trident, and with his sacred animal, the bull. It has therefore been conjectured that the central of the three temples, which was hypæthral and had two entrances—east and west—belonged to Poseidon; and there is something fine in the notion of the god being

thus able to pass to and fro from his cellar through those sunny peristyles down to his chariot, yoked with sea-horses, in the brine. Yet hypæthral temples were generally consecrated to Zeus, and it is therefore probable that the traditional name of this vast edifice is wrong. The names of the two other temples, *Tempio di Cerere* and *Basilica*, are wholly unsupported by any proof or probability. The second is almost certainly founded on a mistake; and if we assign the largest of the three shrines to Zeus, one or other of the lesser belonged most likely to Poseidon.

The style of the temples is severe and primitive. In general effect their Doric architecture is far sterner than that adapted by Ictinus to the Parthenon. The entablature seems somewhat disproportioned to the columns and the pediment; and, owing to this cause, there is a general effect of heaviness. The columns, again, are thick-set; nor is the effect of solidity removed by their gradual narrowing from the base upwards. The pillars of the *Neptune* are narrowed in a straight line; those of the *Basilica* and *Ceres* by a gentle curve. Study of these buildings, so sublime in their massiveness, so noble in the parsimony of their decoration, so dignified in their employment of the simplest means for the attainment of an indestructible effect of harmony, heightens our admiration for the Attic genius, which found in this grand manner of the elder Doric architects resources as yet undeveloped; creating, by slight and subtle alterations of outline, proportion, and rhythm of parts, what may fairly be classed as a style unique because exemplified in only one transcendent building.

It is difficult not to return again and again to the beauty of coloring at Pæstum. Lying basking in the sun upon a flat slab of stone, and gazing eastward, there spreads a foreground of dappled light and shadow, across which the lizards run—quick streaks of living emerald—making the bunches of yellow rue and little white serpyllum in the fissures of the masonry nod as they hurry past. Then come two stationary columns, built, it seems, of solid gold, where the sunbeams strike along their tawny surface. Between them lies the landscape, a medley first of brake-fern and aspho-

del, and feathering acanthus and blue spikes of bugloss. Then a white farm in the middle distance, roofed with the reddest tiles and sheltered by a velvety umbrella pine. Beyond and above the farm, a glimpse of mountains purple almost to indigo with cloud shadows, and flecked with snow. Still higher—but for this we have to raise our head a little—the free heavens enclosed within the framework of the tawny travertine, across which sail hawks and flutter jackdaws, sharply cut against the solid sky. Down from the architrave, to make the vignette perfect, hang tufts of crimson snapdragons. Each opening in the peristyle gives a fresh picture.

The temples are overgrown with snapdragons and mallows, yellow asters and lilac gillyflowers, white allium and wild fig. When a breeze passes, the whole of this many-colored tapestry waves gently to and fro. The fields around are flowery enough; but where are the roses? I suppose no one who has read his Virgil at school, crosses the plain from Salerno to Pæstum without those words of the *Georgics* ringing in his ears: *biferique rosaria Pæsti*. They have that wonderful Virgilian charm which, by a touch, transforms mere daily sights and sounds, and adds poetic mystery to common things. The poets of ancient Rome seem to have felt the magic of this phrase; for Ovid has imitated the line in his *Metamorphoses*, tamely substituting *tepidi* for the suggestive *biferi*, while again in his *Elegies* he uses the same termination with *odorati* for his epithet. Martial sings of *Pæstanæ rosæ* and *Pæstani gloria ruris*. Even Ausonius, at the very end of Latin literature, draws from the rosaries of Pæstum a pretty picture of beauty doomed to premature decline:

Vidi Pæstano gaudere rosaria cultu
Exoriente novo roscida Lucifero.

'I have watched the rose-beds that luxuriate on Pæstum's well-tilled soil, all dewy in the young light of the rising dawn-star.'

What a place indeed was this for a rose-garden, spreading far and wide along the fertile plain, with its deep loam reclaimed from swamps and irrigated by the passing of perpetual streams! But where are the roses now? As well ask, *où sont les neiges d'antan?*

We left Amalfi for Capri in the fresh-

f an early morning at the end of
 As we stepped into our six-oared
 the sun rose above the horizon,
 ing the sea with gold and flashing
 terraces above Amalfi. High up
 ountains hung pearly and em-
 d mists, set like resting-places
 n a world too beautiful and heav-
 far for mortal feet. Not a breath
 wind was stirring. The water
 l with a scarcely perceptible swell,
 e vapors lifted gradually as the
 ays grew in power. Here the hills
 d abruptly on the sea, ending in
 where light reflected from the water
 s. Huge caverns open in the
 one; on their edges hang stalac-
 like beards, and the sea within
 dark as night. For some of these
 the maidenhair fern makes a
 vy curtain; and all of them might
 home of Proteus or of Calypso, by
 side her mortal lover passed his
 in vain home-sickness:

ισι γλαφυροῖσι παρ' οὐκ ἐθέλων ἐθελούσῃ.

is a truly Odyssean journey.
 he islands of the Sirens come in
 -bare bluffs of rock shaped like
 taking flight for the broad sea.
 row past in this ambrosial weather,
 rsmen keeping time and ploughing
 s in the fruitless fields of Nereus,
 t difficult to hear the siren voices
 earth and heaven and sea make
 es far above mortal singing. The
 ound the Galli—so the islands are
 alled, as antiquaries tell us, from
 cient fortress named Guallo—is
 eep, and not a sign of habitation
 be seen upon them. In bygone
 hey were used as prisons; and
 doges of Amalfi languished their
 way upon those shadeless stones,
 ng the sea around them blaze like
 nished shield at noon, and the
 of Capri deepen into purple when
 st was glowing after sunset with
 e and daffodil of southern twilight.

end of the Sorrentine promon-
 Point Campanella, is absolutely
 —grey limestone, with the scan-
 vergrowth of rosemary and myrtle.
 e desolate spot can hardly be imag-

But now the morning breeze
 up behind; sails are hoisted, and
 atmen ship their oars. Under the
 ss wings of our lateen sails we scud

across the freshening waves. The preci-
 pice of Capri soars against the sky, and
 the Bay of Naples expands before us
 with those sweeping curves and azure
 amplitude that all the poets of the world
 have sung. Even thus the mariners of
 ancient Hellas rounded this headland
 when the world was young. Rightly
 they named yon rising ground beneath
 Vesuvius, Posilippo—rest from grief.
 Even now, after all those centuries of
 toil, though the mild mountain has been
 turned into a mouth of murderous fire,
 though Roman emperors and Spanish
 despots have done their worst to mar
 what nature made so perfect, we may
 here lay down the burden of our cares,
 gaining tranquillity by no mysterious lus-
 tral rites, no penitential prayers or offer-
 ings of holocausts, but by the influence
 of beauty in the earth and air, and by
 sympathy with a people unspoiled in
 their healthful life of labor alternating
 with simple joy.

The last hour of the voyage was be-
 guiled by stories of our boatmen, some
 of whom had seen service on distant
 seas, while others could tell of risks on
 shore and love adventures. They show-
 ed us how the tunny-nets were set, and
 described the solitary life of the tunny-
 watchers, in their open boats, waiting to
 spear the monsters of the deep, entan-
 gled in the chambers made for them be-
 neath the waves. How much of Æschy-
 lean imagery, I reflected, is drawn from
 this old fisher's art—the toils of Clytem-
 nestra and the tragedy of Psyttaleia ris-
 ing to my mind. One of the crew had
 his little son with him, a child eight years
 old; and when the boy was restless, he
 spoke of Barbarossa and Timberio (*sic*)
 to keep him quiet; for the memory of
 the Moorish pirate and the mighty em-
 peror is still alive here. The people of
 Capri are as familiar with Tiberius as
 the Bretons with King Arthur; and the
 hoof-mark of illustrious crime is stamped
 upon the island. Capri offers another
 example of the versatility of Southern
 Italy. If Amalfi brings back to us the
 naval and commercial prosperity of the
 early middle ages; if Pæstum remains a
 monument of the oldest Hellenic civili-
 sation; Capri, at a few miles' distance,
 is dedicated to the Roman Emperor, who
 made it his favorite residence, when, life-
 weary with the world and all its shows,

e turned these many peaks and slumbering caves into a summer palace for the nursing of his brain-sick phantasy. Already, on landing, we are led to remember that from this shore was loosed the galley bearing that great letter—*verbosa et grandis epistola*—which undid Sejanus and shook Rome. Riding to Ana-Capri and the Salto di Tiberio, exploring the remains of his famous twelve villas, and gliding over the smooth waters paved with the white marbles of his baths, we are for ever attended by the same forbidding spectre. Here, perchance, were the *sedes arcanarum libidinum* whereof Suetonius speaks; the Spintrian medals, found in these recesses, still bear witness that the biographer trusted no mere fables for the picture he has drawn. Here too, below the Villa Jovis, gazing 700 feet sheer down into the waves, we tread the very parapet whence fell the victims of that maniac lust for blood. "After long and exquisite torments," says the Roman writer, "he ordered condemned prisoners to be cast into the sea before his eyes; marines were stationed near to pound the fallen corpses with poles and oars, lest haply breath should linger in their limbs." The Neapolitan Museum contains a little bas-relief representing Tiberius, with the well-known features of the Claudian house, seated astride upon a donkey, with a girl before him. A slave is leading the beast and its burden to a terminal statue under an olive-tree.* This curious relic, discovered some while since at Capri, haunted my fancy as I climbed the olive-planted slopes to his high villa on the Arx Tiberii. It is some relief, amid so much that is tragic in the associations of this place, to have the horrible Tiberius burlesqued and brought into donkey-riding relation with the tourist of to-day. And what a curious revenge of time it is that his famous Salto should be turned into a restaurant, where the girls dance tarantella for a few coppers, that a toothless hermit should occupy a cell upon the very summit of his Villa Jovis, and that the Englishwoman's comfortable hotel should be called *Timberio* by the natives! A spiritualist might well believe that the emperor's ghost was forced to haunt the island, and to expiate his old atrocities

by gazing on these modern vulgarisms.

Few problems suggested by history are more darkly fascinating than the madness of despots; and of this madness—whether inherent in their blood or encouraged by the circumstance of absolute autocracy, the emperors of the Claudian and Julian houses furnish the most memorable instance.* It is this that renders Tiberius ever present to our memory at Capri. Nor will the student of Suetonius forget his even more memorable grand-nephew Caligula. The following passage is an episode from the biography of that imperial maniac, whose portrait in grey basalt, with the strain of dire mental tension on the forehead, is still so beautiful that we are able at this distance of time to pity more than loathe him. "Above all, he was tormented with nervous irritation, by sleeplessness; for he enjoyed not more than three hours of nocturnal repose, nor even these in pure untroubled rest, but agitated by phantasmata of portentous augury; as, for example, upon one occasion, among other spectral visions, he fancied that he saw the sea, under some definite impersonation, conversing with himself. Hence it was, and from this incapacity of sleeping, and from weariness of lying awake, that he had fallen into habits of ranging all night long through the palace, sometimes throwing himself on a couch, sometimes wandering along the vast corridors, watching for the earliest dawn, and anxiously wishing its approach."† Those corridors, or loggie, where Caligula spent his wakeful hours, opened perchance upon this bay of Naples: for we know that one of his great follies was a palace built above the sea on piles at Baïæ; and where else could *Pelagus*, with his cold azure eyes and briny locks, have more appropriately terrified his sleep with prophecy, conveyed in dreams? The very nature of this vision, selected for such special comment by Suetonius as to show that it had troubled Caligula profoundly, proves the fantastic nature of the man, and justifies the hypothesis of insanity. But it is time to shake off the burden of the past. Only student

* De Quincey, in his essay on *The Casar* has worked out this subject with such artistic vividness that no more need be said.

† This paraphrastic version is quoted from De Quincey.

* See Suetonius, Tiberius, 43, 3.

superfluity of culture in their
 ss, will ponder over the imperial
 who made Capri and Baïæ fash-
 in the days of ancient Rome.
 Tiberius nor Caligula, nor yet
 id of Aragon or Bomba for that
 as been able to leave trace of
 scar of crime on nature in this
 A row round the island, or a
 arty in the loggia above the sea
 time, is no less charming now,
 of Roman memories, than when
 I was young.

ists are frequent in the early
 mornings, swathing the cliffs of
 impenetrable wool, and brood-
 e perfectly smooth water till the
 l rises. Then they disappear
 c, rolling in smoke wreaths from
 ce of the sea, condensing into
 nd climbing the hill-sides like
 s in quest of Prometheus, or
 eir station on the watch-towers
 rld, as in the chorus of the *Ne-*
Such a morning may be chosen
giro of the island. The blue
 ses nothing of its beauty, but
 ins by contrast, when passing
 se fog, you find yourself trans-
 a world of wavering subaque-
 a. It is only through the open-
 e very topmost arch that a boat
 into this cavern; the arch it-
 ds downward through the water,
 ll the light is transmitted from
 and colored by the sea. The
 domed in many chambers; and
 is so clear that you can see the
 silvery, with black-finned fishes
 upon the blue white sand.
 of a diver in this water show-
 e faces of children playing at
 on; all around him the spray
 with living fire; and when the
 k the surface, it was as though
 rescent sea had been smitten,
 drops ran from the blades in
 ls. I have only once seen any-
 side the magic-world of a pan-
 o equal these effects of blue and
 id that was when I made my
 in ice-cave in the Great Aletsch
 not an artificial gallery such as
 at Grindelwald, but a natural
 rched, hollowed into fanciful
 and hung with stalactites of
 ice. The difference between
 r-cavern and the sea-grotto was
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that in the former all the light was trans-
 mitted through transparent sides, so that
 the whole was one uniform azure, ex-
 cept in rare places where little chinks
 opened upwards to the air, and the light
 of day came glancing with a roseate flush.
 In the latter the light sent from beneath
 through the water played upon a roof of
 rock; reflections intermingled with trans-
 lucence; and a greater variety of light
 and shadow compensated the lack of
 that strange sense of being shut within
 a solid gem.

Numberless are the caves at Capri.
 The so-called green grotto has the beau-
 ty of moss-agate in its liquid floor; the
 red grotto shows a warmer chord of
 color; and where there is no other charm
 to notice, endless beauty may be found in
 the play of sunlight upon roofs of lime-
 stone, tinted with yellow, orange, and
 pale pink, mossed over, hung with fern,
 and catching tones of blue or green from
 the still deeps beneath.

Sheets of water, wherever found, are
 the most subtle heighteners of color. To
 those who are familiar with Venetian or
 Mantuan sunsets, or who have seen the
 flocks of flamingoes reflected on the
 lagoons of Tunis, or who have watched
 stormy red flakes tossed from crest to
 crest of great Atlantic waves on our own
 coasts, this need hardly be said. Yet I can-
 not leave this beauty of the sea at Capri
 without touching on a melodrama of light
 and color I once saw at Castellammare.
 It was a festa-night, when the people sent
 up rockets and fireworks of every hue
 from the molo. The surf rolled shoreward
 like a bath of molten metals, all confused
 of blue, and red, and green, and gold—
 dying dolphin tints that burned strange-
 ly beneath the purple skies and tranquil
 stars. Boats at sea hung out their crim-
 son cressets, flickering in long lines on
 the bay; and larger craft moved slowly
 with rows of lamps defining their curves;
 while the full moon shed over all her
 “vitreous pour, just tinged with blue.”
 To some tastes this mingling of natural
 and artificial effects would seem unwor-
 thy of sober notice; but I confess to
 having enjoyed it with childish eagerness
 like a rich feast never to be forgotten.

After a day upon the water it is pleas-
 ant to rest at sunset in the loggia above
 the sea. The bay of Naples stretches
 far and wide in front, beautiful by reason

chiefly of the long fine line descending from Vesuvius, dipping almost to a level and then gliding up to join the highlands of the north. Now sun and moon begin to mingle, waning and waxing splendors. The cliffs above our heads are still blushing a deep flame-color, like the heart of some tea-rose; when lo! the touch of the huntress is laid upon those eastern pinnacles, and the horizon glimmers with her rising. Was it on such a night that Ferdinand of Aragon fled from his capital before the French, with eyes turned ever to the land he loved, chanting, as he leaned from his galley's stern, that melancholy psalm—"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain"—and seeing Naples dwindle to a white blot on the purple shore?

Our journey takes the opposite direction. Farewell to Capri, welcome to Sorrento! The roads are sweet with scent of acacia and orange flowers. When you walk in a garden at night, the white specks beneath your feet are fallen petals of lemon blossoms. Over the walls hang cataracts of roses, honey-pale clusters of the Banksia rose, and pink bushes of the China rose, growing as we never see them grow with us. The grey rocks wave with gladiolus—feathers of crimson, set mid tufts of rosemary, and myrtle, and tree-spurge. In the clefts of the sandstone, and behind the orchard-walls, sleeps a dark green night of foliage, in the midst of which gleam globed oranges, and lemons dropping like great pearls of palest amber dew. It is difficult to believe that the lemons have not grown into length by their own weight, as though mere hanging on the

bough prevented them from being round—so waxen are they. Overhead soar stone-pines—a roof of sombre green, a lattice-work of strong red branches, through which the moon peers wonderfully. One part of this marvellous *piano* is bare rock tufted with keen-scented herbs, and sparsely grown with locust-trees and olives. Another waves from sea to summit with beech-copses and oak-woods, as verdant as the most abundant English valley. Another region turns its hoary raiment of olive-gardens to the sun and sea, or flourishes with fig and vine. Everywhere, the houses of men are dazzling white, perched on natural coigns of vantage, clustered on the brink of brown cliffs, nestling under mountain eaves, or piled up from the sea-beach in ascending tiers, until the broad knees of the hills are reached, and great Pan, the genius of solitude in nature, takes unto himself a region yet untenanted by man. The occupations of the sea and land are blent together in this region; and the people are both blithe and gentle. It is true that their passions are upon the surface, and that the knife is ready to their hand. But the combination of fierceness and softness in them has an infinite charm, when one has learned by observation that their lives are laborious and frugal, and that their honesty is hardly less than their vigor. Happy indeed are they—so happy that, but for crimes accumulated through successive generations by bad governors, and but for superstitions cankering the soul within, they might deserve what Shelley wrote of his imagined island in *Epipsychidion*.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

DIAMONDS.*

IN the year 1694 it was discovered by actual experiment at Florence that a diamond would burn. Cosmo III. had one fixed in the focus of a burning-glass, and, after some exposure to the rays of the sun, it cracked, coruscated, and finally disappeared like a ghost, leaving no traces behind. Experiments of this kind were costly. They were long in yield-

ing any scientific results. It was only a sovereign prince who could afford to see his jewels vanish like the gifts of a fairy godmother. Another potentate, the Emperor Francis I., tried a number of valuable diamonds in the heat of a smelting-furnace, and may have felt some gratification in finding they had disappeared. This was in 1750, and about twenty years later a magnificent diamond was burnt in France. A jeweller named Le Blanc denied the possibility of burning dia-

* *Precious Stones and Gems*. By E. W. Streeter. London: Chapman & Hall. 1877.

and suspected some unfair play part of Macquer, the chemist who led the operation. He had often, indeed, exposed diamonds to great heat the sole result of increasing brilliancy. Mr. Streeter has done so with success. But Le Blanc knew half of what Mr. Streeter did, and when the chemists demanded that he should enclose some diamonds in a crucible, he rashly assented, and in three hours they had all disappeared.

Then another jeweller, Maillardet, who seems to have had a suspicion of the scientific truth, put three diamonds into an earthen pipe bowl, filled it with powdered charcoal, and exposed them without injury to intense heat. Lavoisier, who was present, proved that by shutting out the air the diamond was preserved in a furnace, and that the admission of oxygen, when the carbon combines, allows the diamond to burn like a piece of coal. Humphry Davy succeeded in proving that the diamond contains no hydrogen, and," adds Mr. Streeter, "it is unnecessary to say that the gas from the combustion of Diamond is carbon-dioxide (carbonic acid) the gas yielded by every fire and miner, and by the combustion of animal bodies; these latter, in the combustion that attends their very living, exhale carbon-dioxide by the lungs, so that the old fable of the maiden from the lips of which fell Diamonds may have a scientific basis after all." This is pretty, no doubt. But the coal exhales CO_2 as well as the maiden in the fairy tale; and the carbon-dioxide is produced by the London Gas Companies of a quality to suggest diamonds, and need anything of unusual brilliancy. Those who do not find gas sufficiently luminous may learn in Mr. Streeter's experiments how to burn diamonds, and can choose their choice of two or three methods.

As there seems always to be an uncertainty as to the result, a little of the ming excitement might be connected with these experiments, and while they do not cost more than horse-racing, they would generally leave as little loss by way of profit. A burning diamond must be well worth seeing. M. de Morveau consumed one in a gas under a burning-glass:—

First he saw on that corner of the Diamond which was in the exact focus of the lens a black point, then the Diamond became black and carbonized. A moment after he saw clearly a bright spark twinkling, as it were, on the dark ground; and when the light was intercepted the Diamond was red (red-hot) and transparent. A cloud now passed over the sun, and the Diamond was more beautifully white than at first; but as the sun again shone forth in its full strength, the surface assumed a metallic lustre. Up to this point the Diamond had sensibly decreased in bulk.

The half-burnt gem was then reprieved for a day or two, but on the resumption of the process disappeared. Fourcroy was able to make a black mark on paper with diamond soot, and there seems to be no doubt that uncrystalline "black carbon" may be produced in sufficient quantities to be seen, while the dark marks on some diamonds may be removed by intense heat applied with care, so as not to complete the act of combustion.

How the diamond comes into existence is perhaps a more interesting question than how it may be destroyed. Acids have no effect upon it, so that it may be argued acids did not make it. But most of the answers to the question only remove it a degree further back, and men seem as unable as ever to produce diamonds artificially. To say that they consist of sublimated charcoal is like saying that a ~~stone~~ consists of a "series of reticulations." Newton gave it a vegetable origin, Parrot made it volcanic, Goebel electric, and Liebig ascribed it altogether to a process of decomposition, adding "What kind of vegetable substance, rich in hydrocarbons, was that the decomposition of which gave rise to the diamond, and what particular conditions had to be fulfilled in order to crystallize the carbon, are not at present known to us." Mr. Streeter, however, inclines to a different view from any of these. Many puzzling appearances can be explained only on Simmler's theory, which is that the diamond "is the result of the crystallization of carbon from a liquid solution." Carbonic acid in a liquid form may have collected in remote cavities under tremendous pressure, and where it found some pre-existing form of carbon, perhaps coal or another vegetable substance; a sudden abatement of the pressure would account for the existence of the pure carbon sometimes found, while the crystallization of the

solution, by the evaporation of the fluid, would sometimes take place instead. By some such theory may be explained the rough rind of the native diamond, the occasional presence of pieces of quartz enclosed, the peculiar form of a white stone from which a yellow one appears to grow, and the finding, by Tavernier, in the cavity of a large diamond, of some black carbonaceous matter which was pronounced to be vegetable mud. As to the possibility of making diamonds Mr. Streeter does not give us much information, though he by no means denies it; but, if carbon is to be crystallized, the process would probably be so long, so difficult, and so seldom successful, that the artificial would cost as much as the natural stones. Crystals of boron have many of the properties of the diamond, but can be made only very small in size, and of no commercial value.

It is not very easy to make out which is the largest diamond now in existence. Mr. Streeter mentions two as entitled to the honor—the Braganza, in the crown of Portugal, and one which belongs to the Rajah of Mattan in Borneo. The Portuguese jewel is of doubtful quality. It weighs 1,680 carats, and is the size of a hen's egg, but is believed to be only a white topaz. The Portuguese Government withhold any information on the subject, but if it is genuine it is worth nearly sixty millions sterling, unless Mr. Streeter's printers have made a great mistake. The Borneo gem was found on the island about 120 years ago, and weighs 367 carats. A governor of Batavia is said to have offered 150,000 dollars and two men-of-war for it without success, and though many battles have been fought over it, the Rajah regards it as a talisman, and it is still in possession of the same family. The Orloff diamond in the Russian Imperial sceptre weighs $\frac{3}{4}$ 194 carats; Catharine II. gave 90,000*l.* for it, and pensioned the merchant who brought it to her at 4000*l.* a year. It is not cut to advantage, and another among the Russian crown jewels, which weighs 86 carats, is but partly cut. It is easy to understand a reluctance to have diamonds cut. The advantages of cutting are not always very plain, while the enormous diminution of weight which commonly ensues affects the public esti-

mation more than the increase of brilliancy. The famous diamond which the Regent Orleans bought from Governor Pitt for 135,000*l.* formerly weighed 410 carats, but was reduced by cutting to 136 $\frac{3}{4}$. The Duke of Westminster has one which was reduced by cutting from 89 to 78 carats. But the most prominent example of the kind is afforded by the recent history of the Koh-i-noor, which weighed 186 carats when it arrived in this country, and lost 80 by cutting in 1851. Why it was cut at all nobody seems very well able to say, and competent judges deny that its brilliancy has been increased to such an extent as to make up for the loss. Sir David Brewster warned Prince Albert of the impossibility of improving the lustre without serious diminution of weight; but a foreign diamond merchant thought differently, and, as is usual in England, any opinion on matters of the kind is taken before that of a native. The vulgarity of taste which only admires regularity has deprived the world of many great diamonds, and we shall probably have to wait long before it is universally acknowledged that symmetry is not absolutely necessary to beauty. The ancient regalia of the Visigothic kings in the Hôtel Cluny, the so-called sword of Charlemagne in the Louvre, the ruby in the English crown at the Tower, are not less beautiful because they look a little rough. The great jewel wearers and collectors, the rajahs of India, seldom have their diamonds cut into regular forms, and the Koh-i-noor was no exception. Its history may be traced for nearly two thousand years, and it seems that at some remote period it weighed 793 $\frac{5}{8}$ carats; but that Shah Jehan had it cut by a Venetian in his service, who contrived to reduce it to the 186 which it weighed when it reached this country.

The most valuable part of Mr. Streeter's book is that which relates to the diamond-producing countries. It seems that about the beginning of 1867 the first stones were found in South Africa, one which weighed upwards of 21 carats having been exhibited in that year at the Paris Exhibition. At present Mr. Streeter considers South Africa the chief diamond field of the world, and in 1870 he sent out an expedition under Mr. Tobin to explore on the spot. He is of opinion

e crystals were "originally de-
in an igneous matrix, belong-
bably to that large series of erup-
ks which have burst forth through
ros strata at so many points in
frica." By denudation the gems
en carried all over the country.
the largest South African dia-
yet found one weighed rough $83\frac{1}{2}$
nd was reduced in cutting to $46\frac{1}{2}$;
weighed, when cut, 66 carats;
e largest of all is the famous
rt," which weighed in its rough
early two ounces, and of which
reeter gives a picture. Twenty
t of the African diamonds are of
water, and already the Brazilian
are beginning to suffer. When
ath American colonies first sent
ds to Europe, the Indian mer-
were frightened at the prospect of
ition, and the stones used to be
om Brazil to Goa, and thence
o Portugal as Indian diamonds.
w large stones have been found.
rgest weighed 254 carats before
; but in ten thousand specimens
re that more than a single stone
20 carats. In all the Brazilian
two whole years only produced
mond over 30 carats. The In-
lds appear to be exhausted—in
ison, that is, with those of South

Africa; but it may be said of all that
scientific knowledge has totally altered
the conditions under which the search
has been carried on. Mr. Streeter, for
instance, prophesies that a diamond-field
will be discovered in Queensland, and
that the New England district of New
South Wales will sooner or later be
found to yield stones of paying quality.
About sixty have already been found in
the gold-fields of Victoria; but few of
them have been of good color or large
size. It is difficult for people who have
no property in those parts to feel any
great interest in the question; a point
of far greater importance to mankind
being that which relates to the use of
"carbonado" for rock-boring. "Carbona-
do" is pure carbon, and was first used in
cutting diamonds, being of extreme hard-
ness. But of late years it has been
found so useful in boring that its price
has risen from one shilling to eighteen a
carat. The stones are fixed in a ring of
steel—Mr. Streeter says an "apnular
ring"—and are pressed down into the
rock, while the crown is made to revolve
several hundred times in the minute. So
hard is the carbonado that a mile of
granite can be bored through before the
stones are seriously worn.—*The Satur-
day Review*.

SEA OR MOUNTAIN? HINTS FOR HEALTH-SEEKERS.

BY DR. BURNEY YEO.

a de maladies guérissent dans les circonstances et les lieux où elles naissent et qui
aies. Elles tiennent à certaines habitudes que ces lieux perpétuent et rendent invin-
Nulle réforme (physique ou morale) pour qui reste obstinément dans son péché orig-
MICHELET.

present is not an unfitting season
attention to the results of recent
ations as to the relative influence
ue of sea and mountain climates
edial and invigorating agencies.
estorative properties of sea air
ong been fully appreciated, al-
regular and periodical migration
eashore is a custom of modern
The popularity of mountain
esorts is, however, of quite recent
nd much has still to be learnt
areful observation and experiment

as to the exact nature of the influences
at work in them, and the precise limits
of their application.

This is not a question of narrow pro-
fessional import, but it is one of those
practical physiological studies upon
which educated persons may desire, and
may be expected, to form just and cor-
rect ideas. It is, I believe, a somewhat
prevalent notion that sea and mountain
air are widely different in their mode
of action; that they are, as it were, the
extremes of climatic influences. This,

however, is not the case. There is much that is common to both of them in their action on the human organism.

The results, indeed, of precise experimental observations on this subject are perhaps a little at variance with what we might, at first sight, have been led to anticipate. An attempt to determine experimentally the difference in the action of sea and mountain air was made by Professor Beneke, of Marburg, in 1872.* He had already established, by observation and experiment, that exposure to the air of the North Sea (his observations were made in the Isle of Norderney) produced an appreciable acceleration of the nutritive changes in the nitrogen-containing tissues of the human body. In more simple language it helped us to "throw off the old man," to get rid of our old material, and to put new stuff in its place. By what precise means it led to so desirable a result he had not been able to satisfy himself. Was it the abundance of ozone in the air? Was it due to the influence of the strong reflection of light from the sea? Or was it simply a stimulating psychical effect? The phenomena observed were not sufficiently accounted for by either or all of these suggested influences. It occurred to him that he might establish some basis for a satisfactory explanation of these results, if he could ascertain the relative proportion in which bodily heat was lost, in a given time, in sea air and in inland air. Experiments on the human organism itself were of little avail for exact observations, since they must inevitably be complicated by the heat-regulating processes within it. He therefore constructed the following simple apparatus, by which the loss of heat from a heated body, under various external conditions, could be observed:—

A thermometer was suspended in a glass flask, into which water at a temperature of 50 degrees Centigrade was introduced, and then it was ascertained how long, under various external conditions, it took for the water to cool from 45 to 35 degrees. The influence of clothing in interfering with the loss of heat was also tested by enveloping the flask, first

with shirting, then with linen and flannel, and finally with shirting and a double layer of flannel. The observations with this apparatus were made, first in a closed room in the Island of Norderney, then outside the house in the midst of the village, and then on the shore of the island; and these were compared with like observations in a closed room in Marburg, and on a terrace in the professor's garden there. All these observations gave the same result, viz. that in equal or even higher temperatures of the air, the flowing-off of heat occurred much more rapidly on the seashore than inland; a circumstance which Professor Beneke refers, first, to the high degree of saturation of sea air by moisture, and secondly, to the intensity of the currents of air on the seashore. And he infers that the beneficial influence of the North Sea air on the human organism is due, in great part, to the increased loss of heat it occasions from the surface of the body. In answer to the objection that the same effect would be produced by a cold bath or by exposure to air of a low temperature anywhere, he rightly replies that the peculiar effect of the sea air is, that it withdraws heat in a more gradual and continuous manner, that its currents greatly stimulate the surface, and thus a steady restoration of the heat lost is produced without causing any great tax on the reactionary forces of the body, so that weakly persons may be exposed with perfect safety, for hours together, to this cooling, and, at the same time, reconstituting process.

The next point the Professor desired to ascertain was, how the loss of heat from the apparatus described above would be affected by exposure to mountain air at different altitudes, and accordingly he made a series of observations at the following places:—On the Schienige Platte, near Interlaken, 5,800 feet above the sea, the temperature of the air ranging from 9·5 to 13 degrees Réaumur; it took 91·5 minutes to produce the same loss of temperature which was brought about in 53 minutes, temperature of air 13 degrees Réaumur (in 35 minutes during a storm), on the seashore of Norderney; on the Wengern Scheideck, 6,370 feet above the sea, the temperature of the air ranging from 5 to 7 degrees Réaumur, the same amount of

* "Deutsches Archiv für Klinische Medicin." March, 1874.

took 68·5 minutes; on the Great eck, 6,036 feet, the temperature air ranging from 5 to 8 degrees ur, 90 minutes. The next three of observation were lower. They l-known health resorts. On the of the hotel at Bürgenstock, on ke of Lucerne, 2,900 feet above , temperature of the air 7·5 to 8·5 s Réaumur, the same loss of heat duced in 73 minutes. At Engle-, 109 feet, temperature of air 10 to éaumur, it took 69·25 minutes. At erg, 2,336 feet, temperature of the ; to 12·5 Réaumur, 94·5 minutes. st observation was made on the affel, 5,048 feet, temperature of the degrees Réaumur—a *violent storm*, s, was raging, such as one only s to find on the sea-coast—and me amount of cooling took 64 s.

essor Beneke thus establishes the at heat is lost from the self-same tus more slowly on the tops of uns than on the shore of the

Sea; and this notwithstanding n the tops of the mountains the ature of the air was almost con-

lower, a circumstance which have led us to expect a more rapid He tells us also that his observa- were made at times when there was iderable amount of moisture in ; so that the slower loss of heat ot be referred to the dryness of , nor to the lesser intensity of the ts, for a violent storm was blow- ring the observations on the Rigi

It remains to be determined r it is due to the rarefaction of the hether rarefied air is a much worse ctor of heat than air on the sea-

se observations appear to justify lowing inference. Since the ac- of tissue-changes will correspond e loss of heat, the greater the loss e the greater will be the activity of : of tissue, *i.e.* the greater the sti- to nutritive changes. Hence in ain air these nutritive changes are ratively much less active than on ore of the North Sea. And Pro- Beneke's practical conclusions are ividuals in whom the processes e-change do not require hasten- e, *ceteris paribus*, better off on

mountain heights than on the sea-coast. Highly irritable, nervous organizations, people who, as we say, take too much out of themselves, profit more by moun- tain than by sea air. For those, on the contrary, who have no tendency to nerv- ous irritability, and who are in a condi- tion to bear the increased stimulus to tissue-change, sea-air is a more powerful restorative agent. Hence the greater proportion of scrofulous persons and those exhausted by overwork, who retain some activity of the digestive organs, should prefer the seaside.

But although these general conclusions of Professor Beneke's are probably in the main correct, there are many other con- siderations to be attended to in deter- mining the relative value, in individual nstances, of sea and mountain air. I have, however, thought it advisable to call attention, at some length, to these really valuable observations and sugges- tions of Beneke, as they are almost the only experimental researches that have been hitherto published on this interest- ing and important practical question.

I shall now proceed, in the first place, to consider in detail what are those prop- erties of sea air to which it owes its spe- cial influence on the human organism. The presence of ozone in sea air in greater proportion than in the air of inland plains is well established. This is a property which it shares with mountain air. Its greater abundance on the sea- coast depends, in all probability, on the influence of sunlight, which is one of the most important sources of ozone. Vege- tation is also a source of ozone, and it is therefore found in excess in forest air; where, therefore, we find pine-forests on the sea-coast, as at Arcachon and Bournemouth, we may look for an un- usual excess of this hygienic agent. Ex- perience has thoroughly established the fact that where the amount of ozone in the air is constantly high, there we al- most invariably find a high degree of salubrity. It purifies the air by destroy- ing injurious gases, and especially by determining the oxidation of decompos- ing organic substances. It promotes nutrition and blood-formation by sup- plying to the respiratory organs a most active form of oxygen. The excess of ozone in sea air is, therefore, one of its most important properties, as it is also

one of the most important properties of mountain air.

Another hygienic property which sea air shares with mountain air is the absence in it of organic dust. This applies with especial force to the air of the open sea, or on small islands, or to points of land standing well out into the sea. If people build a large town on the sea-coast, which becomes densely populated, organic impurities will tend to accumulate over the thickly inhabited area; and when the wind blows off the land such impurities may be wafted to a little distance off the coast. But as the sea presents an ever-moving fluid surface, no impurities in the shape of organic dust can rest upon it, so as to be again blown about, in mischievous activity, with every fresh breeze.

Equableness of temperature is another characteristic of sea air, and one to which it owes much of its beneficial influence in many cases. In this respect it is contrasted with the air of elevated regions in which the diurnal variations of temperature are often very considerable. The temperature of the sea-coast is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than that of inland districts. This admits of easy explanation. In the first place the rapid cooling of the surface of the land by radiation into space, after the sun has gone down, is checked by the amount of moisture in the air. The aqueous vapor which is abundant in sea air absorbs the heat given off from the soil during nocturnal radiation, and acts as a kind of screen to retard the loss of heat in this way. Hence great variations between the day and night temperatures are very rarely observed at the seaside.

"Whenever the air is dry," says Professor Tyndall, "we are liable to daily extremes of temperature. By day, in such places, the sun's heat reaches the earth unimpeded, and renders the maximum high; by night, on the other hand, the earth's heat escapes unhindered into space, and renders the minimum low. Hence the difference between the maximum and minimum is greatest where the air is driest. In the plains of India, on the heights of the Himalaya, in Central Asia, in Australia, wherever drought reigns, we have the heat of day forcibly contrasted with the chill of night. In the Sahara itself, when the sun's rays

cease to impinge on the burning soil, the temperature runs rapidly down to freezing, because there is no vapor overhead to check the calorific drain." It is a matter of common observation that, in the interior of continents, where the rainfall is small, the heat of summer and the cold of winter are greater than at or near the coast.

During the heat of the day the air over the sea is always cooler than that over the land; for the surface of the land gets rapidly heated and communicates its heat to the superjacent strata of air; but "when the sun's rays fall on water they are not, as in the case of land, arrested at the surface, but penetrate to a considerable depth," so that water is heated much more slowly by the sun's rays, as well as cooled more slowly by nocturnal radiation, than the land. Moreover, the evaporation which is always going on at the surface of the sea, and going on rapidly where the sun's rays are powerful, carries away some of the heat of the surface-water, and helps to keep the air in contact with it cool.

Much of that feeling of agreeable *freshness* in the air at the seaside during hot weather is due to currents of air produced by this inequality in the heating and cooling of the atmosphere on the land and over the sea. As the day advances and the land becomes heated by the sun's rays, it heats the air on its surface, which thus becomes lighter and ascends, while the cooler and heavier air lying on the sea flows in to take its place, and so a refreshing sea-breeze is generated. During the night the land is rapidly cooled, especially if the night be clear, by radiation into stellar space, and the air lying on it is cooled also, and thus becomes heavier than the warmer air over the sea, and so it happens that in the morning and early part of the day a gentle breeze is found blowing off the land towards the sea.

But the influence of the sea in equalising the temperature of the air is exercised in another very interesting manner. "Over the surface of the ground slanting to the seashore the cold currents generated by radiation flow down to the sea, and the surface-water being thereby cooled sinks to lower depths. In the same way, no inconsiderable portion of the cold produced by radiation in all

over the surface of the ocean adjoining, is conveyed from the greater depths."

Amount of this equableness of temperature, oceanic climates—the most of all climates—are said to afford absolute immunity from colds. It is on board ship that such a climate of perfection can be found. A very short reach to it, however, may be obtained on such very small islands as, for instance, the Isle of Monach, about 10 miles to the west of the Hebrides, exposed to the prevailing west-wind of the Atlantic. The mean temperature of this island, which is at the latitude of Inverness, is 50° Fahrenheit, or 10° degree below the mean of January at London.

On the other hand, the mean temperature of July is at Monach 55° and at Ventnor 62·6 degrees, so that in January Monach is 10° degree cooler than Ventnor, in summer it is 7° cooler.*

The two characteristics of sea air, a variable temperature and a high saturation with moisture—are rather than bracing properties, and are not for the currents of air found on the surface of the sea to be found actually relaxing, but no doubt the case in warm weather on our own south-coasts. In these respects, therefore, sea air offers a great contrast to inland air.

It is the case in the next property of air I propose to consider, its density. The absolute density of sea air is of course greater than that of inland air, and it must be so, because it contains more bulk for bulk more dense. It follows that in breathing sea air we take more oxygen into the lungs in a given time than in the air we breathe in places above the level of the sea, supposing in both cases we breathe with equal frequency and equal depth.

But it does not necessarily follow that there is an absolutely larger quantity of oxygen exists in a greater volume of sea air than in the same volume of inland air, that more oxygen, on that

account, is taken into the blood at the seaside than on higher ground. In the first place, the oxygen may be, for aught we know, in a more active form in mountain air than in sea air; its chemical energy may be greater, and therefore the nutritive changes dependent on respiration may be accelerated, though the air may be thinner and poorer in its absolute quantity of oxygen; or, in the second place, the respiratory act may be so much increased in frequency on the mountains, that although less oxygen is taken into the lungs at each breath, yet much more may be received into the organism in a given time. Moreover, if we compare the density of sea air with the density of the air inland, at places situated only a few feet above the sea level, as, for instance, the greater part of London, the difference would be so insignificant as not really to merit very little consideration.

But disregarding, for the present, the absolute density of sea air, a more important point to be attended to is the great and frequent variations of barometric pressure met with on the sea and on sea-coasts. Now it has been shown by careful experiment that all rapid variations in atmospheric pressure increase the activity of the circulating and respiring organs, and that the perfection of organic life depends on these alternations of excitement and repose. We are justified, then, in assuming that rapid changes in the barometric pressure are more favorable to vital functional activity than its relative stability.

It has also been shown that the barometric variations at the seaside, besides being greater in amount than inland, occur with far more regularity, a circumstance which is regarded as tending to promote the accommodation of the organism to its new conditions.

These, then, are the most important properties of sea air: 1, excess of ozone; 2, excess of aqueous vapor and equability of temperature; 3, great purity and absence of organic particles; 4, maximum density and great but regular variations of barometric pressure. Of minor importance are the presence of saline particles suspended in the air which, of course, vary greatly in amount, according as the sea is calm or agitated, and probably exercise a mildly stimulating effect on the respiratory mucous membrane.

* See article "Climate," in the recently published volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The small amount of iodine and bromine diffused in sea air may not be without a real influence on some organisms.

Leaving, for the present, any further investigations into the effects of sea air and its usual concomitant sea-bathing, I propose in the next place to examine, also in detail, the characteristic properties of mountain air. And here, at the very outset of our inquiry, we come upon a very remarkable contrast. There was no need to define what we meant by sea air, although its effects, as I shall have to point out hereafter, may be greatly modified by circumstances of locality. But are we always sure what we mean when we use the term mountain air? In Scotland and Wales we speak of mountain air at a few hundred feet above the sea, considerably below the level of the towns of Lucerne or Geneva. In Germany we hear of mountain air at 1,200 and 1,500 feet above the sea, and in the Engadine at 6,000 feet, in Mexico at 12,000! Now if we think only of one quality of mountain air, viz. its rarefaction, it is quite clear that we must be using the same term to express very different things. But if we are [thinking only of the *general* bracing effects of mountain air we may find these, no doubt, at very various elevations, and we may even find them in great perfection at comparatively low levels. An open plateau in a temperate climate at an elevation of 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the sea will certainly possess a more bracing air than a close valley in a hot climate at twice that height. But what shall we say when a Scotch medical man tells us that "the air of Strathpeffer and of the Engadine are much the same!" They may indeed be as "much the same" as air at 200 feet and air at 6,000 feet above the sea level can be.

If we confine our attention to the continent of Europe we may take the Upper Engadine (about 6,000 feet) as the extreme limit of a permanently inhabited, and perhaps habitable, mountain district. (The village of Cresta in the Aversthal, 6,295 feet above the sea, is reckoned the *highest* in Europe.) A recent contributor to this Review has advocated the salubrity of a residence at a considerably higher level, viz. on the Bernina Pass, at 7,658 feet above the sea. But for all practical purposes of comparison we

may take an elevation of 6,000 feet as the limit in one direction of a habitable European mountain climate, and in the other direction such elevations as Heiden, above the Lake of Constance, 2,660 feet; Glion, above Montreux, 2,900 feet; and Seelisberg, 2,400 feet, on the Lake of Lucerne. Places at a lower elevation than these, although they may have many advantages as health resorts, can scarcely be admitted into the category of mountain climates. Of localities such as these, then, ranging between 2,000 and 6,000 feet above the sea level, we have, within tolerably easy access, a great number to choose from; while there are a few, for exceptional needs and for short periods of residence, between 6,000 and 8,000 feet.

There seems good reason to believe, as I shall hope to show presently, that at higher elevations than these the air reaches a degree of rarefaction which is inconsistent with the maintenance of vigorous health. So that those who have sought health and vigor at such elevations as the Bernina should be content with the motto *In excelsis* rather than *Excelsior*!

Diminution of atmospheric pressure is, then, one of the chief properties of mountain air, and the relative proportions of this diminution must necessarily, *ceteris paribus*, have much to do in determining the hygienic character of any particular mountain station and its suitability to different individuals. It has been calculated that at an elevation of 2,500 feet we lose about one-eighth of the atmospheric pressure, at 5,000 a sixth, at 7,500 feet a fourth, and at 16,000 a half.

Another important property of mountain air is its lower temperature. It is a very well known fact that the temperature of the air diminishes in proportion to the altitude. From observations made in the Alps of Switzerland the medium loss of temperature was 1 degree C. (=1.8 degree F.) for every 520 feet of elevation during summer, and for every 910 feet during winter. Whence it follows that the tops of mountains are relatively much warmer in winter than in summer. It has, however, been pointed out that there are "extraordinary modifications amounting frequently to subversions of the law of the decrease

perature with the height," owing to the circumstance that "the effects of elevation will be felt in different degrees of intensities in different places. As the air in contact with declivities of hills and rising grounds becomes cooled by its contact with the cooled surface, it acquires greater density, and consequently descends down the slopes and accumulates on the low-lying ground at their base. It is, therefore, that places on rising grounds are never exposed to the full influence of frosts at night; and the higher the place is situated relatively to the immediate surrounding district the less they are exposed, since their relative elevation provides a ready escape downwards of the cold air almost as speedily as it is induced." Hence a southern slope of considerably greater elevation may have a higher night temperature than a northern or a rising plateau. "On the other hand, the valleys surrounded by hills and rising grounds not only retain their own heat by radiation, but also serve as reservoirs for the cold heavy air which pours upon them from the neighboring hills." And at the numerous meteorological stations in Switzerland it is observed that "in calm weather in winter, the ground becomes colder than the air above it, that systems of descending currents of air set in over the whole of the country. The direction and force of these descending currents follow the regularities of the surface, and, like currents of water, they tend to converge and unite in the valleys and gorges, in which they flow like rivers in their course."

Since the place of these air-currents must be taken by others, it follows that on such occasions the temperature of the tops of mountains and high grounds is relatively high, because the counter-currents come from a greater height, and are therefore warmer." So the "gradual lowering of a valley tends to a more lowering of the temperature, for the obvious reason that the valley there resembles a basin almost closed, being a receptacle for the cold air-currents which descend from all sides. The cold furious gusts of wind which are often encountered in mountainous districts during night are simply this outflow of cold air from such basins." *

Considerations such as these are of the greatest importance in determining the hygienic character of any particular mountain health resort.

The question of the humidity or dryness of mountain air is one not easy to resolve. The air on the summits of high mountains is no doubt drier than the air at lower levels. But at intermediate levels, considerations other than those of altitude alone determine the relative humidity or dryness of the atmosphere; so that each mountain station must, to a great extent, be judged of by itself with regard to this very important point. Perhaps, as a general rule, one may say that the higher the locality the less rain falls; but, on the other hand, we have to face the startling fact that twice as much rain and snow falls at the St. Bernard and St. Gothard stations as at Geneva! Much will, however, necessarily depend on the configuration of the ground, as well as on its aspect. A mountain ridge facing the direction from which moist winds habitually blow will condense their moisture and precipitate it in the form of rain or snow on its sides, or on the valleys or plains at its base; while more remote summits of the same mountain chain and the higher mountain valleys at their bases may be thus protected and screened from heavy and prolonged rain-falls.

Thus the moist Atlantic winds blowing against the western ranges of Scotland and Cumberland determine the great rain-fall in these regions; and the town of Santa Fé de Bogota in the Andes, at an elevation of 8,600 feet, is visited with almost incessant rain, owing to its situation at the foot of a mountain on the sides of which the warm trade-winds of the South Pacific Ocean become cooled, and condense their moisture.

"Ces phénomènes de pluie et d'humidité excessive," says M. Jourdanet, "observés en différents points élevés, ne détruisent nullement la réalité habituelle de sécheresse des altitudes. Ils sont la conséquence exceptionnelle de conditions topographiques desquelles résultent, sur une localité, l'arrêt tourbillonnant et l'ascension sur les flancs des montagnes de vents chauds et humides qui condensent leurs vapeurs en pluie par le refroidissement."

The presence or absence of vegetation will also exercise a determining influence

* Article "Climate," Encyclopædia Britannica, New edition.

as to the relative humidity of the atmosphere. We must, therefore, bear in mind that certain topographical conditions will frequently induce, in stations of considerable altitude, a moister atmosphere than is found in the neighboring plains. But if we consider the effect of altitude alone, it is easy to understand how the air of elevated regions must be, *ceteris paribus*, dryer than that of lower situations.

In the first place the lower the atmospheric pressure the more rapid is the process of evaporation, and hence the boiling-point of water is 28.3 degrees Fahrenheit less on the top of Mont Blanc than at the sea level.

Secondly, the energy of the sun's rays, and therefore their drying effect on the atmosphere, is greater the less the thickness and density of the layers of air they have to traverse. The slope of the soil, the absence of vegetation at great heights, and the greater intensity of the aerial currents all tend to promote dryness of the atmosphere.

Lombard* appears to think that we may distinguish two zones in mountain climates, an upper or dry zone and a medium or humid zone; their limits varying greatly according to latitude, aspect, and configuration of the soil. For European climates he considers the dry zone to extend from about 3,500 to 4,500 feet upwards; and the humid zone, where the air is moister than it is in higher or lower regions, to extend from an inferior limit of from 1,600 to 2,000 feet up to 3,500 or even 4,500 feet. For my own part I fail to see the value of a distinction which has such ill-defined limits.

Mountain air differs then from sea air in three main particulars—(1) in its diminished density, (2) in its lower temperature, (3) in containing less humidity. The temperature is not only lower than that of sea air, it is also less equable. Owing to the clearness of the air, the absence of moisture, and the energy of the sun's rays, very great differences between the day and night temperature are constantly found at great elevations. There is but little aqueous vapor in the air to prevent nocturnal radiation into stellar space from the surface of the soil,

greatly heated during the day by the solar rays; thus there is usually a rapid fall of temperatures when the sun goes down. In summer a difference of 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit between the day and night temperatures will sometimes be registered. There is often, also, very great difference between the sun and shade temperatures during the day.

Mountain air resembles sea air in containing an excess of ozone, in its freedom from organic and other impurities, in being cooler than the air of inland districts, and in the fact that its monthly and annual variations of temperature are less than on inland plains.

The study of mountain climates has hitherto taken the form, chiefly, of an investigation into the physiological effects of diminished atmospheric pressure on the human organism. Since different individuals are very variously endowed with the power of accommodating themselves to altered external conditions, it is not to be wondered at that some discrepancies are to be found in the statements of different observers as to the effects upon themselves and others of alterations of atmospheric pressure. Even different animals seem to possess very different degrees of sensitiveness in this respect. The cat appears to be the most sensitive of animals in this particular; it cannot exist at an elevation above 12,000 or 13,000 feet. Attempts to acclimatise it at Potosi, a town in Bolivia, about 13,000 feet above the sea, have failed. At this elevation it is said to be attacked by very remarkable tetanic fits, commencing, at first, as slight irregularities of muscular movement, as in St. Vitus's dance, and gradually becoming stronger and stronger, inducing the poor animals to make violent leaps as if they wished to climb up the rocks or the walls of the houses; after violent efforts of this kind they fall exhausted with fatigue and expire in a convulsive seizure. In the town of Mexico, about 7,300 feet above the sea, efforts to introduce the cat, M. Jourdanet tells us, have been more successful. He mentions the attempt of a French lady, who imported a couple of white Angoras. He says: "They rapidly lost their habitual gaiety. They bred, however, but their young family was reared with difficulty, many of them dying in their earliest infancy (drowned, so to

* "Les Climat de Montagnes."

rarefied air!). Those who sur-
 and a dejected appearance, not the
 lively aspect natural to kittens.
 astonishing thing of all, they were
 them deaf." The long-suffering
 never, abounds in Mexico, and
 he conquest the natives used to
 l.*

Janet maintains that persons who
 accustomed to a rarefied atmos-
 gin to suffer inconvenience when
 in an elevation of between 6,000
 o feet. Most of those who have
 their experiences of mountain
 in Europe (I am not, of course,
 to mountaineers *in training*)
 ot experienced any noticeable
 nience until they reached near-
 o feet. Soldiers going to Him-
 stations at 7,500 feet complain
 of shortness of breath, and have
 er and more feeble pulse; but
 ects are temporary. Of the se-
 ects of exposure to the highly
 air of very considerable eleva-
 have most valuable evidence in
 rds of the balloon ascents of Mr.
 . Acceleration of the pulse was
 he first effects noted. At 16,000
 id risen from 76 to 100. Between
 nd 19,000 feet both Mr. Glaisher
 companion suffered from violent
 ons with difficulty of breathing;
 air lips and hands became of a
 ie color. As they continued to
 their respiration became more
 s. On another occasion, at 27,000
 . Glaisher became unconscious.
 on with indistinctness of vision,
 to move arms or legs, though
 d move his neck; then he lost
 it completely, though he could
 r his companion speak, but he
 ot answer him. Then he became
 unconscious. He also describes
 g of nausea, like sea-sickness,
 on at great elevations.

Following are the various symp-
 at have been recorded by many
 observers as occurring during
 nt of lofty peaks or on elevated
 Great loss of muscular power,

e appears to be no getting out of
 that enterprising little animal, the
 up a stone on a glacier, he is there!
 e assured that on the passes of the
 s, at an elevation of 18,000 to 19,000
 there also!

palpitations, quick and laborious respira-
 tion, bleeding from the nose or gums,
 drowsiness, severe headache, nausea and
 vomiting, great thirst, mental depression,
 enfeebled senses, and impaired memory.
 The superficial veins become distended,
 the face pale and bluish. These symp-
 toms were aggravated by exertion and
 mitigated by rest. Another significant
 symptom, reported on good authority
 both in mountain and balloon ascents, is
increasing coldness of the body beyond
 what would be accounted for by the
 lower temperature of these elevations.

It seems certain, then, both from the
 evidence of such actual observations as
 I have referred to, and from the experi-
 mental investigations of M. Bert in the
 laboratory of the College de France, that
 when the rarefaction of the air reaches a
 certain degree the due oxygenation of
 the blood is interfered with, and we get
 symptoms developed which point to oxy-
 gen-starvation, and to obstruction in the
 circulation through the lungs. In M.
 Bert's experiments it appeared that slight
 degrees of diminution of atmospheric
 pressure did not lessen the affinity of
 the aerial oxygen for the blood corpus-
 cles; but when that diminution ap-
 proached or reached one quarter of the
 whole atmospheric pressure, perceptible
 disturbances ensued.

M. Jourdanet,* who gives a full ac-
 count of M. Bert's experiments, con-
 cludes that the oxygenation of the blood
 is not injuriously affected by residence
 at an elevation below 6,500 feet. Above
 this elevation, he believes, the respiratory
 functions become disturbed and the due
 oxygenation of the blood is interfered
 with. He proposes to restrict the term
 "mountain climates" to places not ex-
 ceeding 6,500 feet in altitude, and to
 higher regions he gives the title of "*cli-
 mats d'altitude*." Moreover, he main-

* I refer to his elaborate treatise published
 in 1875, with the title "*Influence de la Pres-
 sion de l'Air sur la vie de l'Homme*," a work
 in two large and profusely illustrated volumes,
 which would have been much more valuable
 than it is had it been less diffuse. Much that
 Dr. Jourdanet writes [is from personal obser-
 vation, as he resided for many years in the
 mountainous regions of Mexico, but what can
 he know personally of the "*Séparation des
 hommes au pied de la Tour de Babel*," of
 which he presents us with an engraving,
 "d'après les indications de l'auteur"?

tains that those who live all their lifetime at great elevations, as, for example, the natives of the various towns on the high plateaus of Mexico, Bolivia, and Peru, are by no means striking examples of health and vigor. They are, according to his experience, especially prone to suffer from anæmia and the disturbances of health associated therewith—pallor, breathlessness, palpitation, vertigos, dyspepsias, and neuralgias! Lombard also tells us that the monks of St. Bernard, after several years' residence there, present various signs of anæmia, and these are occasionally so grave as to necessitate a removal to the plains.

Not less important than its rarefaction is the dryness of mountain air. Dryness of the air has an important influence on the activity of the bodily functions. These "are facilitated," says Mr. Herbert Spencer, in some interesting remarks on this head, "by atmospheric conditions which make evaporation from the skin and lungs tolerably rapid." "If the air is hot and moist the escape of water through the skin and lungs is greatly hindered; while it is greatly facilitated if the air is hot and dry. Needful as are cutaneous and pulmonary evaporations for maintaining the movement of fluids through the tissues, and thus furthering molecular changes, it is to be inferred that, other circumstances being alike, there will be more bodily activity in the people of hot and dry localities than in the people of hot and humid localities." "The evidence justifies this inference. The earliest recorded civilisation grew up in a hot and dry region—Egypt; and in hot and dry regions also arose the Babylonian, Assyrian, and Phœnician civilisation." He further points out that from the "rainless district extending across North Africa, Arabia, Persia, and on through Thibet into Mongolia, have come all the conquering races of the old world." "These races, widely unlike in type, and speaking languages deemed as fundamentally distinct, from different parts of the rainless district have spread as invaders over regions relatively humid. Original superiority of type was not the common trait of these races; the Tartar type is inferior as well as the Egyptian. But the common trait, as proved by the subjugation of other races, was energy.

And when we see that this common trait in races otherwise unlike had for its concomitant their long-continued subjection to these special climatic conditions—when we find, further, that from the region characterised by these conditions the earliest waves of conquering emigrants, losing in moister countries their ancestral energy, were overrun by later waves of the same races, or of other races coming from this region—we get strong reason for inferring a relation between constitutional vigor and the presence of an air which by its warmth and dryness facilitates the vital actions."

But mountain air is not only drier than sea air and the air of inland plains; it is also colder. Now this lowering of temperature tends, to a certain degree, to compensate for the deficiency of oxygen dependent on its rarefaction. For instance, in a given volume of air at 1,400 feet above the sea, at a temperature of 32 degrees Fahrenheit, there is as much oxygen as in the same volume of air at the sea level at 60 degrees Fahrenheit. So that such virtues as are lessened in mountain air by its rarefaction are, in part, restored by its coldness. And this leads me to speak of what I have always believed to be an important modification of mountain air. I mean the air in mountain districts that is found on the surface of vast glaciers. The contact of an enormous refrigerating mass, such as an extensive glacier is, with the lower strata of the air over it, has, I take it, two necessary effects upon that air. First, it makes it drier than the air over the adjacent country, because it must tend to condense whatever aqueous vapor there is in the air on to its surface where it remains frozen. Secondly, it must exercise a certain amount of condensing effect on the air itself—on these strata in immediate contact, or very close to it—so that we breathe thicker, denser, richer air on a glacier than we do on the land near it, at the same elevation. Thus the air over a glacier may be compared to a can of milk turned upside down—in which the cream accumulates at the bottom instead of at the top. Whoever has walked much on glaciers, in elevated districts, must have noticed that they breathe with increased freedom, and with less effort as soon as they get well on to the glacier. Some

thought this simply a moral effect ; I think I have observed it again and when it was impossible to associate anything other than a purely physical influence. I have, therefore, great confidence in the restorative and tonic of glacier air for persons who require a fair amount of muscular strength and activity ; and I consider the adjacent great glacier, of tolerably easy access, a great recommendation to a locality as a health resort. This is one of the advantages which belongs to Pontresina in the Upper Engadine. The great Piz da Mort glacier is within about an hour's walk of the village ; and after the exertion that is necessary in order to reach it, there is a vast field of glacier traversed in all directions, extending for many miles, and rising very gently the whole distance until the broken surface of this immense ice-stream is reach-

ing thus considered in detail the relative merits of sea and mountain air, having decided in what particulars they agree and in what important points they differ, we are now prepared to approach the consideration of the following highly practical questions : Who should go to the mountains ? who should go to the sea ? and who should go to neither ? I like to answer the last question first. I believe there is no greater misadventure than that very general one of sending *all convalescents* to the seaside, or the still greater one of actually sending them on a sea voyage ! It arises from the very natural desire to hasten convalescence after acute disease. I am now speaking exclusively of convalescents from acute diseases. But unwise attempts to hasten convalescence are the very frequent cause of relapses. In the general debility which follows a fever or an acute inflammation, all the organs share—the organs of nutrition, the secretory, the circulatory, the eliminatory organs, are all exhausted and unable to do much work without stimulation. If an attempt is made to stimulate them, if an appetite is induced before digestive power has been re-established, a feverish state is frequently excited, and the very effort that has been made to hasten recovery retards it. Sea and mountain air are alike too

stimulating and exciting for such cases. They arouse to premature activity when the organism can strengthen itself only by absolute repose. “How *poor* are they that have not patience” was never so applicable as to cases such as these. Pure, unexciting country air, in a locality where the patient can be thoroughly protected from cold winds, and where he can “bathe in the sunshine or slumber in the shade”—that is the safest and best place for the invalid to slowly, but steadily, regain health after severe acute disease. Sea or mountain air may, however, be needed later on to promote recovery from the chronic affections which occasionally follow acute ones, and then sea air is probably the more appropriate of the two.

Speaking generally, those who seek health in high mountain districts should be capable of a certain amount of muscular activity. Those who suffer from great muscular debility as well as general exhaustion, and who need absolute or almost absolute repose, are unsuited for mountain climates. Such climates are too rigorous, too changeable, too exciting, and the persons to whom I now allude, when they find themselves in the cold, rarefied, exciting mountain air, feel out of place and become chilled, depressed, and dyspeptic. One also finds such persons amongst those whose desire for mental activity is somewhat in excess of their mental power, especially when this is combined with a feeble physique ; or amongst those who incessantly and heedlessly work a strong though not exceptionally vigorous brain. Such persons need for a time much repose, and they will find renovation with repose by the sea, or, still better, in a yachting trip on the sea.

There are others, however, who, with vigorous frames and much actual or latent power of muscular activity, become mentally exhausted by the strain of incessant mental labor, anxious cares, or absorbing occupations. Mental irritability usually accompanies this exhaustion, great depression of spirits, with unrest of mind and body. These are the typical cases for the mountains. The stimulus and object which they afford to muscular exertion ; the bracing atmosphere rousing the physical energies and re-awaken-

ing the sense of powers unimpaired and unexhausted; the soothing effect of the quiet and stillness of high mountain regions, and the absence of the human crowd;—all these influences bring rest and renovation to the over-worn mind.

It is important to remember that the same individual may, at different times and under different conditions, be differently affected by sea and mountain air. If he happens to be the victim of an irritable and exhausted nervous system, the result of over-strain, he will, probably, be benefited by removal to the mountains; if, on the other hand, he should be slowly recovering from chronic disease, and especially from certain surgical maladies, or after surgical operation, where the processes of tissue change require hastening, without necessitating any activity in the patient himself, then he should go to the sea.

Sea air is better suited than mountain air to persons who cannot bear great and sudden changes of temperature, as is the case with most of those who suffer from grave chronic maladies, as well as with many others. If, however, it should turn out, as suggested by Professor Beneke, that rarefied air is a bad conductor of heat, we can readily understand why a high degree of cold at a great elevation should exercise a much less injurious and depressing effect on the animal organism than the same degree of cold at the level of the sea.

A certain morbid sensitiveness to cold, or rather to "taking cold," is often greatly lessened by a residence in the bracing, rarefied air of elevated localities, and the same good effects are also to be obtained by such persons from exposure to a

bracing sea air, especially if accompanied by sea-bathing.

Speaking within very wide limits, mountain air is less suitable to persons advanced in years than sea air. The very stimulus to muscular exertion which mountain air produces is to persons much past middle life often a pitfall and a snare. *Qui va doucement, va loin*, is especially applicable to this period of life, and the state of feverish activity which is sometimes induced in aged persons in the mountains is not by any means for their good.*

Finally, whether we seek health in the mountains or by the sea, in either case we shall find change—that change which is the type of life and the condition of health; that change which is rest. And who shall estimate the moral, as well as physical, refreshment we gain by changing the sordid routine of city life, the "greetings where no friendship is," for the contemplation of the solemn moods of nature, whether in sea or mountain? Looking on these eternal realities, in the grandeur of their calm repose or in the majesty of their roused anger, we recover that sense of proportion which we are so prone to lose—our sense of the relative proportion of the individual to the whole. Or, if we need no such stern reminders, we may seek change in her gentler moods in the soft woodland shade, and there, amidst the perfume of flowers, the songs of birds, and the murmur of the trees, we may, as well as by the sea or on the mountain, recover health of mind and body as we—

"Draw in casier breath from larger air."

Fortnightly Review.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

THE king and the English bishops looked with reasonable confidence to the result of their appeal. Becket had broken his promise to accept the Constitutions, and had so broken it as to show that the promise had been given in conscious bad faith. He was a defaulting public officer. He had been unjust as a judge. He had defied the Crown and the estates of the realm. He had re-

fused to answer for his conduct, and had

* I met a well-known statesman in Switzerland a year or two ago, who with characteristic wisdom and discretion informed me that he was going to visit a locality where he could look at a mountain he had once climbed. There are many who with much less vigor than this gentleman possessed, when they get into the neighborhood of mountains, are not content, as they should be, with simply contemplating them.

is responsibilities. He had desisted from the post, and had fled from the king's proclamation without the excuse that he feared of personal violence. He was archbishop, and possessed, in virtue of his office, of mysterious powers which the laity had not yet learned to doubt the pope was superior to him in his own sphere, and on the pope the king naturally felt that he had a right to rely. The Earl of Arundel with other lords, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of London, Chichester, and Exeter, were chosen as envoys, and were despatched immediately on the dissolution of the Northampton meeting. They crossed the Channel on the same night that Becket crossed, and after a hasty and unsatisfactory interview with Lewis at Sens, they made their way to Sens. Becket ought to have met them there, but he preferred to feel his ground in France before presenting himself. He was disappointed to find Count of Flanders, who declined to receive him. He escaped in disguise over the French frontier, and addressed himself to Lewis at Soissons. Lewis meant no good to Henry, received him warmly and wrote in his favor to the pope. At the French Court he remained till he saw how matters stood at Sens, sending forward his faithful friend, Herbert of Bosham, to attend the proceedings, and speak for him to the pope and cardinals. Becket might have easily been present at Sens, since Herbert reached Sens only a few days after the arrival of the English envoys. The bishops stated their case, and they laid the blame of the quarrel on the archbishop's violence. They demanded the moderation of the king's action. They requested the pope's intervention. The Earl of Arundel followed, and mentioned the name of the English barons. He dwelt on the fidelity with which they had adhered to the Holy See in its adversity, and the regret with which, if they were denied them, the English nation might be compelled to look elsewhere. He requested, and the bishops agreed, that Becket should be ordered to return to Canterbury, and that a legate should be sent with plenary powers to hear the cause and decide

Seeing that the question immediately before the pope did not turn on the Constitutions, but on the liability of the archbishop to answer for his civil administration, the king was making a large concession. Many cardinals had their own good reasons for being on the king's side, and, if left to himself, the pope would have been glad to oblige a valuable friend. But to favor Henry was to offend Lewis under whose shelter he had taken refuge. The French bishops were many of them as violent as Becket himself. The French people were on the same side from natural enmity to England, and Pope Alexander was in the same difficulty in which Pope Clement found himself three centuries later between Henry the Eighth and Charles the Fifth. He said that he could form no resolution till he had heard what Becket had to say. He suggested that the English envoys should wait for Becket's arrival; but it was uncertain when Becket might arrive; his French friends were gathering in their rear, and might intercept their return. A protracted stay was impossible, and they again pressed for a legate. Alexander agreed to send some one, but without the ample powers which the envoys desired. He reserved the final decision for himself.

The influences by which the papal court was determined were already too grossly notorious. A decision given in France would be the decision which would please the King of France. The envoys went home, taking with them a complimentary nuncio from the pope, and they had some difficulty in escaping an attempt to waylay and capture them.

They had no sooner gone than Becket appeared at Sens. He was received with no great warmth by the pope, and still more coldly by the cardinals 'whose nostrils the scent of lucre had infected.'* French pressure, however, soon produced its effect. He had come magnificently attended from Soissons. His cause was openly espoused by the French nation. At his second interview, on his knees at Alexander's feet he represented that he was the victim of his devotion to the Holy See and the Catholic faith. He had only to yield on the Constitutions to be restored at once to favor and

* "Quorum nares odor lucri infecerat."

power. The Constitutions were read over, and he asked how it was possible for him to acknowledge laws which reduced the clergy into common mortals, and restricted appeals to the last depository of justice on earth.

Herbert of Bosham states that the pope and cardinals had never yet seen the Constitutions, but had only heard of them. This is simply incredible, and, like many other stories of this interesting but interested writer, is confuted by the facts of the case. John of Salisbury had said that the proceedings at Clarendon were better known on the continent than in England. They had been watched in France for almost a year with the closest attention. Bishops and abbots had gone to and fro between the pope and the English court with no other object than to find some terms of compromise. It is not conceivable that after sending an order to Becket to submit, after Becket had first consented, had then suspended himself for the sin of acquiescence, and had been absolved by Alexander himself, the Holy Father should never have acquainted himself with the particulars of the controversy. It is no less incredible, therefore, that after hearing the Constitutions read, the pope should have severely blamed Becket, as Herbert also says that he did, for having ever consented at all. Be this as it may, the Constitutions found no favor. Parts of them were found tolerable, but parts intolerable, especially the restriction of the appeals. Again the pope took time for reflection. English money had secured a powerful faction among his advisers, and they were not ungrateful. Henry, they said, would no doubt modify the objectionable articles; and it was unsafe to alienate him at so dangerous a time. In private they sharply blamed Becket for having raised so inopportune a storm; and but for his own adroitness the archbishop would have been defeated after all. Once more he sought the pope's presence. He confessed his sins, and he tempted Alexander with the hope of rescuing the nomination to the see of Canterbury from secular interference. He had been intruded into Christ's sheepfold, he said, by the secular power;* and from this

source all his subsequent troubles had arisen. The bishops at Northampton had bade him resign. He could not resign at their bidding, but he threw himself and his office on his holiness's mercy. He had accepted the archbishopric uncanonically. He now relinquished it to be restored or not restored as the pope might please.

It was a bold stroke, and it nearly failed. Many cardinals saw in the offer a road out of the difficulty. Terms could now be arranged with Henry, and Becket could be provided for elsewhere. For some hours or days his friends thought his cause was lost. But the balance wavered at last so far in his favor that the sacrifice was not permitted. He was not, as he had expected, to be sent back in triumph to England supported by threats of interdict and excommunication to triumph over his enemies. But he was reinstated as archbishop. He was assigned a residence at the Cistercian monastery of Pontigny, thirty miles from Sens; and there he was directed to remain quiet and avoid for the present irritating the king further.*

The king was sufficiently irritated already. The support which Lewis had given to Becket meant too probably that war with France was not far off. Becket himself was virtually in rebellion, and his character made it easy to foresee the measures which he would adopt if not prevented. The posts were watched, strangers were searched for letters. English subjects were forbidden to introduce brief, bull, or censure either from the pope or from the archbishop. The archbishop's estates were sequestered. Were he allowed to retain his large income and spend it abroad, he would use it to buy friends among the

ipsum ostium: velut quem non canonica vocavit electio, sed terror publicæ potestatis intrusit.—*Materials for the History of Thomas à Becket*, vol. ii. p. 243. But all these accounts of conversations must be received with caution. The accounts vary irreconcilably; and the enthusiasm of the biographers for their master and his cause infects every line of their narrative.

* The answer supposed to have been given by the pope, permitting him to use the censures, belongs to the following year. It refers to the sequestration of the Canterbury estates, and this did not take place till after Becket had been settled at Pontigny.

* Ascendi in ovile Christi, sed non per

ls. The see was put under administrators—the rents, so Henry afterwards, were chiefly laid out in ment, and the surplus was distributed in charity. The incumbents of the bishop's benefices being his speculators were expelled, and loyal men were put in their places. A milder measure was adopted. All relations, all his connections and dependents, except a few who gave security for good conduct, were banished from England, four hundred of them, women, and children. Either it was feared the archbishop would employ force to disturb the country, or it was to make Becket a penitential guest to Lewis.

Becket was obliged to bear arms as he was with lightnings, forbidden to make use of them. Worse, the pope himself could not be depended on. Angry as he was, the king wrote to propose that Alexander should visit him in England, or, if impossible, that the pope, Lewis, and Henry should meet in Normandy to measure together for the common welfare of Christendom. Henry wished to join Barbarossa if he could help it; and neither the pope nor could wish to force him. If such a thing came off, it was easy to foresee. John of Salisbury, who was an agent at the French court, when he heard what was intended, wrote that he was prevented at all hazards. In a letter very complimentary to the holy man's understanding, the archbishop told Alexander to consent to no alliance with the King of England except at which he should himself be present. 'The king,' he said, 'is so subtle in his words that he would conceal his apostolic religion itself. He will show the weak points of the pope's religion, and will trip him up to his ruin.'

John of Salisbury (John of Salisbury Becket) admits that he fears to urge the pope to use the censures in your behalf. So now, how will it be when our king is here in person, arguing, promising, threatening with the skill which you know he possesses? He has secured the Countess—the countess, like a prudent woman, thinking of marriages for her children. He has sent him three hundred ells of cloth to make shirts. The Archbishop of

Rheims is the count's dear friend. . . . I advise you, therefore, to trust in God and give yourself to prayer. Put away thoughts of this world: pray and meditate. The Psalms will be better reading for you than philosophy; and to confer with spiritual men, whose example may influence your devotion, will profit you more than indulging in litigious speculations. I say this from my heart: take it as you please.

These words show Becket to us as through an inverted telescope, the magnifying mist blown away, in his true outlines and true proportions. The true Becket, as the pope knew him, was not the person peculiarly fitted to be the Church's champion in a cause which was really sacred. John of Salisbury thought evidently at this time that there was no longer any hope that the archbishop would really succeed. He wished, he said in a letter to the Bishop of Exeter, to make his peace with the king. He could not desert the archbishop, but he was loyal to his sovereign. He called God to witness how often he had rebuked the archbishop for his foolish violence. He could not promise that he would quit his old master's service, but in all else he would be guided by the Bishop of Exeter's advice.

Meanwhile the quarrel between Becket and the King of England became the topic of the hour throughout Europe. Which was right and which was wrong, what the pope would do or ought to do, and whether England would join Germany in the schism—these questions were the theme of perpetual discussions in council and conclave, were debated in universities, and were fought over at convent and castle dinner-tables. Opinions were so divided that, in a cause which concerned Heaven so nearly, people were looking for Heaven to give some sign. As facts were wanting, legend took the place of them, and stories began to spread, either at the time or immediately after, of direct and picturesque manifestations of grace which had been vouchsafed in Becket's favor. It was said that when dining with Pope Alexander he had twice unconsciously turned water into wine. At Pontigny he had been graciously visited by our Lady herself. He had left England ill provided with clothes. His wardrobe was in disorder; his drawers especially, besides

being dirty, were in holes. He was specially delicate in such matters, and was too modest to confess his difficulties. He stayed at home one day alone to do the repairs himself. He was pricking his fingers and succeeding indifferently, when our Lady—who, as the biographers tell us, had been taught to sew when she was at Nazareth—came in, sat down, took the drawers out of the archbishop's hand, mended them excellently, and went as she had come. The archbishop had not recognised his visitor. Soon after a singular case of Church discipline was referred to his decision. A young Frenchman, specially devoted to the Virgin Mary, had built a chapel in her honor not far from Pontigny, had placed her image over the altar, and had obtained ordination himself that he might make his daily offerings there. But he neither would nor could repeat any mass but the mass of the Virgin. The authorities reprimanded him, but to no purpose. Our Lady filled his soul, and left no room for any other object. The irregularity was flagrant—the devotion was commendable. Becket was consulted as to what should be done, and Becket sent for the offender and gently put before him that he was making a scandal which must positively cease. The youth rushed away in despair, and flung himself before our Lady's image, declaring that his love was for her and for her alone. She must save him from interference, or he would pull the chapel down and do other wild and desperate things. The eyes of the image began to smile, the neck bent, the lips opened. 'Have no fear, *carissime*,' it said; 'go to the archbishop. Entreat again to be allowed to continue your devotions to me. If he refuses, ask him if he remembers who mended his drawers.' We may guess how the story ended.

With tales of this kind floating in the air, the first year of Becket's exile wore out, the pope giving uncertain answers to the passionate appeals which continued to be made to him, according to the fortune of the Emperor Frederick in Italy. Frederick being at last driven out of Lombardy, the pope recovered heart, and held out brighter prospects. He sent Becket permission to excommunicate the persons in occupation of his estates and benefices, and he promised to ratify his sentence if opportunely

issued. He did not permit, but also did not specially forbid, him to excommunicate the king, while Lewis, with Becket's knowledge, and in the opinion of the cardinals who came afterwards to inquire into his conduct, at Becket's direct instigation, prepared to invade Normandy. Henry, well informed of what was coming, began now to turn to Germany in earnest. By the advice of his barons, as he said, he wrote to Reginald, Frederick's archbishop chancellor, to tell him that he was about to send an embassy to the pope to demand that he should be relieved of Becket, and that the Constitutions should be ratified. If justice was refused him, he and his people were prepared to renounce their allegiance to Alexander and to unite with Germany. The chancellor was himself invited to England to arrange a marriage between the Princess Matilda and the Duke of Saxony. A decided step of this kind, it was thought, might bring the pope to his senses.

Separation from Rome, indeed, was the true alternative; and had the country been prepared to follow Henry, and had Henry himself been prepared at the bottom of his mind to defy the pope and do the worst that he could do, the great schism between the Teutonic and Latin races might have been antedated, and the course of history been changed. But Henry was threatening with but half a heart, and the country was less prepared than he. In Germany itself, the pope in the end proved too strong for the emperor. In England, even Wickliffe was premature. With all its enormous faults, the Roman Catholic organisation in both countries was producing better fruits on the whole than any other which could have been substituted for it; and almost three centuries had yet to pass, bringing with them accumulating masses of insincerities and injustices, before Europe could become ripe for a change. A succession of Becket's would have precipitated a rupture, whatever might be the cost or consequences; but the succeeding prelates were men of the world as well as statesmen, and were too wise to press theories to their logical consequences.

The Archbishop of Cologne came to

* Giles, vol. i. p. 316.

on with the taint of his schism upon The court entertained him. The an marriage was arranged. But received a startling intimation e must not try the barons too far. had supported him in what they o be reasonable demands to which pe might be expected to consent. were not ready to support him in olt from Rome, even though dis- l behind the name of an antipope. hunchbacked Earl of Leicester re- Barbarossa's chancellor the kiss of in open court at Westminster, and ; departure the altars at which the natic prelate had said mass were yed.*

xander meanwhile had written to , directing him and the Bishop of ord to remonstrate with the king, treat him to act in conformity with st reputation and to put an end to andal which he had caused, hinting if Henry persisted in refusing he be unable to restrain the arch- p from excommunicating him. The shops discharged their commission.

'king,' Foliot replied to the pope, what we said in excellent part. sured us that his affection towards holiness remained as it had been, e said that he had stood by you in misfortunes, and that he had met a bad return. He had hindered no rom going to you on your invita- and he meant to hinder no one. As peals, he merely claimed that each should be first thoroughly heard in vn courts. If justice could not be ere, appeals to Rome might remain ut objection from himself. If the ror was excommunicated, he pro- to break off correspondence with As to the Archbishop of Canter- he had not been expelled from nd; he had left it of his own ac- and might return when he pleased. e Church, now as always, he wished omit his differences with the arch- p.'

this was not all which the pope t expect, Foliot advised him to be nted with it. 'The king,' he con- d, 'having consented to defer to Church, considers that right is on ide. Let your holiness therefore

beware of measures which may drive him and his subjects into revolt. A wounded limb may be healed; a limb cut off is lost for ever. Some of us may bear persecution on your account, but there will not be wanting those who will bow their knee to Baal. Men can be found to fill the English sees who will obey the antipope. Many, indeed, already wish for the change.'*

The pope, who did not understand the English character, was as much disturbed as Henry could have desired to see him. He found that he had encouraged Becket too far. He wrote to press upon him that the days were evil; that he must endeavor to conciliate the king; that he must on no account excommunicate him, or lay England under interdict, or venture any violent courses, at any rate before the ensuing Easter.† He wrote affectionately to Henry himself. He thanked the two bishops with the utmost warmth, and expressed himself delighted with the accounts which he received of the king's frame of mind.‡ The Archbishop of Rouen and the Empress Matilda had written to him to the same purpose, and had given him equal pleasure. If Foliot could bring about a reconciliation, he would love him for ever. Meanwhile he would follow Foliot's advice and keep Becket quiet.

A very slight concession from Becket would now have made an arrangement possible, for Henry was tired of the quarrel. He invited the Norman prelates to meet him at a conference at Chinon. The archbishop was expected to attend, and peace was then to have been arranged. In this spirit the Bishop of Hereford addressed the archbishop himself, entreating him to agree to moderate conditions. Far away was Becket from concessions. He knew better than the pope the state of English feeling. He was in correspondence (it is likely enough) with the Earl of Leicester. At all events he must have heard of Leicester's treatment of Reginald of Cologne. He knew that in fearing that England would go into schism the pope was frightened by a shadow. He had not defied

* Foliot to the Pope, 1165. Hoveden (ed. Giles), vol. i. p. 231.

† Giles, vol. i. p. 324.

‡ Gaudemus et exultamus super eâ devotione ejusdem regis.'

king, peers, and bishops at Northampton that the fight should end in a miserable compromise. Sharply he rebuked the Bishop of Hereford for his timid counsels. 'For you,' he said, 'I am made anathema, and when you should stand by me you advise me to yield. You should rather have bidden me draw the sword of Peter and avenge the blood of the saints. I mourn over you as over my first-born. Up, my son. Cry aloud and cease not. Lift up your voice, lest God's anger fall on you and all the nation perish. I grieve for the king. Tribulation impends over him. They have devoured Jacob and laid waste his dwelling-place.' *

To John of Salisbury Becket announced that his patience was exhausted, that when Easter was past he would be free, and that in his own opinion he ought to forbear no longer. He desired to know how far his friend agreed with him. John of Salisbury was more prudent than his master. 'Precipitate action,' he said, 'may expose you to ridicule and ruin. You ask my advice. I recommend you not to rely on the Holy See. Write to the empress mother, write to the Archbishop of Rouen and the other prelates. Tell them you are ready to obey the law and go back if you are treated with justice. The adversary will not agree to conditions really fair, but you will have set yourself right with the world. Should the king be more moderate than I think he will be, do not stand upon securities. Content yourself with a promise under the king's hand and the assurance of the empress mother. Do not try the censures. You know my opinion about this, and you once agreed with me. The king is not afraid of excommunication. The bishops and most of the clergy have stood by him; some may be with us in heart, but they are not to be depended on.' †

Becket, like most persons of his temperament, asked advice without meaning to follow it. He addressed the king in a letter which Herbert describes as being of extreme sweetness. It was to entreat

him to let loose the bride of Christ whom he held in captivity, and to warn him that if he persevered in his wicked ways, 'Christ would gird his sword upon his thigh,' and would descend from heaven to punish him. Inflated language of this kind was not general at that time. It was peculiar to Becket, and we need not be surprised that it produced no effect on Henry. He went to Normandy to the Chinon conference immediately after Easter, 1166, hoping there to meet Becket and speak with him and with the other prelates as with reasonable men. He did not find Becket there, but he found a second letter from him, which from a saint would have tried the temper of a more patient sovereign than Henry, and from a man whom he had known so lately as a defaulting chancellor and unscrupulous politician was insolent and absurd. After reproaching the king for allowing him to live on the charity of Lewis of France, the archbishop proceeded:—

You are my king, my lord, and my spiritual son. As you are my king, I owe you reverence and admonition; as you are my lord, I owe you such obedience as consists with the honor of God; as you are my son, I owe you the chastisement which is due from the father to the child. You hold your authority from the Church, which consists of clergy and laymen. The clergy have sole charge of things spiritual: kings, earls, and counts have powers delegated to them from the Church, to preserve peace and the Church's unity. Delegated from the Church, I say. Therefore it rests not with you to tell bishops whom they may excommunicate, or to force clergy to their answers in secular courts, or to interfere with tithes, or do any of those things to which you pretend in the name of custom. Remember your coronation oath. Restore my property. Allow me to return to Canterbury, and I will obey you as far as the honor of God and the Holy See and our sacred order permits me. Refuse, and be assured you will not fail to experience the severe displeasure of Almighty God.*

This letter appears to have been placed in Henry's hands immediately before he met the Norman bishops. On entering the conference he was ill with agitation. Persons present said that he was in tears. He told the bishops that Becket was aiming at his destruction, soul and body. He said they were no better than traitors for not protecting him more effectually from the violence of a single man. The Arch-

* Becket to the Bishop of Hereford, Hoveden. I am obliged greatly to compress the diffuse rhetoric of the archbishop.

† John of Salisbury to Becket, April 1166 (abridged).

* Becket to the King, May, 1166 (abridged).

of Rouen protested against the 'traitors.' But it was no time for words of expression. War with France was on the point of breaking out, and at that time it was now plain, meant to give character of a sacred war by excommunicating Henry. Easter was past: he was free to act, and clearly enough he meant to act. The Bishop of Lisieux made an instant appeal to the pope, and would keep Becket's hands tied at that moment. He and another bishop went off to Pontigny to serve the novena for him. They arrived too late. In launching his thunderbolts Becket went on to Soissons, there to prepare the operation.

Soissons were to be found in the presence of the Blessed Virgin and St. Mary whose assistance the archbishop considered would be peculiarly valuable; and not they only, but another Beatus Drausius, the patron of knights and duellists, who promised victory to intending combatants on their going a night at his shrine.

Becket gave St. Drausius three nights perhaps one to each saint—and fortified he betook himself to Veze here at Whitsuntide vast numbers of people assembled from all parts of the country. There from the pulpit after the ceremonies of bells and lighted tapers quenched, he took vengeance at once upon his enemies. He suspended the Bishop of Salisbury. He cursed the King of Oxford and the Archdeacon of Hereford, two leading churchmen of the party. He cursed Chief Justice de la Brea who had directed the sequestration of the king's lands. He cursed Ranulf de Broc who had employed in administering his estates. Finally he cursed the Chancellor who maintained the Constitutions of Clarendon, and he released the bishops from their promise to observe them.

A remnant of prudence or a reflection on the king's illness led him partially to withhold his hand. He did not only curse Henry, but he threatened that he shortly would curse him unless he repented.

With high delight with himself the archbishop issued a pastoral to the bishops of England and telling them what he had done, going in his usual high style of the superiority of priests over kings and princes,

and ordering them at their souls' peril to see that the sentence was obeyed. He wrote at the same time to the pope enclosing the terms of the excommunication, his condemnation of the Constitutions, and the threats which he had addressed to the king. These threats he declared his intention of carrying into effect unless the king showed speedy signs of submission, and he required Alexander in a tone of imperious consequence to confirm what he had done.

On the arrival of the censures in England the bishops met in London and determined on a further appeal to the pope. They addressed a unanimous and remarkable remonstrance to him, going into the origin of the quarrel, insisting on the abominable conduct of many of the clergy, the necessity of reform, and the moderation which the king had shown. The Constitutions which he had adopted they declared to have been taken from the established customs of the realm. If they appeared objectionable, his holiness need but point to the articles of which he disapproved, and they should be immediately altered. The archbishop's uncalled-for violence had been the sole obstacle to an arrangement.

With this letter and others from the king an embassy was despatched to Rome, John of Oxford, whom Becket had personally excommunicated, being significantly one of its members.

Pending the result of the appeal, the English bishops in a body remonstrated with Becket himself. They reminded him of his personal obligations to the king, and of the dangers which he was provoking. The king, they said, had listened coldly hitherto to the advances of Germany. But these good dispositions might not last for ever. For the archbishop to scatter curses without allowing the persons denounced an opportunity of answering for themselves was against reason and precedent; and they had placed themselves under the protection of his holiness.

Becket was not to be frightened by threats of German alliance. He knew better. He lectured the bishops for their want of understanding. He rebuked them for their cowardice and want of faith. The Bishop of London had recalled to him unpleasant passages in his own past history. The tone of Foliot

as well as his person drove Becket wild. He spoke of the Bishop of London as an Ahitophel and a Doeg.

Your letter (he replied to him) is like a scorpion with a sting in its tail. You profess obedience to me, and to avoid obedience you appeal to the pope. Little will you gain by it. You have no feeling for me, or for the Church, or for the king, whose soul is perishing. You blame me for threatening him. What father will see his son go astray and hesitate to restrain that son? Who will not use the rod that he may spare the sword? The ship is in the storm: I am at the helm, and you bid me sleep. To him who speaks thus to me I reply, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' The king, you say, desires to do what is right. My clergy are banished, my possessions are taken from me, the sword hangs over my neck. Do you call this right? Tell the king that the Lord of men and angels has established two powers, princes and priests—the first earthly, the second spiritual; the first to obey, the second to command. He who breaks this order breaks the ordinance of God. Tell him it is no dishonor to him to submit to those to whom God himself defers, calling them gods in the sacred writings. For thus he speaks: 'I have said ye are gods;' and again, 'I will make thee a god unto Pharaoh;' 'Thou shalt take nothing from the gods' (i.e. the priests). . . . The king may not judge his judges; the lips of the priest shall keep wisdom. It is written, 'Thou shalt require the law at his mouth, for he is the angel of God.'

The Catholic Church would have had but a brief career in this world if the rulers of it had been so wild of mind as this astonishing martyr of Canterbury. The air-bubble, when blown the fullest and shining the brightest, is nearest to collapsing into a drop of dirty water. John of Salisbury, sympathising with him and admiring him as he generally did, saw clearly that the pope could never sanction so preposterous an attitude. 'I have little trust in the Church of Rome,' he said. 'I know the ways of it and the needs of it too well. So greedy, so dishonest are the Romans, that they use too often the license of

power, and take dispensations to grant what they say is useful to the commonwealth, however fatal it may be to religion.'

The first practical effect of the excommunication was the recoil of the blow upon the archbishop's entertainers. In the shelter of a Cistercian abbey in France, an English subject was committing treason and levying war against his sovereign and his country. A chapter of the Cistercian Order was held in September. King Henry sent a message to the general, that, if his abbot continued to protect Becket, the Cistercians in England would be suppressed, and their property confiscated. The startled general did not dare to resist; a message was sent to Pontigny; in the fluttered dovecote it was resolved that Becket must go, and it was a cruel moment to him. A fresh asylum was provided for him at Sens. But he had grown accustomed to Pontigny, and had led a pleasant life there. On his first arrival he had attempted asceticisms, but his health had suffered, and his severities had been relaxed. He was out of spirits at his departure. His tears were flowing. The abbot cheered him up, laughed at his dejection, and told him there was nothing in his fate so particularly terrible. Becket said that he had dreamed the night before that he was to be martyred. 'Martyrdom!' laughed the abbot; 'what has a man who eats and drinks like you to do with martyrdom? The cup of wine which you drink has small affinity with the cup of martyrdom.' 'I confess,' said Becket, 'that I indulge in pleasures of the flesh. Yet the good God has deigned to reveal my fate to me.'

Sad at heart, the archbishop removed to Sens; yet if the pope stood firm, all might yet be well.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THE VETERANS OF THE GRAND ARMY MEETING NAPOLEON'S ASHES FROM ST. HELENA.

(FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.)

BORED, and thus forced out of my room,
Along the Boulevard I passed,
Around me hung December's gloom,
The wind was cold, the showers drove fast.

Then straight I saw (how strange the sight !)
Escaped from their grim dwelling-place,
Trampling through mud in sorry plight,
Ghosts at mid-day, ghosts face to face.

Night is the time when shades have power,
Whilst German moonlight silvers all,
Within some old and tottering tower,
To flit across the pillared hall.

'Tis night when fairies from the floods
In dripping robes rise like a breath,
Then drag beneath their lily buds
Some boy whom they have danced to death.

'Twas night, if Zedlitz singeth true,
When (half-seen shade) the Emperor
Marshalled in line, for that review,
The shades of Austerlitz once more.

But spectres in the public street,
Scarce from the playhouse paces two,
Veiled nor by mist, nor winding-sheet,
Who stand there wearied and wet through.

Well may we wonder as we gaze ;
Three grumbling phantoms hover dim,
In uniform of other days,
One ex-guard, two hussars with him.

Not these the slain, who, though they die,
Still hear through earth Napoleon's drum ;
But veterans of a time gone by
Waked up to see his relics come.

Who, since that last, that fatal fight,
Have grown, or fat, or lean and grim ;
Whose uniforms, unless too tight,
Float wide around each wasted limb.

Oh noble rags, still like a star
To you the Cross of Honor clings,
Sublimely ludicrous, ye are
Grander than purple worn by kings !

A nerveless plume, as if with fear,
Trembles above the bearskin frayed ;
Moth-fretted the pelisse is, near
Those holes by hostile bullets made ;

The leathern overalls, too large,
Round the shrunk thigh in wrinkles fall,
And rusty sabres, wearying charge,
Drag on the ground, or beat the wall.

The next one is grotesque, with chest
Stretching a coat too small by half;
But for the stripes that deck his breast,
At the old war-wolf we might laugh.

My brothers, mock them not too much;
Rather salute, with heads low bent,
These heroes of an Iliad, such
As Homer never could invent.

Greet each bald head with reverence due,
For on brows, bronzed by many a clime,
A lengthening scar oft reddens through
The lines that have been dug by time.

Their skins, by a strange blackness, tell
Of Egypt's heat, and blinding light;
Russia's snow-powder, as it fell,
Has kept those thin locks ever white.

Their hands may tremble; yes, still keen
The cold of Beresina bites;
They limp, for long the march between
Cairo and Wilna's frozen heights.

They droop, bent double, since in war
No sheets but flags for sleep had they;
The helpless sleeve may flutter, for
A round shot tore the arm away.

Laugh not, though round them leaps and jeers
The howling street-boy with delight;
They were the day of those proud years,—
The evening we—perchance the night.

They recollect, if we forget,
Lancers in red, ex-guard in blue,
And worship, at his column met,
The only God they ever knew.

Proud of the pains endured so long,
Grateful for miseries nobly borne—
They feel the heart of France beat strong
Under that clothing soiled and worn.

Our tears then check the smile that played,
To see this strange pomp on its way—
The Empire's ghostly masquerade—
Dim as a ball when dawns the day.

Through skies which yet her splendors fill,
The Eagle of our armies old,
From depths of glory, burning still,
Spreads over them her wings of gold.

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT HOME.

was still early, and Stanton, so easy- and leisurely a house, was not yet when Geoff got home. Hours of fine and morning light are over in August before seven o'clock,

was the earliest hour at which Stanton's servants, who were all "kind" to her, began to stir. They earlier hours at Penninghame, where managed to get a dog-cart, with an active driver, who recognised, and faintly have discovered what brought them home at that hour. The young man, however, first took leave of his little companion, whom he deposited safely in the door of the old hall, which was always open, and where they parted with mutual vows of reliance and faithfulness to each other. These vows, however, were not exchanged by the hall-gate, but in a shady corner of the chase, where the two young creatures paused for a mo-

"You will trust me that I will do anything for him, as if he had been my father?" said Geoff, eagerly.

Stanton was less easily contented, as was Lily, and replied with some hesita-

"I would rather it was me; I would find out everything, and bring it home," she said.

"But Lily, what could you do? while I know a great deal already," said Stanton. It was a bargain not altogether satisfactory to the little woman, who was thus condemned, as so many women have been, to wait indefinitely for the action of another, in a matter so deeply interesting to herself.

Stanton looked at him wistfully, with an anxious curve over her eyebrows, and a sigh in her mouth. The tension of life had begun for her, which is one of the hardest burdens of a woman.

Stanton could but have gone herself, waiting for any one, to the old man on the hill! It was true the days were very lonely, and the re- meeting Geoff had been intense;

and though she had not gone half way, or nearly so much, her limbs were aching with the unusual distance; but yet to be tired, and lonely, and frightened is nothing, as Lillias felt, [to this waiting, which might never come to an end. And already the ease and comfort and sudden relief with which she had leant upon Geoff's understanding and sympathy had evaporated a little, leaving behind only the strange story about her father, the sudden discovery of trouble and sorrow which had startled her almost into womanhood out of childhood. She looked up into Geoff's face very wistfully—very eagerly; her eyes dilated, and gleaming with that curve over them which once indented in young brows so seldom altogether disappears again.

"Oh, Mr. Geoff!" she said, "but papa—is not your papa: and you will perhaps have other things to do: or—perhaps—you will forget. But me, I shall be always thinking. I will never forget," said the little girl.

"And neither will I forget, my little Lily!" he cried. He too was nervous and tremulous with excitement and fatigue. He stooped towards her, holding her hands. Give me a kiss, Lily, and I will never forget."

The day before she would not have thought much of that infantile salutation—and she put up her soft cheek readily enough, with the child's simple habit; but when the two faces touched, a flood of color came over both, scorching Lillias, as it seemed, with a sense of shame which bewildered her, which she did not understand. She drew back hastily, with a sudden cry. Sympathy, or some other feeling still more subtle and incomprehensible, made Geoff's young countenance flame too. He looked at her with a tenderness that brought the tears to his eyes.

"You are only a child," he said, hastily, apologetically; "and I suppose I am not much more, as people say," he added, with a little broken laugh. Then, after a pause—"But Lily, we will never forget that we have met this morning; and what one of us does will be for both

of us; and you will always think of me as I shall always think of you. Is it a bargain, Lily?"

"Always!" said the little girl, very solemnly; and she gave him her hand again which she had drawn away, and her other cheek; and this time the kiss got accomplished solemnly, as if it had been a religious ceremony on both sides—which indeed, perhaps, in one way or another it was.

When Geoff felt himself carried rapidly after this, behind a fresh country horse, with the inquisitive ruddy countenance of Robert Gill from the "Penninghame Arms" by his side, along the margin of Penninghame Water towards his home, there was a thrill and tremor in him which he could not quite account for. By the time he had got half way home, however, he had begun to believe that the tremor meant nothing more than a nervous uncertainty as to how he should get into Stanton, and in what state of abject terror he might find his mother. Even to his own unsophisticated mind, the idea of being out all night had an alarming and disreputable sound; and probably Lady Stanton had been devoured by all manner of terrors. The perfectly calm aspect of the house, however, comforted Geoff; no one seemed stirring, except in the lower regions of the house, where the humblest of its inhabitants—the servants' servants—were preparing for their superiors.

Geoff dismissed his dog-cart outside the gates, leaving upon the mind of Robert Gill a very strong certainty that the young lord was "a wild one, like them that went before him," and had been upon "no good gait."

"Folks don't stay out all night, and creep into th' house through a side door, as quiet as pussy, for good," said the rural sage, with perfect reasonableness.

As for Geoff, he stole up through the shrubberies to reconnoitre the house and see where he could most easily make an entrance, with a half-comic sense of vagabondism; a man who behaved so ought to be guilty. But he was greatly surprised to see the library window through which he had come out on the previous night wide open; and yet more surprised to hear, at the sound of his own cautious footstep on the gravel, a still more cautious movement within, and to

descry the kindly countenance of Mr. Tritton, his tutor, with a red nose and red eyes as from want of sleep, looking out with great precaution.

Mr. Tritton's anxious countenance lighted up at sight of him. He came to the window very softly, but with great eagerness, to admit Geoff, and threw himself upon his pupil. "Where have you been—where have you been? But thank God you have come back," he cried, in a voice which was broken by agitation.

Geoff could not but laugh, serious as he had been before. Good Mr. Tritton had a dressing-gown thrown over his evening toilet of the previous night; his white tie was all rumpled and disreputable. He had caught a cold, poor good man, with the open window, and sneezed even as he received his prodigal; his nose was red, and so were his eyes, which watered half with cold, half with emotion.

"Oh, my dear Geoff," he cried, with a shiver: "what is the cause of this? I have spent a most unhappy night. What can be the cause of it? But thank God you have come back; and if I can keep it from the knowledge of her ladyship, I will." Then, though he was so tired and so serious, Geoff could not but laugh.

"Have you been sitting up for me? How good of you! and what a cold you have got!" he said, struggling between mirth and gratitude. "Have you kept it from my mother? But I have been doing no harm, master. You need not look at me so anxiously. I have been walking almost all the night, and doing no harm."

"My dear Geoff! I have been very uneasy, of course. You never did anything of the kind before. Walking all night! you must be dead tired; but that is secondary, quite secondary: if you can really assure me, on your honor——" said the anxious tutor, looking at him, with his little white whiskers framing his little red face, more like a good little old woman than ever, and with a look of the most anxious scrutiny in his watery eyes. Mr. Tritton was very virtuous and very particular in his own bachelorly person, and there had crept upon him besides something of the feminine fervor of anxiety about his charge, which was in the air of this feminine and motherly house.

my honor!" said Geoff, meeting
e with laughing eyes.

a pang of relief filled Mr. Trit-
nind. He was almost overcome
nd could have cried but for his
—and, indeed, did cry for his
He said, faltering, "Thank Hea-
eoff! I have been very anxious,
ar boy. Your mother does not
anything about it. I found the
r open, and then I found your
acant. I thought you might have
ed out—perhaps gone to smoke a

A cigar in the fresh air after din-
perhaps the least objectionable
of the indulgence, as you have
heard me say. So I waited, es-
y as I had something to say to

Then, as I found you did not
in, I became anxious—yes, very
s as the night went on. You
did anything of the kind before;
en the morning came and woke
or I suppose I must have dozed,
I was too miserable to sleep, in
ght——"

s, I see, you have caught cold.
bed now, master, and so shall I,"
eoff. "I am dead tired. What a
! and all on my account; and
ve such bad colds."

s," said Mr. Tritton, blowing his
reheemently, "I have very bad

They last so long. I have
d so I really did fear the house
be roused, but servants fortunately
hrough anything. Geoff! I don't
o force confidence, but it really
be right that you should confide
otherwise how can I be sure that
lyship—ought not," said the good
ith a fresh sneeze, "to know—?"
ou ought to be in bed, and so ought
d Geoff. "I will tell my mother,
ear; but perhaps it will be as well
say anything more just at present.
; you must really go this moment
ke care of yourself. Come, and I
e you to your room——"

! it is my part to look after you,
' said good Mr. Tritton. "It
be supposed—her ladyship might
—that I had neglected——"

ome along," said Geoff, arbitrarily,
ed." And how glad he was to
out his own young limbs, and for-
everything in the profound sleep of
: Mr. Tritton had very much the

worst of it. He did nothing but sneeze
for the next two hours, waking himself
up every time he went to sleep; and his
head ached, and his eyes watered, and
the good man felt thoroughly wretched.

"Oh, there is that poor Mr. Tritton
with one of his bad colds again," Lady
Stanton said, who was disturbed by the
sound, and, though she was a good
woman, the pity in her face was not un-
mixed by other sentiments. "We shall
have nothing but sneezing for the next
month," she said to herself in an under-
tone. And doubtless still less favorable
judgments were pronounced down stairs.
A glass was found on the table of the
library in which Mr. Tritton, good man,
had taken some camphor by way of stav-
ing off his cold while he sat and watched.
Benson the butler, perversely and un-
kindly (for who could mistake the smell
of camphor?) declared that "old Tritton
had been making a night of it. He don't
surprise me with his bad colds," said that
functionary; "look at the color of his
nose!" And indeed it could not be de-
nied that this was red, as the nose of a
man subject to fits of sneezing is apt to
be.

When Geoff woke in the broad sun-
shine, and found that it was nearly noon,
his first feeling of consternation was soon
lost in the strange realization of all that
had happened since his last waking,
which suddenly came upon his mind
like something new, and more real than
before. The perspective even of a few
hours' sleep makes any new fact or dis-
covery more distinct. So many emotions
had followed each other through his
mind, that such an interval was necessary
to make him feel the real importance of
all that he had heard and seen. 'Liza-
beth Bampfylde had said what there was
to say in few words, but the facts alone
were sufficient to tell the strange story.
The chief difficulty was that Geoff had
never heard of the eldest son, whom the
vagrant called his gentleman brother, and
to whom the family and more than the
family seemed to have been sacrificed.
He did not remember any mention of the
Bampfylde except of the mother and
daughter who had helped John Musgrave
to escape, and one of whom had disap-
peared with him, and the mystery which
surrounded this other individual, who
seemed really the chief actor in the trag-

edy, had yet to be made out. His mind was full of this as he dressed hastily, with sundry interruptions. The household had not quite made out the events of the past night, but that there had been something "out of the common" was evident to the meanest capacity. The library window had been open all night, which was the fault of Mr. Tritton who had undertaken to close it, begging Benson to go to bed, and not to mind. Mr. Tritton himself had been seen by an early scullion in his white tie, very much ruffled, at six o'clock; and the volleys of sneezing which had disturbed the house at seven, had been distinctly heard moving about like musketry on a march, now at one point, now another of the corridor and stairs. To crown all these strange commotions, was the fact that the young master of the house, instead of obeying Benson's call at half-past seven, did not budge (and then with reluctance) till eleven o'clock. If all these occurrences meant nothing, why then Mr. Benson pronounced himself a Dutchman, and the wonder breathed upwards from the kitchen and houskeeper's room to my lady's chamber, where her maid did all a maid could do (and that is not little, as most heads of a family know) to awaken suspicion. It was suggested to her ladyship that it was very strange that Mr. Tritton should have been walking about the house at seven in the morning, waking up my lady with his sneezings—and it was a mercy there had not been a robbery with the library window "open to the ground," left open all night; and then for my lord to be in bed at eleven was a thing that had never happened before since his lordship had the measles. "I hope he is not sickening for one of these fevers," Lady Stanton's attendant said.

This made Geoff's mother start, and give a suppressed scream of apprehension, and inquire anxiously whether there was any fever about. She had already in her cool drawing-room, over her needlework, felt a vague uneasiness. Geoff had never, since those days of the measles, missed breakfast and prayers before; he had sent her word that he had overslept himself, that he had been sitting up late on the previous night—but altogether it was odd. Lady Stanton, however, subdued her panic, and sat still and dismissed her maid, waiting with

many tremors in her soul till Geoff should come to account for himself. He had been the best boy in the world, and had never given her any anxiety; but all Lady Stanton's neighbors had predicted the coming of a time when Geoff would "break out," and when the goodness of his earlier days would but increase the riot of the inevitable sowing of wild oats. Lady Stanton had smiled at this, but with a smouldering sense of insecurity in her heart; alarmed, though she knew there was no cause. Mothers are an order of beings peculiarly constituted, full of certainties and doubts, which moment by moment give each other the lie. Ah, no, Geoff would not "break out," would not "go wrong," it was not in him. He was too true, too honorable, too pure—did not she know every thought in his mind, and feeling in his heart? But oh, the anguish if Geoff should not be so true and so pure—if he should be weak, be tempted and fall, and stain the whiteness which his mother so deeply trusted in, yet so trembled for! Who can understand such paradoxes? She would have believed no harm of her boy—and yet in her horror of harm to him the very name of evil gave her a panic. Nothing wonderful in that. She sat and trembled to the very tyings of her shoe, and yet was sure, certain, ready to answer to the whole world for her son, who had done no evil. Other women who have sons know what Lady Stanton felt. She sat nervously still, listening to every sound, till he should come and explain himself. Why was he so late? What had happened last night to make the house uneasy? Lady Stanton would not allow herself to think that she was alarmed. It was true that pulses beat in her ears, and her heart mounted to her throat, but she sat as still as a statue, and went on with her knitting. One may not be able to help being foolish, but one can always help showing it, she said to herself.

The sight of Geoff when he appeared, fresh and blooming, made all the throbings subside at once. She even made a fine effort to laugh. "What does this mean, Geoff? I never knew you so late. The servants have been trying to frighten me, and I hear Mr. Tritton has got a very bad cold," she said, getting the words out hurriedly, afraid lest she might

lown or betray herself. She eyed
y curiously over her knitting, but
de believe not to be looking at
all.

“poor old Tritton,” he said; “it
ault; he sat up for me. I went
—” he made a little pause; for
elected that other people’s secrets
ot his to confide, even to his
—“with Wild Bampfylde, who
I suppose, out of gratitude for
tle I did for him.”

“I went out—with that poacher fel-
loff?”

“Yes,” he nodded, meeting her hor-
yes quite calmly and with a smile;
not, mother? You did not think
d be afraid of him, I hope?”

“How very imprudent, Geoff!
hose life is of so much value!—
e so very important to me and
ody!”

“Most fellows are important who have
s to make a fuss,” he said, smil-
I don’t think there is much more
than the rest. But he has not
me much, you can see. I have
limbs as usual; I am none the

“Thank God for that!” said Lady
; “but you must not do the like

Indeed, indeed, [Geoff, you are
d; you must not put yourself in
of trouble. Think of your poor

“Oh, my dear, what an example!
ist not be so rash again.”

“I will not be rash—in that way,” he

“But, mother, I want you to tell
omething. You remember all about
d you ever know of any more
ldes? There was the mother,
s fellow. Did you ever know of
er?”

“You are missing out the chief one,
-Lily, the girl.”

“Yes; I know about her. I did
an the girl. But think! Were
hree all? Were there more—
—?”

“Lady Stanton shook her head. “I do
remember any other. I think three
ite enough. There is mischief
even, of that kind.”

“What do you mean by that kind?
d not know them. I hope my
is not one of the kind who, not
g people, are unjust to them.”

“Off!” Lady Stanton was bewil-

dered by this grand tone. She looked
up at him with sudden curiosity, and
this curiosity was mixed inevitably with
some anxiety too; for, when your son
betrays an unjustifiable partisanship,
what so natural as to feel that he must
have “some motive?” “Of course I
did not mean to be unjust. But I do
not pretend to remember everything that
came out on the trial. It was the mother
and daughter that interested me. You
should ask your cousin Mary; she recol-
lects better than I do. But have you
heard anything about another? What
did the poacher say? Had you a great
deal of conversation with him? And
don’t you think it was rash to put your-
self in the power of such a lawless sort
of fellow? Thank God! you are safe
and sound.”

“What do you mean about putting
myself in his power? Do you think I
am not a match for him? He is not
such a giant, mother. Yes, I am quite
safe and sound. And we had a great
deal of talk. I never met with anybody
so interesting. He talked about every-
thing; chiefly about ‘the creatures,’ as
he calls them.”

“What creatures?” said Lady Stanton,
wondering and alarmed. There were
“creatures” in the world, this innocent
lady knew, about whom a vagabond was
very likely to talk, but who could not be
mentioned between her and her boy.

“The wild things in the woods, birds
and mice, and such small deer, and all
their ways, and what they mean, and how
to make acquaintance with them. I
don’t suppose he knows very much out
of books,” said young Geoff; “but the
bit of dark moor grew quite different
with that wild fellow in it—like the hill
in the *Lady of the Lake*, when all Clan
Alpine got up from behind the rocks and
the bushes. Don’t you remember,
mother? One could hear ‘the crea-
tures’ rustling and moving, and multi-
tudes of living things one never gave a
thought to. It felt like poetry, too,
though I don’t know any poem like it.
It was very strange and interesting.
That pleases me more than your clever
people,” said Geoff.

“Oh, my dear, I beg your pardon,”
said Lady Stanton, suddenly getting up
and kissing her boy’s cheek as she passed
him. She went away to hide the peni-

tence in her eyes. As for Geoff, he took this very easily and simply. He thought it was natural she should apologize to Bampfylde for not thinking well of him. He had not a notion of the shame of evil-thinking thus brought home to her, which scorched Lady Stanton's cheeks.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COUSIN MARY'S OPINION.

GEOFF spent the remainder of this day at home, looking once more over the file of old newspapers in which the Musgrave case was printed at such length, the *Times* and the local papers, with all their little diversities of evidence, one supplementing another; but he could not make out any reference at all distinct to a third person in the story. The two suitors of the village beauty, one of whom she preferred in feeling, though the second of them had evidently made her waver in her allegiance by the attractions of his superior rank and wealth, were enough to fill up the canvas. They were so naturally and appropriately pitted against each other, that neither the curiosity of the period nor the art of the story-teller required any additional actor in the little tragedy. What more natural than that these two rivals should meet—should go from angry words to blows—and that, in the frenzy of the moment, one should give to the other the fatal but unpremeditated stroke which made an end of his rivalry and his life? The public imagination is simple, and loves a simple story, and this was so well-constructed and well-balanced—perfect in all its parts. What more likely than that the humble coquette should hesitate and almost swerve from her faith to her accepted lover when the young lord, so much more splendid than the young squire, came on the scene? or that, when her wavering produced such fatal consequences, the poor girl, not being wicked, but only foolish, should have devoted herself with heroism to the man whom she had been the means of drawing into deadly peril? Geoff, with his eyes enlightened, could dimly perceive the traces of another person unaccounted for, who had appeared casually in the course of the drama. Indeed, the counsel for the prosecution had expressed his regret that he could not call this person

as a witness, as he was supposed to have emigrated, and no trace could be found of him. His name, however, was not mentioned, though the counsel for the defence, evidently in complete ignorance, had taunted his learned brother with the non-appearance of this mysterious stranger, and defied him to prove, by the production of him, that there had ever been feelings of bitter animosity between Musgrave and Lord Stanton. "The jury would like to know more about this anonymous gentleman," the coroner had said. But no evidence had ever been produced. Geoff searched through the whole case carefully, making various notes, and feeling that he himself, anxious as he had been, had never before noticed, except in the most incidental way, these slight, mysterious references. Even now he was misty about it. He was so tired, indeed, that his mind was less clear than usual; and when good Mr. Tritton appeared in the afternoon, very red with perpetual sneezing, his eyes running as with tears, he found Geoff in the library, in a great chair, with all the papers strewn about, sleeping profoundly, the old yellow *Times* in his hand, and the *Dalesman's Gazette* at his feet. The young man jumped up when Mr. Tritton laid his hand on his shoulder, with quite unnecessary energy, almost knocking down his respected instructor. "Take care, take care, Geoff!" he cried; "I am not going to hurt you, my boy!" a speech which amused Geoff greatly, who could have picked Mr. Tritton up and thrown him across his shoulder. This interruption of his studies stopped them for the time; but next morning—not without causing his mother some anxiety—he proposed to ride over once more to Elfdale, to consult Cousin Mary.

"It is but two days since we left, my dear," Lady Stanton said, with a sigh, thinking of all she had heard on the subject of "elderly sirens;" but Geoff showed her so clearly how it was that he must refer his difficulties to the person most qualified to solve them, that his mother yielded; though she too began to ask herself why her son should be so much concerned about John Musgrave. What was John Musgrave to Geoff? She did not feel that it was quite appropriate that the person most interested about poor Walter's slayer should be

his successor, he who had most by the deed.

But, however, had his way, and went to his cousin Mary with a great deal of anxiety, to hear all that she would carefully conceal from her mother. He found her fortunately alone, in the languor of the afternoon, Annie and Fanny having gone for some garden game or other. "What is the matter?" she asked, with a ready terror; and was still more alarmed that nothing was the matter, when Geoff was but paying her a simple compliment.

It may even be suspected that the moment his mother's alarm communicated itself to Mary. Was it to see the boy had come back so soon and by his sudden appearance.

The innocent, kind woman was . . . She had known herself a long time, and she knew the communion (not in her experience quite rated by fact) that for a beautiful man will commit any folly. Was it anger ("at my age!") of becoming a difficulty and a trouble to Geoff?

Geoff soon relieved her mind, making her blush hotly at her own self-conceit.

He had come to ask you some question, he said; "you remember the poacher, whom you spoke to about—the brother, you know?—the one, whom they call Wild Bampfield," said Lady Stanton, with a shiver.

Let him—the other night—and we will sing. I want you to tell me, Mary: did you ever hear of—of them—a brother they had?"

"That is it," said Lady Stanton, with her hands together.

What is what? Do you know anything about him? I should like to find out something they—from some of those poacher fellows said—he is not a fellow," said Geoff, in an undertone, with a kind of apology in his mind, in regard of whom he seemed to be a little disrespectful.

Geoff, don't have anything to do with him, dear. You don't know the people like that. Young men like that is fine to show that they are

above the prejudices of their class, but it never comes to any good. Poor Walter, if he had never seen her face, might have been—and poor John—"

"But, Cousin Mary, about the brother?"

"Yes: I knew he was their brother. I can't remember how I found it out. He was very clever, they said, and a scholar, but ashamed to belong to such poor people. He never went there when he could help it. He took no notice, I believe, of the others. He pretended to be a stranger visiting the Lakes."

"Cur!" said Geoff.

"Yes—es: it was not—nice—but it must be a temptation, Geoff, when a man has been brought up so differently. Some relation had given him his education, and he was very clever. I have never felt sure whether it was a happy thing for a boy to be brought so far out of his class. He met John Musgrave somewhere, but John did not know who he was. And just about the time it all happened he went away. I used to think, perhaps, he might have known something; but I suppose he thought it would all come out, and his family be known. Fancy being ashamed of your own mother, Geoff! But it was hard upon him too—an old woman who would tell your fortune—who would stand with her basket in the market, you know: and he, a great scholar, and considered a gentleman. It *was* hard; I don't excuse him, but I was sorry for him; and I always thought if he came back again, that he might know——"

Lady Stanton was not accustomed to speak so long and continuously. Her delicate cheeks were stained with red patches; her breath came quick.

"Do you mean to say he has turned up again—at last?" she added, with a little gasp.

"I have heard of him," said Geoff.

"I wondered—if he could have anything to do with it."

"I will tell you all about him, Geoff. It was John Musgrave who met with him somewhere. Mary could tell you, too. She was John's only sister, and I her great friend; and I always took an interest. They met, I think, abroad—and he—was of use to John somehow—I forget exactly—that is to say, Mr. Bampfield (he spelt his name differently from

the others) did something for him—in short, John said he saved his life. It was among the Alps, on some precipice, or something of that sort. You see I can only give you my recollection,” said Lady Stanton, falteringly conscious of remembering everything about it. “John asked him to Penninghame, but he would not come. He told us this new friend of his knew the country quite well, but no one could get out of him where he had lived. And then he came on a visit to someone else—to the Pykes, at Langdale—that was the family; and we all knew him. He was very handsome; but who was to suppose that a gentleman visiting in such a house was old ‘Elizabeth’s son, or—or—that girl’s brother? No one thought of such a thing. It was John who found it out at the very last. It was because of something about myself. Oh, Geoff, I was not offended—I was only sorry. Poor fellow! he was wrong, but it was hard upon him. He thought he—took a fancy to me; but poor John was so indignant. No, I assure you not on that account,” said Lady Stanton, growing crimson to the eyes, and becoming incoherent. “Never! we were like brother and sister. John never had such a thought in his mind. I always—always took an interest in *him*—but there was never anything of *that* kind.”

Young Geoff felt himself blush too, as he listened to this confession. He colored in sympathy and tender fellow-feeling for her; for it was not hard to read between the lines of Cousin Mary’s humble story. John “never had such a thought in his mind;” but she “had always taken an interest.” And the blush on her cheek, and the water in her eyes told of that interest still.

Then Geoff grew redder still, with another feeling. The madman in the cottage had dared to lift his eyes to this woman so much above him.

“I don’t wonder Musgrave was furious,” he cried.

“That was the right word,” she said, with a faint smile; “he was furious; and Walter—your brother—laughed. I did not like that—it was insulting. We were all young people together. Why should not he have cared for—me?—when both of them——. But we must not think of that—we must not talk of

that, Geoff—we cannot blame your poor brother. He is dead, poor fellow; and such a death, in the very flower of his youth! What were a few little silly boyish faults to that? He died, you know, and all the trouble came. Walter had been very stinging—very insulting, to that poor fellow just the day before, and he could not bear it. He went off that very day, and I have never heard of him again. I don’t think people in general even knew who he was. The Pykes do not to this day. But Walter’s foolish joking drove him away. Poor Walter, he had a way of talking—and I suppose he must have found the secret out—or guessed. I have often—often wondered whether Mr. Bampfylde knew anything, whether if he had come back he would have said anything about any quarrel between them. I used to pray for him to be found, and then I used to pray that he might not be found; for I always thought he could throw some light—and, after all, what could that light be but of one kind?”

“Did any one ever—suspect—him?”

“Geoff! you frighten me. Him! whom? You know who was suspected. I don’t think it was intended, Geoff. I know—I know he did not mean it; but who but one could have done it? There could not, alas, be any doubt about that.” “If Bampfylde had been insulted and made angry, as you say, why should not he have been suspected as well as Musgrave? The one, it seems to me, was just as likely as the other——”

“Geoff! you take away my breath! But he was away; he left the day before.”

“Suppose it was found out that he did not go away, Cousin Mary? Was he more or less likely than Musgrave was to have done a crime?”

Lady Stanton looked at him with her eyes wide open, and her lips apart.

“You do not—mean anything? You have not—found out anything, Geoff?”

“I—can’t tell,” he said. “I think I have got a clue. If it were found out that Bampfylde did not go away—that he was still, *here*, and met ‘poor Walter that fatal morning, what would you say then, you who know them all?”

All the color ebbed out of Lady Stanton’s face. She kept looking at him with wistful eyes, into which tears had risen,

ing him with an earnestness speech.

are not say the words," she said, g; "I don't venture to say the

But Geoff, you would not speak s if you did not mean something. think—really *think*—oh, it is not —it is not possible!—it is only a

You can't—suppose—that it —much—to me. You are only— ting. Perhaps it ought not to much to me. But oh, Geoff! if ew what that time was in my life. u mean anything—do you mean g, my dear?"

u have not answered my ques- ne said. "Which was the most o have done a crime?"

Stanton wrung her hands; she ot speak, but kept her eyes upon beseeching suspense.

f felt that he had raised a spirit his power to calm again, and he t intended to commit himself or so soon what he had heard.

thing must be known as yet," he but I think I have some reason k. Bampfylde did not leave the r when you thought he did. He or Walter that morning. If Mus- aw him at all——"

Stanton gave a little cry—"You Valter, Geoff?"

s; if Musgrave saw him at all, it t till after. And Bampfylde was ther of the girl John was going y, and had saved his life."

"God!" This was no profane ation in Mary's mouth. She said o herself, clasping her hands to- her face utterly colorless, her eyes th wonder and excitement. The of this disclosure had driven away ng tears: and yet Geoff did not t as a disclosure. He had trusted gentle slowness of her understand- but there are cases in which feel- plies all, and more than all, that t could give. She said nothing, t there silent, with her hands l, thinking it over, piecing every- ogether. No one like Mary had old of every detail; she remem- everything as clearly as if (God !) it had happened yesterday. t one thing to another which she bered but no one else did: and lly it all became clear to her.

Geoff, though he was so much more clever, did not understand the process by which in silence she arranged and perceived every point; but then Geoff had not the minute acquaintance with the subject nor the feeling which touched every point with interest. By and by Mary began to sob, her gentle breast heaving with emotion. "Oh, Geoff," she cried, "what a heart—what a heart! He is like our Saviour; he has given his life for his enemy. Not even his friend; he was not fond of him; he did not love him. Who could love him—a man who was ashamed of his own, his very own people? I—oh, how little and how poor we are! I might have done it perhaps for my friend; but he—he is like our Saviour."

"Don't say so. It was not just—it was not right; he ought not to have done it," cried Geoff. "Think, if it saved something how much trouble it has made."

"Then it is all true!" she cried, triumphant. In perfect good faith and tender feeling Mary had made her comment upon this strange, sad revelation; yet she could not but feel all the same the triumph of having thus caught Geoff, and of establishing beyond all doubt that it was true. She fell a-crying in the happiness of the discovery. The moment it was certain, the solemnity of it blew aside, as do the mists before the wind. "Then he will come home again; he will have his poor little children, and all will be well," she said; and cried as if her heart would break. It was vain for Geoff to tell her that nothing was as yet proved, that he did not know how to approach the subject; no difficulties troubled Mary. Her heart was delivered as of a load; and why should not everything at once be told? But she wept all the same, and Geoff had no clue to the meaning of her tears. She was glad beyond measure for John Musgrave: but yet—While he was an exile, who had (secretly) stood up for him as she had done? But when he came home, what would Mary have to do with him? Nothing! She would never see him, though she had always taken an interest, and he would never know what interest she had taken. How glad she was! and yet how the tears poured down!

Geoff had a long ride home. He was

half alarmed that he had allowed so much to be known, but yet he had not revealed 'Lizabeth's secret. Mary had required no particulars, no proof. The suggestion was enough for her. She was not judge or jury—but one to whom the slightest outlet from that dark maze meant full illumination. Geoff could not but speculate a little on the surface of the subject as he rode along through the soft evening, in that unbroken yet active solitude which makes a long ride or walk the most pleasant and sure moment for "thinking over." Geoff's thoughts were quite superficial, as his knowledge was. He wondered if John Musgrave had "taken an interest" in Mary as she had done in him; and how it was that Mary had been his brother's betrothed, yet with so warm a sympathy for his brother's supposed slayer? And how it was that John Musgrave, if he had responded at all to the "interest" she took in him, could have loved and married Lily? All this perplexed Geoff. He did not go any deeper; he did not think of the mingled feelings of the present moment, but only of the tangled web of the past.

It grew dark before he got home. No moon, and a cloudy night, disturbed by threatenings or rather promise of rain, which the farmers were anxious for, as they generally are, when a short break of fine weather bewilders their operations, in the north. As he turned out of the last cross road, and got upon the straight way to Stanton, he suddenly became aware of some one running by him on the green turf that edged the road, and in the shadow of the hedgerow. Geoff was startled by the first sight of this moving shadow running noiselessly by his side. It was a safe country where there was no danger from thieves, and a "highwayman" was a thing of the last century. But still Geoff shortened his

whip in his hand with a certain sense of insecurity. As he did so, a voice came from the shadow of the hedge. "It is but me, my young lord." "You!" he cried. He was relieved by the sound, for a close attendant on the road in the dark, when all faces are alike undiscernible, is not pleasant. "What are you doing here, Bampfylde? Are you snaring my birds, or scaring them, or have you come to look after me?"

"Neither the one nor the other," said Wild Bampfylde. "I have other thoughts in my mind than the innocent creatures that harm no one. My young lord, I cannot tell you what is coming, but something is coming. It's no you, and it's no me, but it's in the air; and I'm about whatever happens. If you want me, I'll be within call. Not that I'm spying on you, but whatever happens I'm here."

"And I want you. I want to ask you something," cried Geoff; but he was slow in putting his next question. It was about his cousin; and what he wanted was some one who would see, without forcing him to put them into words, the thoughts that arose in his mind. Therefore it was a long time before he spoke again. But in the silence that ensued it soon became evident to Geoff that the figure running along under shadow of the bushes had disappeared. He stopped his horse, but heard no footfall. "Are you there, Bampfylde?" but his own voice was all he heard, falling with startling effect into the silence. The vagrant had disappeared, and not a creature was near. Geoff went on with a strange mixture of satisfaction and annoyance. To have this wanderer "about" seemed a kind of aid, and yet to have his movements spied upon did not please the young man. But Bampfylde was no spy.

(To be continued.)

GOOD MANNERS

ARE nothing less than little morals. They are the shadows of virtues, if not virtues themselves. 'A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.' How well it is then that no one class has a monopoly in this 'finest of fine arts;'

that while favorable circumstances undoubtedly do render good manners more common among persons moving in higher rather than in lower spheres, there should nevertheless be no positive hindrance to the poorest classes practising good manners towards each other. For what is a good manner? It is the art of putting

sociates at their ease. Whoever the fewest persons uncomfortable, best-mannered man in a room.

ity, ill-nature, want of sympathy, sense—these are the chief sources which bad manners spring. Nor

imagine an incident in which a could be at a loss as to what to say in company, if he were always concerned for the feelings of others, forgot, and did not lose his head or his common-sense at home. Such may not have studied etiquette, he is chaotic rather than be in 'good' as the slang expression is; and because his head and heart are sound speak and act as becomes a gen-

On the other hand, a very pe- a form and bigot in ceremonies nothing better than the 'mildest- ed man that ever cut a throat.' can be wise without learning, so it is quite possible to be well-mannered with little or no knowledge of those rules and customs which are at best only a substitute for common-sense, and which can be considered essential to good manners as much as they vary in every country, and even in the same country vary about with the weather-cock of the season.

Vanity renders people too self-conscious to have good manners, for if one is always thinking of the impression one is making, we cannot give enough attention to the feelings and conversation of others. Without *trying* to be good—an effort that would make us artificial—we must be natural by not being self in the desire to please.

Elderly unmarried ladies, students, and those who lead lonely lives are especially not unfrequently acquire bad manners, the result of self-consciousness.

Dr. Johnson was a source of misery to the Archbishop of Canterbury. When at Oxford he was in a white rough coat and white hat and had for him the sobriquet of 'The Bear;' and his manners, according to his own account of himself, corresponded with the appellation. He was corrected, by way of remedy, to copy the example of the best-mannered men in society; but the attempt to do so only increased his shyness. He was that he was all the while thinking of himself rather than of others; whereas he should have been thinking of others rather than of one's

self is the essence of politeness. Finding that he was making no progress, he said to himself: 'I have tried my very utmost, and find that I must be as awkward as a bear all my life, in spite of it. I will endeavor to think about it as little as a bear, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured.' In thus endeavoring to shake off all consciousness as to manner, he says: 'I succeeded beyond my expectations; for I not only got rid of the personal suffering of shyness, but also of most of those faults of manner which consciousness produces; and acquired at once an easy and natural manner—careless indeed in the extreme, from its originating in a stern defiance of opinion, which I had convinced myself must be ever against me; rough and awkward, for smoothness and grace are quite out of my way, and of course tutorially pedantic; but unconscious, and therefore giving expression to that good-will towards men which I really feel; and these I believe are the main points.'

Vanity again is the source of that boasting self-assertion which is the bane of manners. He is an ill-mannered man who is always loud in the praises of himself and of his children; who boasting of his rank, of his business, of achievements in his calling, looks down upon lower orders of people; who cannot refrain from having his joke at the expense of another's character, whose smart thing must come out because he has not the gentlemanly feeling that suggests to us

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow to the meanest thing that lives.

The habit of saying rude things, of running people down, springs not so much from ill-nature as from that vanity that would rather lose a friend than a joke. On this point Dr. Johnson once remarked: 'Sir, a man has no more right to *say* an uncivil thing than to *act* one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.' The vain egotism that disregards others is shewn in various unpolite ways; as, for instance, by neglect of propriety in dress, by the absence of cleanliness, or by indulging in repulsive habits. Some think themselves so well-born, so clever, or so rich, as to be above caring what others say and think of them. It is said that the ancient kings of Egypt used to

commence speeches to their subjects with the formula, 'By the head of Pharaoh, ye are all swine!' We need not wonder that those who take this swine-theory view of their neighbors should be careless of setting their tastes and feelings at defiance. Contrast such puppyism with the conduct of David Ancillon, a famous Huguenot preacher, one of whose motives for studying his sermons with the greatest care was 'that it was shewing too little esteem for the public to take no pains in preparation, and that a man who should appear on a ceremonial day in his night-cap and dressing-gown could not commit a greater breach of civility.'

'Spite and ill-nature,' it has been said, 'are among the most expensive luxuries of life;' and this is true, for none of us can afford to surround himself with the host of enemies we are sure to make if, when young, we allow ill-nature to produce in us unmannerly habits. Good manners, like good words, cost nothing, and are worth everything. What advantage, for instance, did the bookseller on whom Dr. Johnson once called to solicit employment get from his brutal reply: 'Go buy a porter's knot and carry trunks?' The surly natures of such men prevent them from ever entertaining angels unawares.

It is want of sympathy, however, much more than a bad nature that produces the ill-mannered hardness of character so well described by Sydney Smith: 'Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others. It does not proceed from malignity or carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited. A hard person thinks he has done enough if he does not speak ill of your relations, your children, or your country; and then, with the greatest good-humor and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual state and position, gallops over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the mark of his hoofs upon your heart. Analyse the conversation of a well-bred man who is clear of the besetting sin of hardness; it is a perpetual homage of polite good-nature. In the meantime the gentleman on the other side of you (a highly moral and respectable man) has been crushing little sensibilities, and vio-

lating little proprieties, and overlooking little discriminations; and without violating anything which can be called a *rule*, or committing what can be denominated a *fault*, has displeased and dispirited you, from wanting that fine vision which sees little things, and that delicate touch which handles them, and that fine sympathy which this superior moral organisation always bestows.'

Of course we must not judge people too much by external manner, for many a man has nothing of the bear about him but his skin. Nevertheless as we cannot expect people in general to take time to see whether we are what we seem to be, it is foolish to roll ourselves into a prickly ball on the approach of strangers. If we do so, we cannot wonder at their exclaiming: 'A rough Christian!' as the dog said of the hedgehog.

It is difficult to see how the 'natural-born fool'—to use an American expression—can ever hope to become well-mannered, for without good sense, or rather tact, a man must continually make a fool of himself in society. Why are women as a rule better mannered than men? Because their greater sympathy and power of quicker intuition give to them finer tact. Nor is talent which knows what to do of much use, if the tact be wanting which should enable us to see how to do it. He who has talent without tact is like the millionaire who never has a penny of ready-money about him. Mr. Smiles illustrates the difference between a man of quick tact and of no tact whatever by an interview which he says once took place between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Behnes the sculptor. At the last sitting which Lord Palmerston gave him, Behnes opened the conversation with: 'Any news, my lord, from France? How do we stand with Louis Napoleon?' The Foreign Secretary raised his eyebrows for an instant, and quietly replied: 'Really, Mr. Behnes, I don't know; I have not seen the newspapers!' Behnes, with much talent, was one of the many men who entirely missed their way in life through want of tact.

Nowhere is there room for the display of good manners so much as in conversation. Well-mannered people do not talk too much. Remembering that the first syllable of the word conversation is *con* (with), that it means talking with another,

restrain from lecturing, and are as ready to listen as to be heard. They are impatient to interrupt others nor when interrupted themselves. They are so sure that their anecdote or sharp remark will keep, or need not find utterance at all, they give full attention to their companion, and do not by their interruption make him a bore, or at least an intrusion on their own much better recreation.

But beside the rule, that we must not be impatient to get in our word, that a few brilliant flashes of *silence* occur in our conversation, another rule is not to take for our theme—our own concerns.

We must remember that, as a man's life and our concerns can be of no importance to other men than their own, our concerns are to us. Why then do we go over the annals of our lives, of our successes and of our diseases in particular, to comparative strangers; why review our friendships we have suffered in money, in love, at law, in our profession, and why boast of successes in each of these departments? Why, lastly, should we desire that apes humility induce us to receive compliments by talking *ad nauseam* of our faults? We need not say that gossip or scandal-bearing is incompatible with good manners. 'Occasions of silence,' says Bishop Hall, 'are obvious—namely when a man has nothing to say, or nothing but what is better unsaid; better either in conversation with some particular persons he is acquainted with, or from its being an interruption to conversation of a more agreeable kind; or better, lastly, with regard to himself.'

A well-mannered man is courteous to all, and to all conditions of men. He is as respectful to his inferiors as well as to his equals and superiors. Honoring the image of God in every man, his good offices are not reserved for the few who pay for them, or who make themselves feared. Like the gentle summer breeze, his civility plays round all alike. 'Love and admiration,' says Canon Hall, 'which that truly brave and good man Sir Sidney Smith won from all, rich and poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to have arisen from one fact, that without, perhaps, any such conscious intention, he was equally respectful to the rich and poor, his own servants, the noblemen his guests, alike, and

alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately—so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wherever he went.' Certainly the working-classes of England, however respectful they may be to those whom—often for interested reasons—they call 'their betters,' are far from being sufficiently polite to each other. Why should not British laborers when they meet take off their hats to each other, and courteously ask after Mrs. Hardwork and family? There is not a moment of their lives the enjoyment of which might not be enhanced by kindness of this sort—in the workshop, in the street, or at home.

We know that extremes meet, and there is an over-civility that becomes less than civil, because it forces people to act contrary to their inclinations. Well-mannered people consult the wishes of others rather than their own. They do not proceed in a tyrannical manner to prescribe what their friends shall eat and drink, nor do they put them in the awkward position of having to answer a thousand apologies for their entertainment. When guests refuse an offered civility, we ought not to press it. When they desire to leave our house, it is really bad manners to lock the stable-door, hide their hats, and have recourse to similar artifices to prevent their doing so. As, however, this zeal of hospitality without knowledge is a good fault, and one not too common, there is perhaps no need to say more about it. It leans to virtue's side.

We must not confound etiquette with good manners, for the arbitrary rules of the former are very often absurd, and differ in various ages and countries; whereas good manners, founded as they are on common-sense, are always and everywhere the same. It would be invidious to illustrate this assertion from the society of our own country, so we shall import a *reductio ad absurdum* of etiquette from Japan. In *The Gentle Life*, the following account is given by a resident at the Japanese court. 'When one courtier was insulted by another, he who bore the insult turned round to the insultor, and quietly uncovering the stomach, ripped himself open. The aggressor, by an inexorable law of etiquette, was bound to follow the lead, and so the two die. The most heart-rending

look ever witnessed was one given by a Japanese, who, having been insulted by an American, carried out the rule, expecting his opponent to follow suit. But the Yankee would do nothing of the sort; and the Japanese expired in agonies—not from the torture of his wound, but from being a sacrifice to so foolish and underbred a fellow—whilst the American looked at him in a maze of wonder.' If it were not so sad, we might laugh at such accounts of self-torture, as well as at people of our own acquaintance who, worshipping conventionality, are ever on the rack about 'the right thing to do,' about 'good form.'

But this sort of folly should not blind us to the value of good manners as distinguished from etiquette.

Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind.

Were it not for the oil of civility, how could the wheels of society continue to work? Money, talent, rank, these are keys that turn some locks; but kindness or a sympathetic manner is a master-key that can open all. If 'virtue itself offends when coupled with a forbidding manner,' how great must be the power of winning manners, such as steer between bluntness and plain-dealing, between giving merited praise and flattery.

Men succeed in their professions quite as much by complaisance and kindness of manner as by talent. Demosthenes, in giving his well-known advice to an orator—that eloquence consisted in three things, the first 'action,' the second 'action,' and the third 'action'—is supposed to have intended manner only. A telling preacher in his opening re-

marks gains the good-will of his hearers, and makes them feel both that he has something to say and that he can say it—by his manner. The successful medical man on entering a sick-room inspires into his patients belief in himself, and that hope which is so favorable to longevity—by his manner. Considering that jurymen are scarcely personifications of pure reason unmixed with passion or prejudice, a barrister cannot afford to neglect manner if he would bring twelve men one after another to his way of thinking. Again, has the business man any stock-in-trade that pays him better than a good address? And as regards the 'survival of the fittest' in tournaments for a lady's hand, is it not a 'natural selection' when the old motto 'Manners makyth man' decides the contest? At least Wilkes, the best-mannered but ugliest man of his day, thought so. 'I am,' he said, 'the ugliest man in the three kingdoms; but if you give me a quarter of an hour's start, I will gain the love of any woman before the handsomest.'

If kindness of disposition be the essence of good manners, our subject is seen at once to shade off into the great one of Christianity itself. It is the heart that makes both the true gentleman and the great theologian. The apostle Paul (see speech delivered on Mars' Hill) always endeavored to conciliate his audience when he commenced addressing them. And his letters, as well as those of his fellow-apostles, are full of sympathy and consideration for every one's feelings, because he had learned from Him whose sympathy extended to even the greatest of sinners. — *Chambers's Journal*.

UNDER THE CHESTNUT.

UNDER the chestnut we used to meet;
I often fancy I hear her feet
Tripping along through the rustling grass—
Each morn through the meadow she used to pass—
And close to the fence would she linger with me,
Under the leaves of our chestnut tree.

Ah!—we were happy. Old age and care
Had not marred my brow or whitened my hair;
We vowed to be true for ever and aye,
As we plighted our troth one fair May day;
And little we dreamed of the trouble to be,
Under the shade of our chestnut tree.

But misfortune came. A scandalous word
 Broke the pure heart of my gentle bird ;
 'Twas a cruel lie, but, like a knife
 In assassin's hand, it struck at her life ;
 And never again her fair form might I see
 Under the boughs of our chestnut tree.

I went abroad.—In the race for gold,
 My hand grew hard and my heart grew cold.
 But I cannot forget ; and although I know
 That my love's asleep where the yew trees grow,
 I often in dreams see her smiling on me
 Through the white blooms of our chestnut tree.

Belgravia Magazine.

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 M. THIERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

TEN years or more ago we had in the *ECLECTIC* a portrait of M. Thiers, but a conspicuous part which he has borne since then in the public affairs of Europe, and the momentous consequences that are likely to follow his recent death, will probably render acceptable a fresher and more careful portrait of the illustrious statesman and historian. Our present engraving is reproduced chiefly from a late photograph, which is considered an excellent likeness of him, and will enable the reader to see him as he appeared in 'hale and venerable age.'

In conjunction with the earlier portrait we also published a tolerably complete sketch of his life up to that time ;* that it will not be necessary here to do more than recapitulate briefly the principal incidents of that portion of his career, as a sort of preliminary to the details we propose to give of his later history.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS was born in the city of Marseilles, on the 16th of April, 1797. The son of a poor workman, through the patronage of some influential relatives he was admitted to the college of his native town, and acquitted himself with considerable credit. His education was at first directed to the law, but he studied at Aix, graduating in 1815 ; but instead of following the profession, he yielded to his strong literary tastes, and, after winning a prize at the academy of Marseilles for a panegyric on Cuvier, went to try his fortunes

in Paris in 1821. Here he formed the acquaintance of Lafitte, and through his influence became a contributor to the *Constitutionnel*. His wit, versatility, and sprightliness of style admirably fitted him for journalism, and he soon attained a leading position, distinguishing himself equally in political discussion, in literary and art criticism, and in the production of those elegant trifles for which Parisian journalism is so noted. His intimacy with Lafitte brought him into contact with other leaders of the opposition and with distinguished men of all creeds and parties, and within the short space of two years after his arrival in Paris he found himself in easy circumstances and with an assured future. In 1823 appeared the first two volumes of his "History of the French Revolution," and four years later the work was completed in ten volumes. This history immediately attained an unexampled popularity, and placed Thiers in the front rank of French litterateurs ; but his natural aptitude for politics, and his intense mental activity, rendered it impossible for him to subside into the mere author, and through his new journal, the *National*, he was largely instrumental in bringing about the revolution of 1830, and in raising Louis Philippe to the throne. In recognition of these services to the new régime he was appointed assistant secretary in the department of finance. At the same time he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, where he was at first laughed at as a speaker ; but his versatile talents soon compelled recognition, and in 1832 he

* See *ECLECTIC* for October, 1867.

was appointed Minister of the Interior. In 1836, after a brief incumbency of the ministry of commerce and public works, during which he gave a vast impulse to internal improvements, he was promoted to the position of premier, holding at the same time the ministry of foreign affairs. His policy being too liberal for the king, he retired before the end of the year, and joined the opposition. In 1840 he again became premier, but his tenure of office was as brief as before, and he was compelled to give place to M. Guizot. During the latter part of Louis Philippe's reign he was constantly in opposition to the administration, and contributed as much as any one to the revolution of 1848, though he was opposed to the Republic then established, and also to the schemes of President Bonaparte. At the *coup d'état* of 1851, he was arrested, confined to prison for a time, and then transported to Frankfort-on-the-Main. A few months later he was allowed to return, but abstained from active politics, and resumed his literary pursuits. As early as 1845 he had issued the first volume of his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," and had reached the ninth previous to the overthrow of Louis Philippe. He now hastened the work, issuing one or two volumes every year. This work gained M. Thiers a place in the French Academy, was awarded a special prize of 20,000 francs by the French Institute, and is generally admitted to give the fullest and most interesting if not the most trustworthy account of European affairs from 1800 to 1815.

During a considerable portion of the period covered by the Second Empire, Thiers was a member of the Corps Legislatif, and distinguished himself as an earnest, eloquent, and powerful opponent of Napoleon's policy; and when the Empire went down beneath the multiplied disasters of 1870, all eyes naturally turned to him as the "saviour of France." While the war was in progress he visited the various Courts of Europe in search, as it was generally understood, of alliances for his imperilled country; and when the war ended and the work of reconstructing the government began, it was universally felt that his was the hand to administer the helm. He was elected

President of the Republic for a term of three years, and contributed greatly during his tenure of office to the abatement of party rancor and the establishment of the Republican polity. It was owing chiefly to his success in this that he was driven to resign in 1873 by a coalition among the reactionary elements of the Assembly.

After his retirement from office, M. Thiers, though a member of the Chamber of Deputies, took but little part in active politics and devoted himself anew to literary pursuits; and it was not until the pending political crisis was inaugurated a few months ago by MacMahon's advisers that he emerged from his retirement and resumed his natural post as the most trusted leader of the French people. His sudden and unexpected death on September 3d, in the very midst of an exciting electoral campaign in which his name was the rallying-cry of all the liberal and progressive elements in French political life, rises to the dignity of a national misfortune, and is fraught perhaps with the gravest consequences to his country and to the world at large. "His death," says the *Tribune*, at the close of a remarkably just and appreciative article, "is a stunning blow, and will test to the fullest extent the courage, wisdom, and patience of the Republican party in France. Gambetta, with all his evidence of moderation and prudence, cannot step into the vacant place; and M. Grévy, upon whom the leaders are likely to unite, is hardly known to the people. The shadow of this great loss will fall upon the coming elections. The separate camps of the Reaction will seek to secure their greatest gain from the inevitable depression of the Republicans, and will probably develop still more acrid jealousies among themselves. The general anxiety, already sufficiently painful, is at once doubled, and Marshal MacMahon may henceforth count on the potent ally of Fear. If three mutually hostile minorities, forming collectively a minority, shall succeed in crushing that majority which represents the intelligence, the progress, and the conscience of France, it is because Adolphe Thiers is dead."

LITERARY NOTICES.

NEW LANDS WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. A Narrative of the Discoveries of the Austrian Ship "Tegetthoff" in the Years 1872-1874. By JULIUS PAYER. Translated from the German with the Author's Approbation. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Arctic exploration has been illustrated by as noble achievement, as heroic endurance, and as fascinating narratives of experience, as any other field of human effort, and it is very high praise to say of Lieutenant Payer's work that it is one of the most instructive, most interesting, and most agreeably written of all the numerous volumes that the subject has drawn forth. No other expedition than the one whose adventures he describes has encountered greater hardships, or had a more remarkable history, or effected a stranger escape; and in all the events which he records, the author, as one of the joint commanders of the expedition, played a conspicuous and important part. Most Arctic explorers have lacked the literary skill or the self-confidence to be the historians of their own conquests, and have allowed themselves to be "interpreted" by writers who have not even participated in their adventures; but here we have the experiences at first hand, much of the narrative consisting of extracts from the author's notebook, and having all the freshness and vividness of first impressions. The narrative, moreover, is addressed neither to the man of science, nor to those who may design to follow in the same career of discovery; "rather," says the author, "I have endeavored to narrate our sufferings, adventures, and discoveries in a manner which shall be interesting to the general reader who reads to amuse himself."

For convenience of consultation the book is divided into four parts, of which the first part, or "Introduction," treats of the phenomena of the frozen ocean, discusses the lessons of previous explorations, endeavors to estimate the probabilities as to the existence of an inner polar sea, gives valuable suggestions as to the best equipment for a polar voyage, and attempts a prevision of the future of the polar question. It is worthy of note, in this connection, that, in spite of Dr. Petermann's peremptory veto, Lieutenant Payer considers the American or Smith's Sound route as promising the easiest access to the Pole, though he thinks that ships have done all that they can reasonably hope to do in this as in all other directions, and that sledge-expeditions afford the chief if not the only hope of success. The second part of the work describes the voyage of the "Tegetthoff" to the frozen sea,

the enclosure of the hapless vessel in a vast ice-floe, the two years' helpless drifting to and fro in the most desolate regions of the North, and the lucky discovery of Franz-Josef Land, which converted what threatened to be a miserable *fiasco* into a brilliant and memorable success. Part three describes the exploration of Franz-Josef Land by means of sledge-expeditions, and seems to show, as the entire book shows in fact, that the modest Austrian expedition was better directed, better managed, and perhaps better manned, than the vastly more pretentious and costly English expedition, which was so signally defeated three years later in its encounter with the "frozen North." Part four contains the thrilling narrative of the abandonment of the "Tegetthoff" and the wonderful return journey to Europe, and is certainly one of the most exciting and impressive chapters in the long history of Arctic exploration. Human energy has seldom been expended in what appeared to be a more hopeless struggle, and human effort has seldom been more brilliantly and signally rewarded. To read of the achievements and endurance of that meagre crew of Dalmatian and German peasants actually gives one a higher respect for his species, and confirms us in the faith which is rapidly becoming dim that modern man is capable of deeds fully equal to those which cast lustre upon "the brave days of old."

As already intimated, Lieutenant Payer confines himself to those portions of his subject which are likely to prove interesting to the general reader; the strictly scientific results of the expedition will be published separately under the auspices of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Vienna. It is only just to say, however, that the present work is full of instruction for men of science as well as for lay readers, and that it is written in a style not less remarkable for scientific precision than for picturesque vigor. The illustrations, reproduced from drawings by Lieutenant Payer, are numerous and of really noteworthy excellence.

THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE. By JAMES BRYCE, D.C.L. Seventh Edition. London and New York: *Macmillan & Co.*

An historical treatise which, without professing to offer any strictly "popular" features, has attained a seventh edition in a comparatively brief period, must possess some very exceptional merits, and this inference is true in a marked degree of Mr. Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire." If a competent critic were asked to

name half a dozen of the most useful works in English historical literature, this treatise would undoubtedly appear very early in the list, and it would be difficult to point out any feature in which it falls short of the very highest excellence. Wholly original in plan, it makes no attempt to give a narrative history of the countries included in the Romano-Germanic Empire—which would have been an endless task—but in the moderate compass of a single volume describes the Holy Empire itself as an institution or system, the wonderful offspring of a body of beliefs and traditions which have almost wholly passed away from the world. "Such a description, however," as the author says in the preface to his fourth edition, "would not be intelligible without some account of the great events which accompanied the growth and decay of Imperial power; and it has therefore appeared best to give the book the form rather of a narrative than of a dissertation, and to combine with an exposition of what may be called the theory of the empire an outline of the political history of Germany, as well as some notices of the affairs of mediæval Italy." The book may be fairly said to bridge the gulf between ancient and modern history, and the student will find nothing comparable to it in value as a guide through the mazy complexities of the Dark Ages. Beginning with the rise of Christianity as a political power, it opens a broad historical highway across the centuries, which does not end until we have surveyed the steps whereby in the wars of 1866 and 1870 the German nation regained its political unity in the New Empire, which legitimately succeeds if it does not perpetuate the Old. The theme is even vaster than that of Gibbon, and though the methods and style of the two historians are wholly different, the results are scarcely less impressive in the one case than in the other.

For the present edition the text has been carefully revised, several additions and corrections have been made, and the price has been reduced to a figure which ought to secure the work a wider circulation than it has yet attained among American readers.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF PROTECTION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Professor W. G. SUMNER, of Yale College. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons*.

Few of our writers or public men are so familiar as Professor Sumner with the financial and commercial history of the United States, and fewer still have brought to the discussion and study of it a wider knowledge of the experience of other nations. His history of American currency is the most elaborate and most authoritative work that has appeared on

that important subject, and the principles that underlie the commercial doctrine of free trade have seldom been expounded more forcibly than in the five brief lectures contained in the present volume. The lectures were delivered last year before the International Free Trade Alliance, in New York, and are republished exactly as delivered, though there are several points which the author, when relieved from the limitations that inevitably restrict a speaker before an audience, might have elaborated to advantage. They deal first with "The National Idea and the American System," then with the "Broad Principles Underlying the Tariff Controversy," and consecutively with "The Origin of Protection in this Country," "The Establishment of Protection in this Country," and the "Vacillation of the Protection Policy in this Country." The doctrines which they teach are those of free trade, pure and simple, and carried as near to its logical conclusion as the policy needs of human society will permit. "I have endeavored," says the author, "to combine two things: 1st, the history of our own tariff legislation, showing its weakness, ignorance, confusion, and oscillation; and 2d, a discussion of the arguments for and against free trade, as they have presented themselves in the industrial and legislative history of the country. I have summed up in the last lecture the convictions to which such a study of the subject must lead. Suffice it here to say that when one clears one's head of all the sophistries and special pleas by which protection is usually defended, and looks at the matter as a simple matter of common-sense, one must be convinced that an industrious people on fertile soil, so abundant in extent that population is inadequate to the highest organization of labor, must enjoy advancing wealth and prosperity. They will owe this to a diligent use of their natural advantages. They will reach the maximum of production when they produce and exchange most freely. Certainly no application of taxation can possibly increase their production; that is their national wealth. Every tax or other interference with the freedom of production or exchange produces restraint, confusion, delay, change of risk, and vexation, and these, as every one knows, cause loss of time, labor, and capital—that is, diminish the product which may be obtained from a given amount of labor. The amount of this loss can never be measured in figures, because we can never get statistics of 'what might have been;' but when it is shown here that the legislation of the United States has been constantly vacillating, not only in its policy, but also in the degree to which its policy has been pursued; that it has laid

on production and exchange in a brutal, and ignorant disregard of pos-
 sible effects on the delicate network of mo-
 nopoly; that it has had in view, from
 this point, only a single interest, and
 no national standpoint or conception
 of public interest (much as it boasts to the
 contrary); then, I think, any one must see
 that legislation has lamed the national
 productive power, wasted the natural advan-
 tages which the nation enjoys, diminished its
 and contracted the general status of
 the country for the whole people."

the thesis, so to call it, which Pro-
 fessor Sumner maintains, and it must be ac-
 cessed that the effectiveness of the argu-
 ment which he enforces it is greatly en-
 riched by his drawing his facts and illustra-
 tions almost exclusively from the events of
 national history.

ISM, SPIRITUALISM, ETC. Historically
 and Scientifically Considered. Being two
 lectures delivered at the London Institu-
 tion. With Preface and Appendix. By
 JAMES B. CARPENTER, M.D., LL.D.,
 New York: D. Appleton & Co.

lectures having appeared in full in
 the LANCET, our readers have already had an
 opportunity to form an opinion upon their
 merits and our only object in calling renewed
 attention to them is to mention that in the
 new volume containing them Dr.
 Carpenter has fortified his arguments on the
 critical topics with a number of *pieces*
de conviction. It is hardly necessary to say
 that the work is a very important one and on
 a subject of the keenest interest. It has al-
 ready stirred up anew the turbid waters of
 controversy, and in our next number we shall
 give a very able review of Dr. Carpen-
 ter's work by Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace,
 our eminent naturalist.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTICES.

The publication of Mr. Swinburne's new
 volume of "Poems and Ballads" has been

COUNTESS A. DE GASPARIN is translat-
 ing the French "The Americans at Home,"
 by David Macrae. It is to be published
 with an Introduction by the Count-

Library of Strasburg, which was de-
 stroyed by fire during the siege of that city in
 1870. It has been re-established by the German
 Government, and now counts 350,000 vol-
 umes. Many of them were sent from foreign
 countries, 2,750 persons in all having con-

M. HALÉVY, who made a journey to Abyssinia in 1867 to investigate whether the Falashas are Israelites or not, has just published a most interesting little volume of liturgies of this remarkable sect, both in the original Ethiopic and a Hebrew translation.

HERR AUERBACH has just completed a lengthy novel, the aim of which is to describe the socialistic tendencies of the age. Before appearing in book form, it is to be published in the columns of a newspaper.

MR. BLACK'S next story will appear in *Good Words*, it is said. If report speaks truly, the novelist takes his readers back to the West Highlands, and pictures the old style of life there; then the scene shifts to London.

M. DE SARZEC, French Consul at Bosrah, has been excavating at Tálloo, an hour's ride from the River Hai (Hye). He has discovered the ruins of an ancient Babylonian city, either Zergulla or one of the same group, and found several slabs and bronze figures.

WE understand that M. Victor Hugo's work on the *Coup d'Etat* will be based on a Diary which the poet kept at the time of the memorable occurrences he describes. The book will in no sense be a reproduction of his previous *brochure* on the same subject.

A WORK on occult science in the East, by Madame Blavatsky, a native of Asia, is in the press, and will be published by Mr. Bouton, at New York, and by Mr. Quaritch, in London. The performances of fakirs, magicians, and religious sheiks which impress travellers with such surprise, will be fully described, and the author promises to give some explanation of the *modus operandi*.

OF Manzoni's celebrated novel, "I Promessi Sposi," 116 Italian editions have been issued, 37 printed at Milan, 18 at Florence, 11 at Naples, 7 at Lugano, 6 at Turin, 3 at Parma, 3 at Mendrisio, 2 at Leipzig, 2 at Malta, 1 each at Leghorn, Placentia, Pesaro, Vienna, Rome, Brussels, and London; 20 in Paris. Of translations, 17 in German; 19 in French; 10 in English; 3 in Spanish; 1 in Greek, Swedish, Dutch, Russian, Hungarian, and 1 in Armenian.

MR. CHARLES G. LELAND ("Hans Breitmann") has presented to the British Museum a remarkable copy of the famous declaration made by President Lincoln on the 1st of January, 1863, of the emancipation of the slaves in all the States of the Union then in arms against the executive authority of the American Republic. This copy is one bearing the autograph signature of the President himself, countersigned by Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, and with his autograph. Only a very

few copies were issued with these autograph signatures, and they have now become excessively difficult to procure.

THE authorship of the phrase *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum* has been the subject of much controversy. It is supposed to have been first used by Lord Chief Justice Mansfield when he gave judgment reversing the outlawry of Wilkes. We have recently come across what we believe to be the earliest, if not the first, use of these memorable words in a pamphlet published in 1647, entitled "The Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America," where it is said, at page 13, "It is less to say *Statuatur veritas, ruat regnum*, than *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*."—*Athenæum*.

PIUS IX. is approaching the completion of his "Memoirs," on which he has been engaged for more than forty years. In preparing this work, which is being executed on an elaborate scale, his Holiness has had no aid except from Father Dresciani, one of the most learned of the Jesuits. The Pope has now handed over his autobiographical notes and accessory documents to Father Dresciani, who is to put them in order for the press. Among the manuscripts to be used in the preparation of the memoirs is the correspondence of the Pope with Charles Albert, King Victor Emmanuel, Napoleon III., and the Count de Cavour. By a special codicil to his testament, his Holiness orders that the memoirs shall not be published until ten years have elapsed after his death.



SCIENCE AND ART.

PARTHENOGENESIS IN ANTS.—In his paper on the habits of ants ("Journ. Linn. Soc.," Zool., Vol. xiii., No. 63), a short notice of which appeared in our last number, Sir John Lubbock refers to the occurrence of true parthenogenesis among those insects. He finds that, as among bees and wasps, the workers occasionally, although rarely, lay eggs. His observations do not enable him to say whether these necessarily unfertilized eggs produce males, as is known to be the case in bees and wasps, but the following statement would seem to show that they do so. Sir John Lubbock says: "I have a nest of *Formica cinerea* which I brought from Castellamare, in December 1875, and which has no queen; nevertheless eggs were laid in it last spring, and these eggs produced winged individuals only, all, I believe, males; but, unfortunately, they emerged one day when I was away from home, and I lost the opportunity of examining them carefully. None of the eggs, however, produced workers."

THE ELECTRIC CANDLE.—Experiments have been recently conducted at the West India Docks with the view of testing the illuminating power of the so-called electric candle devised by M. Paul Jablochkoff. This simple means of producing a steady electric light consists in placing two carbon pencils side by side, but separated by a bar of a composition called "kaolin." On the passage of the current the carbons slowly burn down, and the kaolin is consumed by the heat at exactly the same rate. The carbons are thus kept always at the same distance apart, and the light playing between them is thus rendered constant without the aid of complex regulators. In the experiments at the West India Docks the current was produced by a magneto-electric machine, worked by a small steam-engine, and the results are described as having been eminently satisfactory. For lights of small and medium size, an apparatus of even greater simplicity may be employed, the carbon points being dispensed with and nothing used beyond a piece of the so-called kaolin held between the electrodes. But M. Jablochkoff's prime improvement, which promises to greatly extend the use of the electric light, consists in his ability to divide the current, so as to supply several candles placed in the same circuit, each with its own coil. These candles may be of various degrees of illuminating power, and may be lighted or extinguished separately. In short, the electricity appears to be under such control, that it might be generated in some central establishment and laid on through wires to the several centres of illumination, just as freely as gas is at present distributed through pipes to any number of burners. MM. Denayrouze and Jablochkoff, who have employed the light in Paris, have described their process before the French Academy of Sciences.

THE ELECTRIC CONDUCTIVITY OF WATER.—It seems at first sight curious that in the case of so common a substance as water there should be any doubt among physicists as to the power which the liquid possesses of conducting electricity. Not that the subject has by any means been neglected, as the labors of Magnus, Pouillet, Becquerel, Oberbeck, Rossetti, and Quincke abundantly testify. But the results obtained by these several investigators differ so widely among themselves that it is not easy to know which are to be accepted. The figures brought out by Pouillet, for example, are sixty times greater than those deduced by Magnus. Professor Kohlrausch has, therefore, thought it high time that the subject was settled; and after a most carefully conducted investigation, he has published the results of his inquiry in Poggen-

"Annalen" (*Ergänzungs*b. iii. 1877, p. many substances have their electric conductivity affected to a remarkable extent by presence of impurities, even when these are present in only minute proportion. Matzen showed that copper, for instance, has conductivity lowered 40 per cent. by presence of a mere trace of arsenic. In like manner Kohlrausch has found it necessary to draw scrupulous attention to the purity of the water which he examined, and indeed the discrepancies among the results of previous investigations may probably be explained by inattention to this point. Having prepared the water in as pure a state as the resources of a laboratory can permit, Kohlrausch tested conductivity by examining a shell of this metal enclosed between two hemispherical plates of platinum nearly fitting one into the other and serving as electrodes. On passing a current of electricity through this arrangement it was found that the pure water offered a considerable resistance; in fact its conductivity was only $\frac{1}{110}$ of that assigned to it by the tables. Rain, which is, of course, the natural form of water, conducted electricity twenty-five times better than the artificially-purified liquid which served as a stand-

ard for measuring inaccessible heights and distances, and for levelling.' To be able to measure the width of a river, or the height of a tower to the very top of the weathercock, is a manifest advantage, which is further increased by the instrument being provided with a scale, on which the measure can be read off in feet and inches, or feet and decimals. To give a clear idea of the construction, diagrams would be necessary; and it must suffice here to say that it combines adjusting screws, spirit levels, reflecting mirrors, and a telescope.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE PLANET MARS.—By a method known to astronomers, observations of the planet Mars can be made available for determining our distance from the sun. Sir George Airy speaks of this method as "the best of all;" and as Mars is this year in the most favorable position for these special observations, a private expedition is to be sent to St. Helena or to Ascension to make them.

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VARIETIES.

THE ANCIENT FAITH OF EGYPT.—The Great God, Osiris, the Lord of Truth, sits on a lofty throne, wearing a mitre of gold with long feathers attached to each side, and balancing either way; he holds a sceptre, the crosier of authority, and the Tau cross, or emblem of life; and the flabellum of justice rests upon his shoulder. Mystic serpents are in the canopy above him. He is mild-faced, but inexorably calm, as Rhot-amenti, or judge of the unseen life, of the hidden being: he is the great prototype of the deity known to the Greeks as Rhadamanthus. Before the divine judge are placed sin offerings, and near him are seated the four mediators, or daimonic genii of the dead. Beneath his footstool is the dark cavern of descent to the world of chastisement. The deceased man holds up his hands in prayer, and is supported by the sister goddesses, Isis and Nephthys, the spirits of the upper and lower heavens respectively; each wears on her head the emblem of truth. In front of the judge is the dragon (the Cerberus of the Greeks), guarding the mouth of the regions of death, and taking the part of accuser or diabolos. Ranged around the Judgment Hall are forty-two assessors, whose prerogative it is to examine the prisoner and report, each having his special province and function. A large pair of scales is in the midst, presided over by attendant deities. In the one scale is placed the conduct or character of the deceased, typified

THE NEW MEASURING INSTRUMENTS. — On looking at a map, one often feels a desire to find out the distance between two places. Among the instruments recently exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, Morris' Patent Chartometer, which may be carried in the pocket as easily as a watch, will enable any one to get desired information. The 'works' of the meter are moved by a wheel projecting on one side. To measure any distance on a map we are told it is only necessary to hold the instrument upright, and run the wheel along the line between two places, or the width of a river, or the sinuosities of a coast, and the indicating fly denotes the number of miles or parts of a mile. The distance is shown at once, without the trouble of calculation, which is an important advantage. A Patent Spring Instrument, by the same maker, is described as 'somewhat similar in character, but adapted for running along the surface to be measured. It measures up to one hundred feet; and is of the size of an ordinary watch.'

"METROSCOPE."—Another measuring instrument likely to be useful to engineers, architects, surveyors, and travellers who require to measure the heights of buildings, trees, or hills, in some instances difficult of measurement, has been described by Mr. Laslett at the recent meeting of the Institute of British Architects. It is the 'Metroscope,' 'an in-

by the heart (or the funeral vase that held it); in the other is the ostrich feather, or the figure of the Goddess of Truth—Thmei, the Greek Themis, the Hebrew Thummim. A small weight is moved along the beam, to make a balance, and so determine how much the heart falls short of its standard. Horus, the redeemer and divine son, takes the suppliant shade by the hand, and pleads his merits before the calm Osiris. Thoth, the deity of letters, as recording angel, inscribes on his tablets the actions of the deceased, and presents them before the judge. The door of entrance is guarded, retreat is impossible; the trembling creature is before the tribunal of infallibility, with his heart all open to view, and his every action weighed in the balance. Osiris was president over judgment rather than judge; the recorded actions spoke for themselves; there was no impugning facts in the pure spiritual light; the conscience of the awakened spirit saw itself in the true bill of the jury, and in the verdict of the balance.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

NAPOLÉON'S FIRST MARRIAGE.—The Directory was established. It had now to reward its champion. Barras, having become chief of the directors, resigned his military appointment, the command of the Army of the Interior, as it was called; and procured it for his recent coadjutor. But such a post, which must either keep him out of actual warfare, or confine his energies to civil contests, if any more should arise, was far from satisfying the ambition of Buonaparte. It was equally far from meeting the requirements of the State. The Republic was at war on all sides; in Germany, in Spain, and in Italy. In the other quarters it had not been unsuccessful; but in the North of Italy a series of disasters had befallen its arms, and the feeling of dissatisfaction with its general, Schérer, was universal. A change was evidently required there; and Buonaparte, who was perhaps alone in his perception how grand a field for exertion and distinction was open in that country, conceived an earnest desire to obtain the command, for which the experience of the state and character of the adjacent districts, which he had acquired while serving in the Alps, was some recommendation. And while his mind was full of this hope, chance threw him in the way of a lady who had great influence with Barras. Among the victims of the "Terror" had been a General Beauharnais. He had left a widow and two children; and, while Buonaparte was General of the Army of the Interior, his son, a fine boy of twelve years old, came to him one day to beg that his father's sword might be returned to him. Buonaparte complied with the request, the

very character of which commended it to his favor, and spoke to the child with such encouraging kindness that his mother visited him a few days afterwards to thank him for his notice of her boy. Madame Beauharnais was handsome and pre-eminently graceful and attractive. She had shared her husband's prison, but had been released at the fall of Robespierre; since which event she had been on terms of the closest intimacy with Barras. Her graces now made a deep impression on the young general, whose previous circumstances had not thrown him much into the society of ladies of high breeding. After a short acquaintance he sought her in marriage. She hesitated. Some of those who envied him had fixed on him the nickname of the General Vendémiaire; as if the only triumphs which he was qualified to gain were over citizen soldiers. And there were not wanting friends of her own to ridicule his somewhat wild appearance; his meagre face, and long hair hanging down on his shoulders; and, what was a greater objection still, his evident poverty. But she, too, was ambitious: he had an enthusiastic way of talking which persuaded her that he was capable of great deeds; and Barras promised her that, if she would consent to marry him, he would procure for him as her husband the command of the Army of Italy. His argument prevailed; the lady consented; the Director kept his promise; the marriage took place on March 9th, 1796, and, two days afterwards, the young commander-in-chief quitted his bride's arms to commence a campaign which was to lead to the attainment of a loftier destiny than either of them had as yet ventured to expect.—*Church Quarterly Review.*

WHAT THE OWL KNOWS.

Nobody knows the world but me.
When they're all in bed I sit up to see;
I'm a better student than students all,
For I never read till the darkness fall;
And I never read without my glasses,
And that is how my wisdom passes.

I can see the wind. Now who can do that?
I see the dreams that he has in his hat;
I see him snorting them out as he goes—
Out at his stupid old trumpet-nose.
Ten thousand things that you couldn't think,
I write them down with pen and ink.

You may call it learning—I call it wit.
Who else can watch the lady-moon sit
Hatching the boats and the long-legged fowl,
On her nest, the sea, all night, but the owl?
When the oysters gape to sing by rote,
She crams a pearl down each stupid throat.

So you see I know—you may pull off your hat,
Whether round and lofty, or square and flat:
You can never do better than trust to me;
You may shut your eyes as long as I see.
While you live I will lead you, and then—I'm the owl—
I'll bury you nicely with my spade and shovel.
—*Good Things.* GEORGE MACDONALD.



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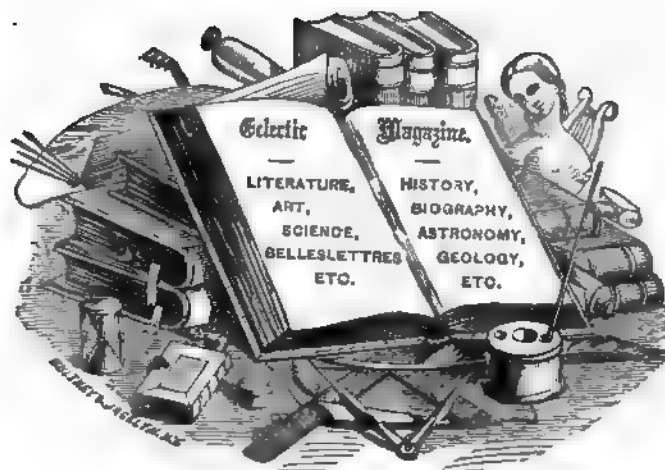
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXVI., No. 5.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

A MODERN 'SYMPOSIUM.' THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.*

MR. R. H. HUTTON.

The imaginative glow and rhetorical vivacity which are visible throughout Mr. Harrison's Essays on 'The Soul and Future Life' are very remarkable, and should guard those of us who recoil in amazement from its creed or no-creed from falling into the very common mistake of assuming that the effect which such ideas as these produce on ourselves is *the* effect which, apart from all question of the other mental conditions surrounding the natures into which they are received, they naturally produce. It is clear at least that if they ever tended to produce on the author of these papers the same effect which they not only tend to produce, but do produce, on myself, that tendency must have been so com-

pletely neutralised by the redundant moral energy inherent in his nature, that the characteristic effect which I should have ascribed to them is absolutely unverifiable, and, for anything we have the right to assert, non-existent. There is at least but one instance in which I should have traced any shade of what I may call the natural view of death as presented in the light of this creed, and that is the sentence in which Mr. Harrison somewhat superfluously disclaims—and moreover with an accent of hauteur, as though he resented the necessity of admitting that death is a disagreeable certainty—his own or his creed's responsibility for the fact of death. 'We make no mystical or fanciful divinity of death,' he says; 'we do not deny its terrors or its evils. We are not responsible for it, and should welcome any reasonable prospect of eliminating or postponing this fatality that waits upon all organic nature.' After reading that admission, I was puzzled when I came to

* The article by Mr. Frederic Harrison on which this discussion is based appeared in the June and July numbers of the *Nineteenth Century*. The discussion will be concluded in our December number.—ED.

the assertion that 'we who know that a higher form of activity is only to be reached by a subjective life in society, will continue to regard a perpetuity of sensation as the true Hell,' a sentence in which Mr. Harrison would commonly be understood to mean that he and all his friends, if they had a vote in the matter, would give a unanimous suffrage against this 'perpetuity of sensation,' and, so far from trying to eliminate or postpone death, would be inclined to cling to and even hasten it. For, in this place at least, it is not the perpetuation of deteriorated energies of which Mr. Harrison speaks, but the perpetuation of life pure and simple. Indeed, nothing puzzles me more in this paper than the diametrical contradictions both of feeling and thought which appear to me to be embodied in it. Its main criticism on the common view of immortality seems to be that the desire for it is a grossly selfish desire. Nay, nicknaming the conception of a future of eternal praise, 'the eternity of the tabor,' he calls it a conception 'so gross, so sensual, so indolent, so selfish,' as to be worthy of nothing but scorn. I think he can never have taken the trouble to realise with any care what he is talking of. Whatever the conception embodied in what Mr. Harrison calls 'ceaseless psalmody' may be—and certainly it is not my idea of immortal life—it is the very opposite of selfish. No conception of life can be selfish of which the very essence is adoration, that is, wonder, veneration, gratitude to another. And gross as the conception necessarily suggested by psalm-singing is, to those who interpret it, as we generally do, by the stentorian shoutings of congregations who are often thinking a great deal more of their own performances than of the object of their praise, it is the commonest candor to admit that this conception of immortality owes its origin entirely to men who were thinking of a life absorbed in the interior contemplation of a God full of all perfections—a contemplation breaking out into thanksgiving only in the intensity of their love and adoration. Whatever else this conception of immortality may be, the very last phrase which can be justly applied to it is 'gross' or 'selfish.' I fear that the Positivists have left the Christian objects of their criticism so far behind that they

have ceased not merely to realise what Christians mean, but have sincerely and completely forgotten that Christians ever had a meaning at all. That Positivists should regard any belief in the 'beatific vision' as a wild piece of fanaticism, I can understand, but that, entering into the meaning of that fanaticism, they should describe the desire for it as a gross piece of selfishness, I cannot understand; and I think it more reasonable, therefore, to assume that they have simply lost the key to the language of adoration. Moreover, when I come to note Mr. Harrison's own conception of the future life, it appears to me that it differs only from the Christian's conception by its infinite deficiencies, and in no respect by superior moral qualities of any kind. That conception is, in a word, posthumous energy. He holds that if we could get rid of the vulgar notion of a survival of personal sensations and of growing mental and moral faculties after death, we should consecrate the notion of posthumous activity, and anticipate with delight our 'coming incorporation with the glorious future of our race,' as we cannot possibly consecrate those great hopes now.

But, in the first place, what is this 'glorious future of our race' which I am invited to contemplate? It is the life in a better organised society of a vast number of these merely temporary creatures whose personal sensations, if they ever could be 'perpetuated,' Mr. Harrison regards as giving us the best conception of a 'true hell.' Now if an improved and better organised future of ephemerals be so glorious to anticipate, what elements of glory are there in it which would not belong to the immortality looked forward to by the Christian—a far more improved future of endlessly growing natures? Is it the mere fact that I shall myself belong to the one future which renders it unworthy, while the absence of any 'perpetuity' of my personal 'sensations' from the other, renders it unselfish? I always supposed selfishness to consist, *not* in the desire for any noble kind of life in which I might share, but in the preference for my own happiness at the expense of some one else's. If it is selfish to desire the perpetuation of a growing life, which *not* only does not, as far as I know, interfere

e volume of moral growth in others certainly contributes to it, then be the true unselfishness to coincide at once, supposing suicide to *finis* to personal 'sensation.' But universal suicide would be incongruous with the glorious future of our race. I suppose it must at least be delayed till our own sensations have been so far 'perpetuated' as to leave nothing behind them. If Condorcet is to live up to our admiration for anticipation on the edge of the grave his incorporation with the glorious future of his race, *i.e.* with ourselves and posterity, may we not infer that there is something in ourselves, *i.e.* in human nature as it now exists, which was worthy of his vision—something in which we do not think it 'selfish' to participate, though our personal 'sensations' are a part of it? Where then does the selfishness of desiring to share in a glorious future even through personal sacrifices begin? The only reasonable—even intelligible answer, as far as we see, is this;—as soon as that personal 'sensation' for ourselves excludes our own and wider growth for others, but never. But then no Christian ever lived for a moment that his personal activity could or would interfere with another being's growth. And if so, what is the selfishness? What a Christian desires is a higher, truer, deeper union with God for all, himself included. His own life drop out of that future, he poses that there will be so much that really does glorify the true unselfishness, and no compensating element. If it be Mr. Harrison's misapprehension to us that any perpetuation of sensation on our own parts will necessarily exclude something much higher which *would* exist if we consented to share, he may, I think, prove his point. But in the absence of any attempt to do so, his conception that it is noble and unselfish to be more than content—*namely*—for ceasing to live any but a mortal life, seems to me simply irrational.

Further, the equivalent which Mr. Harrison offers me for becoming, as I am expected to become, in another world, a yet better member of a better world, does not seem to me more than a doubtful good. My posthumous

activity will be of all kinds, some of which I am glad to anticipate, most of which I am very sorry to anticipate, and much of which I anticipate with absolute indifference. Even our best actions have bad effects as well as good. Macaulay and most other historians held that the Puritan earnestness expended a good deal of posthumous activity in producing the license of the world of the Restoration. Our activity, indeed, is strictly posthumous in kind, even before our death, from the very moment in which it leaves our living mind and has begun to work beyond ourselves. What I did as a child is, in this sense, as much producing posthumous effects, *i.e.* effects over which I can no longer exert any control, now, as what I do before death will be producing posthumous effects after my death. Now a considerable proportion of these posthumous activities of ours, even when we can justify the original activity as all that it ought to have been, are unfortunate. Mr. Harrison's papers, for instance, have already exerted a very vivid and very repulsive effect on my mind—an activity which I am sure he will not look upon with gratification, and I do not doubt that what I am now writing will produce the same effect on him, and in that effect I shall take no delight at all. A certain proportion, therefore, of my posthumous activity is activity for evil, even when the activity itself is on the whole good. But when we come to throw in the posthumous activity for evil exerted by our evil actions and the occasional posthumous activity for good which evil also fortunately exerts, but for the good results of which we can take no credit to ourselves, the whole constitutes a *mélange* to which, as far as I am concerned, I look with exceedingly mixed feelings, the chief element being humiliation, though there are faint lights mingled with it here and there. But as for any rapture of satisfaction in contemplating my 'coming incorporation with the glorious future of our race,' I must wholly and entirely disclaim it. What I see in that incorporation of mine with the future of our race—glorious or the reverse, and I do not quite see why the Positivist thinks it so glorious, since he probably holds that an absolute term must be put to it, if by no other cause, by the gradual cooling of the sun—is a

very patchwork sort of affair indeed, a mere miscellany of bad, good, and indifferent without organisation and without unity. What I shall be, for instance, when incorporated, in Mr. Harrison's phrase, with the future of our race, I have very little satisfaction in contemplating, except so far, perhaps, as my 'posthumous activity' may retard the acceptance of Mr. Harrison's glorious anticipations for the human race. One great reason for my personal wish for a perpetuity of volition and personal energy is, that I may have a better opportunity, as far as may lie in me, to undo the mischief I shall have done before death comes to my aid. The vision of 'posthumous activity' ought indeed, I fancy, to give even the best of us very little satisfaction. It may not be, and perhaps is not, so mischievous as the vision of 'posthumous fame,' but yet it is not the kind of vision which, to my mind, can properly occupy very much of our attention in this life. Surely the right thing for us to do is to concentrate attention on the life of the living moment—to make that the best we can—and then to leave its posthumous effects, after the life of the present has gone out of it, to that Power which, far more than anything in it, transmutes at times even our evil into good, though sometimes, too, to superficial appearance at all events, even our good into evil. The desire for an immortal life—that is, for a perpetuation of the personal affections and of the will—seems to me a far nobler thing than any sort of anticipation as to our posthumous activity; for high affections and a right will are good in *themselves*, and constitute, indeed, the only elements in Mr. Harrison's 'glorious future of our race' to which I can attach much value—while posthumous activity may be either good or evil, and depends on conditions over which he who first puts the activity in motion, often has no adequate control.

And this reminds me of a phrase in Mr. Harrison's paper which I have studied over and over again without making out his meaning. I mean his statement that on his own hypothesis 'there is ample scope for the spiritual life, for moral responsibility, for the world beyond the grave, *its hopes and its duties*, which remain to us perfectly real without the unintelligible hypothesis.'

Now I suppose, by 'the hopes' of 'the world beyond the grave,' Mr. Harrison means the hopes we form *for* the 'future of our race,' and that I understand. But what does he mean by its 'duties'? Not, surely, our duties beyond the grave, but the duties of those who survive us; for he expressly tells us that our mental and moral powers do not increase and grow, develop or vary within themselves—do not, in fact, survive at all except in their effects—and hence 'duties for *us* in the world beyond the grave are, I suppose, in his creed impossible. But if he only means that there will be duties for those who survive us after we are gone, I cannot see how that is in any respect a theme on which it is either profitable or consolatory for us to dwell by anticipation. One remark more: when Mr. Harrison says that it is quite as easy to learn to long for the moment when you shall become 'the immaterial principle of a comet,' or that you 'really were the ether, and were about to take your place in space,' as to long for personal immortality—he is merely talking at random on a subject on which it is hardly seemly to talk at random. He knows that what we mean by the soul is that which lies at the bottom of the sense of personal identity—the thread of the continuity running through all our chequered life; and how it can be equally unmeaning to believe that this hitherto unbroken continuity will continue unbroken, and to believe that it is to be transformed into something else of a totally different kind, I am not only unable to understand, but even to unconceive us. My notion of myself never had the least connection with the principle of any part of any comet, but it has the closest possible connection with thoughts, affections, and volitions, which, as far as I know, are not likely to perish with my body. I am sorry that Mr. Harrison should have disfigured his paper by sarcasms so inapplicable and apparently so bitter as these.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

Mr. Harrison's striking discourse on the soul and future life has a certain resemblance to the famous essay on the snakes of Ireland. For its purport is to show that there is no soul, nor any future

life in the ordinary sense of the terms. With death, the personal activity of which the soul is the popular hypostasis is put into commission among posterity, and the future life is an immortality by deputy.

Neither in these views, nor in the arguments by which they are supported, is there much novelty. But that which appears both novel and interesting to me is the author's evidently sincere and heartfelt conviction that his powerful advocacy of soulless spirituality and mortal immortality is consistent with the intellectual scorn and moral reprobation which he freely pours forth upon the 'irrational and debasing physicism' of materialism and materialists, and with the wrath with which he visits what he is pleased to call the intrusion of physical science, especially of biology, into the domain of social phenomena.

Listen to the storm :—

We certainly do reject, as earnestly as any school can, that which is most fairly called Materialism, and we will second every word of those who cry out that civilisation is in danger if the workings of the human spirit are to become questions of physiology, and if death is the end of a man, as it is the end of a sparrow. We not only assent to such protests, but we see very pressing need for making them. It is a corrupting doctrine to open a brain, and to tell us that devotion is a definite molecular change in this and that convolution of grey pulp, and that if man is the first of living animals, he passes away after a short space like the beasts that perish. And all doctrines, more or less, do tend to this, which offer physical theories as explaining moral phenomena, which deny man a spiritual in addition to a moral nature, which limit his moral life to the span of his bodily organism, and which have no place for 'religion' in the proper sense of the word.

Now Mr. Harrison can hardly think it worth while to attack imaginary opponents, so that I am led to believe that there must be somebody who holds the 'corrupting doctrine' 'that devotion is a definite molecular change in this and that convolution of grey pulp.' Nevertheless, my conviction is shaken by a passage which occurs at p. 627: 'No rational thinker now pretends that imagination is simply the vibration of a particular fibre.' If no rational thinker pretends this of imagination, why should any pretend it of devotion? And yet I cannot bring myself to think that all Mr. Harrison's passionate rhetoric is hurled

at irrational thinkers: surely he might leave such to the soft influences of time and due medical treatment of their 'grey pulp' in Colney Hatch or elsewhere.

On the other hand, Mr. Harrison cannot possibly be attacking those who hold that the feeling of devotion is the concomitant, or even the consequent, of a molecular change in the brain; for he tells us, in language the explicitness of which leaves nothing to be desired, that

To positive methods, every fact of thinking reveals itself as having functional relation with molecular change. Every fact of will or of feeling is in similar relation with kindred molecular facts.

On mature consideration I feel shut up to one of two alternative hypotheses. Either the 'corrupting doctrine' to which Mr. Harrison refers is held by no rational thinker—in which case, surely neither he nor I need trouble ourselves about it—or the phrase, 'Devotion is a definite molecular change in this and that convolution of grey pulp,' means that devotion has a functional relation with such molecular change; in which case, it is Mr. Harrison's own view, and therefore, let us hope, cannot be a 'corrupting doctrine.'

I am not helped out of the difficulty I have thus candidly stated, when I try to get at the meaning of another hard saying of Mr. Harrison's, which follows after the 'corrupting doctrine' paragraph: 'And all doctrines, more or less, do tend to this [corrupting doctrine], which offer physical theories as explaining moral phenomena.'

Nevertheless, on pp. 626–7, Mr. Harrison says with great force and tolerable accuracy:

Man is one, however compound. Fire his conscience, and he blushes. Check his circulation, and he thinks wildly, or thinks not at all. Impair his secretions, and moral sense is dulled, discolored, or depraved; his aspirations flag, his hope, love, faith reel. Impair them still more, and he becomes a brute. A cup of drink degrades his moral nature below that of a swine. Again, a violent emotion of pity or horror makes him vomit. A lancet will restore him from delirium to clear thought. Excess of thought will waste his sinews. Excess of muscular exercise will deaden thought. An emotion will double the strength of his muscles. And at last the prick of a needle or a grain of mineral will in an instant lay to rest for ever his body and its unity, and all the spontaneous activities of intelligence, feeling, and action, with which that compound organism was charged.

These are the obvious and ancient observations about the human organism. But modern philosophy and science have carried these hints into complete explanations. By a vast accumulation of proof positive thought at last has established a distinct correspondence between every process of thought or of feeling and some corporeal phenomenon.

I cry with Shylock :

'Tis very true, O wise and upright judge.

But if the establishment of the correspondence between physical phenomena on the one side, and moral and intellectual phenomena on the other, is properly to be called an *explanation* (let alone a *complete explanation*) of the human organism, surely Mr. Harrison's teachings come dangerously near that tender of physical theories in explanation of moral phenomena which he warns us leads straight to corruption.

But perhaps I have misinterpreted Mr. Harrison. For a few lines further on we are told, with due italic emphasis, that 'no man can *explain* volition by purely anatomical study.' I should have thought that Mr. Harrison might have gone much further than this. No man ever explained any physiological fact by purely anatomical study. Digestion cannot be so explained, nor respiration, nor reflex action. It would have been as relevant to affirm that volition could not be explained by measuring an arc of the meridian.

I am obliged to note the fact that Mr. Harrison's biological studies have not proceeded so far as to enable him to discriminate between the province of anatomy and that of physiology, because it furnishes the key to an otherwise mysterious utterance which occurs at p. 631 :—

A man whose whole thoughts are absorbed in cutting up dead monkeys and live frogs has no more business to dogmatise about religion than a mere chemist to improvise a zoology.

Quis negavit? But if, as, on Mr. Harrison's own showing, is the case, the progress of science (not anatomical, but physiological) has 'established a distinct correspondence between every process of thought or of feeling and some corporeal phenomenon,' and if it is true that 'impaired secretions' deprave the moral sense, and make 'hope, love, and faith reel,' surely the religious feelings are

brought within the range of physiological inquiry. If impaired secretions deprave the moral sense, it becomes an interesting and important problem to ascertain what diseased viscus may have been responsible for the *Priest in Absolution*; and what condition of the grey pulp may have conferred on it such a pathological steadiness of faith as to create the hope of personal immortality, which Mr. Harrison stigmatises as so selfishly immoral.

I should not like to undertake the responsibility of advising anybody to dogmatise about anything; but surely if, as Mr. Harrison so strongly urges, 'the whole range of man's powers, from the finest spiritual sensibility down to a mere automatic contraction, falls into one coherent scheme, being all the multiform functions of a living organism in presence of its encircling conditions;' then the man who endeavors to ascertain the exact nature of these functions, and to determine the influence of conditions upon them, is more likely to be in a position to tell us something worth hearing about them, than one who is turned from such study by cheap pulpit thunder touching the presumption of 'biological reasoning about spiritual things.'

Mr. Harrison, as we have seen, is not quite so clear as is desirable respecting the limits of the provinces of anatomy and physiology. Perhaps he will permit me to inform him that physiology is the science which treats of the functions of the living 'organism, ascertains their coordinations and their correlations in the general chain of causes and effects, and traces out their dependence upon the physical states of the organs by which these functions are exercised. The explanation of a physiological function is the demonstration of the connection of that function with the molecular state of the organ which exerts the function. Thus the function of motion is explained when the movements of the living body are found to have certain molecular changes for their invariable antecedents; the function of sensation is explained when the 'molecular changes, which are the invariable antecedents of sensations, are discovered.

The fact that it is impossible to comprehend how it is that a physical state gives rise to a mental state, no more les-

sens the value of the explanation in the latter case, than the fact that it is utterly impossible to comprehend how motion is communicated from one body to another, weakens the force of the explanation of the motion of one billiard ball by showing that another has hit it.

The finest spiritual sensibility, says Mr. Harrison (and I think that there is a fair presumption that he is right), is a function of a living organism—is in relation with molecular facts. In that case, the physiologist may reply, 'It is my business to find out what these molecular facts are, and whether the relation between them and the said spiritual sensibility is one of antecedence in the molecular fact, and sequence in the spiritual fact, or *vice versa*. If the latter result comes out of my inquiries, I shall have made a contribution towards a moral theory of physical phenomena; if the former, I shall have done somewhat towards building up a physical theory of moral phenomena. But in any case I am not outstepping the limits of my proper province: my business is to get at the truth, respecting such questions at all risks; and if you tell me that one of these two results is a corrupting doctrine, I can only say that I perceive the intended reproach conveyed by the observation, but that I fail to recognise its relevance. If the doctrine is true, its social septic or antiseptic properties are not my affair. My business as a biologist is with physiology, not with morals.'

This plea of justification strikes me as complete; whence, then, the following outbreak of angry eloquence?—

The arrogant attempt to dispose of the deepest moral truths of human nature on a bare physical or physiological basis is almost enough to justify the insurrection of some impatient theologians against science itself.

'That strain again: it has a dying fall;' nowise similar to the sweet south upon a bank of violets, however, but like the death-wail of innumerable 'impatient theologians' as from the high 'drum ecclesiastic' they view the waters of science flooding the Church on all hands. The beadles have long been washed away; escape by pulpit stairs is even becoming doubtful, without kirtling those outward investments which distinguish the priest from the man so high that no one will see there is anything but the man left.

But Mr. Harrison is not an impatient theologian—indeed, no theologian at all, unless, as he speaks of 'Soul' when he means certain bodily functions, and of 'Future life' when he means personal annihilation, he may make his master's *Grand être suprême* the subject of a theology; and one stumbles upon this well-worn fragment of too familiar declamation amongst his vigorous periods, with the unpleasant surprise of one who finds a fly in a precious ointment.

There are people from whom one does not expect well-founded statement and thoughtful, however keen, argumentation, embodied in precise language. From Mr. Harrison one does. But I think he will be at a loss to answer the question, if I pray him to tell me of any representative of physical science who, either arrogantly or otherwise, has ever attempted to dispose of moral truths on a physical or physiological basis. If I am to take the sense of the words literally, I shall not dispute the arrogance of the attempt to dispose of a moral truth on a bare, or even on a covered, physical or physiological basis; for, whether the truth is deep or shallow, I cannot conceive how the feat is to be performed. Columbus's difficulty with the egg is as nothing to it. But I suppose what is meant is, that some arrogant people have tried to upset morality by the help of physics and physiology. I am sorry if such people exist, because I shall have to be much ruder to them than Mr. Harrison is. I should not call them arrogant, any more than I should apply that epithet to a person who attempted to upset Euclid by the help of the Rigveda. Accuracy might be satisfied, if not propriety, by calling such a person a fool; but it appears to me that it would be the height of injustice to term him arrogant.

Whatever else they may be, the laws of morality, under their scientific aspect, are generalisations based upon the observed phenomena of society; and, whatever may be the nature of moral approbation and disapprobation, these feelings are, as a matter of experience, associated with certain acts.

The consequences of men's actions will remain the same, however far our analysis of the causes which lead to them may be pushed: theft and murder would be none the less objectionable if it were

possible to prove that they were the result of the activity of special theft and murder cells in that 'grey pulp' of which Mr. Harrison speaks so scornfully. Does any sane man imagine that any quantity of physiological analysis will lead people to think breaking their legs or putting their hands into the fire desirable? And when men really believe that breaches of the moral law involve their penalties as surely as do breaches of the physical law, is it to be supposed that even the very firmest disposal of their moral truths upon 'a bare physical or physiological basis' will tempt them to incur those penalties?

I would gladly learn from Mr. Harrison where, in the course of his studies, he has found anything inconsistent with what I have just said in the writings of physicists or biologists. I would entreat him to tell us who are the true materialists, 'the scientific specialists' who 'neglect all philosophical and religious synthesis,' and who 'submit religion to the test of the scalpel or the electric battery;' where the materialism which is 'marked by the ignoring of religion, the passing by on the other side and shutting the eyes to the spiritual history of mankind,' is to be found.

I will not believe that these phrases are meant to apply to any scientific men of whom I have cognisance, or to any recognised system of scientific thought—they would be too absurdly inappropriate—and I cannot believe that Mr. Harrison indulges in empty rhetoric. But I am disposed to think that they would not have been used at all, except for that deep-seated sympathy with the 'impatient theologian' which characterises the Positivist school, and crops out, characteristically enough, in more than one part of Mr. Harrison's essay.

Mr. Harrison tells us that 'Positivism is prepared to meet the theologians.' I agree with him, though not exactly in his sense of the words—indeed, I have formerly expressed the opinion that the meeting took place long ago, and that the faithful lovers, impelled by the instinct of a true affinity of nature, have met to part no more. Ecclesiastical to the core from the beginning, Positivism is now exemplifying the law that the outward garment adjusts itself, sooner or later, to the inward man. From its

founder onwards, stricken with metaphysical incompetence, and equally incapable of appreciating the true spirit of scientific method, it is now essaying to cover the nakedness of its philosophical materialism with the rags of a spiritualistic phraseology out of which the original sense has wholly departed. I understand and I respect the meaning of the word 'soul,' as used by Pagan and Christian philosophers for what they believe to be the imperishable seat of human personality, bearing throughout eternity its burden of woe, or its capacity for adoration and love. I confess that my dull moral sense does not enable me to see anything base or selfish in the desire for a future life among the spirits of the just made perfect; or even among a few such poor fallible souls as one has known here below.

And if I am not satisfied with the evidence that is offered me that such a soul and such a future life exist, I am content to take what is to be had and to make the best of the brief span of existence that is within my reach, without reviling those whose faith is more robust and whose hopes are richer and fuller. But in the interests of scientific clearness, I object to say that I have a soul, when I mean, all the while, that my organism has certain mental functions which, like the rest, are dependent upon its molecular composition, and come to an end when I die; and I object still more to affirm that I look to a future life, when all that I mean is, that the influence of my sayings and doings will be more or less felt by a number of people after the physical components of that organism are scattered to the four winds.

Throw a stone into the sea, and there is a sense in which it is true that the wavelets which spread around it have an effect through all space and all time. Shall we say that the stone has a future life?

It is not worth while to have broken away, not without pain and grief, from beliefs which, true or false, embody great and fruitful conceptions, to fall back into the arms of a half-breed between science and theology, endowed, like most half-breeds, with the faults of both parents and the virtues of neither. And it is unwise by such a lapse to expose oneself to the temptation of holding with the hare

and hunting with the hounds—of using the weapons of one progenitor to damage the other. I cannot but think that the members of the Positivist school in this country stand in some danger of falling into that fatal error; and I put it to them to consider whether it is either consistent or becoming for those who hold that 'the finest spiritual sensibility' is a mere bodily function, to join in the view-halloo, when the hunt is up against biological science—to use their voices in swelling the senseless cry that 'civilisation is in danger if the workings of the human spirit are to become questions of physiology.'

LORD BLACHFORD.

Mr. Harrison is of opinion that the difference between Christians and himself on this question of the soul and the future life 'turns altogether on habits of thought.' What appears to the Positivist flimsy will, he says, seem to the Christian sublime, and *vice versa*, 'simply because our minds have been trained in different logical methods,' and this apparently because Positivism 'pretends to no other basis than positive knowledge and scientific logic.' But if this is so, it is not, I think, quite consistent to conclude, as he does, that 'it is idle to dispute about our respective logical methods, or to put this or that habit of mind in a combat with that.' As to the combatants this may be true. But it surely is not idle, but very much to the purpose, for the information of those judges to whom the very act of publication appeals, to discuss habits and methods on which, it is declared, the difference altogether turns.

I note therefore *in limine* what, as I go on, I shall have occasion to illustrate, one or two differences between the methods of Mr. Harrison and those in which I have been trained.

I have been taught to consider that certain words or ideas represent what are called by logicians substances, by Mr. Harrison, I think, entities, and by others, as the case may be, persons, beings, objects, or articles. Such are air, earth, men, horses, chairs, and tables. Their peculiarity is that they have each of them a separate, independent, substantive existence. They *are*.

There are other words or ideas which

do not represent existing things, but qualities, relations, consequences, processes, or occurrences, like victory, virtue, life, order, or destruction, which do but belong to substances, or result from them without any distinct existence of their own. A thing signified by a word of the former class cannot possibly be identical or even homogeneous with a thing signified by a word of the second class. A fiddle is not only a different thing from a tune, but it belongs to another and totally distinct order of ideas. To this distinction the English mind at some period of its history must have been imperfectly alive. If a Greek confounded *κτίσις* with *κτίσμα*, an act with a thing, it was the fault of the individual. But the English language, instead of precluding such a confusion, almost, one would say, labors to propagate it. Such words as 'building,' 'announcement,' 'preparation,' or 'power,' are equally available to signify either the act of construction or an edifice—either the act of proclaiming or a placard—either the act of preparing, or a surgical specimen—either the ability to do something, or the being in which that ability resides. Such imperfections of language infuse themselves into thought. And I venture to think that the slight superciliousness with which Mr. Harrison treats the doctrines which such persons as myself entertain respecting the soul is in some degree due to the fact that positive 'habits of thought' and 'logical methods' do not recognise so completely as ours the distinction which I have described as that between a fiddle and a tune.

Again, my own habit of mind is to distinguish more pointedly than Mr. Harrison does between a unit and a complex whole. When I speak of an act of individual will, I seem to myself to speak of an indivisible act proceeding from a single being. The unity is not merely in my mode of representation, but in the thing signified. If I speak of an act of the national will—I say a determination to declare war—I speak of the concurrence of a number of individual wills, each acting for itself, and under an infinite variety of influences, but so related to each other and so acting in concert that it is convenient to represent them under the aggregate term 'nation.' I use a term which sig-

nifies unity of being, but I really mean nothing more than cooperation, or correlated action and feeling. So, when I speak of the happiness of humanity, I mean nothing whatever but a number of particular happinesses of individual persons. Humanity is not a unit, but a word which enables me to bring a number of units under view at once. In the case of material objects, I apprehend, unity is simply relative and artificial—a grain of corn is a unit relatively to a bushel and an aggregate relatively to an atom. But I, believing myself to be a spiritual being, call myself actually and without metaphor—one.

Mr. Harrison, who acknowledges the existence of no being but matter, appears either to deny the existence of any real unity whatever, or to ascribe that real unity to an aggregate of things or beings who resemble each other, like the members of the human race, or cooperate towards a common result, like the parts of a picture, a melody, or the human frame, and which may thus be conveniently viewed in combination, and represented by a single word or phrase.

I think that the little which I have to say will be the clearer for these preliminary protests.

The questions in hand relate first to the claim of the soul of man to be treated as an existing thing not bound by the laws of matter; secondly, to the immortality of that existing thing.

The claim of the soul to be considered as an existing and immaterial being presents itself to my mind as follows:

My positive experience informs me of one thing percipient—myself; and of a multitude of things perceptible—perceptible, that is, not by way of consciousness, as I am to myself, but by way of impression on other things—capable of making themselves felt through the channels and organs of sensation. These things thus perceptible constitute the material world.

I take no account of percipients other than myself, for I can only conjecture about them what I know about myself. I take no account of things neither percipient nor perceptible, for it is impossible to do so. I know of nothing outside me of which I can say it is at once percipient and perceptible. But I inquire whether I am myself so—whether the

existing being to which my sense of identity refers, in which my sensations reside, and which for these two reasons I call 'myself,' is capable also of being perceived by beings outside myself, as the material world is perceived by me.

I first observe that things perceptible comprise not only objects, but instruments and media of perception—an immense variety of contrivances, natural or artificial, for transmitting information to the sensitive being. Such are telescopes, microscopes, ear-trumpets, the atmosphere, and various other media which, if not at present the objects of direct sensation, may conceivably become so—and such, above all, are various parts of the human body—the lenses which collect the vibrations which are the conditions of light; the tympanum which collects the vibrations which are the conditions of sound; the muscles which adjust these and other instruments of sensation to the precise performance of their work; the nerves which convey to and fro molecular movements of the most incomprehensible significance and efficacy. Of all these it is, I understand, more and more evident, as science advances, that they are perceptible, but do not perceive. Ear, hand, eye, and nerves are alike machinery—mere machinery for transmitting the movement of atoms to certain nervous centres—ascertained localities which (it is proper to observe in passing), though small relatively to ourselves and our powers of investigation, may—since size is entirely relative—be *absolutely* large enough to contain little worlds in themselves.

Here the investigation of things perceptible is stopped, abruptly and completely. Our inquiries into the size, composition, and movement of particles, have been pushed, for the present at any rate, as far as they will go. But at this point we come across a field of phenomena to which the attributes of atoms, size, movement, and physical composition are wholly inapplicable—the phenomena of sensation or animal life.

Science informs me that the movements of these perceptible atoms within my body bear a correspondence, strange, subtle, and precise, to the sensations of which I, as a percipient, am conscious; a correspondence (it is again proper to observe in passing) which extends not

only to perceptions, as in sight or hearing, but to reflection and volition, as in sleep and drunkenness. The relation is not one of similarity. The vibrations of a white, black, or grey pulp are not in any sensible way similar to the perception of color or sound, or the imagination of a noble act. There is no visible—may I not say no conceivable?—reason why one should depend on the other. Motion and sensation interact, but they do not overlap. There is no homogeneity between them. They stand apart. Physical science conducts us to the brink of the chasm which separates them, and by so doing only shows us its depth.

I return then to the question, What am I? My own habits of mind and logical methods certainly require me to believe that I am something—something percipient—but am I perceptible? I find no reason for supposing it. I believe myself to be surrounded by things percipient. Are they perceptible? Not to my knowledge. Their existence is to me a matter of inference from their perceptible appendages. Them—their very selves—I certainly cannot perceive. As far as I can understand things perceptible, I detect in them no quality—no capacity for any quality like that of percipency, which, with its homogeneous faculties, intellect, affections, and so on, is the basis of my own nature. Physical science, while it developes the relation, seems absolutely to emphasise and illuminate the ineradicable difference between the motions of a material and the sensations of a living being. Of the attributes of a percipient we have, each for himself, profound and immediate experience. Of the attributes of the perceptible we have, I suppose, distinct scientific conceptions. Our notions of the one and our notions of the other appear to attach to a different order of being.

It appears therefore to me that there is no reason to believe, and much reason for not believing, that the percipient is perceptible under our present conditions of existence, or indeed under any conditions that our present faculties enable us to imagine.

And this is my case, which of course covers the whole animal creation. Perception must be an attribute of something, and there is reason for believing

that this something is imperceptible. This is what I mean when I say that I have, or more properly that I am, a soul or spirit, or rather it is the point on which I join issue with those who say that I am not.

I am not, as Mr. Harrison seems to suppose, running about in search of a 'cause.' I am inquiring into the nature of a being, and that being myself. I am sure I am something. I am certainly not the mere tangible structure of atoms which I affect, and by which I am affected after a wonderful fashion. In reflecting on the nature of my own operations I find nothing to suggest that my own being is subject to the same class of physical laws as the objects from which my sensations are derived, and I conclude that I am not subject to those laws. The most substantial objection to this conclusion is conveyed, I conceive, in a sentence of Mr. Harrison's: 'To talk to us of mind, feeling, and will continuing their functions in the absence of physical organs and visible organisms, is to use language which, to us at least, is pure nonsense.'

It is probably to those who talk thus that Mr. Harrison refers when he says that argument is useless. And in point of fact I have no answer but to call his notions anthropomorphic, and to charge him with want of a certain kind of imagination. By imagination we commonly mean the creative faculty which enables a man to give a palpable shape to what he believes or thinks possible: and this, I do not doubt, Mr. Harrison possesses in a high degree. But there is another kind of imagination which enables a man to embrace the idea of a possibility to which no such palpable shape can be given, or rather of a world of possibilities beyond the range of his experience or the grasp of his faculties; as Mr. John Mill embraced the idea of a possible world in which the connection of cause and effect should not exist. The want of this necessary though dangerous faculty makes a man the victim of vivid impressions, and disables him from believing what his impressions do not enable him to realise. Questions respecting metaphysical possibility turn much on the presence, or absence, or exaggeration of this kind of imagination. And when

one man has said 'I can conceive it possible,' and another has said 'I cannot,' it is certainly difficult to get any farther.

To me it is not in the slightest degree difficult to conceive the possible existence of a being capable of love and knowledge without the physical organs through which human beings derive their knowledge, nor in supposing myself to be such a being. Indeed I seem actually to exercise such a capacity (however I got it) when I shut my eyes and try to think out a moral or mathematical puzzle. If it is true that a particular corner of my brain is concerned in the matter, I accept the fact not as a self-evident truth (which would seem to be Mr. Harrison's position), but as a curious discovery of the anatomists. But having said this I have said everything, and as Mr. Harrison must suppose that I deceive myself, so I suppose that in his case the imagination which founds itself on experience is so active and vivid as to cloud or dwarf the imagination which proceeds beyond or beside experience.

Mr. Harrison's own theory I do not quite understand. He derides the idea, though he does not absolutely deny the possibility, of an immaterial entity which feels. And he appears to be sensible of the difficulty of supposing that atoms of matter which assume the form of a grey pulp can feel. He holds accordingly, as I understand, that feeling, and all that follows from it, are the results of an 'organism.'

If he had used the word 'organisation,' I should have concluded unhesitatingly that he was the victim of the Anglican confusion which I have above noticed, and that, in his own mind, he escaped the alternative difficulties of the case by the common expedient of shifting, as occasion required, from one sense of that word to the other. If pressed by the difficulty of imagining sensation not resident in any specific sensitive thing, the word organisation would supply to his mind the idea of a thing, a sensitive aggregate of organised atoms. If, on the contrary, pressed by the difficulty of supposing that these atoms, one or all, thought, the word would shift its meaning and present the aspect not of an aggregate bulk, but of orderly arrangement—not of a thing, or collection of things, but of a state of things.

But the word 'organism' is generally taken to indicate a thing organised. And the choice of that word would seem to indicate that he ascribed the spiritual acts (so to call them) which constitute life to the aggregate bulk of the atoms organised or the appropriate part of them. But this he elsewhere seems to disclaim. 'The philosophy which treats man as man simply affirms that *man* loves, thinks, acts, not that ganglia, or the sinews, or any organ of man loves, and thinks, and acts.' Yes, but we recur to the question, what is man? If the ganglia do not think, what is it that does? Mr. Harrison, as I understand, answers that it is a *consensus* of faculties, an harmonious system of parts, and he denounces an attempt to introduce into this collocation of parts or faculties an underlying entity or being which shall possess those faculties or employ those parts. It is then not after all to a being or aggregate of beings, but to a relation or condition of beings, that will and thought and love belong. If this is Mr. Harrison's meaning, I certainly agree with him that it is indeed impossible to compose a difference between two disputants, of whom one holds, and the other denies, that a condition can think. If my opponent does not admit this to be an absurdity, I do not pretend to drive him any further.

With regard to immortality, I have nothing material to add to what has been said by those who have preceded me. I agree with Professor Huxley that the natural world supplies nothing which can be called evidence of a future life. Believing in God, I see in the constitution of the world which He has made, and in the yearnings and aspirations of that spiritual nature which He has given to man, much that commends to my belief the revelation of a future life which I believe Him to have made. But it is in virtue of His clear promise, not in virtue of these doubtful intimations, that I rely on the prospect of a future life. Believing that He is the author of that moral insight which in its ruder forms controls the multitude and in its higher inspires the saint, I revere those great men who were able to forecast this great announcement, but I cannot and do not care to reduce that forecast to any logical process, or base it on any conclusive

ing. Rather I admire their power of vision the more on account of the richness of their logical data. For I believe because I am told.

Whether the doctrine of immortality be true or false, I protest, with Mr. Harrison, against the attempt to substitute at any rate is a substantial idea, something which can hardly be called a shadow or echo of it.

The Christian conception of the world is a world of moral as of material waste. Much seed is sown which does not ripen, but some is sown that ripens. This planet is a seat, among others, of present goodness and happiness. And this our goodness and happiness, like our crime and misery, propagates itself through our lives and after our deaths. But, apart from these earthly consequences, there are much to us and all to the Positivists the little fragment of the universe in which we appear and disappear is, we may say, a nursery for something greater. Our capacities for love and knowledge are such that in some of us attain a certain development here, we must all feel to be capable of with greater opportunities, of an infinitely greater development; and Positivists believe that such a development is in fact reserved for those who, after a short time of apprenticeship, take the proper steps for approaching it.

Our conception of a glorious and immortal company into which the best of us are continually to be gathered to be associated with each other (to say no more in all that can make existence happy and noble, may be a dream, and Mr. Harrison may be right in calling it a dream deriding it he cannot be right. The 'eternity of the tabor' he calls it! We never felt, or at any rate is he capable to conceive, a thrill of pleasure in sympathetic interchange of look, or word, or touch with a fellow-creature so noble and brilliant, and engaged in the exhibition of those qualities of heart and intellect which make him so noble? Multiply and sustain this vision pose yourself surrounded by beings of whom this interchange of sympathy is permanent and perpetual. Intensify it. Sense indefinitely the excellence of those beings, the wonderful and beneficent character of his operations, the vast capacities of affection and in-

tellect, the vividness of our conception, the breadth and firmness of our mental grasp, the sharp vigor of our admiration; and to exclude satiety, imagine if you like that the operations which we contemplate and our relations to our companions are infinitely varied—a supposition for which the size of the known and unknown universe affords indefinite scope—or otherwise suppose that sameness ceases to tire, as the old Greek philosopher thought it might do if we were better than we are (*μεταβολή πάντων γλυκύτερον διὰ πονηρίαν τινά*), or as it would do, I suppose, if we had no memory of the immediate past. Imagine all this as the very least that may be hoped, if our own powers of conception are as slight in respect to the nature of what is to be as our bodies are in relation to the physical universe. And remember that if practical duties are necessary for the perfection of life, the universe is not so small but that in some corner of it its Creator might always find something to do for the army of intelligences whom He has thus formed and exalted.

All this, I repeat, may be a dream, but to characterise it as 'the eternity of the tabor' shows surely a feebleness of conception or carelessness of representation more worthy of a ready writer than of a serious thinker. And to place before us as a rival conception the fact that some of our good deeds will have indefinite consequences—to call this scanty and fading chain of effects, which we shall be as unable to perceive or control as we have been unable to anticipate—to call this a 'posthumous activity,' 'an eternity of spiritual influence,' and a 'life beyond the grave,' and finally, under the appellation of 'incorporation into the glorious future of our race,' to claim for it a dignity and value parallel to that which would attach to the Christian's expectation (if solid) of a sensible life of exalted happiness for himself and all good men, is surely nothing more or less than extravagance founded on misnomer.

With regard to the promised incorporation, I should really like to know what is the exact process, or event, or condition which Mr. Harrison considers himself to understand by the incorporation of a consensus of faculties with a glorious future; and whether he arrived at its

apprehension by way of 'positive knowledge,' or by way of 'scientific logic.'

Mr. Harrison's future life is disposed of by Professor Huxley in a few words: 'Throw a stone into the sea, and there is a sense in which it is true that the wavelets which spread around it have an effect through all space and time. Shall we say that the stone has a future life?'

To this I only add the question whether I am not justified in saying that Mr. Harrison does not adequately distinguish between the nature of a fiddle and the nature of a tune, and would contend (if consistent) that a violin which had been burnt to ashes would, notwithstanding, continue to exist, at least as long as a tune which had been played upon it survived in the memory of any one who had heard it—the *consensus* of its capacities being, it would seem, incorporated into the glorious future of music.

HON. RODEN NOEL.

Death is a phenomenon; but are we phenomena?

The question of immortality seems, philosophically speaking, very much to resolve itself into that of personality. Are we persons, spirits, or are we things? Perhaps we are a loose collection of successive qualities? That seems to be the latest conclusion of Positive, and Agnostic biological philosophy. The happy thought which, as Dr. Stirling suggests, was probably thrown out in a spirit of persiflage by Hume has been adopted in all seriousness by his followers. Mr. Harrison is very bitter with those who want to explain mental and moral phenomena by physiology. But, as Professor Huxley remarks, he seems in many parts of his essay to do the same thing himself. What could Buchner, or Carl Vogt say stronger than this? 'At last, the prick of a needle, or a grain of mineral, will in an instant lay to rest for ever man's body and its unity, and all the spontaneous activities of intelligence, feeling, and action, *with which that compound organism was charged.*' Again, he says the spiritual faculties are 'directly dependent on physical organs'—'stand forth as functions of living organs in given conditions of the organism.' Again 'At last the man Newton dies, that is, the body is dispersed into gas and dust.' Mr. Harrison then, though a Positivist, bound to

know only successive phenomena, seems to know the body as a material entity possessed of such functions as conscience, reason, imagination, perception—to know that Newton's body thought out the Principia, and Shakespeare's conceived Hamlet. Indeed, Agnosticism generally, though with a show of humility, seems rather arbitrary in its selection of what we shall know, and what we shall not: we must know something; so we shall know that we have ideas and feelings, but not the personal identity that alone makes them intelligible, or we shall use the word, and yet speak as if the idea were a figment; we shall know qualities, but not substance; 'functions' and 'forces,' but not the some one or something, of which they must be functions and forces to be conceivable at all. Yet *naturam expellas furcâ* &c. Common sense insists on retaining the fundamental laws of human thought, not being able to get rid of them; and hence the haphazard, instead of systematic and orderly fashion in which the new philosophy deals with universal convictions, denying even that they exist out of theology and *métaphysique*.

Thus (in apparent contradiction to the statements quoted) we are told that it is 'man who loves, thinks, acts; not the ganglia, or sinuses, or any organ' that does so. But perhaps the essayist means that all the body together does so. He says a man is 'the consensus, or combined activity of his faculties.' What is meant by this phraseology? It is just this '*his*,' this '*consensus*,' or '*combined* acting' that is inconceivable without the focus of unity, in which many contemporaneous phenomena, and many past and present meet to be compared, remembered, identified as belonging to the same self; so only can they be known phenomena at all. Well, do we find in examining the physical structure of man's body as solid, heavy, extended, divisible, or its living organs and their physical functions, or the rearrangement of molecules of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, &c., into living tissue, or its oxidation, anything corresponding to the consciousness of personal moral agency, and personal identity? We put the two classes of conception side by side, and they seem to refuse to be identified—man as one and the same conscious

gent—and his body, or the bumps on the skull; or is man indeed a function of his own body? Are we right in regarding our bodies as material things, regarding ourselves as if we were not things, regarding ourselves with might, rights, and duties? We ought perhaps to talk—theological and philosophies being now excluded—not of our having bodies, but of bodies having us, and of bodies having rights or duties. Perhaps Dundreary is staked, and the tail may wag the head all.

Harrison says: 'Orthodoxy has been accustomed to take itself for granted, that we are apt to forget very short a period of human history sublimated essence' (the immortal soul) 'has been current. There is a trace of it in the Bible in its presentness.' This reminds one rather of Matthew Arnold's contention, that the ancients did not believe in God. But it does not much signify what particular intellectual theories have been maintained by different men at different times about the nature of God or of the soul; the question is whether you do stand on the whole among them all as a business or conviction, that there is a higher Being above them, together with the power of distinguishing them from their own bodies, and the ground around them—in consequence of which, a belief in personal immortality. In all ages believe that the dead speak to us from beyond the grave. But into that I will not enter.

Our bodies? that seems to be the question.

Now I do not think Positivism is right to assume that we are, on its own principles and profes-

Harrison has a very forcible passion in which he enlarges upon this; that 'the laws of the separate functions of body, mind, or feeling, have no relations to each other; are interwoven in with each other, act in concert.' 'From the summit of spirituality to the base of corporeal life, as we pass up or down the gamut of human forces, there runs one organic continuity and sympathy of parts. The smallest fibre in the corporeal and in some infinitesimal way we catch the effect in the moral man. We rouse chords of the most glori-

ous ecstasy of the soul, we may see the vibrations of them visibly thrilling upon the skin.' Here we are in the region of positive facts as specially made manifest by recent investigation. And the orthodox schools need to recognise the significance of such facts. The close interdependence of body and soul is a startling verity that must be looked in the face; and the discovery has, no doubt, gone far to shake the faith of many in human immortality, as well as in other momentous kindred truths. It has been so with myself. But I think the old dictum of Bacon about the effect of a little and more knowledge will be found applicable after all. Let us look these facts very steadily in the face. When we have thought for a long time, there is a feeling of pain in the head. That is a feeling, observe, in our own conscious selves. Further, by observation and experiment, it has been made certain that some molecular change in the nervous substance of the brain (to the renewal of which oxygenated blood is necessary), is going on, while the process of thinking takes place—though we are not conscious of it in our own case, except as a matter of inference. The thought itself seems, when we reflect on it, partly due to the action of an external world or kosmos upon us; partly to our own 'forms of thought,' or fixed ways of perceiving and thinking, which have been ours so long as we can remember, and which do not belong to us more than to other individual members of the human family; again partly to our own past experience. But what is this material process accompanying thought, which conceivably we might perceive if we could see the inside of our own bodies? Why it too can only seem what it seems by virtue of our own personal past experience, and our own human as well as individual modes of conceiving. Is not that 'positive' too? Will not men of science agree with me that such is the fact? In short, our bodies, on any view of them, *science herself has taught us*, are *percepts and concepts of ours*—I don't say of the 'soul,' or the mind, or any *bête noire* of the sort, but of *ourselves*, who surely cannot be altogether *bêtes noires*. They are as much percepts and concepts of ours as is the material world outside them. Are they colored? Color, we

are told, is a sensation. Are they hard or soft? These are our sensations, and relative to us. The elements of our food enter into relations we name living; their molecules enter into that condition of unstable equilibrium; there is motion of parts fulfilling definite intelligible and constant uses, in some cases subject to our own intelligent direction. But all this is what appears to our intelligence, and it appears different, according to the stages of intelligence at which we arrive; a good deal of it is hypothesis of our own minds. Readers of Berkeley and Kant need not be told this; it is now universally acknowledged by the competent. The atomic theory is a working hypothesis of our minds only. Space and time are relative to our intelligence, to the succession of our thoughts, to our own faculties of motion, motion being also a conception of ours. Our bodies, in fact, as Positivists often tell us, and as we now venture to remind *them*, are *phenomena*, that is, *orderly appearances to us*. They further tell us generally that there is nothing which thus appears, or that we cannot know that there is anything beyond the appearance. What then, according to Positivism itself, is the most we are entitled to affirm with regard to the dead? Simply that there are *no appearances to us* of a living personality *in connection with* those phenomena which we call a dead body, any more than there are in connection with the used-up materials of burnt tissues that pass by osmosis into the capillaries, and away by excretory ducts. But are we entitled to affirm that the *person* is extinct—is dissolved—the one conscious self in whom these bodily phenomena centred (except so far as they centred in us), who was the focus of them, gave them form, made them what they were; whose thoughts wandered up and down through eternity; of whom, therefore, the bodily, as well as mental and spiritual functions were functions, so far as this body entered into the conscious self at all? We can, on the contrary, only affirm that probably the person no longer perceives, and is conscious, *in connection with this form* we look upon, wherein so-called chemical affinities now prevail altogether over so-called vital power. But even in life the body is always changing and decomposing—foreign substances are always be-

coming a new body, and the old body becoming a foreign substance. Yet the Person remains one and the same. True, Positivism tries to eliminate persons, and reduce all to appearances; but this is too glaring a violation of common sense, and I do not think from his language Mr. Harrison quite means to do this. Well by spirit, even by 'soul,' most people, let me assure him, only mean *our own conscious personal selves*. For myself, indeed, I believe that there cannot be appearances without something to appear. But seeing that the material world is in harmony with our intelligence, and presents all the appearance of intelligent cooperation of parts with a view to ends, I believe, with a great English thinker, whose loss we have to deplore (James Hinton), that all is the manifestation of life—of living spirits or persons, not of dead inert matter, though from our own spiritual deadness or inertness it appears to us material. Upon our own moral and spiritual life in fact depends the measure of our knowledge and perception. I can indeed admit with Mr. Harrison that probably there must always be to us the phenomenon, the body, the external; but it may be widely different from what it seems now. We may be made one with the great Elohim, or angels of Nature who create us, or we may still grovel in dead material bodily life. We now appear to ourselves and to others as bodily, as material. Body, and soul or mind, are two opposite phenomenal poles of one Reality, which is self or spirit; but though these phenomena may vary, the creative informing spirit, which underlies all, of which we partake, which is absolute, divine, this can never be destroyed. 'In God we live, move, and have our being.' It is held indeed by the new philosophy that the temporal, the physical, and the composite (elements of matter and 'feeling') are the basis of our higher consciousness: on the contrary, I hold that this is absurd, and that the one eternal consciousness or spirit must be the basis of the physical, composite, and temporal; is needed to give unity and harmony to the body. One is a little ashamed of agreeing with an old-fashioned thinker, whom an old-fashioned poet pronounced the 'first of those who know,' that the spirit is organising vital

ple of the body, not *vice versa*. great difficulty, no doubt, is that ent irruption of the external into rsonal, when, as the essayist says, ir a man's secretions, and moral is dulled, discolored, depraved.' is our spiritual deadness that has into this physical condition; and bly it is *we* who are responsible in r sense than we can realise now is effect upon us, which must be in id too for purposes of discipline; ongs to our spiritual history and se. Moreover, this external world so foreign to us as we imagine; it itual, and between all spirit there darity.

Hinton observes (and here I agree im rather than with Mr. Harrison), he defect and falseness of our ng must be in the knowing by only f ourselves. Whereas sense had to pplemented by intellect, and proved ding without it, so intellect, even region of knowledge, has to be emented by moral sense, which is ighest faculty in us. We are at it misled by a false view of the , based on sense and intellect only. is but a hideous illusion of our ess—

is the veil which those who live call e :
ep, and it is lifted.

ue definition of the actual is that is true for, which satisfies the Being of humanity. We must ask doctrine: does it answer in the region? if so, it is as true as we ave it with our present knowledge; the moral experiment fails, it is ue. Conscience has the highest rity about knowledge, as it has conduct. Now apply this to the ons of Positivism, and the belief e would substitute for faith in God, ersonal immortality. Kant suffi- y proved that these are postulates ed by Practical Reason, and on round he believed them. I am not to the beauty and nobleness of :s moral ideal (not without debt to 's) as expounded by himself, and oy Mr. Harrison. Still I say: the experiment fails. Some of us eek to benefit the world, and then

desire rest. But what of the maimed and broken and aimless lives around us? What of those we have lost, who were dearer to us than our own selves, full of fairest hope and promise, unaware annihilated in earliest dawn, whose dewy bud yet slept unfolded? If they were *things*, doubtless we *might* count them as so much manure, in which to grow those still more beautiful, though still brief-flowering human aloes, which Positivism, though knowing nothing but present phenomena, and denying God, is able confidently to promise us in some remote future. But alas! they *seemed* living spirits, able to hope for infinite love, progressive virtue, the beatific vision of God Himself! And they really *were*—so much manure! Why, as has already been asked, are such ephemerals worth living for, however many of them there may be, whose lives are as an idle flash in the pan, always promising, yet failing to attain any substantial or enduring good? What of these agonising women and children, now the victims of Ottoman blood-madness? What of all the cramped, unlovely, debased, or slow-tortured, yet evanescent lives of myriads in our great cities? These cannot have the philosophic aspirations of culture. They have too often none at all. Go proclaim to them this gospel, supplementing it by the warning that in the end there will remain only a huge block of ice in a 'wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!' I could believe in the pessimism of Schopenhauer, not in this jaunty optimism of Comte.

Are we then indeed orphans? Will the tyrant go ever unpunished, the wrong ever unredressed, the poor and helpless remain always trampled and unhappy? Must the battle of good and evil in ourselves and others hang always trembling in the balance, for ever undecided; or does it all mean nothing more than we see now, and is the glorious world but some ghastly illusion of insanity? When 'the fever called living is over at last,' is all indeed over? Thank God that through this Babel of discordant voices modern men can still hear His accents who said: 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THE LABOR WAR IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

AMERICANS appear to be satisfied, and we think they have reason to be satisfied, with the manner in which the Labor War has been treated by the English Press. As a rule, the right view has been taken of these events, and there have been no unjust reflections on the political institutions of the United States. Still, in some quarters, political inferences have been drawn; and we can hardly doubt that a sinister effect will be produced in France, where the fear of industrial anarchy is the stalking horse of reaction, and where a little weight may now turn the wavering balance and give a fatal issue to a struggle on which the destinies of European society depend far more than on that which is raging, in a form more outwardly impressive, upon the battle-fields of the East.

A quarrel between employer and employed in a particular industry, of a kind not peculiar to the United States, has there broken into flame, and has set fire to a quantity of other combustible matter which lay around, and which was so far from being peculiar to the United States, that a great part, and probably the worst part of it, was entirely foreign both to the country and its institutions; such we believe to be a fair general description of the events which have been filling with grief and shame every friend of labor as well as every friend of the Republic.

That quarrels between employer and employed are not peculiar to the United States, and that it is not in that country alone that they have at times assumed the form of violence, we need be at no pains to prove. From the times of the Jacquerie, the insurrection of Wat Tyler, and the Peasants' War, downwards, the industrial history of Europe is full of these convulsions. Englishmen hardly past fifty remember disturbances almost as serious as those in the United States; they remember the wild outrages of the Luddites; they remember the midnight sky reddened by the light of farms fired by insurgents against threshing machines; they remember Bristol in flames, and at the mercy of a mob, like Pittsburg. In

France, the rising of the Commune itself was in great measure a labor war, the materials of which had been accumulated under the Empire and by the policy of the Saviours of Society, though the explosion occurred in the interregnum following their fall. The American Labor War itself extended to part of Canada, happily not in its worst form, and it had been heralded some months before by a strike on the Grand Trunk Railway, in which the strikers had used violence, and, on the whole, had triumphed. Apart from any ultrademocratic sentiment, it may fairly be said that the sense of self-government, and of power to obtain redress of any wrongs by the legal use of the suffrage, has a tendency to make those who have been really trained under free institutions keep within the bounds of law.

In proportion to the magnitude of the industries there has probably been less of organized conflict between employer and employed in America than in other industrial countries. Before the Civil War there had, we believe, been only one strike of much importance, and this, like the one which took place the other day, was among the men on the railroads. The Legal Tender Act by disturbing wages, as well as everything else that could be affected by the fluctuating value of the currency, bred altercation and strife between the payer of wages and the receiver. The country is too vast and the population is too shifting to admit of very compact organization either on the side of the employers or on the side of the employed; and those who have been actively employed in the formation of the unions in this country bear witness to their comparative looseness and instability in the United States. Even on the late occasion the movement seems to have spread more by contagion than by organization; and to some districts, notably in New England, it did not extend at all. Though in America the government is not so strong as those of despotic or aristocratic countries, the community is stronger, and shows its collective energy

special interests attempt encroachment. A shoemakers' union in Massachusetts was baffled some time ago, in attempt to extort exorbitant wages, by the spirit of the people, who supported the employers in breaking down the monopoly of the "Crispins" by the introduction of Chinese. A printers' union at Boston, which threatened to hinder the publication of the newspaper, was in the same way defeated by a lance lent in all quarters to the publishers, even a judge, it was said, bearing aid in setting type. The attempt to organize a separate working man's party in politics, though made with considerable persistency, has hitherto completely failed. It is now apparently about to be revived; and, under the influence of present excitement, it may assume alarming proportions: but we believe that its fate in the end will be the same.

In the United States the industrial conflict is not so much aggravated as it is in some other countries by social antagonism between the classes. The distinction between wealth and poverty of course cannot fail to exist, and to be sometimes a source of bitterness; but descent of the employed into the emerging class is so frequent, and so many those who are at the top began with feet on the lowest round of the industrial ladder, that a very sharp line of division is hardly possible. On the other hand it is truly remarked by a writer in the *Daily News* that the migratory habits of the working man in the United States preclude, as a rule, the formation of any personal bond between him and his employers, so that the relation must generally be one merely of the commercial kind. In this respect the employer has the advantage; she had it to a still greater degree when the master lived among his men instead of living, as he has now, the changed habits of society he has acquired, apart from them in a villa outside the manufacturing town.

Some years ago, when labor outrages were going on in the mining country of Pennsylvania, curiosity led the writer of these pages to visit the disturbed district. He found something like an industrial revolution of terror apparently prevailing. But he satisfied himself beyond doubt that the rebels were not Americans but foreigners,

probably restless spirits, many of whom had been actively engaged in the labor wars of Europe and had carried the instinct of industrial strife and violence with them to their new country. In many cases they appeared to be not even settled in Pennsylvania, but to have merely alighted there while on the wing for wilder scenes of mining adventure in the West. Such was the testimony of a Welshman who, having been disabled by an accident, had himself been bound to the spot, and had seen many flights of these wanderers come and go.

Industrial demagogism is of course not wanting in the United States any more than its political counterpart; and it appears to have shown its worst features on this occasion. Nor has the light of economic science as yet entirely dissipated the dark illusions of self-interest on that side of the water any more than on this. If legislatures pass Legal Tender Acts, and financiers advocate inflation of the currency, the mechanic may be forgiven for not clearly apprehending the fact that he cannot have more for his labor than at the time and under the circumstances it is worth. He may be forgiven if he fails fully to understand that, though he receives his wages from the hand of his master, his real employer is the community, which will refuse and cannot possibly be compelled to give a higher price for the product of his labor than it can afford; that he, as a member of the community and an employer in his turn, offers for every product of labor which he purchases the market price and no more; and that, if he persists in acting on the opposite principle where his own work is concerned, instead of enforcing an exceptional privilege, he will ruin his own trade.

It might have been safely predicted that if the peace of the industrial world in the United States was disturbed, the object of the attack would be the Companies, or, as they are there called, the Corporations. The exaggerated prejudice against Companies as impersonal and morally irresponsible powers, "without bodies to be kicked or souls to be damned," is not confined to this side of the water; we have ourselves, if we mistake not, seen justice defeated by a rhetorical appeal to it in an American court of law. But of

all the Companies, the most obnoxious are the Railroads; and it cannot be said that the feeling against them is wholly undeserved. Even in this country their power and their aggressiveness have sometimes given umbrage and excited alarm; but here they are happily under the control of the national Legislature and of a government department. In the United States, the intersecting barriers of State right, reared in days when railways and the state of things produced by them could not be foreseen, have hitherto precluded anything effective in the way of national control. The Railroad Companies have sometimes acted as powerful and uncontrolled interests are apt to act; in small States such as New Jersey, their political power has been overweening, and has been freely exerted; and they have even come to be regarded by alarmists as one of the great political dangers of the future. Matters were of course not mended by the occasional appearance of such pirate kings as Fisk. In the West a war has recently been raging, on the subject of charges for freight, between the railways and the Granges; and however untenable the demands of the Grangers may have been, the result was of course an angry state of relations between the Railroad Companies and a large body of the people. Not only, therefore, were the Companies likely to be the first object of attack, but, even when they were the victims of manifest outrage, the force of the community was sure to be put forth more tardily and less zealously in their defence than in defence of any other special body of employers.

Materials of discontent and disturbance had been only too amply provided by a period of distress which is said to have thrown two millions of persons out of employment; which has, at all events, been fearfully severe, but the pressure of which has no doubt been especially galling to the emigrants who had left their own country for what they had been led to believe was a land of perennial plenty. In an old and crowded country, want, though painful, is deemed natural, and is borne as a dispensation of Providence; but it is easy to understand the astonishment and exasperation of the working man who, landing in the working man's Republic, finds himself without bread.

It is not surprising that, in his ignorance, he should accuse, not the accidents of the times, but the malignity of the powers that be, and listen to the evil promptings of those who tell him that to extort justice he must resort to force. The distress, however, as we have too good reason to know, is not confined to the United States; it extends to all manufacturing and mining countries. A principal cause of it everywhere, no doubt, is the termination of railway enterprise by the general completion of the railways, and the consequent suspension of the ancillary industries, of which Pittsburgh is the great American seat. Nor are the Railway Companies themselves free from responsibility for the previous inflation and the sudden contraction of the enterprise on which so many depend for bread. But, in addition to the causes of commercial depression operating in all countries alike, the American Republic is now meeting the tremendous bill drawn on the resources of the future by the expenditure of the Civil War.

It has been suggested that the disappointment of hopes founded on Mr. Tilden's election to the Presidency, and the conviction that his defeat had been brought about by unfair means, added a drop to the cup of bitterness. Probably it was a drop and no more. But commercial men, if we mistake not, are beginning to perceive that these contests stir up everything that is dangerous, bring all perilous questions to a head, and are in every way injurious to the great commercial interests of the country. Some day perhaps a practical moral may be drawn.

The Companies appear to have combined to reduce wages. The reduction was unquestionably necessary, and the combination may have been so. But combination on one side both suggests and justifies combination on the other. An unbalanced power of combination on the side of the masters would in fact be injurious not only to the interests of the men, but to those of the community at large, as any one who takes the pains to work out the economical problem will admit. The men had a right, by united action, to resist the new rate of payment which the Companies were endeavoring, by united action, to enforce. But they went beyond the bounds of right—they

themselves in opposition to economic law and to the interests of the community—when they proceeded to prevent other workmen from taking the payment which they had themselves earned, still more when they proceeded upon the trains, to take forcible possession of the stations and other property of the Companies, and to offer armed resistance to the representatives of the

rather than this the railway strikers themselves, who belong to a respectable class, do not seem as a rule to have gone, at least till they were attacked by the mob and an armed conflict had begun. The worst outrages—the savage destruction of the railways, the incendiarism, the pillage—appear to have been the work of mobs unconnected with the railway service, and containing, in different proportions, elements more or less alien to the Republic. The mob of Baltimore has long been renowned under the attractive name of “Pluguglies,” and its character is traceable, we believe, to the influence of the city in that which was socially as well as geographically a border State. The “pluguglies” sympathized with the rebels and were a source of alarm to the Federal party in Baltimore during the war. Pittsburgh is the seat of industries which are prone to employ a large proportion of foreigners, as well as a special scene of suffering caused by the depression in 1893; much of the disorder there is not attributable to sheer hunger and desperation which hunger breeds. Chicago and the other cities of the West to which the disturbance extended attracted an emigrants and other foreign nationalities abound; and here the mob was largely communistic. Among the leaders who were captured at Chicago are told there were many with foreign names. In San Francisco a totally different train of disorder was fired; the European workmen, catching the contagion of violence, fell on their hated comrades the Chinese.

It is the communistic elements of the United States, not American institutions, but the influences of European society and the coming of European Governments, responsible. Communism is not a product of the United States, nor, it is said, brought thither from the Old

World, has it ever taken deep root. The attempt of the International to extend its operations to America proved a total failure. Considering the entire absence of repression, there can be no more conclusive proof of the general soundness of American society. The little social Utopias which from time to time have sprung up in the United States, such as the Rappites, or the Oneida community, are not instances of communism in the European sense: they are simply experiments more or less fantastic in cenobitic living, from which their organizers may expect some general results, but results to be obtained by the peaceful progress of opinion, not by political intrigue, much less by any violent means. Their own property is held as a common stock, but they do not threaten with subversion the principle of property, or any of the relations of industrial life.* It would be unjust to mention Owen's socialistic enterprises in the same connection with the French Commune; but such as they were, they all came to nothing. In the midst of the late riots, the authorities of New York, feeling themselves masters of the situation, ventured to illustrate the difference between the policy of American and that of French Governments by allowing a mass meeting of Communists to be held. New York is full of foreigners; it is said, we believe, to be the fourth or fifth German city in the world; yet the result was a demonstration of the utter weakness of Communism, such as could not fail perfectly to reassure American society on that subject.

As the distress was almost universal, the insurrection was sure to spread. It spread to the Pennsylvanian miners, of whose character we have already spoken, and who had recently been exasperated by the execution of some “Molly Maguires;” it spread to the boatmen on some canals; it spread to some of the

* We may observe in passing that these eccentricities, whether social or spiritual, bear a far smaller proportion to the bulk of American society than those whose imaginations have been filled with the lively pictures drawn in the popular works of Mr. Hepworth Dixon may be led to believe. They occupy hardly a more important place than the Agapemones, and other eccentricities of the kind in England. Mormonism itself has its chief recruiting ground, not in America, but in Europe.

factory hands ; but, on the whole, its extension was much less than under circumstances so untoward might reasonably have been feared ; and it was soon confronted by the better and wiser spirit of the working classes, even among the railway employ  s themselves, some of whom said, in answer to the solicitation of the rioters, that if they fought at all it should be for the Company.

New England seems to have almost entirely escaped the war ; and by New England, Republican institutions, political and social, may fairly claim to be judged. It is there that Republican training has been most thorough, and that the Republican spirit most completely prevails. Whether New York, the West, and the South, now that it is reclaimed from slavery, may not contain richer elements of future greatness, is another question. To the political and social condition of New England, Republicanism must at present appeal when it "speaks with its enemies in the gate."

The destruction of property seems to have been frightful ; the loss is stated to amount to five millions sterling, though an exact estimate can hardly as yet have been formed. The loss of life in fighting was also most serious. But from the accounts before us we do not gather that there was any massacre of non-combatants ; in that respect, at all events, the character even of the worst American mobs appears to be less fiendish than that of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

President Hayes and his Cabinet appear to have done their duty in this appalling crisis as courageously and as well as it was possible for any Government to do it. Sweeping aside all constitutional technicalities, they at once firmly grasped and vigorously acted on the obviously correct principle that the railways were national, and that the destruction of them by bodies of armed rioters was an insurrection against the nation. It may be hoped that the conduct of the President on this occasion will strengthen his hands in dealing with other national evils with which he is called upon to do battle. The taint of the Louisiana frauds unhappily adheres to his election ; but otherwise there seems every reason for believing that his accession to power is likely to mark a happy epoch in the history of the country. Among the State

Governors, only one is seriously accused of criminal weakness in the performance of his duty. There are more complaints of the conduct of mayors and other subordinate functionaries. It may be charitably surmised that some of these failures were due to confusion of mind or nervousness about constitutional law ; but with most of them, we fear, demagogic habits, contracted in the service of faction, must have had a good deal to do.

Both the police and the regular troops, when the troops came upon the ground, appear to have been everywhere perfectly staunch. The troops evidently deserved the highest praise. The encomium may be extended to the New York militia ; but, as a rule, the militia is said to have failed. In Virginia, where it was first tried, not only was it disaffected to the cause of order, partly perhaps from causes traceable to the Civil War, but it was brought on the field in inadequate numbers. Experience seems to show that a militia is not a good force to be used in the suppression of a riot. The men, however brave, are imperfectly disciplined, and are therefore apt to lose their presence of mind and their self-control ; the first conditions of success in dealing with a mob are the perfect presence of mind and self-control which discipline alone inspires. Moreover, the social and political relations of the militiamen to the mob are generally such as to preclude their being, what all troops employed in the repression of civil disturbance ought to be, impassive ministers of the law. If the militiaman is at all in sympathy with the rioter, he is untrustworthy ; if, on the contrary, there is a strong antipathy between them, to array the militiaman against his political or social enemy is to give the signal for civil war. In the Irish disturbances of days now happily past, the worst barbarities were committed not by the regulars, but by the Orange militia, which from want of sufficient troops, the Government had been compelled to let loose upon the people.

Owing probably to the unpopularity of the Railway Companies, of which we have already spoken, public opinion seems to have been somewhat less prompt than it would otherwise have been in pronouncing against the violators of the

but in the end it left little to be either in point of vigor or of pity. The voices which counselled compromise were not many, and were drowned in the loud and general cry of a worthier resolution. The organs of the press seem to have been perfectly staunch; nothing could be more staunch, for instance, than the *New York Tribune*, which has certainly been wanting in kindly feeling to the working class, or even in sympathy with their more visionary aspirations. It must be borne in mind that the high the insurrection took, that the general obstruction of the railways, pending all communication, was not calculated to prevent the collection of the friends of order as the transmission of troops, and to the resistance of every kind. Each had to organize a defence, not by the spur of the moment, but by

some time past the wealthier classes of the United States, or those portions with whom English visitors come into contact, have been pervaded by a uneasy feeling that they were living on a mine of social and industrial discontent, with which the power of Government, under American institutions, was wholly inadequate to deal; and that by this mine would explode and carry society into the air. The mine has exploded; it has exploded under the perilous circumstances of industrial depression, and in the hour of the Government's weakness, the bulk of the troops engaged against the Indians of the West. The effects of its explosion have been terrible enough; but we see how it has been from blowing society or a considerable portion of it into the air. It may be hoped, therefore, that Americans who may have allowed themselves, under the influence of social theories, to toy with the idea of Imperialism, or of any other organic change, will forthwith dismiss such imaginations, and devote their energies to the useful and, under the present Government, the hopeful work of administrative reform. The French Empire, to which at a few wistful eyes were turned, especially among Americans who had been under the influence of Paris, kept

on foot, or at least paid for keeping on foot (for the administrative corruption was ten times worse than in the States), an army of eight hundred thousand men, besides a vast police and a pestilent swarm of spies. A comparison between this force (setting down a fair proportion of the army to the account of internal repression) and the force ordinarily used for repressive purposes by Government in the United States, will give an approximate measure of the comparative soundness of society under the two sets of institutions.

Perhaps the part of the insurrection most fraught with menace for the future is that which from its isolated and subordinate character has attracted least notice. We mean the outbreak at San Francisco. The relations between the European and Mongolian races on the Pacific coast are, if we mistake not, about the darkest cloud on the horizon of the Republic. Other visible danger to its unity, now that slavery is abolished, there is none. It is unfortunately true that society in the Southern States, so long as the negro exists there, will still be somewhat different in character from society at the North. It will be more or less aristocratic, consisting of a superior and an inferior race; but the difference will hardly amount to antagonism, as it did while slavery existed; and nothing short of social antagonism can counter-vail the forces, geographical, political, and economical, which make for union. But the Mongolian is utterly alien; he belongs to another social world; to assimilate him seems beyond the power even of those institutions by which so many foreign elements have been absorbed. Yet he will come.

We are far from denying, however, that these events convey important warnings.

In the first place, it will probably be acknowledged that the time has come for committing to the national Government the guardianship and control of the railways, canals, and telegraphs, as well as of the postal service of the nation. We are hearty adherents of State right, and thoroughly believe it to be essential not only to the political health of the Republic, but to its unity, since the territory is far too large, and comprehends local characters and interests too varied,

to be embraced by one centralized Government, while to the possibility of extension on the Federal principle there is no assignable limit. But it cannot be alleged that a Federal guardianship of the great highways of the Federation need in any way interfere with what is reasonable and valuable in State right. A certain increase of patronage in the hands of the central Government would, no doubt, be involved, and this in itself is an evil; but it is an evil which must be endured in order to avert one which is infinitely greater; and it would cease to be an evil at all if the nation would resolutely press the Government to initiate, and support it in carrying against any "machinist" opposition, effective measures of administrative reform. We can hardly doubt what the framers of the constitution would have done, had the railways existed in their time, especially if the necessity of Federal guardianship had been impressed on them by a railway insurrection, suspending the commercial life of the whole Union, and threatening part of it with dearth. It is true that in the Civil War, the integrity of the nation being in peril, the central Government was naturally led, with the general consent of the people, to assume somewhat extraordinary powers, and that there was an almost inevitable tendency to prolong the exercise of these powers when the occasion for them had passed away. It is true also that the struggle for the Union inevitably developed the sentiment of nationality somewhat to the prejudice of that of State right. But the time has come when the disturbing influences of the Civil War may be put aside, and the relations of the State and Federation may be adjusted so far as they need adjustment on the footing of reason and of the common good.

In the second place it would seem that, till the existing military force of the United States can be spared from the wretched work of fighting the Indians, in which so many noble lives have been ingloriously lost, some addition will have to be made to the army, for the purpose of enabling the Government to maintain order. An addition to the army of the American Republic for the purpose of maintaining order, no doubt, has an ominous sound. But the people from whom

the danger of disorder arises are not Republicans; they are not the offspring of Republican institutions trained to render free homage to the law; they are either emigrants, perhaps refugees, from European monarchies, imperfectly acquainted with any authority but that of force, or nationalities like the Irish, destitute of the traditions of self-government, and subject to anti-republican influences of a special kind. It is useless to ignore the presence of these elements, or to blink the necessity of adapting the political system to them, so far as to place them under provisional restraint till they can be fully trained to self-government, and themselves become, like the mass of native American citizens, a force on the side of law and order. The fathers of the Republic had no such elements to deal with; they legislated for a perfectly homogeneous body of self-governing English citizens. Happily, the conduct of the officers of the regular army, during the Civil War, at its close, and throughout their subsequent action in aid of the civil power in the South, affords the strongest assurance that they are good citizens as well as good soldiers, and that their strength might be moderately increased without exposing the country to any danger from their military ambition. The intervention of the military is always a great evil; and the way to avoid that evil is to let law-breakers feel that adequate means of repression will always be at hand.

It may certainly be said of some of the States, and we believe of all, that though there is a police in the cities, there is no rural police of a regular kind. The general security, and the respect of the people for the law in the country, have hitherto been such that the constable has sufficed. If a gang of brigands, horse-stealers, express-robbers, or plundering roughs, comes down into a rural district, the people are obliged to take arms in their own defence, and thus an appearance of lawlessness is created, when, in point of fact, the absence of a strong police testifies to the general ascendancy of law. A moderate force of central police, maintained by each State, would enable the State Government at once to furnish local authorities with the means of repressing any local disorder, and would diminish, though it would not

ly obviate, the necessity of augmenting the Federal army. The history of mounted constabulary in Ireland shows how trustworthy and efficient such a force may be.

It has apparently been suggested in some quarters that the Government should try to prevent industrial wars for the future by undertaking itself to arbitrate between the employers and the employees. We can hardly suppose that such a suggestion will be seriously entertained. Any Government, but especially an active Government such as that of the United States, if it attempted to discharge a function so much beyond its proper sphere, would soon find itself involved in the most fatal complications. The American Government is blessed with more than most others in having nothing to do with religious opinion; but to be engaged in the disputes of the labor market would be ten times worse than being engaged in the controversies of Church and State. Government cannot properly lend its authority to any arrangement which it cannot undertake to enforce, and no Government can undertake to enforce a uniform rate of wages. Voluntary arbitration with arbiters trusted by both classes, as Mr. Mundella and Mr. Thomas Sturge have shown, has been of great use in this country, and, if men like these can be found in America, may be of equal use in the United States.

It is more likely that the just resentment aroused by what are deemed to be unjust outrages may lead to a legislative crusade against trade unions. But even so, we venture to submit, would be unwise. Unionism has not in America the political justification which it has in England; because in America political power has never been monopolized by any employer class and used by that class in its own interest. No combination laws have been passed by the legislatures of the United States, and therefore no collective effort of the working class has been needed to repeal them. Combination—combination of the employers on one side, and of the employees on the other—is a thing of which legislation can get rid, especially if the facilities of mutual intelligence and consultation among the members of the class have been so greatly increased. In England, industrial quarrels have,

since the organization of the Unions, been gradually assuming a less violent character: before, they were riots or insurrections, now they are at worst strikes; and the leadership of the working men has unquestionably fallen into better hands. The Sheffield outrages, on which the enemies of the unions still harp, belonged clearly to the old state of things; they were stale when they were brought to light; and nothing like them has since occurred. Rattening and minor outrages generally are on the decline. That the unions have sometimes gone wrong, and injured their own trades, no economist can doubt; but there is every reason to believe that they would have done worse had they remained in their old uncovenanted condition. That they have greatly diminished the productiveness of English labor is an allegation which may fairly be met by the statistics of British exports, and by the fact that the sum of British wealth has all the time been rising "by leaps and bounds." Not against combination, but against monopoly, the efforts of society ought to be directed. The great safeguard against the abuses of unionism is the effective protection of the rights of the non-unionist. When the unionists agree among themselves to refuse what they think too low a rate of wages, they do what they have a perfect right to do, and what they could not be prevented from doing without a plain dereliction of the principles of liberty; when they try to keep the rate of wages above the market level by deterring non-unionists from working, they do what they have no right to do, and what society cannot endure. This is the direction, we venture to think, that legislation, if it is needed at all, should take. An attempt to prohibit peaceable combination will only turn combination into conspiracy, and may possibly lead to something worse. These disturbances have been unionist in form, at least so far as the railway strikers are concerned; but the worst excesses were committed, apparently, by a mob unconnected with the unions, and the primary cause of the outbreak was not combination but distress. The only sure pacification will be the revival of trade.

Such are the remarks which have been suggested to us by the accounts of the

Labor War transmitted to this country. We offer them with all possible deference to the opinion of Americans and of other observers on the spot.

The youth of the American Republic is over; maturity, with its burdens, its difficulties, and its anxieties, has come. The era of expansion that seemed boundless, of careless expenditure, of lavish draughts upon an inexhaustible future, and of the social and political security belonging to this material condition has closed; want has shown its face in the land of plenty, and has brought with it the necessity of thrift and, at the same time, of carefully studying political and social problems analogous to those which tax the statesmanship of the Old World.

That these problems will find a happier solution in the New World than they have ever found in the Old, is still our firm belief. We have confidence in the Republic, provided only that her people can get rid of party, for which since the abolition of slavery there has been no rational basis or pretext, and confront the perils of the future with a Government supported by the nation. There seems reason to hope that this Labor War, in which the friends of order of all parties must have rallied round the Government, may help to give public feeling a permanent turn in the right direction. If it does, the calamity will not have been unmixed.—*Contemporary Review*.

DR. CARPENTER ON SPIRITUALISM.*

BY ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE.

THE two lectures which Dr. Carpenter gave last year at the London Institution were generally reported by the press and led to some controversy. They were then published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and they are now republished with what are considered to be *pièces justificatives* in an appendix. We may therefore fairly assume that the author has here said his best on the subject—that he has carefully considered his facts and his arguments—and that he can give, in his own opinion at least, good reasons for omitting to notice certain matters which seem essential to a fair and impartial review of the whole question.

Dr. Carpenter enjoys the great advantage, which he well knows how to profit by, of being on the popular side, and of having been long before the public as an expounder of popular and educational science. Everything he writes is widely read; and his reiterated assurances that nobody's opinion and nobody's evidence on this particular subject is of the least value unless they have had a certain *special early training* (of which, it is pretty generally understood, Dr. Carpenter

is one of the few living representatives) have convinced many people that what he tells them must be true, and should, therefore, settle the whole matter. He has another advantage in the immense extent and complexity of the subject and the widely scattered and controversial nature of its literature. By ranging over this wide field and picking here and there a fact to support his views and a statement to damage his opponents, Dr. Carpenter has rendered it almost impossible to answer him on every point, without an amount of detail and research that would be repulsive to ordinary readers. It is necessary, therefore, to confine ourselves to the more important questions, where the facts are tolerably accessible and the matter can be brought to a definite issue; though, if space permitted, there is hardly a page of the book in which we should not find expressions calling for strong animadversion, as, for example, the unfounded and totally false general assertion at page 6, that "Believers in spiritualism make it a reproach against men of science that they entertain a prepossession in favor of the ascertained and universally admitted laws of Nature." Vague general assertions of this kind, without a particle of proof offered or which can be offered, are alone sufficient to destroy the judicial or scientific claims of the work; but

* "Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc., historically and scientifically considered. Being Two Lectures delivered at the London Institution, with Preface and Appendix." By William B. Carpenter, C.B., M.D., F.R.S., etc. etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ve no intention of wasting space in
r comment upon them.

Carpenter lays especial stress on
character of historian and man of
e in relation to this inquiry. He
es this assumption in his title-page
t the very commencement of his
e. He claims, therefore, to review
se as a judge, giving full weight to
vidence on both sides, and pro-
ing an impartial and well-consid-
udgment. He may, indeed, believe
e has thus acted—for dominant
are very powerful—but any one,
bly acquainted with the literature
story of these subjects for the last
years, will most assuredly look
this book as the work of an advo-
rather than of a judge. In place of
partial summary of the historian
l find the one-sided narrative of a
n; and, instead of the careful
ng of fact and experiment charac-
: of the man of science, he will
ose and inaccurate statements, and
ve results set up as conclusive
t positive evidence. We will now
d to demonstrate the truth of this
accusation, and shall in every case
to the authorities by means of
our statements can be tested.

first example of Dr. Carpenter's
rical" mode of treating his subject
we shall adduce, is his account
3-15) of the rise of mesmerism in
country, owing to the successful
mance of many surgical operations
t pain during the mesmeric
Dr. Carpenter writes of this as
ly an admitted fact, but (so far as
ord in his pages shows) as a fact
was admitted from the first, and
never went through that ordeal of
misrepresentation, and abuse by
l men and physiologists, that oth-
omona are still undergoing from
ar class of men. Yet Dr. Carpen-
in the thick of the fight and must
all about it. He must know that
eatest surgical and physiological
ties of that day—Sir Benjamin
and Dr. Marshall Hall—opposed
all the weight of their influence,
d the patients of imposture, or as-
that they might be "naturally in-
e to pain," and spoke of the ex-
nts of Dr. Elliotson and others as
ery," and as "polluting the tem-

ple of science." He must know, too,
that Dr. Marshall Hall professed to dem-
onstrate "physiologically" that the pa-
tients were impostors, because certain
reflex actions of the limbs, which he de-
clared ought to have occurred during
the operations, did not occur. The
medical periodicals of the day were full
of this, and a good summary may be
found in Dr. Elliotson's "Surgical Ope-
rations without Pain," etc., London,
1843. Dr. Carpenter tells us how his
friends, Dr. Noble and Sir John Forbes,
in 1845 accepted and wrote in favor of
the reality of the facts; but it was hard-
ly "historical" to tell us this as the
whole truth when, for several years pre-
viously, the most violent controversy,
abuse, and even persecution, had raged
on this very matter. Great physiologi-
cal authorities were egregiously in the
wrong then, and the natural inference to
those who know the facts is, that other
physiological authorities, who now deny
equally well-attested facts, may be no
more infallible than their predecessors.

Dr. Carpenter persistently denies that
there is any adequate evidence of the
personal influence of the mesmerizer on
the patient independent of the patient's
knowledge and expectation, and he be-
lieves himself to be very strong in the
cases he adduces, in which this power
has been tested and failed. But he quite
ignores the fact that all who have ever
investigated the higher phases of mes-
merism—such as influence at a distance,
community of sensation, transference of
the senses, or true clairvoyance—agree
in maintaining that these phenomena are
very uncertain, depending greatly on
the state of body and mind of the pa-
tient, who is exceedingly susceptible to
mental impressions, the presence of
strangers, fatigue, or any unusual condi-
tions. Failures continually occur, even
when the mesmerizer and patient are
alone or when only intimate friends are
present; how, then, can the negative
fact of a failure before strangers and an-
tagonists prove anything? Dr. Carpen-
ter also occupies his readers' attention
with accounts of hearsay stories which
have turned out exaggerated or incor-
rect, and lays great stress on the "dispo-
sition to overlook sources of fallacy" and
to be "imposed on by cunning cheats,"
which this shows. This may be admit-

ted; but it evidently has no bearing on well-authenticated and carefully observed facts, perfectly known to every student of the subject. Our author maintains, however, that such facts do not exist, and that "the evidence for these higher marvels has invariably broken down when submitted to the searching tests of trained experts." Here the question arises, Who are "trained experts"? Dr. Carpenter would maintain that only skeptical medical men and professed conjurers deserve that epithet, however ignorant they may be of all the conditions requisite for the study of these delicate and fluctuating phenomena of the nervous system. But we, on the contrary, would only give that name to inquirers who have experimented for months or years on this very subject, and are thoroughly acquainted with all its difficulties. When such men are also physiologists, it is hardly consistent with the historical and scientific method of inquiry to pass their evidence by in silence. I have already called Dr. Carpenter's attention to the case of the lady residing in Prof. Gregory's own house, who was mesmerized at several streets' distance by Mr. Lewis, without her knowledge or expectation. This is a piece of direct evidence of a very satisfactory kind, and outweighs a very large quantity of negative evidence; but no mention is made of it except the following utterly unjustifiable remark: "His (Mr. Lewis's) utter failure under the scrutiny of skeptical inquirers, obviously discredits all his previous statements, except to such as (like Mr. A. R. Wallace, who has recently expressed his full faith in Mr. Lewis's self-asserted powers) are ready to accept without question the slenderest evidence of the greatest marvels" ("Mesmerism, Spiritualism," etc., p. 24). Now, will it be believed that this statement, that I "place full faith in Mr. Lewis's self-asserted powers," has not even the shadow of a foundation? I know nothing of Mr. Lewis or of his powers, self-asserted or otherwise, but what I gain from Prof. Gregory's account of them; and in my letter to the *Daily News*, immediately after the delivery of Dr. Carpenter's lectures, I referred to this account. I certainly have "full faith" in Prof. Gregory's very careful narrative of a fact en-

tirely within his own knowledge. This may be "the slenderest evidence" to Dr. Carpenter; but, slender or not, he chooses to evade it, and endeavors to make the public believe that I, and others, accept the unsupported assertions of an unknown man. It is impossible adequately to characterize such reckless accusations as this without using language which I should not wish to use. Let us pass on, therefore, to the evidence which Dr. Carpenter declares to be fitly described as "the slenderest." M. Dupotet, at the Hôtel de Dieu, in Paris, put a patient to sleep when behind a partition, in the presence of M. Husson and M. Recamier, the latter a complete sceptic. M. Recamier expressed a doubt that the circumstances might produce expectation in the patient, and himself proposed an experiment the next day, in which all the same conditions should be observed, except that M. Dupotet should not come till half an hour later. He anticipated that the "expectation" would be still stronger the second time than at first, and that the patient would be mesmerized. But the result was quite the reverse. Notwithstanding every minute detail was repeated as on the previous day when the operator was in the next room, the patient showed no signs whatever of sleep, either natural or somnambolic (Teste's "Animal Magnetism," Spillan's translation, p. 159). The commission appointed by the Académie Royale de Médecine in 1826 sat for five years, and investigated the whole subject of animal magnetism. It was wholly composed of medical men, and in their elaborate report, after giving numerous cases, the following is one of their conclusions:

"14. We are satisfied that it (magnetic sleep) has been excited under circumstances where those magnetized could not see and were entirely ignorant of the means employed to occasion it."

These were surely "trained experts;" yet they declare themselves satisfied of that, the evidence for which Dr. Carpenter says, has always broken down when tested.

Baron Reichenbach's researches are next discussed, and are coolly dismissed with the remark that "it at once became apparent to experienced physicians that the whole phenomena were subjective,

it 'sensitives' like Von Reichenbach can feel, see, or smell anything are led to believe they *would* feel, smell." His evidence for this is, Mr. Braid could make his subjects and that Dr. Carpenter had seen it. One of them, for instance—Intellectual and able Manchester gentleman—"could be brought to see flames from the poles of a magnet of form or color that Mr. Braid chose." All this belongs to the mere trappings of mesmerism, and is known to every operator. Two things, however essential: the patient or sensitive must be, or have been, mesmerized, hypnotized, or biologically altered as it is commonly called, and the *suggestion* must be actual. Given these two conditions, no doubt twenty persons may be made to declare that they see green flames issuing from the operator's hands; but no single case has been adduced of persons in ordinary health, not subjected to any operation of mesmerism, being all caused to see this or anything in agreement, by being merely brought into a dark room and asked to describe accurately what they saw. This is what Von Reichenbach did, and much more. For, in order to convince the evidence of the "sensitives" first mentioned on, he invited a large number of his friends and other persons in London to come to his dark room, and the result was that about *sixty persons*, of various ages and conditions, saw and described exactly the same phenomena. Among these were a number of literary, philosophical, and scientific men and their families—persons of a status fully equal to that of Dr. Carpenter and the Fellows of the Royal Society—such as Dr. Nied, a German physician; Prof. Endlicher, Director of the Imperial Botanic Garden; Chevalier von Rainer, barrister; Mr. Karl, a physicist; Dr. Ragsky, Professor of Chemistry; Mr. Franz Kollar and Diesing, Curators in the Imperial Natural History Museum, and many others. There was also an artist, Mr. Gusschütz, who could see the flames, and drew them in their various forms and combinations. Does Dr. Carpenter ask his readers to believe that his suggestion applies to these gentlemen? that they all quietly submitted to be told *what* they were to see, submissively

said they saw it, and allowed the fact to be published at the time, without a word of protest on their part from that day to this? But a little examination of the reports of their evidence shows that they did not follow each other like a flock of sheep, but that each had an individuality of perceptive power, some seeing one kind of flame better than another; while the variety of combinations of magnets submitted to them rendered anything like suggestion as to what they were to see quite impossible, unless it were a deliberate and wilful imposture on the part of Baron von Reichenbach.

But again, Dr. Carpenter objects to the want of tests, and especially his pet test of using an electro-magnet, and not letting the patients know whether the electric circuit which "makes" and "un-makes" the magnet was complete or broken. How far this test, had it been applied, would have satisfied the objector, may be imagined from his entirely ignoring all the tests, many of them at least as good, which were actually applied. The following are a few of these: Test 1. Von Reichenbach arranged with a friend to stand in another room with a stone wall between him and the patient's bed, holding a powerful magnet, the armature of which was to be closed or opened at a given signal. The patient detected, on every occasion, whether the magnet was opened or closed. Test 2. M. Baumgartner, a professor of physics, after seeing the effects of magnets on patients, took from his pocket what he said was one of his most powerful magnets, to try its effects. The patient, to Von Reichenbach's astonishment, declared she found this magnet, on the contrary, very weak, and its action on her hardly more perceptible than a piece of iron. M. Baumgartner then explained that this magnet, though originally very powerful, had been as completely as possible deprived of its magnetism, and that he had brought it as a test. Here were *suggestion* and *expectation* in full force, yet they did not in the least affect the patient. (For these two tests, see "Ashburner's Translation of Reichenbach," pp. 39, 40.) Test 3. A large crystal (placed in a new position before each patient was brought into the dark room) was always at once detected by means of its light, yellower and red-

der than that from magnets (*loc. cit.*, p. 86). Test 4. A patient confined in a darkened passage held a wire which communicated with a room in which experiments were made on plates connected with this wire. As these plates were exposed to sunlight or shade, the patient described corresponding changes in the luminous appearances of the end of the wire (*loc. cit.*, p. 147). Test 5. The light from magnets, etc., was thrown on a screen by a lens, so that the image could be instantly and noiselessly changed in size and position at pleasure. Twelve patients, eight of them healthy and new to the inquiry, saw the image, and described its alterations of size and position as the lens or screen was shifted in the dark (*loc. cit.*, p. 585). Dr. Carpenter's only reply to all this is, that "Baron Reichenbach's researches upon 'Odyle' were discredited a quarter of a century ago, alike by the united voice of scientific opinion in his own country, and by that of the medical profession here." Even if this were the fact, it would have nothing to do with the matter, which is one of experiment and evidence, not of the belief or disbelief of certain prejudiced persons, since to *discredit* is not to *disprove*. The painless operations in mesmeric sleep were "discredited" by the highest medical authorities in this country, and yet they were true. But Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Ashburner, and others, accepted Reichenbach's discoveries; and some of the Vienna physicians even, after seeing the experiments with persons "whose honor, truthfulness, and impartiality they could vouch for," also accepted them as proved.

The fact of the luminosity of magnets was also independently established by Dr. Charpignon, who, in his "Physiologie, Médecine, et Métaphysique du Magnétisme," published in 1845—the very same year in which the account of Von Reichenbach's observations first appeared—says: "Having placed before the somnambulists four small bars of iron, one of which was magnetized by the loadstone, they could always distinguish this one from the others, from its two ends being enveloped in a brilliant vapor. The light was more brilliant at one end (the north pole) than at the other. I could never deceive them; they always recognized the nature of the poles, al-

though when in their normal state they were in complete ignorance of the subject." Surely here is a wonderful confirmation. One observer in France and another in Germany make the same observation about the same time, and quite independently; and even the detail of the north pole being the more brilliant agrees with the statement of Reichenbach's sensitives ("Ashburner's Trans.," p. 20).

Our readers can now judge how far the historic and scientific method has been followed in Dr. Carpenter's treatment of the researches of Von Reichenbach, not one of the essential facts here stated (and there are hundreds like them) being so much as alluded to, while "suggestion," "expectation," and "imposture," are offered as fully explaining everything. We cannot devote much time to the less important branches of the subject, but it is necessary to show that *in every case* Dr. Carpenter misstates facts, and sets negative above positive evidence. Thus, as to the magnenometer* and odometer of Mr. Rutter and Dr. Mayo, all the effects are imputed to expectation and unconscious muscular action, and we have this positive statement: "It was found that the constancy of the vibrations depended entirely upon the operator's watching their direction, and, further, that when such a change was made *without the operator's knowledge* in the conditions of the experiment, as *ought*, theoretically, to alter the direction of the oscillations, no such alteration took place." Yet Mr. Rutter clearly states: 1. That the instrument can be affected through the hand of a *third* person with exactly the same result (Rutter's "Human Electricity," App., p. 54). 2. That the instrument is affected by a crystal on a *detached stand* brought close to the instrument, but without contact (*loc. cit.*, p. 151). 3. That many persons, however "expectant" and anxious to succeed, have no power to move the instrument. 4. That substances *unknown to the operator*, and even when held by a third party, caused correct in-

* The magnenometer is a delicate pendulum, which, when its support is touched by certain persons, vibrates in a definite direction, the direction changing on the motion suddenly stopping when different substances are touched at the same time by the operator.

is, and that an attempt to deceive by a substance under a wrong was detected by the movements of the instrument (*loc. cit.*, Appendix, p. 11). Here, then, Mr. Rutter's positive testimony is altogether ignored, while the negative results of another person are set forth as conclusive. Next we have evidence for the divining-rod is not treated. Dr. Mayo is quoted as holding the view that the rod moved in accordance with the "expectations" of the operator, but on the preceding page Dr. Mayo's work other cases are given in which there was no expectation, and the fact that Dr. Mayo was ignorant of this source of error, and a physiologist and physician of high standing, titles his opinion as to the reality of the action in other cases to great advantage.

Again, we have the testimony of Hutton, who saw the Hon. Lady Hutton use the divining-rod on Woolcompton, and who declares that it turned where he knew there was water, but in other places where he believed there was none it did not turn; the lady's hands were closely joined, and that no motion of the fingers or hands could be detected, yet the rod turned so strongly and persistently that the connection became broken. No other person present could voluntarily or involuntarily cause the rod to turn in a similar manner. Hutton's "Mathematical Recreations" (ed. 1840, p. 711). The evidence on this subject is most voluminous, but the adduced is sufficient to show that Dr. Carpenter's supposed demonstration does not account for all the facts.

Now come to the very interesting and important subject of clairvoyance. Dr. Carpenter introduces with a deal of irrelevant matter calculated to misjudge the question. Thus, he tells us that "there are at the present time numbers of educated men and women who have so completely surrendered their common sense to a dominant impression as to maintain that any such thing is possible (as of a person being able to travel through the air in an hour from New York to London) ought to be believed, even upon the evidence of a single witness, if that witness be one upon whose testimony we should rely in the most important affairs of life!" He offers no evidence of this statement, and we venture

to say he can offer none, and it is only another example of that complete misrepresentation of the opinions of his opponents with which this book abounds. At page 71, however, we enter upon the subject itself, and at once encounter one of those curious examples of ignorance (or suppression of evidence) for which Dr. Carpenter is so remarkable in his treatment of this subject. We have been already told (p. 11) of the French Scientific Commission which about a hundred years ago investigated the pretensions of Mesmer, and decided, as might have been anticipated, against him. Now we have the statement that "it was by the French Academy of Medicine, in which the mesmeric state had been previously discussed with reference to the performance of surgical operations, that this new and more extraordinary claim (*clairvoyance*) was first carefully sifted, in consequence of the offer made in 1837 by M. Burdin of a prize of 3,000 francs to any one who should be found capable of reading through opaque substances." The result was negative. No clairvoyant succeeded under the conditions imposed. The reader unaccustomed to Dr. Carpenter's historical method would naturally suppose this statement to be correct, and that *clairvoyance* was first carefully sifted in France after 1837, though he might well doubt if offering a prize for reading under rigid conditions was an adequate means of sifting a faculty so eminently variable, uncertain, and delicate, as *clairvoyance* is admitted to be. What, then, will be his astonishment to find that this same "Académie Royale de Médecine" had appointed a commission of eleven members in 1826, who inquired into the whole subject of mesmerism for five years, and in 1831 reported in full, and in favor of the reality of almost all the alleged phenomena, including *clairvoyance*? Of the eleven members, nine attended the meetings and experiments, and all nine signed the report, which was therefore unanimous. This report, being full and elaborate, and the result of personal examination and experiment by medical men—the very "trained and skeptical experts" who are maintained by Dr. Carpenter to be the only adequate judges—is wholly ignored by him. In this report we find among the conclusions: "24. We have seen two

somnambulists distinguish, with their eyes shut, objects placed before them: name cards, read books, writing, etc. This phenomenon took place even when the opening of the eyelids was accurately closed by means of the fingers." * Is it not strange that the "historian" of mesmerism, etc., should be totally ignorant of the existence of this report, which is referred to in almost every work on the subject? Yet he must be thus ignorant, or he could never say, as he does in the very same page quoted above (p. 71), "that, in every instance (so far as I am aware) in which a thorough investigation has been made into those 'higher phenomena' of mesmerism, the supposed proof has completely failed." It cannot be said that investigation by nine medical men, carried on for five years with every means of observation and experiment, and elaborately reported on, was not "thorough;" whence it follows that Dr. Carpenter must be ignorant of it, and our readers can draw their own inference as to the value of his opinion, and the dependence to be placed on his scientific and historical treatment of this subject.

More than twenty-five pages of the book are occupied with more or less detailed accounts of the failures and alleged exposures of clairvoyants, while not a single case is given of a clairvoyant having stood the test of rigid examination by a committee, or by medical or other experts, and the implication is that none such are to be found. But every inquirer knows that clairvoyance is a most delicate and uncertain phenomenon, never to be certainly calculated on, and this is repeatedly stated in the works of Lee, Gregory, Teste, Deleuze, and others. How, then, can any number of individual failures affect the question of the reality of the comparatively rare successes? As well deny that any rifleman ever hit the bull's-eye at one thousand yards, because none can be sure of hitting it always, and at a moment's notice. Several pages are devoted to the failure of Alexis and Adolphe Didier under test-conditions in England, ending with the sneering remark, "Nothing, so far as I am aware, has ever been since heard of

this *par nobile fratrum*." Would it (to use an established formula) surprise Dr. Carpenter to hear that these gentlemen remained in England a considerable time after the date he alludes to, that they have ever since retained their power and reputation, and that both still successfully practise medical clairvoyance, the one in London and the other in Paris? To balance the few cases of failure by Alexis, Dr. Lee has given his personal observations of ten times as many successes, some of them of the most startling kind ("Animal Magnetism," pp. 255-277). We can only find room here for two independent and complete tests. The first is given by Sergeant Cox, as witnessed by himself. A party of experts was planned to test Alexis. A word was written by a friend in a distant town and enclosed in an envelope, *without any of the party knowing what the word was*. This envelope was inclosed successively in six others of thick brown paper, each sealed. This packet was handed to Alexis, who placed it on his forehead, and in three minutes and a half wrote the contents correctly, imitating the very handwriting. ("What am I?" vol. ii., p. 167.) Now, unless this statement by Sergeant Cox is absolutely false, a thousand failures cannot outweigh it. But we have, if possible, better evidence than this; and Dr. Carpenter knows it, because I called his attention to it in the *Daily News*. Yet he makes no allusion to it. I refer to the testimony of Robert Houdin, the greatest of modern conjurers, whose exploits are quoted by Dr. Carpenter, when they serve his purpose (p. 76, iii.). He was an absolute master of card-tricks, and knew all their possibilities. He was asked by the Marquis de Mirville to visit Alexis, which he did twice. He took his own new cards, dealt them himself, but Alexis named them as they lay on the table, and even named the trump before it was turned up. This was repeated several times, and Houdin declared that neither chance nor skill could produce such wonderful results. He then took a book from his pocket and asked Alexis to read something eight pages beyond where it was opened, at a specified level. Alexis pricked the place with a pin, and read four words, which were found at the place pricked nine pages

* "Archives Générales de Médecine," vol. xx.; also in Lee's "Animal Magnetism," pp. 13-29.

le then told Houdin numerous as to his son, in some of which a tried to deceive him, but in and when it was over Houdin de- it "stupefying," and the next day a declaration that the facts re- were correct, adding, "The more t upon them, the more impossible ind it to class them among the which are the object of my art." wo letters of Robert Houdin were ed at the time (May, 1847) in *Le* and have since appeared in many among others in Dr. Lee's "Ani-agnetism" (pp. 163 and 231).

of the supposed exposures made of by Dr. Carpenter is that of Dr. 's "Jack," which is suggestive as g the complete ignorance of many nenters thirty years ago as to the al conditions of the manifestation delicate and abnormal a faculty as yance—ignorance shared in by rs and skeptics alike. According Carpenter (whose account he in- me is taken from an article by Dr. in the *British and Foreign Medi- view* of April, 1845), Jack's eyes bound down by surgeons with of adhesive plaster, over which olds of leather, again kept in place er plasters." Jack then read off, t *the least hesitation*, everything as presented to him. But a young ester surgeon had his eyes done he same manner, and by *working scles of his face* till he had *loosened sters*, was enabled to read by *look- ward*. The conclusion was imme- jumped at that this was the way id it, although no *working of the* : of the face had been observed, o *looking upward* described. In- however, of repeating the experi- under the same conditions, but atchfully, it was proposed that the *eyes should be covered up with a thick of shoemaker's wax!* The boy ed and resisted, and it was put on e; and then, the clairvoyant pow- ng annihilated, as might have been ated, there was great glorification the skeptics; and Dr. Carpenter es himself in a joke, telling us that ow "plainly saw, even with his eyes hat his little game was up." To e who considers this case, even as l by Dr. Carpenter, it will be evi- W SERIES.—VOL. XXVI., No. 5

dent that the boy was a genuine clair- voyant. Adhesive plaster, properly ap- plied by a medical man on a passive subject, is not to be loosened by imper- ceptible working of the muscles; and it is too great a demand upon our credulity to ask us to believe that this occurred undetected by the acute medical skeptics watching the whole procedure. We have, however, fortunately, another case to refer to, in which this very test was carried out to its proper conclusion by examining the state of the plaster *after the clairvoyance*, when the alleged loose- ness could be instantly detected. A clairvoyant boy at Plymouth was sub- mitted to the examination of a skeptical committee, who appear to have done their work very thoroughly. First his eyes were examined, and it was found that the balls were so turned up that, even were the eyelids a little apart, ordi- nary vision was impossible.* Then he was closely watched, and, while the eye- lids were seen to be perfectly closed, he read easily. Then adhesive plaster was applied, carefully warmed, in three lay- ers, and it was watched to see that the adhesion was perfect all round the edges. Again the boy read what was presented to him, sometimes easily, sometimes with difficulty. At the end of the experiments the plaster was taken off strip by strip by the committee, and it was found to be perfectly secure, and the eyelids so completely glued together that it was a work of some difficulty to get them open again. This case is record- ed, with the names of the committee, in the "Zoist," vol. iv., pp. 84-88; and I call the reader's attention to the *complete- ness* of the test here, and its demonstra- tion of the reality of clairvoyance, as compared with the loose experiment and hasty jumping-to-a-conclusion in the case which Dr. Carpenter thinks alone worthy of record.

Dr. Carpenter, next comes to the work of Prof. Gregory ("Letters on Animal Magnetism"), and devotes several pages to assertions as to the professor's "cre- dulity," the "reprehensible facility" with which he accepted Major Buckley's statements, the "entire absence of de-

* This is a constant feature of the true mes- meric trance, but "Jack's" accusers seem to have known nothing about it.

tail" as to "precautions against tricks," and his utter failure to find a clairvoyant to obtain Sir James Simpson's bank-note. "And yet," he says, referring especially to myself, "there are even now men of high scientific distinction who adduce Prof. Gregory's testimony on this subject as unimpeachable!" Readers who have accompanied me so far, will at least hesitate to accept Dr. Carpenter's dictum on this point, till they have heard what can be said on the other side. To give full details would occupy far too much space; I must, therefore, refer my readers to Prof. Gregory's book for some cases, and give merely a brief outline of others. At page 394 (Case 29) is given in detail a most remarkable test-case, in which Prof. Gregory sent some handwriting from Edinburgh to Dr. Haddock's clairvoyant at Bolton, who gave in return a minute description of the writer, her appearance, dress, house, illness, medical treatment, etc. At page 401 another test of the same kind is described. At page 403 a number of such cases are summarized, and one very completely given in detail. At page 423 is an account of a clairvoyant boy at the house of Dr. Schmitz, rector of the High School at Edinburgh. This boy described Prof. Gregory's house accurately, and the persons at that time in the dining-room (afterward ascertained to be correct). As a further test, Dr. Schmitz was asked to go into another room with his son and do anything he liked. The boy then described their motions, their jumping about, the son going out and coming in again, and the doctor beating his son with a roll of paper. When Dr. Schmitz returned, Prof. Gregory repeated all the boy had said, which the doctor, much astonished, declared to be correct in every particular. At page 445 (Case 42) is an account of another clairvoyant, a mechanic, who described Prof. Gregory's house in detail, and saw a lady sitting in a particular chair in the drawing-room reading a new book. On returning home the professor found that Mrs. Gregory had, at the time, been sitting in that particular chair, which she hardly ever was accustomed to use, and was reading a new book which had been sent to her just before, but of which the professor knew nothing. At page 405 is a most remarkable case of the recovery of

a stolen watch, and detection of the thief in London by Dr. Haddock's clairvoyant at Bolton. The letters all passed through Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, who showed them to Prof. Gregory. At page 407 are the particulars of the extraordinary discovery of the locality of travellers by means of their handwriting only, sent from the Royal Geographical Society to Sir C. Trevelyan in Edinburgh, and by him to Bolton, he himself not knowing either the names of the travellers, or where they were. Many more cases might be referred to, but these are sufficient to show that there is not that "total absence of detail," and of "precautions," in Prof. Gregory's experiments, which is Dr. Carpenter's reason for entirely ignoring them. In addition to this we have the account of Dr. J. Haddock, a physician practising at Bolton, of the girl Emma, who for nearly two years was under his care, and residing in his house. Many of Prof. Gregory's experiments, and those of Sir Walter Trevelyan, were made through this girl, and a full account of her wonderful clairvoyant powers is given by Dr. Haddock in the appendix to his "Somnolism and Psychism." She could not read, and did not even know her letters. The discovery of the stolen cash-box and identification of the entirely unsuspected thief are given in full by Dr. Haddock, and are summarized in my "Miracles and Modern Science," page 64. Again, Dr. Herbert Mayo gives unexceptionable personal testimony to clairvoyance at pages 167, 172, and 178, of his book on "Popular Superstitions."

Dr. Carpenter is very severe on Prof. Gregory for his belief in Major Buckley's clairvoyants reading mottoes in nuts, etc., but Major Buckley was a man of fortune and good position, who exercised his remarkable powers as a magnetizer, for the interest of it, and there is not the slightest grounds for suggesting his untrustworthiness. We have beside the confirmatory testimony of other persons, among them of Dr. Ashburner, who frequently took nuts purchased by himself, and had them correctly read by the clairvoyants before they were opened. ("Ashburner's Philosophy of Animal Magnetism," p. 304.) Dr. Carpenter also doubts Prof. Gregory's commonsense in believing that a sealed letter

had been read unopened by a clairvoyant when it might have been opened and resealed; but he omits to say that the envelopes were expressly arranged to prevent their being opened without detection, and that the professor adds, "I have in my possession one of the envelopes thus read, which has since been opened, and I am convinced that the precautions taken precluded any other than lucid vision." *

Still more important, perhaps, is the testimony of many eminent physicians to the existence of these remarkable powers. Dr. Rostan, Parisian Professor of Medicine, in his article "Magnétisme," in the "Dictionnaire de Médecine," says (as quoted by Dr. Lee): "There are few things better demonstrated than clairvoyance. I placed my watch at a distance of three or four inches from the occiput of the somnambulist, and asked her if she saw anything. 'Certainly,' she replied, 'it is a watch; ten minutes to eight.' M. Ferrus repeated the experiment with the same successful result. He turned the hands of his watch several times, and we presented it to her *without looking at it*; she was not once mistaken." The Commissioners of the Royal Académie de Médecine applied the excellent test of holding a finger on each eyelid, when the clairvoyant still read the title of a book, and distinguished cards. (Quoted in Dr. Lee's "Animal Magnetism," p. 22.) Dr. Esdaile had a patient at Calcutta who could hear and see through the stomach. This was tested by himself with a watch, as in the French case quoted above. ("Zoist," l. viii., p. 220.) Dr. Teste's account of the clairvoyance of Madame Hortense is very suggestive. She sometimes read at ease when completely bandaged, but when a paper was held between her eyes and the object; at other times she could see nothing, and the smallest suggestion or excitement caused this differ-

ence. This excessive delicacy of the conditions for successful clairvoyance renders all public exhibitions unsatisfactory; and Prof. Gregory "protests against the notion that it is to be judged by the rough experiments of the public platform, or by such tests as can be publicly applied." For the same reason direct money-tests are always objected to by experienced magnetizers, the excitement produced by the knowledge of the stake or the importance of the particular test impairing or destroying the lucidity. This is the reason why gentlemen and physicians like Prof. Gregory, Major Buckley, and Dr. Haddock, who have had the command of clairvoyants, have not attempted to gain the bank-notes which have at various times been offered. Dr. Carpenter was very irate because I suggested at Glasgow—not as he seems to have understood that there *was* no note in Sir James Simpson's envelope—but that the clairvoyants themselves, if they heard of it, might very well be excused if they thought it was a trick to impose upon them. I find now that in the other case quoted by Dr. Carpenter—the note for one hundred pounds publicly stated to have been inclosed by Sir Philip Crampton in a letter, and placed in a bank in Dublin, to become the property of any clairvoyant who should read the *whole of it*—this was actually the case. After six months the letter was opened, and the manager of the bank certified that it contained no note at all, but a blank check! The correspondence on the subject is published in the "Zoist," vol. x., p. 35. Dr. Carpenter's indignation was therefore misplaced; for, as a medical knight in Ireland did actually play such a trick, the mere supposition, on my part, that ignorant clairvoyants might think that a medical knight in Scotland was capable of doing the same, was not a very outrageous one.

We now come to the last part of Dr. Carpenter's lecture—table-turning and spiritualism—and here there is hardly any attempt to deal with the evidence. Instead of this we have irrelevant matters put prominently forward, backed up by sneers against believers, and false or unproved accusations against mediums. To begin with, the old amusement of table-turning of fifteen or twenty years ago, with Faraday's proof that it was of-

Dr. Carpenter says that "the unsealing of letters and the resealing them so as to conceal their having been opened" are practised in continental post-offices. No doubt this is done with an ordinary letter, but it is not certain that there are many ways of doing a letter which absolutely preclude its being done undetected, and Dr. Carpenter does not state that such precautions are here fully mentioned by Prof. Gregory as having been used in these experiments.

ten caused by unconscious muscular action, is again brought to the front. Table-tilting is asserted to be caused in the same way, and an "indicator" is suggested for proving this; and the whole matter is supposed to be settled because no one, so far as Dr. Carpenter is aware, "has ever ventured to affirm that he has thus demonstrated the *absence* of muscular pressure," and, "until such demonstrations shall have been given, the tilting—like the turning—of tables may be unhesitatingly attributed to the unconscious muscular action of the operators." We suppose Dr. Carpenter will shield himself by the "thus" in the above sentence, though he knows very well that a far more complete demonstration of the absence of muscular pressure than any indicator could afford has been repeatedly given, by motion, both turning and tilting, of the table occurring *without any contact whatever*. Thus, in the Report of the Committee of the Dialectical Society, we have (p. 378), Experiment 13, nine members present; all stood quite clear of the table, and observers were placed under it to see that it was not touched, yet it repeatedly moved along the floor, often in the direction asked for. It also jerked up from the floor about an inch. This was repeated when all stood two feet from the table. Experiment 22. Six members present, the same thing occurred under varied conditions. Experiment 38 (p. 390). Eight members present; the conditions were most rigid; the chairs were all turned with their backs to the table at a foot distant from it; every member present knelt on his chair *with his hands behind his back*; there was abundance of light, yet, under these test-conditions, the table moved several times in various directions, visible to all present. Finally, the table was turned up and examined, and found to be an ordinary dining-table with no machinery or apparatus of any kind connected with it. Similar movements without contact have been witnessed elsewhere and recorded by Sergeant Cox and by Mr. Crookes, as well as by many other persons; yet the man who comes before the public as the "historian" of this subject tells his audience and his readers that "he is not aware that any one affirms that he has demonstrated the absence of muscular pres-

sure!" How are we to reconcile this statement with Dr. Carpenter's references to each of the books, papers, or letters, containing the facts above quoted or referred to? But we have evidence of a yet more conclusive character (from Dr. Carpenter's own point of view), because it is that of a medical man who has made a special study of abnormal mental phenomena. Dr. Lockhart Robertson, for many years an editor of the *Journal of Mental Science*, and Superintendent of the Hayward's Heath Asylum, declares that his own heavy oak dining-table was lifted up and moved about the room, and this not by any of the four persons present. Writing was also produced on blank paper which the medium "had not the slightest chance of touching" ("Dialectical Report," p. 248). Dr. Carpenter is always crying out for "skeptical experts," but when they come—in the persons of Robert Houdin and Dr. Lockhart Robertson—he takes very good care that, so far as he is concerned, the public shall not know of their existence. What, therefore, is the use of his asking me (in a note at p. 108) whether my table ever went up within its crinoline in the presence of a "skeptical expert"? The very fact that I *secretly* applied tests (*see* "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," p. 134) shows that I was myself skeptical at this time, and several of my friends who witnessed the experiments were far more skeptical, but they were all satisfied of the completeness of the test. The reason why some skeptical men of science never witness these successful experiments is simply because they will not persevere. Neither Dr. Carpenter nor Prof. Tyndall would come more than once to my house to see the medium through whom these phenomena occurred, or I feel sure they might, after two or three sittings, have witnessed similar phenomena themselves. This has rendered all that Dr. Carpenter has seen at odd times during so many years of little avail. He has had one, or at most two sittings with a medium, and has taken the results, usually weak or negative, as proving imposture, and then has gone no more. Quite recently this has happened with Dr. Slade and Mrs. Kane; and yet this mode of inquiry is set up as against that of men who hold scores of

sittings for months together with the same medium; and, after guarding against every possibility of deception or delusion, obtain results which seem to Dr. Carpenter incredible. Mr. Crookes had a long series of sittings with Miss Kate Fox (now Mrs. Jencken) in his own house, and tested the phenomena in every way his ingenuity could devise. Dr. Carpenter was recently offered the same facilities with this lady and her sister, but as usual had only one sitting. Yet he thinks it fair and courteous to make direct accusations of imposture against both these ladies. He revives the absurd and utterly insufficient theory that the "raps" are produced by "a jerking or snapping action of particular tendons of either the ankles, knees, or toes." The utter childishness of this explanation is manifest to any one who has heard the sounds through any good medium. They vary from delicate tickings to noises like thumpings with the fist, slappings with the hand, and blows with a hammer. They are often heard loudly on the ceiling or on a carpeted floor, and heard as well as felt on the backs or seats of chairs quite out of reach of the medium. One of the skeptical committees in America tested the Misses Fox by placing them barefooted on pillows, when the "raps" were heard as distinctly as before on the floor and walls of the room. Mr. Crookes states that he has heard them on the floor, walls, etc., when Miss Fox was suspended in a swing from the ceiling, and has felt them on his own shoulder. He has also heard them on a sheet of paper suspended from one corner by a thread held between the medium's fingers. A similar experiment was tried successfully by the Dialectical Committee ("Report," p. 383). At a meeting of the same committee raps were heard on a book while in the pocket of a very skeptical member; the book was placed on the table, and raps were again heard; it was then held by two members supported on ivory paper-knives, when raps were still heard upon it ("Report," p. 386).

Again, there is the evidence of Prof. Barrett, an experienced physicist, who entered on this inquiry a complete skeptic. He tells us that he examined the raps or knockings occurring in the presence of a child ten years of age—that in

full sunlight, when every precaution to prevent deception had been taken—still the raps would occur in different parts of the room, entirely out of reach of the child, whose hands and feet were sometimes closely watched, at other times held. The phenomena have been tested in every way that the ingenuity of skeptical friends could devise; and as Prof. Barrett is well acquainted with Dr. Carpenter's writings on the subject and the explanations he gives, we have here another proof of the utter worthlessness of these explanations in presence of the facts themselves.

The Hon. R. D. Owen has heard, in the presence of Miss Fox, blows as if made by a strong man using a heavy bludgeon with all his force, blows such as would have killed a man or broken an ordinary table to pieces; while on another occasion the sounds resembled what would be produced by a falling cannon-ball, and shook the house ("Debatable Land," p. 275); and Dr. Carpenter would really have us believe that all these wonderfully varied sounds, under all these test-conditions are produced by "snapping tendons."

But what is evidently thought to be the most crushing blow is the declaration of Mrs. Culver given at length in the appendix. This person was a connection of the Fox family, and she declared that the Misses Fox told her how it was all done, and asked her to assist them in deceiving the visitors; two gentlemen certify to the character of Mrs. Culver. The answer to this slander is to be found in Capron's "Modern Spiritualism," p. 423. Mr. Capron was an intimate friend of the Fox family, and Catharine Fox was staying with him at Auburn, while her sisters were at Rochester being examined and tested by the committee. Yet Mrs. Culver says it was Catharine who told her that "when her feet were held by the Rochester committee the Dutch servant-girl rapped with her knuckles under the floor from the cellar." Here is falsehood with circumstance; for, first, Catharine was not there at all; secondly, the committee never met at the Foxes' house, but in various public rooms at Rochester; thirdly, the Fox family had no "Dutch servant-girl" at any time, and at that time no servant-girl at all. The gentlemen

who so kindly signed Mrs. Culver's certificate of character did not live in the same town, and had no personal knowledge of her; and, lastly, I am informed that Mrs. Culver has since retracted the whole statement, and avowed it to be pure invention (*see* Mrs. Jencken's letter to *Athenæum*, June 9, 1877). It is to be remarked, too, that there are several important mistakes in Dr. Carpenter's account. He says the "deposition" of Mrs. Culver was made not more than *six* years ago, whereas it was really *twenty-six* years ago; and he says it was a "deposition before the magistrates of the town in which she resided," by which, of course, his readers will understand that it was on oath, whereas it was a mere statement before two witnesses, who, without adequate knowledge, certified to her respectability! *

* Since the MS. of this article left my hands, I have seen Dr. Carpenter's letter in the *Athenæum* of June 16th, withdrawing the charges founded on the declaration of Mrs. Culver, which, it seems, Dr. Carpenter obtained from no less an authority than Mr. Maskelyne! the great conjurer and would-be "exposer" of spiritualism. He still, however, maintains the validity of the explanation of the "raps" by Prof. Flint and his coadjutors, who are said to have proved that persons who have "trained themselves to the trick" can produce an "*exact imitation*" of these sounds. This "*exact imitation*" is just what has never been proved, and the fact that a "training" is admitted to be required does not explain the sudden occurrence of these sounds as soon as the Fox family removed temporarily to the house at Hydesville. If Dr. Carpenter would refer to better and earlier authorities than Mr. Maskelyne and M. Louis Figuier, he would learn several matters of importance. He would find that Profs. Flint, Lec, and Coventry, after one hasty visit to the mediums, published their explanation of the "raps" in a letter to the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, dated February 17, 1851, *before* making the investigation on the strength of which they issued their subsequent report, which, therefore, loses much of its value, since it interprets all the phenomena in accordance with a theory to which the reporters were already publicly committed. On this scanty evidence we are asked to believe that two girls, one of them only nine years old, set up an imposture which for a long time brought them nothing but insult and abuse, subjected their father to public rebuke from his minister, and made their mother seriously ill; and that they have continuously maintained the same for nearly thirty years, and in all this long period have never once been actually detected. But there are facts in the early history of these pheno-

This is an example of the reprehensible eagerness with which Dr. Carpenter accepts and retails whatever falsehoods may be circulated against mediums; and it will be well to consider here two other unfounded charges which, not for the first time, he brings forward and helps to perpetuate. He tells us that "the 'Katie King' imposture, which had deluded some of the leading spiritualists in this country, as well as in the United States, was publicly exposed." This alleged exposure was very similar, to that of Mrs. Culver's, but more precise and given on oath—but the oath was under a false name. A woman whose name was subsequently discovered to be Eliza White declared that she had herself personated the spirit-form at several stated *séances* given by the two mediums Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, she having been engaged by them for the purpose; and she described a false panel made in the back of the cabinet by which she entered at the proper time from a bedroom in the rear. But Colonel Olcott, a gentleman connected with the New York daily press, has proved [that many of the particulars about herself and the Holmeses

mena which *demonstrate* the falsehood of this supposition, but which Dr. Carpenter, as usual, does not know, or, if he knows, does not make public. These facts are, first, that two previous inhabitants of the house at Hydesville testified to having heard similar noises in it; and, secondly, that on the night of March 31, 1848, Mrs. Fox and the children *left the house*, Mr. Fox only remaining, and that during all night and the following night, in presence of a continual influx of neighbors, *the "raps" continued exactly the same as when the two girls were present.* This crucial fact is to be found in all the early records, and it is surprising that it can have escaped Dr. Carpenter, since it is given in so popular a book as Mr. R. Dale Owen's "*Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*" (p. 209). Mr. Owen visited the spot, and obtained a copy of the depositions of twenty-one of the neighbors, which was drawn up and published a few weeks after the events. This undisputed fact, taken in connection with the great variety of sounds—varying from taps, as with a knitting-needle, to blows, as with a cannon-ball or sledge-hammer—and the conditions under which they occur—as tested by Mr. Crookes and the Dialectical Committee, completely and finally dispose of the "joint-and-tendon" theory as applicable to the ascertained facts. What, therefore, can be the use of continually trying to galvanize into life this thoroughly dead horse, along with its equally dead brother the table-turning "indicator"?

stated in Mrs. White's sworn declaration are false, and that she is therefore perjured. He has also proved that her former character is bad; that the photograph taken of "Katie King," and which she says was taken from her, does not the least resemble her; that the cabinet used had no such movable panel as she alleged; that the Holmeses' manifestations went on just the same on many occasions when she was proved to be elsewhere; that she herself confessed she was offered a thousand dollars if she would expose the Holmeses; and, lastly, that in Colonel Olcott's own rooms, under the most rigid test-conditions, and with Mrs. Holmes only as a medium, the very same figure appeared that was said to require the personation of Mrs. White. The full details are given in Colonel Olcott's "People from the Other World," pp. 425-478.

Another alleged exposure is introduced in the following terms: "I could tell you the particulars, in my possession, of the detection of the imposture practised by one of the most noteworthy of these lady mediums in the distribution of flowers . . . these flowers having really been previously collected in a basin upstairs and watered out of a decanter standing by—as was proved by the fact that an inquisitive skeptic having furtively introduced into the water of the decanter a small quantity of ferrocyanide of potassium, its presence in the 'dew' of the flowers was afterward recognized by the appropriate chemical test (a per-salt of iron) which brought out Prussian blue."

In his article on the "Fallacies of Testimony," in the *Contemporary Review* of January, 1876, where Dr. Carpenter first gave an account of this alleged exposure, it is stated that "a basinful of these flowers (hollyhocks) was found in a garret with a decanter of water beside it," that the ferrocyanide was mixed with this water, and that all this was not hearsay, but a statement in writing in the hand of the "inquisitive skeptic" himself. It turns out, however, that this part of the statement was wholly untrue, as we know on the authority of a letter written by the lady of the house, and afterward published, and Dr. Carpenter now seems to have found this out himself; but, instead of withdrawing it wholly (as in

common fairness he ought to have done), he still retains it ingeniously modified into an *inference*, but so worded as to look like the statement of a *fact*; "these flowers having *really* been previously collected in a basin," etc.—"as was proved"—not by finding them, but by the chemical test! What an extraordinary notion Dr. Carpenter must have of what is "really" proof! Let us, however, look a little further into this matter, of which more is known than Dr. Carpenter adduces, or than he thinks advisable to make public. Dr. Carpenter's informant was a member of the family in whose house the medium was staying as a guest. He had therefore full knowledge of the premises and command over the servants, and could very easily have ascertained such facts as the bringing of a large bunch of hollyhocks, asters, laurels, and other shrubs and flowers, into one of the visitors' bedrooms, and whether they disappeared from the room when the lady medium left it previous to the *séance*. This would have been direct evidence, and easily attainable by one of the family, but none such is forthcoming; instead of it we have the altogether inconclusive though scientific-looking chemical test. For it is evident that the flowers which appear must be brought from somewhere, and may naturally be brought from the shortest distance. If there are flowers in the house, these may be brought—as a baked apple was actually brought when an apple was asked for, according to one of the reports of this very *séance*; and if a skeptic chooses to put chemicals with such flowers or baked apples beforehand, these chemicals may be detected when the flowers or apples are examined. The wonder of such *séances* does not at all lie in where the flowers are brought from, but in the precautions used. The medium's hands, for instance, are always held (as they were in this instance), yet when thus held the flowers drop on to the table, and even particular flowers and fruits drop close to the persons who ask for them. This is the real fact to be explained when, as in this case, it happens in a private house; and the alleged chemical test has no bearing on this. But here the test itself is open to the gravest suspicion. The person who says he applied it had

struck a light in the middle of the *séance*, and discovered nothing. He was, then, in consequence of some offensive remarks, asked to leave the room, or the *séance* could not go on; and subsequently high words passed between him and the medium. He is, therefore, not an unbiassed witness, and to support a charge of this kind we require independent testimony that the chemical in question was not applied to the flowers *after* they appeared at the *séance*. This is the more necessary as we have now before us the statement in writing by another resident in the house that some of the flowers were sent to a medical man in the town, and that no trace of ferrocyanide of potassium could be detected. The accuracy of the supposed tests is also rendered very doubtful by another fact. In the published account of the affair in the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, indorsed by Dr. Carpenter's informant (in a letter now before me) as being by a friend of his and substantially correct, it is stated that the "same authority" who is said to have "demonstrated the presence of potassium ferrocyanide" on the flowers also examined some sand which fell on the table at the same sitting, and found it to contain salt, and therefore to be sea-sand, and to agree microscopically with the sand from a sea-beach near which the medium had been staying a few days before. This reads very like truth, and looks very suspicious, but it happens that another gentleman who was present at the *séance* in question took away with him some of the sand for the purpose of subjecting it to microscopic examination; and from that gentleman—Mr. J. Traill Taylor, editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, and an occasional contributor to other scientific journals—I have received the following note on the subject: "I remember the *séance* to which you have alluded, and which was held on the evening of August 23, 1874, during the Belfast Meeting of the British Association, which I was attending. At that time, among other by-pursuits, I was engaged in the microscopical examination of sand of various kinds, and I omitted no opportunity of procuring samples. During my visit to Ireland I obtained specimens from the sea-coast of Counties Down and Armagh, as well as from the shores of Lough Neagh. When

the shower of sand fell upon the table during the *séance* I appropriated a quantity of it for subsequent examination. The most careful inspection under the microscope satisfied me that it was absolutely identical with some that had been procured from the Antrim coast of Lough Neagh, while it differed in certain respects from that obtained at the sea-coast. Having subsequently seen a communication on this subject in the *English Mechanic* (by a writer who, I believe, had not been present at the *séance*), the purport of which was that the *séance* sand was similar to some obtained from a part of the sea-coast where the medium had been recently residing, I again subjected these various sands to microscopical examination, only to be confirmed in my previous conclusion. I followed this by a chemical test, as follows: I washed each sample of sand in a test tube with distilled water, to which I then added a solution of nitrate of silver. A precipitate of chloride of silver was obtained from all the samples of sea-sand, but no precipitate was formed by that which came from Lough Neagh, nor by that obtained at the *séance*, which last, under this chemical test, behaved in a manner precisely similar to the Lough Neagh sample. I recollect that the result of this test was my feeling sure that the writer to whom I have alluded had not had the same data as those in my possession for arriving at a conclusion. In about a year after that time I threw away over a dozen different samples of sand, including those to which I have referred, as I required for another purpose the boxes in which they were kept."

This clear and precise statement demonstrates the untrustworthiness of the authority on whom Dr. Carpenter relies, even if it does not indicate his disposition to manufacture evidence against the medium in question. At all events, with the more complete account of the whole episode now before them, our readers will, we are sure, admit that the evidence is by no means free from suspicion, and is quite insufficient to justify its being used to support a public charge of deliberate imposture. It also affords another example of how Dr. Carpenter jumps at explanations which are totally inapplicable to the facts in other cases, as, for example, to the production of flowers and

in my own room, as narrated in my *Acles and Modern Spiritualism*," 164, and to that in the house of Adolphus Trollope, as given in *Dialectical Report*," pages 277 and in which case the medium had been fully searched by Mrs. Trollope before the *séance* began.

We have now only to notice the extraordinary appendix of *pièces justificatives*, strange to say, prove nothing, and have hardly any bearing on the main questions at issue. We have, for instance, six pages of extracts on early mesmerism, the flagellants, and the dancing; followed by four pages about the medium; then an account of Mr. Lewes's experiments before the Medical School, which failed; then eight pages on the effects of *suggestion* on hypnotized patients—effects thoroughly known to every operator, but having nothing on the case of persons never hypnotized or mesmerized, and to whom *suggestion* was made; after this come three pages on the planchette, on which no one relies without collateral evidence; then an account of some foolish men, who thought they had direct communication of Satanic agency; then comes Culver's statement (called a "deposition before magistrates" in the text), to which we have already referred; then an answer in letter to the *Spectator* about Mr. Lewes's supposed proof of the influence of Mrs. Hayden; then the story of Dr. Carpenter's interviews with Foster, from the *Quarterly Review*; then more of Mr. Braid's "suggestion-and-expectancy" experiments—that is all. Not one solitary piece of careful investigation or unimpeachable evidence in these forty-two pages of what is pronounced as *pièces justificatives*!

We must now summarize briefly the result of our examination of Dr. Carpenter's book. We have given a few examples of how he has misrepresented the opinions of those opposed to his theories. Though he professes to treat the subject historically, we have shown how a particle of evidence is ignored which is too powerful to be explained away.

As examples of this we have referred, in more or less detail, to the declaration of high authorities of the reality of the successful surgical operation during the magnetic sleep; to the "Report of the

Académie Royale de Médecine," supporting the reality of clairvoyance and the other higher phenomena of mesmerism; to experiments on clairvoyance before French medical skeptics; to the evidence of educated and scientific men in Vienna, as to the truth of Reichenbach's observations; to the personal evidence of Robert Houdin, Prof. Gregory, Dr. Mayo, Dr. Haddock, Dr. Lee, Dr. Ashburner, Dr. Rostan, Dr. Teste, and Dr. Esdaile, as to tests demonstrating the reality of clairvoyance; to the evidence of the Dialectical Committee, of Dr. Lockhart Robertson, Sergeant Cox, Mr. Crookes, and myself, as to motion of solid bodies demonstrably not caused by muscular action; to the evidence of the Dialectical Committee, of the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, Mr. Crookes, and Prof. Barrett, as to raps demonstrably not caused by the muscles or tendons of the medium; to the evidence of Mr. T. A. Trollope and myself as to the production of flowers, demonstrably not brought by the medium—all of which evidence, and everything analogous to it, is totally ignored by Dr. Carpenter. Again, this work, professing to be "scientific," and therefore accurate as to facts and precise as to references, has been shown to be full of misstatements and misrepresentations. As examples, we have the statement that there is no evidence of the mesmerizer's power to act on a patient unconscious of his wish to do so, whereas I have shown that there is good medical evidence of this power; that Reichenbach did not submit his subjects to tests, whereas I have quoted many admirable tests, as well as the independent test-observations of Dr. Charpignon; that Rutter's magnenometer never acted when the operator did not know the substance influencing it, whereas Mr. Rutter states clearly and positively that it did; that the Royal Academy of Medicine first investigated clairvoyance in 1837 and declared it not proved, whereas they first investigated it in 1825, and reported *favorably*; that Prof. Gregory was credulous, and took no precautions against imposture, which I have shown to be not the fact. Again we have numerous errors and misstatements (always against the mediums) in the accounts of the Misses Fox and Mrs. Culver, of the alleged "Katie King" exposure, and of the

flower-séance chemically exposed. And, lastly, we have the statement, repeated under many forms, that when adequate investigation has taken place, and especially when "trained experts" have been employed, trick or imposture has *always* been discovered. But this I have shown to be the grossest of all misstatements. Surely medical men are "trained experts," and we have nine members of the Royal Academy of Medicine investigating for five years, and a large number of French and English medical men devoting years of inquiry to this subject, and deciding that it is *not* imposture. Are not eminent physicists trained experts, so far at least as the purely physical phenomena are concerned? But we have Prof. Hare, Prof. Gregory, and Mr. Crookes, who all devoted years of careful investigation to the subject; Prof. Barrett, who has come to it with a fresh and skeptical mind, stored with all the warnings that Dr. Carpenter can give him, and yet declares it to be reality, and neither imposture nor delusion; while another recent convert from extreme skepticism on this subject is Dr. Carter Blake, Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy at Westminster Hospital, who last year wrote me that, after months of careful examination, he was satisfied that the phenomena called "spiritual" are thoroughly genuine and worthy of scientific examination; that he has arrived at this conclusion very slowly, and, referring to his recent investigations, he says: "Every experiment performed has been under the most rigorous test-conditions, and the dishonest element which some professional mediums have shown has been rigorously eliminated." Yet, again, professional conjurers are surely "trained experts," and Dr. Carpenter has himself often referred to them as such, but the moment they go against him he ignores them. I have adduced, for the second time, the remarkable evidence of Robert Houdin to the reality of the clairvoyance of Alexis; Mr. T. A. Trollope informs us that another celebrated conjurer, Bosco, "utterly scouted the idea of the possibility of such phenomena as I saw produced by Mr. Home being performed by any of the resources of his art;" and, lastly, at Glasgow, last year, Lord Rayleigh informed us that he took with him a professional conjurer to Dr. Slade's,

that the phenomena happened with considerable perfection, while "the conjurer could not form the remotest idea as to how the effects were produced."

We have now concluded what has been a painful task; but in the interests of truth it was necessary to show how completely untrustworthy is the self-appointed guide that the public so blindly follow. By ample references I have afforded to such of my readers as may be so inclined the means of testing the correctness of my charges against Dr. Carpenter; and if they do so they will, I feel convinced, not only lose all faith in his explanations of these phenomena, but will also find how completely ignorant of this, as of most scientific subjects, are those writers in our influential literary press who have, almost without exception, praised this book as a fair and complete exposition of the subject on which it treats.

It also seems to me that an important question of literary morality is here involved. While maintaining as strongly as any one that new or disputed theories should be subjected to the fullest and severest criticism, I yet hold that this should not involve either misrepresentation or what has been termed the "conspiracy of silence." It is, at the best, hard enough for new truths to make their way against the opposing forces of prepossession and indifference; and, bearing this in mind, I would ask whether it is in the interests of human progress and in accordance with right principles, that those who have the ear of the public should put forth, under the guise of impartial history, a thoroughly one-sided and erroneous account of a disputed question. It may be said that errors and misstatements can be exposed, and will only injure the author of them; but, unfortunately, this is not so. The popular view of a subject like this is sure of a wide circulation, and writers in the daily and weekly papers increase its publicity, whereas few read the answer, and the press decline or refuse to make it known.* As the very existence of the

* A striking proof of this statement has been quite recently furnished us. The letter given below was sent by Dr. Slade to Prof. E. R. Lankester. It would seem to exhibit, in a high degree, the characteristics of truth, fairness, and charity. No answer was re-

depends on popularity, this is inevitable; but it none the less throws a responsibility on those who possess popularity if they mislead public opinion by inaccuracy or suppression of

his article on "Fallacies of Testimony." Dr. Carpenter, quoting Schiller, says that the "real philosopher" is dis-

tinguished from the "trader in knowledge" by his always loving truth better than his system. If our readers will carefully weigh the facts now laid before them, they will be able to decide how far Dr. Carpenter himself belongs to the first or to the second of these categories. —*Quarterly Journal of Science.*

ART IN THE COMMUNITY.*

BY J. THACKRAY BUNCE.

speaking of Art in the community, like the community in its widest—the nation. It was thus regarded by Benjamin Robert Haydon, the histor-

The press, moreover, refused to publish, and the daily press, one and all, *refused to insert it even as an advertisement!*

E. R. LANKESTER—

DEAR SIR: Dr. Slade, having in some degree recovered from his very severe illness, his engagement to St. Petersburg having postponed (by desire of his friends) till the autumn, desires me to make the following offer:

He is willing to return to London for the sole and sole purpose of satisfying your slate-writing occurring in his presence in no way produced by any trickery of color for this purpose he will come to your house unaccompanied by any one, and will sit with you at your own table, using your slate and pencil; or, if you prefer to go to his room, it will suit him as well.

The event of any arrangement being made upon, Slade would prefer that the same should be kept strictly private.

He never can guarantee results, you may give him as many as six trials, and more will be deemed advisable.

And you shall be put to no charge or expense whatever.

On your part shall undertake that during the period of the sittings, and for one week afterward, you will neither take, nor allow to be taken, nor countenance, legal proceedings against him or me.

But if in the end you are satisfied that the slate-writing is produced otherwise than as stated, you shall abstain altogether from legal proceedings against us, and suffer us to remain in England, if we choose to do so, as requested by you.

On the other hand, you are not satisfied, you shall be at liberty to proceed against us, at the expiration of one week from the termination of the six or more experiments, if we are still in England. You will observe that Slade is willing to go to you without witness of his own, and to trust entirely to your honor and good faith.

ical painter—the first Englishman who pleaded, with intelligence, with earnestness, and even with passion, for national recognition of Art in England. When he began, now fifty-three years ago, the series of appeals which closed only with his lamentable death, the State in its corporate capacity cared nothing about Art. Reynolds and his associates had founded the Academy, under royal encouragement and sanction, but there the national effort had stopped. In his first petition to Parliament, presented in 1823 by Brougham, then a member of the House of Commons, Haydon justly says, "That most of the historical productions painted in this country, by which its reputation has been raised, have been executed, not, as in Italy and Greece, in consequence of encouragement, but in spite of difficulties—that Barry painted the Adelphi for nothing; that Hogarth adorned the Foundling for nothing; that Reynolds offered to grace St. Paul's by his pencil, and yet was refused." And then he urges his especial plea: "That historical pictures, the full size of life, being inadmissible into private houses from the nature of their execution, and

"Conscious of his own innocence, he has no malice against you for the past. He believes that you were very naturally deceived by appearances, which, to one who had not previously verified the phenomena under more satisfactory conditions, may well have seemed suspicious.

"Should we not hear from you within ten days from this date, Slade will conclude that you have declined his offer.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

J. SIMMONS.

"37 SPUI-STRAAT, THE HAGUE, May 7, 1877."

* This article is addressed particularly to an English audience, but it has wholesome lessons for Americans as well.—ED.

such pictures being the only ones that have given countries their fame where Art has flourished; as the leading authorities of those countries were always the patrons of such productions, and from the expense attendant on their production could alone be so, your petitioner humbly hopes your honorable House will not think it beneath its dignity to interfere, and by a regular distribution of a small part of the public wealth, to place historical painting and its professors on a level with those of the other departments of the Arts." Haydon's demand was modest in amount. He asked only for £4,000 a year, to be expended in pictures for the decoration of public buildings and of the new churches for which Parliament was then about to make a grant of £1,000,000; and he asked, also—in a subsequent petition—that if any National Gallery were established, it should include examples of the works of British artists, deceased and contemporary, as well as of those of the great masters of the foreign schools. At the time when Haydon began to assail Parliament in this fashion and for this purpose there was real need for such exhibitions. The British Museum indeed existed, but it was chiefly a library, and had only just received the famous Elgin Marbles, grudgingly bought by the Government, after a long and discreditable haggle with Lord Elgin about their value as works of Art and about their price. Our public picture collections consisted only of the Dulwich Gallery, the bequest of Alleyn, the player; the Painted Hall at Greenwich; the Soane Museum, containing some of Hogarth's works; and the miscellaneous display at Hampton Court Palace, of which Raffaele's cartoons constituted the main feature of value. There was no national gallery; this was not founded until 1834, when the Angerstein pictures—only forty in all—were first exhibited, and the building in Trafalgar Square was not opened until 1837. No pictures or sculptures had been commissioned for national edifices; this did not occur until 1841, when artists were invited to enter upon the competition for frescoes for the new Houses of Parliament. There was no State Department of Art, no schools of design, no public museum of Industrial Art: these are all of them creations of our own day.

Since the time when by his petitions, his lectures, and his appeals to ministers, Haydon endeavored to awaken a national interest in Art, we have made progress so great as to be really wonderful. In the comparatively short period of forty years the National Gallery has grown into one of the largest and noblest collections in the world. We have in the Houses of Parliament, notwithstanding admitted defects, a grand series of historical works. In the South Kensington galleries we have an important collection of modern pictures, and an unrivalled accumulation of objects of decorative and of industrial Art. In several of the great towns of the kingdom we have public galleries of some kind. We have also a Department of State which takes charge of Art teaching over the whole country, and this affords the basis of a system which, rightly used, may be made of great benefit to national taste. The £4,000 a year which Haydon asked for has, in late years, in the purchase of works of Art and in grants to schools and galleries, been exceeded by nearly a hundred times the amount he modestly fixed. But the work has not been done in his way, and if he were living now he would probably declaim as heartily ever against the Academy, against the managers of the National Gallery and the British Museum, against Parliament and ministers, against the neglect of "the grand style;" and in favor of the patronage which is, somehow or other, to bring back the Golden Age of Art by fostering an historical school that obstinately refuses to develop itself in these islands. Something of his spirit, indeed, was displayed lately at the Social Science Meeting at Liverpool, where many gentlemen gathered themselves together in an Art section, took mutually discomfiting views of the position and prospects of Art in England, and hungered after national developments by no means clearly explained and perhaps not distinctly understood even by those who desire them.

In truth, it is not easy to see what more the State can do for Art. After all, however much we may trust to, or wish for, its interference, the range within which this is possible is very limited. The State may provide public galleries and museums in the metropolis—as it

w; it may see to the decoration
 e fitness of national edifices; it
 eate and assist a national system
 Instruction. All this it does
 —making mistakes no doubt in
 irections, and working feebly in
 but still doing the work and lay-
 : foundation for progress here-
 It may do something more, by
 hat local museums and galleries
 ped by loans or gifts from the
 stores. Not, indeed, that the
 ictures from the national collec-
 n be sent round the country from
 place. They are too precious to
 ected to such a risk, and conse-
 are better in London, where, at
 ime or other, most people who
 : Art can manage to see them.
 ne of the drawings, etchings, and
 ngs, and other works of Art from
 ish Museum, might safely be lent
 rovincial towns, instead of being
 d in rooms which, so far as the
 of public inspection is concerned,
 lmost as well be private property.
 of the vast number of Turner
 s now deposited in the Na-
 Gallery, and never exhibited,
 also be lent to local galleries.
 e trustees made up a small col-
 and lent it successively to Leeds
 Birmingham, where it excited
 tention and served a most useful
 ; but the experiment was a sin-
 , and nobody seems to have
 of repeating it. There are other
 in the national collections—ex-
 which might be removed without
 issed, specimens which are now
 ly by the curious—which could
 spared, at least for a time, to the
 ial museums, according to the
 actually adopted in regard to in-
 art by the South Kensington de-
 at. The Commissioners of the
 ion of 1851 may also do some-
 f importance for Art by a wise
 nent of the great fund in their
 and it is understood that they
 indisposed to recognise their
 this respect, as trustees on behalf
 ublic. In order to stimulate or
 ort this disposition, a meeting of
 itatives of provincial corporations
 d some time ago in Birmingham;
 s satisfactory to know that the
 of Wales, as president of the

Royal Commission, has consented to receive a deputation to hear the views of the corporations, as to the disposal of the Commissioners' funds. Beyond the methods above indicated, however, there is little that can be done by the central Government. Some people are desirous that it should reform the Royal Academy, by making it a kind of representative university of Art; but it may be reasonably doubted if the influence that can be exerted by academies is not overrated by the advocates of that scheme. Others again, like Haydon, are eager for the public employment of painters and sculptors who devote themselves to historical art. No doubt it is a good thing to employ artists in public works when they are wanted; but from the example of our French neighbors we may learn the difficulties arising from the employment of artists, not because there is a demand for their work, but simply to encourage the formation of a national school. We do not gain by fostering mediocrity, and accumulating bad pictures which nobody wants, and yet which cannot decently be put into the fire. In the case of an artist whose feebleness and poverty of invention and style afford proof that he has mistaken his business—that indeed his Art is a fancy and not a vocation—there is no reason why he should be petted and helped at the cost of the State, any more than a grocer whose enterprise or intelligence do not suffice to enable him to sell tea and sugar at a profit, or a lawyer who is incompetent to advise his client, or a manufacturer who insists upon making badly articles which are neither ornamental nor useful.

Given the machinery and the means of public Art culture and instruction which already exist, all we can or do require in addition from the State is, that there should be a reasonably fair distribution of the money devoted to these purposes and of the examples to be found in our national collections. The desire of the great provincial towns is easily put into shape. "All we ask," they say, "is that you will give us a fair share of the grants we help to provide. Don't spend all the money upon London. Keep your great national collections there, by all means—your pictures that cannot be replaced, your precious objects that cannot be

safely removed. But let us have for our museums some of the examples which you do not need and cannot use, which crowd your show cases and encumber your walls; and let us also have some of your national grants to buy other examples for ourselves. Whatever you give, we will meet tenfold; but all things must have a beginning, and we must be set going. We do not see the justice of buying what we want for ourselves, and of also helping to buy similar things for the metropolis." There is no desire on the part of the great country towns to reduce the advantages which London enjoys, or to lower the metropolitan dignity which reflects credit upon the country. But the strongest advocate of metropolitan expenditure must admit that London is already pretty well looked after by Parliament and by the Government. Whatever the metropolis possesses in the way of Art and Ornament comes mainly from the national purse. As a community it spends nothing, or next to nothing. The great corporation of the City does nothing for Art—unless occasional gifts of gold boxes to royal personages and of ornamental swords to eminent military commanders may be allowed to come within the designation. With one or two exceptions, the City companies, wealthy beyond expression, do nothing for Art. The Metropolitan Board of Works not only neglects to make London beautiful, but allows railway companies and other speculators to ruin the streets and the river by hideous bridges and viaducts. As to the minor bodies—the vestries and the like—if any one desires to understand the force of derisive laughter, let him ask them to spare their time and money for anything that can make our outward life a little brighter and more picturesque. Yet, despite this absence of corporate effort, London is richly provided for. It has, in abundance, its galleries, museums, statues, pictures, parks, gardens, and palaces—all obtained at the expense of the nation. There are over thirty millions of us altogether, and yet three millions get almost everything; or if a grant is made by chance or accident, or if a department or a museum does lend (they never give) something to a country town, there is a chorus of "reporting" and congratulating all round, as if a new era

had been opened in the history of the empire. It is perhaps an error to say that London gets everything. For some inscrutable reason handsome grants are made to Edinburgh and Dublin, who thus dip into the public purse without being able to show any work as the result of the outlay—for they have no manufactures to which Art can be applied. It is the great manufacturing towns—Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Glasgow, Newcastle, and others, who are politely told that they may have as much Art as they like, only they must find it and pay for it themselves.

Put them on fair terms, and the great provincial towns will accept the responsibility and the duty. They ask only for the means, or for the power of creating them. At present they are practically dependent upon gifts, for they have no State grants, very seldom any corporate funds that can be used for Art purchases, and the rating power intrusted to them by Parliament is miserably limited. No municipality can levy, for the purposes, not merely of Art, but of literature and science as well, a larger rate than one penny in the pound on the rateable value. Some towns would gladly pay more, but the Act of Parliament forbids them to do so. The penny rate has to maintain free libraries, museums, and Art galleries; and as Literature, by means of the libraries, not unnaturally makes the first claim, Art comes off badly. Take Birmingham as an illustration. The penny rate in that town yields something over £5,000. Out of this the corporation has to maintain its great central reference library, and five lending libraries and reading-rooms besides; and even these are scarcely adequate to the needs of the town. It has also, out of the same fund, to pay the interest on building loans for the libraries, and to repay the principal within a fixed term of years. When this is done, what is left for the picture gallery or the museum of Industrial Art? These, it is obvious, must either be enriched by private gifts or loans; and this is in fact the case with Birmingham. Not a specimen of Art has been, or can be, bought for the gallery out of the rate; all its contents have been provided by gifts, or are borrowed from generous collectors, who regard themselves as trustees rather than

owners of their own Art Treasures. So long as the rating power is tied to a penny this must continue to be the case. But the time has come when the limit may properly be removed.

When it was imposed the restriction was necessary, for Parliament and the country were rather afraid than hopeful of the influence of libraries and museums, more than a penny in the pound had been asked for by Mr. Ewart, nothing at all would have been conceded. We have educated the nation to a higher standard of appreciation, and there is now no reason why the rating should not at least be doubled. If it were done, the great towns might do something upon Art as well as Literature. The case of Birmingham is that of other large towns. Some, like London, are fortunate in the gifts which they receive, and which help to redress the parsimony of the law. Liverpool, for example, has received priceless donations such as the Meyer Museum and the Town Library, and to these is now added the noble Art Gallery which a liberal citizen, Mr. Walker, is building at his own cost. Glasgow, again, is about to benefit by a great bequest which will build its free library, and make the rate free for the purposes of its expenditure. Bristol has provided itself with a college in which, it is hoped, Art may be taught. Newcastle has done the same thing. At Sheffield Mr. Bagnall is doing something, and thanks to Mr. Bragge, an eminent citizen, the town has become possessed of a valuable museum of Industrial Art. Birmingham must not be left out of account; besides valuable donations to the new Art Gallery, the noble collection of the Mason Science College includes a department of Art, in which the trustees have ample powers, for teaching and for the purchase of examples.

The possession of picture galleries and the arrangement of a system of instruction is not all that can be done for the promotion of Art in the community. The principle should regulate Art in the family as also to the community. Art should so to speak, permeate and suffuse daily life, if it is to become a real and enduring influence. As in our

dwelling we should have good examples of Art, in the things alike of highest enjoyment and of common use, so in our communities, we should have everywhere about us the same gracious presence—in our streets, our public and private buildings, our churches and halls, our gardens, and parks, and fountains, our monuments, and even in our places of work and business; for there is no reason why a manufactory should be hideous, or an office or a warehouse a mere square or oblong box of brick or stone, with holes for light and air punched into it. Judged by this standard, what are the great towns, as communities, doing for Art in these external ways? Manchester is a great town, one of the richest in the country, full of wealthy people, who might, if they chose, make it as distinguished in regard to public Art as it is already in manufactures, in commerce, and in all forms of remunerative enterprise. Yet the streets of Manchester are by no means lovely; they are dull, and straight, and lined with houses and shops which exhibit few traces of the picturesque, nor indicate on the part of those who live in them any love of it. One thing, however, must be said for Manchester. The great warehousemen there have bestowed much attention upon the design of the buildings in which they conduct their business, and have made palaces of them; and the Corporation, by the magnificent pile of buildings erected for municipal purposes, has given a noble example to the rest of the kingdom, for it has deserted the too familiar classic, and has ventured upon the use of our purely English style of Gothic. In Liverpool, which in some respects has a more imperial aspect than most of our English towns, there is still much room for improvement. For instance, if a little thought had been given to them, it would have been easy to convert the vast ranges of dock warehouses lining the river banks into simple, but very noble, works of architectural Art, and thus to have repeated and rivalled on the Mersey the glories of Venice itself. Sheffield, again, with almost unequalled advantages of site, is a signal illustration of neglected opportunities, the buildings being, for the greater part, poor and mean, and even the best streets being defiled by the cloud of smoke which is

the curse of our large manufacturing towns. Another example is afforded by Newcastle. Here, if they had chosen to use it, the configuration of the town, divided from Gateshead by one of the finest of English rivers—the Tyne—gave the Newcastle people a chance of making one of the most picturesque places in the kingdom. But, as they have used it, the river, which might have been lined with noble buildings, is degraded beyond expression, defiled beyond belief. Low sheds, smoking chimneys, slime and defilement are its characteristics. Its course runs not

“To the golden sand, and the leaping bar,”
but, as Kingsley sings, with expressive sadness, it is

“Dank and foul
By the smoky town in its murky cowl—
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank.”

Take Birmingham as another illustration of what the great towns are, and of what they might have been. Like the rest of its sister towns, Birmingham is afflicted with the twin disease of meanness and uniformity; it has miles upon miles of houses, too small to impress any sense of dignity, too uniform to afford the relief of variety. Its thousands of manufactories and workshops, like its houses, are uninfluenced by Art, either in material or design: the latter due chiefly to the builder, whose mind, as a rule, is not given to beauty; the former, that dull red brick which, under the influence of town smoke, is capable of assuming the dimmest tint on earth, excepting, perhaps, the white brick used so largely in London. As regards public buildings, Birmingham ought to have been the very home and crowning glory of Domestic Gothic, for its undulated surface and its winding streets lend themselves, in a peculiar degree, to the characteristics of that style. But Classic—bad enough when directly copied, worse when adapted by invention—Classic is dominant in Birmingham. The Town-hall is Classic, so is the great Market-hall, so are the Free Libraries and the Midland Institute, so are the corporate buildings, and so also—worst and most dismal specimen of all—is the new Post Office, upon which a Government department has lavished its most cherished traditions of

meanness and ugliness. There are, however, many and most encouraging signs of improvement in Birmingham. The Grammar School is Gothic—very good for its period; the new Mason College is Gothic, and promises well; the new Church of St. Martin, one of the stateliest parish churches in the kingdom, is Gothic; and the new Board Schools, admirable in grouping and design, and planted, wherever possible, in leading thoroughfares, are Gothic too, and constitute most picturesque street features, such as might with advantage be imitated in other towns.

The means by which such an end as we seek can be reached must have their basis and root in a feeling which, though strongly existing in other respects, has not yet been developed in the direction of Art. This is the feeling that every member of the community owes something to the community itself—that in all he does, though he may justly think of personal advantage and profit, he is bound also to think of the common interest as well. When a street is laid out, or a new building erected, or additional powers obtained, or when any considerable work of any kind is to be devised or executed, the true communal feeling and spirit ought to enter into it, and side by side with the benefit of individuals the promotion of the general benefit should be kept in mind. If a spirit like this were nationally cultivated, and if every man thought and worked for the community as well as for himself, there is nothing too great or too difficult for the chief towns of this country to accomplish for themselves. They have a distinct superiority here over the metropolis. London, vast and powerful as it is, is rather a series of towns than a single and united city; an aggregation in which the native population constitutes but a small element; which has no corporate unity, no common means of action, no clear and distinct hold upon, or understanding of, its municipal institutions and municipal life; no manifest exposition, indeed, of such life, excepting in the city, and the population of the city is but one hundred and twenty thousand out of three millions and a half.

It thus happens that London originates none of those great political, social, and religious movements which, from time

e, sweep through the country, re-its institutions, and influence the t of its life. Manchester identifies with free trade; Birmingham stamps ne upon political reform and upon al education; Oxford gives us a heological and ecclesiastical reviv- he provincial towns are best fitted ch work, because they are true unities, limited, defined, self-con-; with local feeling, and history, aditions; they are not so large as lude the sense of unity and of per- interest; all their leading men are to each other and to the rest of izens; their people feel, by instinct y habit, that they belong to their owns in a direct and especial man- The town, in fact, becomes part of being, and when severed from it, e, or distance, or the necessities of they turn fondly to it, keep up knowledge of its progress, and al- if that be possible, end by coming to it. A Birmingham man, or a uester man, for example, is a Bir- am or a Manchester man still, i he may be in China, or Australia, w Zealand. The old town always s in his mind the keenest emotion; utation, influence, and progress are o him; his affections cling to it, ver his new associations may be. great necessity of our day is to di- is vigorous communal life of Eng- nto the channel of public Art. We l not neglect the duties of order ood government, the regulation of peace and morals, the doing of y works, street-making, drainage, rification of the air we breathe and ater we drink, the sweetening and ing of the dwellings of the poorer s, and the diffusion of all know- that may help us to understand , apply the natural laws which gov- ocial, physical, and material prog- But while not neglecting these, ould also direct our force to the igher purpose of developing and ing the intellectual and æsthetic es of the people. We provide s and libraries, thus giving the of learning and reading; the range of literature, of history, and itics is open to the humblest in our unities. It is time now to cultivate ove of Art, and to help this by be-

stowing attention upon the external fea- tures of the places in which they dwell.

We must have pure air, to begin with; freedom to breathe; power of seeing, unhindered by clouds of smoke and dust. We must have, also, parks and gardens for open-air recreation. We must have, again, public buildings, ample and stately, and rich enough in their or- nament to symbolise and to dignify the corporate life. Then our authorities should have and exercise power to deal with street architecture of all kinds, for this exerts a powerful and constant influence for good or evil upon pub- lic taste, and through this upon man- ners and morals. If Art were thought of as it should be, and if municipal pow- ers were sufficient and were rightly exer- cised, the character of our streets would undergo a marked and rapid change. We should deny, or limit, the right of an individual to disfigure the main thor- oughfares of a great town by monstrosi- ties or basenesses in brick, or stone, or plaster, according to the measure of his ignorance, or vulgarity, or parsimony, or lack of the sense of beauty and fitness. Take, for example, such streets as High Street, Exeter, or High Street, Oxford; no man should have the power—now unrestricted in our intense reverence for the rights of property—to demolish at his caprice their characteristic features, or to improve them by building, say a manufactory or other incongruous edifice upon their exquisitely beautiful lines. The railway companies, again, should be put under severe restraint: the Thames, for example, should not be disfigured by the horrible bridges that are run across it; the view of St. Paul's from Ludgate Hill should not be blotted out or hope- lessly ruined by the arch of a viaduct. We want, in such matters, a wholesome tyranny. Of course the convenience of the public must be considered, traffic must be carried on, railways and tele- graphs must, somewhere or other, cross our streets. But we need not, as we do now, groan under the tasteless rule of the engineers, and their passion for cast iron, and their detestable invention of the girder style. Necessary though these things may be, they can be made, if not perfectly beautiful, at least somewhat less hideous than they are now. It is a misfortune, in some respects, that we are

proud of being a practical people, for the worship of the practical is a superstition which kills the desire for beauty, and casts out Art, and turns, sooner or later, from all directions to the shrine of the deity who unites ancient and modern mythology in the common adoration of the God of Riches. He has a wide-reaching priesthood, described by the comprehensive name of the Business Man; and when this personage and his supposed necessities come into contact with Art, then, certainly so far as Art interferes with or hinders him, Art has to give way. It is he who lines our streets with uniform warehouse-like houses, propped up on girders, and built as plainly as possible, to save the cost of space in light and shade, and thickness of wall, and variety of line and projection, which are essential to all good and picturesque building. It is he who pulls down the relics of antiquity, let them be ever so venerable or so graceful, because by destroying them he can get more rent out of the sites they occupy. He is the person who hangs hideous bunches of telegraph wires across our public ways; it is he who straightens the curved street lines; it is he who throws a railway bridge—a huge tube, or a couple of lofty iron walls—across such a thoroughfare as the Foregate at Worcester; or who, with another such bridge, shuts out the view of St. Paul's from Ludgate Hill; or who spans the Thames with his girders, and puts up vast black yawning sheds of stations on the river bank. He does all this because he knows or cares nothing about Art, and never thinks that the community may care for it, and because he wants to go straight, to save time. To gain ten minutes he would level St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, or plant a station on the site of Ely, or sweep away Tintern, or turn Valle Crucis into a goods station, or put up a mass of contractor's masonry—as, indeed, he has done—in front of Conway, or cut a railway right through the Lledr Valley, as he is doing now. There are places and occasions on which the business man may, with general advantage, and to his own benefit, if he only knew it, be invited to go round instead of driving right on, through and over everything, and to take his practical ideas, and his straight cuts, and his engineers and their cast-

iron girders, along with him; and this is one of the lessons which an Art-knowing and an Art-loving community has to teach him. Indeed, to put it on the very lowest ground, the lesson is worth learning, even for profit's sake. Dwell for a moment upon our street architecture. Practical-minded people—remember, it is they who assume the designation—are much comforted by the spectacle of so many boxes of brick and stone, ranged in regular order side by side, as close as they can be, with openings to go in by and to look out of, and with bits of carving or moulding (very often in plaster, which peels off in patches) stuck on here and there, and mostly where they ought not to be. These boxes are called houses, the openings are described as doors and windows, the bits and dabs of plaster are spoken of as ornaments, and the whole dismal combination is regarded as being solid, comfortable, practical, unpretentious, and “thoroughly English.” Now, in fact, as Mr. Ruskin showed long ago in his *Stones of Venice*, the so-called practical is really the most absolutely unpractical. “At Venice,” he says, “and the cities grouped around it, Vicenza, Padua, and Verona, the traveller may ascertain, by actual experience, the effect which would be produced upon the comfort and luxury of daily life by the revival of the Gothic school of architecture. He can still stand upon the marble balcony in the soft summer air, and feel its smooth surface warm from the noon-tide, as he leans on it in the twilight; he can still see the strong sweep of the unruined traceries drawn on the deep serenity of the starry sky, and watch the fantastic shadows of the clustered arches shorten in the moonlight on the chequered floor; or he may close the casements fitted to their unshaken shafts against such wintry winds as would have made an English house vibrate to its foundation, and in either case compare their influence on his daily home-feeling with that of the square openings in his English wall. And let him be assured, if he find there is more to be enjoyed in the Gothic window, there is also more to be trusted. It is the best and strongest building, as it is the most beautiful. I am not now speaking of the particular form of the Venetian Gothic, but of the general

strength of the pointed arch as opposed to that of the level lintel of the square window; and I plead for the introduction of the Gothic form into our domestic architecture, not merely because it is lovely, but because it is the only form of faithful, strong, enduring, and honorable building, in such materials as come duly to our hands. By increase of scale and cost, it is possible to build, in any style, what will last for ages; but only in the Gothic is it possible to give security and dignity to work wrought with imperfect means and materials."

Thus, the beautiful and the useful—the true practical work—are united; and if people who build would only build in this way, thinking for others, and for the general good and improvement, as well as of themselves, then, in street architecture—the commonest and most obvious means of expressing taste—we should have a development of Art in the community for which all of us would be the stronger and the better, and in due time the community itself might rise to the dignity of its dwelling-places. Local authorities, surely, might be invested with some control over this matter, and over the materials as well as the design of building. There is a chance now of trying to exercise some such influence, in the new streets which are being made in London and other towns under the Artisans' Dwellings Act. Here the corporations may make themselves owners of the sites, and, in letting them for building, may impose their own conditions on the character, style, and material of the edifices to be erected. They may also secure, what are much needed in all large towns, open spaces, adorned with trees and flower-beds, with fountains and statues: oases in the deserts of brick and stone—places of rest for the aged, and of healthful play for the children, and of recreation and enjoyment for citizens of all classes. This is work which the community, by means of its recognized authorities, may easily do for Art, if it is so minded. It may also take care to see that while public edifices, for the business of the community, are made stately without, they are also made beautiful as well as commodious within. These works of internal decoration may take any range you will, may be simple or elaborate, costly or inexpensive; but

they should always be found wherever the corporate life has to be expressed, or the corporate business to be conducted. Even the roughest elements of the most turbulent popular assemblies are all the better—are, indeed, insensibly educated—by such decoration. Most of our great towns have histories which, with honor and profit, are capable of being recorded in pictorial decorations of their public edifices. Manchester links our modern days with the earliest in our history, for it was a Roman station, and then a fortified place in early English times; and it was for a while the headquarters of the Pretender, when England was last threatened with military revolution. These are events worthy of commemoration, and so are the leading incidents of its later history—the Reform struggles at the beginning of this century; the Anti-Corn Law agitation; the rise and progress of its great textile industry; the eminent men who have conferred lustre upon its annals. Liverpool, a free borough so far back as the thirteenth century, furnishes subjects of illustration in abundance in the development of its magnificent commerce, and the birth of the great system of navigation which constitutes a daily union between the old world and the new. Birmingham might record with honest pride the help its people gave to Simon de Montfort in the great war of the barons, its gallant resistance to Prince Rupert in the civil wars, its powerful demonstrations in the Reform period of 1832, and the contests and victories, greater even than these, endured or won by its most notable citizens—by Priestley over bigotry and prejudice, by Watt and Boulton in the application of steam to industry, and by Murdock in the invention of gas.

There is other work, too, that might be done in the same direction with advantage—the formation of museums of Industrial Art adapted to the staple trades of each community: gold and silver work, jewellery, brass and iron, and arms in Birmingham—thanks to the liberality of the gun trade, the last named is already richly provided in a special museum; cutlery, ancient and modern, in Sheffield; pottery in Stoke, and Hanley, and Burslem (where the Wedgwood Institute has made a good beginning); lace at Nottingham and Norwich; car-

pets at Kidderminster; ribbons and watches at Coventry; cottons at Manchester; and woollen fabrics at Leeds. In such work a revival of the old trade guilds might take an honorable and useful part; no longer confining and restricting trade, but helping to bring together all the best examples of ancient work from which anything has to be learned, and of modern work to illustrate progress, to correct mistakes, and to stimulate honorable rivalry with foreign competitors.

These are some of the means of cultivating Art in the community, and of bringing it home to the minds and hearts of the people. There are others familiar to most of us. Picture exhibitions, for example—not merely great collections, hung closely, good and bad together, and left to tell their own story; but selections of a few great pictures, so hung as to be seen separately, and explained to the less instructed by competent critics, from time to time, in public lectures. Collections, again, of special works—drawings, etchings, engravings—such as those which have been, to their great honor, brought together by the Burlington Fine Arts Club in London, and by the Liverpool Art Club. In the churches, again, and in all places of worship, there is ample scope for effort by covering the walls with suitable pictures, by stained glass in the windows, by carving and other decorations—gifts for which individuals, in the true spirit of sacrifice, might well make themselves responsible. In the theatres, also, Art in the community might be materially helped by care and thought in the production of scenes, painted as works of Art, perfected in detail, and thus conveying solid lessons to those who can be instructed in no better way.

While much might and should be done by corporate effort, or by those whose business is intimately associated with Art, we must, after all, in the present state of our knowledge, and with our present organization, rely to a great extent upon personal and individual effort. The idea of the community should be present to the minds of our richer classes, so that from private stores and accumulations something might be spared for the general benefit. It is lamentable to note the growth and dispersion of a no-

ble collection of pictures—brought together with infinite pains and labor, kept in privacy during the owner's life, and then, at his death, broken up in the sale-room, and scattered throughout the land. It is too much, perhaps, to ask that such collections may be dedicated to the public—though Vernon, and Sheepshanks, and Ellis set admirable examples of such devotion; but, at least, the man who has taken pride in the formation of a gallery might spare some example of a great master for the benefit of his countrymen or his townsfolk. By such means inadequate corporate funds might be helped and supplemented, or set free for use in other ways. When we think of the private wealth of our great towns, of the fortunes made in them, of the millionaires who grow silently, and whose accumulations are revealed to the admiration and envy of the country after their death, we cannot but reflect with sadness upon the rarity of the instances in which any portion of such wealth is devoted to the benefit of the vast numbers of poorer people who have helped to make it. There is no considerable town in England in which there are not some people who, without feeling the loss themselves, or without injuring their families, could build a picture gallery, or give the public some fine work of Art, or decorate a building, or lay out a park or a garden, or endow a library with precious collections, or in numberless other ways—each according to his own taste and power—help to elevate, to brighten, and to dignify the corporate life of the community which has made them rich. Here, then, is a vast field for men of the wealthier class, who can raise themselves to the height of a great duty; who can comprehend the true nature of a community, and the function of each unit of it; who, in all its fulness, can realise the truth expressed by St. Paul—a truth at once sublime and familiar, soaring to the highest range, and descending to the humblest level—the truth that “we are members one of another.” In such cases, and especially in the corporate and public recognition of Art as a common means of refining and elevating the community, those who receive such blessings repay them a thousand-fold. They feel and acknowledge in their conduct the influence of a great picture; they stand before it in reverent

admiration ; however dimly understood, they carry with them to their homes and into their lives the lessons it has to teach. The beauty, the imagination, the power of Art exercise a direct and increasing influence upon the mass of the population wherever they are daily presented to inspection. You see this influence in their treatment of such things when they become the common possession. Give the people richly stocked gardens, and they leave the flowers untouched. Give them galleries and museums of Art—palaces in which they may wander at will—and hundreds of thousands pass through them in the year, and yet amongst the vast crowds there is no rudeness of manner, and no touch of harm to the works laid open to their study. Trust them and teach them ; that is what we have to do with the people of our great towns in regard to Art. Give them buildings decorated with incidents from their own history ; improve the design of houses and the architecture of streets ; provide gardens and parks, and libraries, and galleries, and muse-

ums ; let there be open spaces in the towns arranged with regard to beauty as well as to health ; let the community, by its corporate authorities, and by its wealthier members, recognise and promote public Art in every form ; let us, one and all, learn that we are knit together in common tastes, and faculty of enjoyment, and power of appreciation, and capacity of rising into a region higher than that of the petty cares of daily life—and we shall see the reward in a growing intelligence amongst all classes ; a keener perception of beauty in itself and in its application to habit and conduct ; a nobler, better-ordered, brighter, more elevated communal life ; less selfishness in all classes, the enjoyment of pleasures higher than those of sense, less drinking, less brutality, less coarseness of manner ; a purer moral and social tone ; a loftier mental standard ; a true and real community of interest and sympathy ; a municipal life nobler, fuller, richer than any the world has ever seen—a life that would, indeed, be worth living.—*Fortnightly Review*.

MEDITATIONS OF A HINDU, PRINCE AND SCEPTIC.

BY A. C. LYALL.

I

ALL the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a God ?
Westward across the ocean, and Northward ayont the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know ?

II

Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusts of a gathering storm ;
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean ?"

III

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,
As they bow to a mystic symbol, or the figures of ancient kings ;
And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards, loth to die.

IV

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the hills.
Above is the sky, and around us, the sound and the shot that kill—
Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

V

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hollow and grim,
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the twilight dim;
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain crest,
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a rest?

VI

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful guide?
The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the mountain side.
For ever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted breath
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.

VII

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the first of an ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who died in flame;
They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits who guard our
race—
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

VIII

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of muttering priests,
The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!
What have they wrung from the Silence? Hath even a whisper come
Of the secret—Whence and Whither? Alas! for the gods are dumb.

IX

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come from the uttermost sea?
"The Secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message to me?"
It is nought but the wide-world story how the earth and the heavens began,
How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once was man.

X

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,
They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the unknown
main—"
Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain.

XI

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break?
Shall it pass, as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?

XII

Is there nought in the heaven above, whence the hail and the levin are hurled—,
But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world?
The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence and sleep
With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and voices of women who weep.

POPES AND CARDINALS.

is one of the penalties of greatness in this world that a man in the position of Pope has, in his old age, to lie in wait—to see his career sketched in newspapers and magazines—to know that he is the subject of protocols, notes, and discussions, that his demise is the topic of discussion in all the chancelleries of Europe—to hear his conduct canvassed, as *Times* a few years ago canvassed that of a Prime Minister, in the past even before he has perhaps seriously thought of shuffling off this mortal coil—and now and then to have to assist at his own obsequies, to overhear the loud criticism of friends and enemies gathered over his grave, their speculations as to who shall take his place when he is gone, and what shall be done when he has reached the end of the furrow; and in the case of Pius IX. the criticism and speculation have been particularly free and frank.

There is, or has been till now, a superstition that none of the Popes can outlive St. Peter, and, as far as the history of the Papacy can be traced, no Pope till now has reigned longer than the Apostolic Father under of the Holy See. Pius VI. died within three or four months of his accession, and within three or four months of his death; and till the reign of Pius IX. this was the nearest approach to the alleged pontificate of Peter. The pontificate of that is said to have been thirty-five years, two months and seven days.

Sylvester I. reigned twenty-four years, and Adrian's reign fell short of his by about ten days. The longest reign next to these is the reign of Pius II. That was twenty-three years and six months. But Pius IX. is now in the first year of his Pontificate, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He has, in one or two exceptions, outlived all the Cardinals who took part in his election. In the June of 1846, he has confuted the old belief embodied in the words *videbis annos Petri*, and is to-day, without exception—that of Queen Victoria—the oldest reigning sovereign in Europe. Her Majesty is the Pope's viceroy as a sovereign by nearly ten years. With this exception the Pope has never held the throne in Europe change its

occupant since the triple crown was placed on his brows in St. Peter's, and some of them he has seen refilled more than once.

The Papacy itself is no longer what it was. It is no longer, politically, one of the Powers of Europe. But the throne of St. Peter still stands; St. Peter's successor is still a sovereign, and is still entitled to the pre-eminence of honor accorded to him of old by Catholic sovereigns, although Pius IX. has had to share the common fate of the crowd of grand dukes and duchesses whose rule reproduced in Italy a few years ago the English heptarchy; and to-day he is like the rest of the sovereigns *de jure* in the *Almanach de Gotha*—a king without a kingdom. Time has brought its bitterness even to him. He has survived his own greatness, been shorn of almost all his feathers, and reduced to a palace and a garden, but, like Bacon, the gallant old man "scorns to go out in snuff," and he has done his best to make up for the loss of his princely prerogatives by arrogating to himself the spiritual prerogatives which till now have been vested in general assemblies of the Church, decreeing his own personal infallibility and constituting himself absolute sovereign of the intellect and conscience of Christendom. These things, independently of all political changes, make the pontificate of Pius IX. one of the most notable in the history of the papacy; and the first question that the next conclave will have to ask itself when it assembles will be whether it has anything left to do but to register the last decree that the Cardinal Chamberlain happens to find in the pigeon-holes of the papal *escritoire*.

Yet, after all, it was only by a mishap that Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti attained the triple crown at all. The popular candidate was Cardinal Gizzi, and the most powerful man in the college itself was Cardinal Lambruschini. Mastai-Ferretti was only one of a crowd, and in the first ballot he hardly seemed to be in the running. Lambruschini had the highest number of votes, and everything seemed to mark him out as the future Pope. But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip even in a conclave; and

the Italians have a proverb that, in these contests, the favorite never wins. He did not in this case. In the second and third ballot Mastai-Ferretti came more and more distinctly to the front, Gizzi disappeared from the lists, and Lambruschini fell hopelessly into the rear. But if Lambruschini could only have kept open the conclave a few hours longer, he might have displaced his rival, and perhaps have placed the tiara upon his own brows, or, if not there, might at least have placed it upon the brows of his friend Franzoni; for Mastai-Ferretti was in bad odor with the court of Austria on account of his sympathy with the National party of Italy, and when the ballot that made him Pope was taken, the Austrian Plenipotentiary was on his way from Vienna with a veto in his pocket against the Archbishop of Imola, and with Cardinals enough in his train to turn the scale in favor of the Genoese Cardinal. The veto arrived a few hours too late, and the lagging Cardinals, entering the Holy City the day after the fair, found the Romans shouting *vivas* in honor of a sovereign whose name they hardly knew how to pronounce. The telegraph and the railway have put an end to all risk of anything of this kind happening again; for Rome is now within speaking distance of Vienna, Paris, Berlin, and London; and unless the conclave sits, as it is said it will sit, within twenty-four hours of the Pope's death, and, under a dispensing bull, elects his successor in *presenti cadavere*, there will be time between the announcement of the Pope's death and the day usually fixed for the holding of the conclave for all the Cardinals of Europe to reach Rome and to give their votes.

That implies, also, that the Veto Powers will this time be able to make their voices heard, if they wish, in the conclave, and that Prince Bismarck will have an opportunity to assert his right to a veto as well as Austria, Spain, France, and Portugal. At present these are the only powers that possess a veto upon the nomination of a Pope, and it has been challenged in the case of Portugal, although that is the only case in which it is said to rest upon a papal bull. Its origin in the case of France, Spain and Austria is only to be traced conjecturally; but the right itself has never been denied, and it has frequently been exer-

cised. Austria intended to exercise it in the case of Pius IX., and the court of Madrid did exercise it in the case of Cardinal Giustiniani in 1830, and exercised it without assigning a reason, although the reason may possibly be conjectured from the fact that the Cardinal had been Nuncio at the Spanish court, and was apt to be frank in his criticism upon the foibles of persons in high position. The court of France, in 1823, tried to place its veto upon the election of Leo XII., and that veto would have barred his election if the French Cardinals had not been outwitted by the Italians, as the Austrians were outwitted by the Roman party in 1846.

These vetos are the only check upon the absolute power of the College of Cardinals to place any one whom they can agree upon themselves by a vote of two-thirds upon the throne of St. Peter; and, as far as the Roman Catholic Church itself is concerned, the choice of the sacred college is final and binding upon all, whether that choice be ratified by the veto powers or not. The bull of Nicholas II., vesting the power of election in the College of Cardinals, prescribes a form of procedure which is hardly distinguishable from that by which the head of one of our own Oxford colleges is chosen. M. About has put the papal constitution into a sentence: "The Pope elects the Cardinals, and the Cardinals elect the Pope." That is the key to the whole papal system. Yet, except when in conclave, a Cardinal, as such, has no more voice or authority in the government of the Holy See than an acolyte who swings a censer in St. Peter's. He need not even be in order at all; and that has been the case with some of the most distinguished of the Cardinals. Clement XII., in 1735, made even a child of eight years old—Dor Louis of Bourbon—a Cardinal. Sixtus V. paid a similar compliment to one of his nephews, and Paul IV. startled the Sacred College by nominating a lawless and ferocious *condottiere* to the Cardinalate—Carlo Caraffa—one of his own nephews, who, knowing the weak side of the Pope, contrived to be surprised kneeling before a crucifix in an agony of remorse. Leo X. offered the red hat to Raphael, to console him for the loss of Maria di Bibliena, the niece of one

Leo's Cardinals, and in the reign of Sixtus IV. Cardinal's hats were bought and sold with as little ceremony as an advowson is now bought and sold in our own Church. This scandal has long since ceased, and I believe there is now an understanding that no more Cardinals shall be created unless they have taken orders; but it is, of course, and can be, nothing more than an understanding, for the creation of Cardinals is a matter appertaining solely to the Pope, and Pius IX. cannot bind Pius X. If Popes could have been controlled in this way they would have been controlled long ago, for the Council of Trent, by one of its decrees, imposed upon Cardinals the same canonical conditions as those imposed upon bishops. But the power which makes a Cardinal can release him from the obligations supposed to be imposed by the Council of Trent, and this dispensing power has been exercised again and again. It was exercised in the case of Albani, and it had been exercised before then in the case of the Archduke Albert. The Archduke never was in orders, and Cardinal Albani only became a sub-deacon in order to sit in the conclave of 1823, and to turn the scale in favor of the Austrian candidate. He had been excused till then on the plea that it might be necessary for him to relinquish the purple and to marry, in order to prevent the extinction of his family; and probably even then Albani would not have taken orders, but that there was no power in the Church to renew his dispensation and to permit him to vote except as a deacon.

There is, apparently, but one real disqualification for the Cardinalate, and that is that a man must not have a wife. A wife is fatal to all hopes of the red hat. He may have been married and still be eligible as a widower; or being a Cardinal he may, under a dispensation of the Pope, relieve himself of the obligation of his position, marry, put away his wife, and return to his old position in the Church. But he cannot keep a wife and wear the purple at the same time, and in strictness he cannot exercise the highest privilege of the Cardinalate—that of voting in conclave for Pope—unless he has taken orders. The Archduke Albert sat in the conclave of Sixtus V., under a special license from the pre-

vious Pope, and sat apparently without protest from the College; but his case, as far as I can find, stands alone. Albani was compelled to take orders, and that is the rule—that unless a Cardinal is in orders he shall not vote, although the Cardinalate in itself is not an ecclesiastical rank, but only a sort of semi-spiritual peerage. It represents a degree in the papal court; that and nothing more. But if a man is in orders the red hat gives him a right, upon the death of the Pope, to take part in the government of the holy city, to sit in the conclave, and to ballot for his successor, or to be a candidate for the papal chair himself. He may be under sentence as a criminal—as a heretic—as a traitor. He may even be under sentence of excommunication. But neither heresy, crime, nor the major excommunication can rob a Cardinal of his right to sit in the conclave and to exercise the highest function of his office—that of taking part in the choice of a Pope.

Till the time of Clement V. many Cardinals had been deprived of their franchise, and conspicuously the Colonna Cardinals by Boniface VIII. But the case of these Colonna Cardinals created so much trouble in the Church, and threatened so many inconvenient consequences, that Clement V. revoked the sentence of Boniface and issued a bull making the right of a Cardinal to vote inviolate; and that is now the rule of the Church. A Cardinal may be fined, may be imprisoned, may be degraded, may be deprived of every privilege appertaining to his rank, except one, but his franchise is indelible—that cannot be touched by either Pope or Council. Several of the Cardinals in the reign of Leo X. conspired against the life of the Pope, were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment, degradation and death, but in every case except that of Cardinal Petrucci, the sentence was revised—Petrucci was strangled there and then in the castle of St. Angelo, and Cardinal Soderini, even after a second conviction and a second imprisonment, was permitted to take his seat in the conclave, and to vote for the election of Clement VII. Yet the last or almost the last official act of Pope Adrian had been the issue of a Bull ordering that the Cardinal of Vol-

terra should on no condition be released from prison, and the college marked its contempt for this Bull, by selecting Soderini to say the mass when the Cardinals were entering the conclave. But the leading case is that of Cardinal Coscia. He was brought to trial under Clement XII. for fraud, malversation, and peculation. He was found guilty and sentenced to a fine of 200,000 crowns, to ten years' close confinement in St. Angelo, to deprivation of his See of Benevento, and to absolute degradation from the rank and privileges of the Cardinalate. But even in Coscia's case the Pope afterwards wrote a chirograph revoking the sentence of absolute degradation, and when upon the election of Clement's successor, a conclave was convoked, Cardinal Coscia put in his claim to be set free, and that request was 'at once conceded. He was released for the conclave, and an Ambassador in Rome, returning to his palace after the opening of the conclave, met Coscia in the shut chariot of Cardinal Acquaviva, who had been to fetch him from prison in the Castle of St. Angelo, and was taking him to his cell in the Quirinal, to give his vote with the rest.

The College of Cardinals, when complete, consists of seventy members, representing perhaps in about equal proportions the three orders of the priesthood, although in conclave bishops, priests, and deacons all rank alike and all possess equal privileges. Mazarin, for instance, was a deacon; Richelieu was a priest. But the sacred college recognises none of these distinctions of the hierarchy; and except that one Cardinal may be a Cardinal *in petto*, and another a Cardinal whose name has been published to the world, or, as it is called, promulgated, all Cardinals are equal. There is, I believe, no limit to the number of Cardinals that the Pope can create *in petto*, and Pius IX. is said to have exercised his privilege freely; but seventy is with Cardinals the perfect number, and these seventy must be announced to the world before they can take their seats in conclave. Cardinals *in petto* have several times put in a claim to vote; but that claim has never been recognised, and it was disallowed a few years ago even in a case where the Pope had explained to the college the reasons which rendered it inexpedient

for him to publish the names, and the principle thus emphatically established that a creation to be recognised must be made public.

The creation of a Cardinal is, however, with the Pope, a mere act of mental volition. He creates Cardinals by thought or by a stroke of his pen. Perhaps many men are Cardinals to-day without possessing the slightest knowledge of their own greatness; for all that the Pope has to do is to put down their names and to announce the fact to themselves or to the dean of the college, or, without doing either of these things, to place the list in the pigeon-holes of his desk to be found after his death by the chamberlain of the palace. These men are Cardinals *in petto*. Their creation is complete, but till their mouths are unsealed and their names published, they are not canonically in a position to enter a conclave. Till the 11th century the college contained only twenty-eight Cardinals; but the Bull of Sixtus V. fixes the number at seventy, and these seventy now legally constitute the consistory. But it is not necessary that all the seventy should be present to constitute a conclave. In 1846 the college had no more than sixty-two names upon its roll, although Gregory had in his lifetime created as many as seventy-five Cardinals, the greatest number probably ever created by a Pope, and of these sixty-two only thirty were in Rome when the great bell of St. Peter's announced that the holy city was without a head, and fifty Cardinals only took part in the conclave which placed the keys of St. Peter in the keeping of Pius IX. That, however, or any less number, is sufficient to constitute a conclave, if ten days shall have elapsed from the announcement of the Pope's death, and if in the conclave the Pope elect secures a vote representing a majority of two-thirds of the Cardinals present.

"You have not seen Rome," it used to be said, "if you have not seen it during a vacation of the See;" and it was in the spirit of this observation that Fracastoro answered the question of Pope Paul—"Which do you think the finest festival in Rome?" "That which is held when a Pope dies and a new one is being made." All police in the holy city at once collapsed. The army disbanded itself, and generally took to pillage, t

courts of law were closed, the nobles armed their retainers, drew chains across the streets, and kept watch and ward for themselves. Neither court, tribunal, nor chancery was held. Procurator, advocate, and cursors all alike stood with their hands in their girdles. All the prisons except that in the Castle of St. Angelo were thrown open, and the consequence was that riot ran wild till Rome again found herself in the hands of a ruler. The middle classes amused themselves according to their bent in assassination or speculation upon the result of the conclave. The Banchi Vecchi and Nuovi were turned into an exchange, and probably as much money changed hands upon the chances of this or that man coming out of the conclave Pope as changes hands with us upon the Derby or the Oaks. It is illegal now to make a bet upon a papal election, and the police of Victor Emmanuel will, I suppose, reduce the "delights of the interregnum" to such intrigues as the representatives of France, Italy, and Germany, may be able to carry on with the Cardinals before they are shut up, and to such plots and surprises as the Cardinals themselves may be able to accomplish when shut up in the Vatican or the Quirinal like an English jury in Westminster Hall to find a verdict.

The scene of all recent conclaves has been the Pauline Chapel, in the Palace of the Quirinal; and if the walls of that chapel could tell tales, we should hear many racy anecdotes of Italian wit and craft. A Bull of Gregory X. regulates the ceremonial even to its minutest details, and that Bull prescribes that the Cardinals entering the conclave with a servant attendant, shall be kept in close confinement till they have made a Pope, if they have not agreed upon a candidate within three days, that they shall be restricted to one dish each at dinner proper till the fifth day, and that on the fifth day they shall be reduced to bread, wine, and water. Perhaps I need hardly say that the mode of election is by ballot. The voting takes place in the presbytery, in front of the altar, and the Cardinals are seated within the railings of the presbytery, with all the conveniences for writing. A canopy of red velvet marks the stalls of those Cardinals whose creation dates back before the present pontificate. The creations of

the last Pope are distinguished by violet.

The Bull of Gregory XV. recognises three modes of selection—by inspiration, by compromise, and by ballot; but the principal mode in use is that of the ballot. This is taken with the greatest secrecy; and it is seldom known out of the conclave, and not often within it, how the Cardinals individually vote. The electors are strictly forbidden to confer with any one, even with their colleagues; and the voting takes place through sealed papers, that is to say, each Cardinal at the first ballot writes upon a slip of paper the name of his candidate, and in order to identify it if necessary adds a text of scripture at one end of his vote and his name at the other end. These ends are both folded up, and the vote with its open name is placed in the consecrated chalice standing on the altar of the chapel. If in the first ballot any one comes out with two-thirds of the votes, there is an end of the matter—the Pope is made. But if no one has a majority, a second ballot is taken in order to give those who wish an opportunity to accede to the vote of another. This is called voting by access. It is the second form of ballot; and it is generally taken in the afternoon. It is possible that in this way the majority may be produced. But if it is not, the papers are burnt, and the conclave adjourns. The next day the votes are taken afresh, and taken, if necessary, day after day. It is the common process of casting out, and the only restriction upon the voting is that no Cardinal shall vote for himself. This is why the votes are required to be signed, in order, if necessary, to ascertain that the requisite majority, when it is an exact majority, has not been made up by the vote of the candidate himself.

But when Cardinals conspire to carry a man upon whom they have set their hearts they do not resort to clumsy and transparent tricks of this kind. They try bolder and more ingenious plans. The Imperial veto, for instance, has often been turned to account to clear the way for a man who, if proposed at once, would not have the slightest chance of election. A man is put up who is known to be obnoxious to one of the Powers. He receives within a few of the requisite number of votes, and is at once black-balled, by, say, the Austrian representa-

tive. Another candidate, obnoxious to France or Spain, is then put up, voted for apparently, with great spirit, and vetoed by a French or Spanish Cardinal; and the course is thus cleared for the nomination of the man whom the majority of the conclave have set their hearts upon electing, and who has till now, therefore, been kept in the background. The veto can be exercised but once; and the object of these manoeuvres is to draw the sword from its sheath. France in 1823 wished to keep Leo XII. out of the papal chair; but a veto, if it is to be recognised by the conclave, must be put in before the canonical majority has been attained, and the scrutators, knowing the intention of the French Cardinals, and knowing also how the majority of the Cardinals intended to vote, counted in Leo with such adroitness that he was Pope before the representatives of the Veto Power could open their mouths to protest. Innocent X. was elected with a French exclusion over his head. Clement VIII. was excluded in three conclaves by the Spanish veto, and yet elected after all, and, to make his triumph complete, elected over the head of the Spanish nominee. Cardinal Santorio, the Spanish candidate, had, upon paper, the necessary majority of two-thirds of the college. His election was apparently secure. His friends carried him in triumph from his cell to the Pauline Chapel to receive the adoration of the Cardinals. The conclavists plundered his cell. The Pope-elect graciously forgave all his enemies, and selected as his title that of Clement VIII. But his opponents, although in a minority, and apparently in a hopeless minority, detected at the last moment signs of weakness in the ranks of the victorious party, and meeting in the Sistine Chapel, one of the boldest of the Roman nobles, Cardinal Colonna, rose and, in a voice like Jove, declared, "God will not have Sanseverina, neither will Ascanio Colonna." These bold words of Colonna's turned the scale, and when the votes came to be counted, the Cardinal of Sanseverina, instead of having thirty-six votes, had only thirty, and Cardinal Aldobrandino, although only put up as a supernumerary candidate, became Pope, and to emphasize his victory over the Spaniard, took the title which Sanseveri-

na had proclaimed as his own—that of Clement VIII. It requires boldness and address to carry a candidate in the face of a veto and of a majority like this, but if the man is popular with the college, the wit of twenty Italians pitted against that of one generally ends in the defeat of the veto and majority alike.

The keenest struggles are those which take place when the college is divided against itself, and a resolute and politic minority of a third can, by an adroit use of the forms of election, contrive to secure the return of its candidate against the majority. But this of course presupposes division in the ranks of the majority, and even then sometimes, if the representative is to be carried, he must be carried by a stroke of generalship. Cervini's election was carried by a stroke of this kind. The suffrages of the college were divided almost equally between Caraffa, Ferrara, and Cervini; but Ferrara was obnoxious to the Imperial party, although in high favor with the French, and his friends believed that if the sittings could be prolonged four-and-twenty hours, his return might be secured. If Cervini, therefore, was to be carried, he must be carried at once, and carried by surprise; and his friends determined that he should not lose his chance for want of an effort. Two of them, Cardinal Madruzzi and Cardinal Caraffa, stole privately to Cervini's cell to prepare him for anything that might happen, and then, when the college was assembled, and the debate ran high and hot, Cardinal Crispo, one of the confederates, sprang to his feet, and with the exclamation, "Up, and let us be going; I for one will not rebel against the Holy Ghost!" led the way at the head of a crowd of Cardinals to Cervini's cell, hailed him as Pope, and carried him into the Pauline Chapel amid general cheering; for even his opponents, when they saw the game was over, joined in the cheering of his friends, and Cervini was hoisted into the papal chair as Marcellus II. This is what passes in Rome for election by inspiration. It is one of the recognised modes of selecting a Pope, and several have been selected in this way, Gregory VII., for instance, Clement VII., Paul III., Pius IV. and V., and Julius III. It is only fair, however, to add that, strictly, election by inspiration

requires that, spontaneously, without any kind of previous conference, all the electors in the college shall, of one accord, simultaneously proclaim the same individual; and perhaps it is not the fault of the Cardinals that what took place in the case of the Cardinal de' Medicis, and in the case of the Cardinal of Sta. Croce, is the nearest practical approximation to an impracticable theory.

Election by compromise is when after equally long and equally fruitless deliberation, the Cardinals agree to lay aside their own individual preferences, and to leave the nomination of the Pontiff to a Select Committee, or to one among themselves. Gregory X. is said to have been the first Pope elected by compromise, and this plan was adopted upon the suggestion of the famous Franciscan preacher, St. Bonaventura, to put an end to the scandals and inconveniences that arose from the long conclave held at Viterbo to choose a successor to Clement IV. in 1268. That is the longest conclave ever held. It was composed of eighteen Cardinals, and it sat for two years and nine months, and would probably have sat two years longer if the Viterbese had not stripped the palace of its roof, and left the electors at the mercy of the wind and weather. In the end a committee of six Cardinals was appointed to nominate a Pope, the rest agreeing to abide by their selection; and on the first of September, 1271, the choice of the six grand electors fell on Theobald Visconti, Archdeacon of Liège, a man outside the college; and to him the Church owes the rules and regulations by which conclaves have since been governed. Clement V., in 1304, was elected by compromise, and Adrian VI. was put into the chair not because any one particularly wished to see him there—for the Cardinals, it is said, were well-nigh dead with fear when they found they had made a Dutchman Pope—but because they could not agree as to which of themselves ought to be Pope. "My Lords," said Cardinal de' Medici, rising to put an end to a quarrel which seemed fatal to the interests of his house, "I see that none of us who are here met can be Pope. I have proposed three or four to you, and you have rejected them; I, on the other hand, cannot accept of the person proposed by you. We must look

about for some one who is not present here. Take the Cardinal of Tortosa, a worthy man, advanced in life, and held in universal repute for sanctity." Hardly any one in the College knew this Cardinal of Tortosa; but they were all probably caught by the assurance that he was well advanced in life—always an interesting point with the College.

Adrian of Utrecht thus became Pope Adrian VI. And this consideration of age is said to have been the principal reason weighing with the College when Sixtus V. was made Pope. He, like Adrian, was well advanced in years, and his tottering gait, his crutch, his hollow cough, his feeble voice, and his weird eyes apparently gave all the assurance ambitious Cardinals could desire to have, that Cardinal Montalto, if elected, would not long stand in their way. But the instant Montalto found himself head of the College, he dashed away his crutch, drew himself up to his full height, and thundered out a *Te Deum* which made the Cardinals tremble at the miracle they had wrought by their votes. "While I was Cardinal," said the Pope, offering his cheek to Cardinal de' Medici for the first kiss, "my eyes were fixed upon earth, that I might find the keys of Heaven. Now I have found them, I look to Heaven, for I have nothing more to seek on earth." His crutch, his cough, and his ghastly look had all been assumed to throw the College off its guard in placing the triple crown upon his brows; but Sixtus V. vindicated his election by his vigorous and successful administration of the affairs of the Church. There is a tradition that John XXII. owed his seat in the papal chair to his wit in turning the divisions of the college to his own account. He proposed that the Cardinals should leave the nomination in his hands as a perfectly impartial person; and when this was done he nominated himself with all the impartiality that a man could be expected to exercise under the circumstances. The college at once put a check upon this sort of impartiality for the future; but Pius IV. nearly lost his election by a similar manœuvre on the part of the conclavist in attendance on Cardinal Cueva. This man secretly canvassed most of the Cardinals the night before the election, and asked them, as a personal compli-

ment to his master, to give him one vote. There was not the slightest chance, the conclavist said, of Cardinal Cueva's return; but one vote in his favor would be a gratifying distinction for him to recollect, and one vote taken from Pius would not be missed. In this way, Torres, by his address, secured for his master the promise of thirty-two votes out of the thirty-four in conclave, and the trick would have been successful, if one of the Cardinals had not happened to ask his neighbor for whom he was voting, and thus discovered that, like himself, he was about to pay a compliment to Cardinal Cueva at Torres's suggestion. Cardinal Capo di Ferro at once rose and exposed the trick that had been played upon the conclave; and when the votes came to be counted, it was discovered that seventeen had already been given for Cueva, and that in a few minutes more he would have been Pope to his own surprise, as well as to that of the college.

These are a few of the tricks that have been tried to secure the return of a Pope. Perhaps quite as many have been tried to keep men out of the Papacy. But most of these tricks turn upon the use of the veto, and the veto has hardly ever been used against a favorite candidate except to be defeated by some subtle device. In 1829 the names of three Cardinals came out of the urn—Capellari with twelve votes, Gregory with twenty, and Castiglione with thirty-five; and these numbers seemed to be so decisively in favor of Castiglione, that a vote by access was taken at once to complete the work of the conclave. But two of the opposing Cardinals, wishing to defeat Castiglione, dropped votes into the second ballot with mottoes that did not correspond with those on their original votes, and thus vitiated the ballot for the day. But it was only for the day; for Castiglione was returned the next morning by a majority that placed the legality of his election beyond doubt. Urban VIII. was kept in suspense for twenty-four hours by a similar device of the enemy. He polled a majority of the college, and was about to be declared Pope when the scrutators discovered that one of the votes was missing, and it is necessary to the validity of an election that all the electors in the college shall

lodge their votes. One of the Cardinals had slipped the vote up his sleeve! But in this case, as in the case of Pius VIII., the ballot was taken afresh, and the legality of the return placed above suspicion or criticism.

It is said in Rome that there are three roads to the Vatican, that of the Coronari, or Rosary-makers, that of the Silversmiths, and the Long Street; and of course when laymen attain the highest dignity of the papacy, they attain it, as Adrian V. did, because the Cardinals cannot agree upon one of themselves. The Pope has now for many generations been taken from the ranks of the Cardinalate; but canonically there is no restriction of this kind upon the choice of the electors. It is a restriction that rests upon nothing more than custom, for under the canon law, a layman is as eligible as a priest to sit in St. Peter's chair, and two laymen at least have sat in that chair—John XIX. and Adrian V. The case of Adrian V. is a sort of test case, proving that the mere act of election invests a Pope with all the virtues and authority needed for the exercise of the prerogatives of the papacy. He reigned only twenty-nine days, and he died before he had taken orders; but in those twenty-nine days he promulgated decrees, revising the whole system of papal elections, and those decrees were for two or three generations the law of the Church. Urban VI. is the last priest below the rank of a Cardinal who has sat in the papal chair, and he at the time of his election was Archbishop of Bori. But in the conclave which sat in 1758, several votes were put into the chalice in favor of the ex-General of the Capuchins, Barberini, although at the time he was not in the sacred college, and the rule of the Church is understood to be that any one not under canonical impediment, and whether in orders or not, a Cardinal or a sub-deacon, is eligible for the chair of St. Peter. There have been several widowed Popes, at least one Pope with a wife, Popes with sons, Popes with daughters, Popes with mistresses, Popes with illegitimate children, Popes of illegitimate birth themselves. In one instance a father and son have sat in the papal chair in succession, and the father has since been placed in the Kalendar as St. Hormisdas. His son was Pope Silverius. But that, I believe,

is the only instance of the kind on record, although three or four of the Popes have had sons in the ranks of the Cardinalate, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in their recently-published *Life of Titian*, notice a curious spectacle in Venice, where, in the time of the Borgia, the son of a Pope, married to a Princess of Navarre, acted as legate *à latere* to his father, and, after high mass, in the robes of a Cardinal offered plenary indulgence to the Venetian people to join in a crusade against the Turks.

It would be throwing away a sentence to speculate on the prospects of this or that Cardinal occupying the chair of St. Peter when the fisherman's ring has been taken from the finger of Pio Nono, and broken in pursuance of the custom which has prevailed from remote antiquity; but it may be worth while to add that it is in the power of the Pope, with the concurrence of the Cardinals, to alter the mode of election in any way that may be deemed necessary in the interests of the Church, to shorten the 'usual nine days' notice, or to transfer the conclave from Rome to Malta, Avignon, or Paris. There is nothing sacred in the rules and regulations of Gregory, except so far as they are convenient and suited to the circumstances of the Church and of the time. They have been modified and altered time after time, and may of course be modified and altered again. Gregory IX., by a stroke of his pen, suspended every existing regulation on the subject of papal elections, set the Cardinals free from the observance of any obligations they might have sworn to in accordance with prescription, and specially empowered them not merely to meet for election on his decease, whenever it might seem convenient, but to nominate by simple majority. This memorable exercise of papal authority, constituting a true *coup d'état*, stands justified, as Mr. Cartwright says in his interesting work on *Papal Conclaves*, by the approving voice of all ecclesiastical authorities, who have accepted it without one observation conveying an insinuation of usurpation against the Pope for doing what he did on this occasion. He dealt with a special emergency, as the Council of Constance did, by the application of measures drawn from the inspiration of the moment, and fashioned without slavish

deference for precedent, and in both cases the result proved the wisdom of such bold action. A more recent and far more pointed precedent for an instrument such as Pius IX. has been supposed to have secretly made, is furnished in certain provisions taken by Pius VI. to secure the free election of a successor when he found himself exposed to personal violence at the hands of the French Republicans; and Mr. Cartwright adds, on the authority of one who was admitted to Gregory XVI.'s especial confidence, that His Holiness left behind him a document, under his own hand, empowering the Cardinals to proceed to an immediate election on his demise if they saw danger to the free action of conclave in observance of the traditional formalities.

Of course what has been done may be done again, and probably will be done; but the contest will arise this time, if it arises at all, between the civil and the ecclesiastical power, and that contest will turn upon the right of the Imperial Powers to a veto upon the choice of a Pope, if the Pope is to be recognised by the Roman Catholic Powers. This veto is supposed to represent, and does, I believe, represent, the ancient right of the Roman Emperors at Constantinople to be consulted in the election of the Patriarch of the Tiber, because the Pope in primitive times was elected partly by the people and partly by the priesthood of Rome, and till the time of Charlemagne his appointment was not complete till it had been confirmed by the Imperial Power on the Bosphorus. When Charles received from the people of Rome, through the hands of the Patriarch, the crown of the world, he received it in the sandals and chlamys of a Roman noble, and received with it all the rights of the ancient emperors; and this right of veto upon the nomination of the Pope was one of them. The popular mode of election continued till the time of Hildebrand, and the existing constitution of the papacy is his work. It was at his suggestion that the College of Cardinals was erected into an ecclesiastical senate, and that all the electoral rights of the people and priesthood were transferred into their hands. But even Hildebrand had not the audacity to override the rights of the sovereign who had deposed

three Popes, placed St. Peter's ring on his own finger, filled the Papal throne time after time with his own nominees, and compelled Roman deputies to appear at his court, just like ambassadors from other bishoprics, in order to have a successor named to them by imperial authority; and accordingly the Bull decreeing that the election of Popes should in future be held to appertain to the Cardinal Bishops who officiate for the Metropolitan and to the Cardinal clerks, "and that the remainder of the clergy and people tender but their acquiescence in the election," contains a proviso "saving the honor and reverence due to our beloved son Henry, at present king, and who, with God's favor, it is to be hoped will become emperor, as likewise to his successors, who may have personally acquired this right from the Apostolical See." This is the historical foundation of the Veto, or at least the only foundation that I have been able to trace in the published works upon the conclave; and on the principle upon which Henry III. exercised his veto, the Kaiser of to-day will, I presume, claim to exercise a veto too, or to interdict communion between the prelates of Germany and the Bishop of Rome. Of course, if the Kaiser is allowed a veto, the King of

Italy will claim one too, as a Roman Imperium once more resident in Rome, and if that claim is allowed, the independence and freedom of the Cardinals will be as much a figure of speech as the independence of the Pope or of the Porte.

The papacy seeing this, is, it is said, preparing in the coming conclave to ignore the vetos all round, and to appeal to the Catholic powers to defend the See of St. Peter if Germany or Italy challenges the election of the Pope. Prince Bismarck, in a circular note sent out in the spring of 1872, pointed out to the Powers of Europe, that since the Pope claims to be the infallible head of the Church it is necessary for the states which recognise the Pope to examine for themselves into his person and his election, and in order to do this the Prince contends that the chief Powers of Europe should be invested with some control over the legitimacy of the election, to the extent of deciding whether the elected Pope should be admitted to exercise even his purely ecclesiastical rights. That question was raised again in 1875, and it is likely to be raised once more, and to be raised in a very distinct and perplexing form, when Pio Nono has "run his course and sleeps in blessings."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

LIFE AT BUCHAREST.

BUCHAREST, the metropolis of Roumania, is situated in the centre of the great Wallachian plain, and about forty miles to the north of the Danube. It is a city of comparatively recent date, Tergovisti, a town lying near the Carpathians, having been the capital in former days. The origin of the name—in the national tongue, *Bucuresti*—is doubtful, though it is usually considered to signify "the city of pleasure." Foreigners, sighing after the regular and well-kept streets of their native lands, are often tempted to suggest another and less complimentary etymology in the phrase, "*Boue qui reste*." As is generally the case in similar questions, both parties have much of truth on their side; for the city, no cleaner than its Oriental neighbors, is still remarkably gay at certain seasons of the year, and is inhabited by as happy and contented a folk as any in Europe.

As might be expected, Bucharest has but little to offer to the attention of the antiquary; one or two churches, scarcely mediæval, and a round tower called the "Coltza," said to have been erected by the soldiers of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, after the disastrous defeat at Pultawa, being almost the sole objects of interest.

The city is environed on nearly every side by low hills, which afford it some shelter from the piercing blasts of December and January that sweep down upon it from the frozen Russian steppe and from the lofty Carpathian range. Its appearance, when looked down upon from the summit of one of these hills, is striking, particularly in the month of May, when the trees and bushes in its many gardens are putting forth their luxuriant foliage. The sun's rays dance and play upon innumerable roofs which, covered

te metal plates, reflect them back helmets of an army of horse. and domes of the churches—there at two hundred here, and every as two domes—plated like the the houses, tower amongst them, fire the beholder with feelings of and admiration.

is here, as with Constantinople, view is not quite so pleasing. ds are miserably paved with nes, where anything of the kind attempted; and, as they slant the middle of the pavement, an tter is always provided, of which bors are not slow to avail them- It is only during the summer hat they may be traversed with approaching to comfort, the and snow rendering them ally impassable. The houses of r orders, though tight enough r competent to ward off the rig- e frosty season, are badly looked d their proximity to the man- the rich boyards makes their un- is still more offensive, through isive contrast.

the exception of those houses y intended to be used as shops in the central and more frequented he houses are all detached, lying of ground, which contains, in the the wealthy, courtyard, gardens, nd servants' lodgings. Indeed, it is nothing more than an accu- of villages grouped each round hurch, from which the spot takes

The dwelling-houses are usually eyed, as space is of little import- earthquakes are not infrequent. the more notable inhabitants e, and possess sometimes as ten *salons* opening one into the They are splendidly furnished, ig being at hand that the most s could desire, with only a bath- rhaps, conspicuous by its ab- The walls are solid and enor- hick, as they have a double duty that of shutting out excessive the most biting cold. For Na- rs the inhabitants of the Princi- with an Italian summer and a winter. It is a climate of ex-

After enduring four or five of the most severe frost, the vic- rctic snows awakes one morning

to the fact that the sun's heat is begin- ning to make itself felt. The change is sudden, and anything but agreeable. But this state of things may be tolerated until the first days of June, when no one who can possibly get away will remain in the country. The summers at Bucharest are peculiar—very dry, with but little wind; the nights as close as the days. There is not the frequent change of temperature that is observable at Constanti- nople, and the climate of Bucharest, if as healthy (which we much doubt), is far less delectable than that of the seven- hilled Queen of the Bosphorus.

The town is amply provided with prom- enades, parks, and public gardens. The "Chaussée," the grand promenade, lies to the north, and is the beginning of the road leading to the Carpathians, which, though about eighty miles distant, may be distinctly seen therefrom. Day after day magnificent equipages and beauti- fully appointed sledges, filled with hosts of well-dressed people, may be noticed at different hours, according to the time of the year, coursing up and down, or remaining stationary in lines beneath the rows of trees by which the road is bor- dered. Driving is indeed the favorite amusement of the townspeople, and many a gallant four-in-hand drag and light mail-phaeton, conducted by some dash- ing officer in the red uniform of the Rouman cavalry, lend a new animation to the scene. Here, too, many a distin- guished beauty, in all the bravery of vel- vets, satins, and lace, deigns to display her peerless charms before the glittering throng. This one, reclining so grace- fully in yonder coroneted carriage drawn by those thoroughbred Hungarian bays, which the well-moustached coachman, in picturesque velvet costume relieved by a crimson sash, controls with so much ease, is perhaps the heiress to a name re- nowned in the annals of the later Greek Empire. That one, mounted on the su- perb Arab, has perhaps only recently left her home in Moldavia, to settle in the Wallachian capital, to which so many of her fellow-countrymen, though at first somewhat jealous and unwilling, have by degrees found themselves attracted.

This travelling-carriage, the postilions in full dress, is occupied by some coun- try boyard. That enormous dark-blue vehicle, behind which the white plumes

of the *chasseur* are visible, is tenanted by the Prince and Princess themselves; he, dark and handsome, and remarkable for his quiet demeanor; she, fair and blushing, with a smile for every salutation, and the amiability of her disposition evident in every line of her countenance.

There, too, may be seen the young student fresh from Paris; the German tradesman with his *Frau*, gorgeous in ribbons of divers colors; the representative of many a foreign sovereign; the charming *prima donna* who is at this moment the most popular personage in the town. This is the place for rendezvous, of all others; and even the stranger who has but a day to devote to Bucharest should not neglect to visit it.

Opening on the "Chaussée" is the "Podo Mogosoi," a long, rather narrow street, but one by no means to be despised, for it is the most frequented of all, and possesses the best shops and, with a few exceptions, the finest of the public edifices. It takes its name from one of the river-bridges.

In it is the Theatre, a grand building, and one of the most spacious and comfortable in Europe. It is devoted during the winter to the opera, which is always well attended, the boxes being retained by subscription, and the pit-stalls let on very moderate terms. The Roumans are ardent lovers of music. Many of the ladies are splendid pianistes, and give concerts for the benefit of the poor, which would make the fortune of many a professional player.

The French theatre succeeds to the opera. It is also much patronised, as every one with the smallest pretensions to education is well acquainted with the language, and as the manager thoroughly understands the character of the audience and selects the pieces accordingly. The four Carnival *bals masqués* are much relished by the brilliant society of Bucharest. The ladies only wear dominos, the gentlemen being in evening dress. The boxes are well filled with spectators, who do not fail to remark what is going on in every nook and corner of the *parterre*. It is about midnight that the company begin to assemble, and from that hour until three o'clock in the morning the scene is at its best. Everywhere gaiety, flirtation, and intrigue.

There is a smaller theatre, or hall, devoted to the Wallachian stage and to the more ordinary *bals masqués*, which take place two or three times a week in the winter season. This theatre is visited by the less fashionable portion of the community.

The exterior of the Palace, which is situated in this street, is not imposing. It is a long straggling piece of masonry, lying sideways in the thoroughfare. It is faced by a little guardhouse, in which a company of infantry is always located, turning out to salute the princely family whenever it issues forth or returns to its abode. But, within, one is agreeably surprised, for the reception-rooms are vast, and are magnificently fitted up. The etiquette observed at the Court partakes rather of the stiff Prussian manner, but this may perhaps be modified some day, and give place to the easy graceful style of Rouman society.

The River Dumbovitzza, rising in the Carpathians, flows through the city, which it supplies with water. This is a narrow stream, very shallow during the summer months, indeed often not three feet deep in some spots. In the winter it is almost continually frozen over, and the ice must be broken daily to enable the water-carriers to replenish their *saca* or barrel. This barrel, mounted upon wheels, is drawn about the town from morning to night by a single horse, which is not seldom both blind and lame. The water is none of the cleanest, and must undergo a filtering process ere it can be rendered suitable even for washing purposes; yet it is drunk in its natural state by glassfuls at a time, and the inhabitants profess to prefer it to any other fluid, and are fond of repeating the proverb, "*Apa dulce Dumbovitzza*," and of recording instances of foreigners who, having tasted of the river and quitted Bucharest, were but too glad to return to it and to lay their bones by its grassy margin.

In the month of January every year the Dumbovitzza is blessed by the priests. The Prince assists at the ceremony, accompanied by his ministers, the principal functionaries of the municipal board, and many of the officers of the garrison. The ice is broken, sundry fanatics precipitate themselves into the water; any Jew who may be lingering in the neigh-

borhood being seized and, *nolens volens*, forced to follow their pious example. Much waste of gunpowder crowns the whole, and the river is left to its fate, and to its grateful duty of poisoning the city till the return of its annual festival. It is extraordinary that nothing should hitherto have been done towards supplying with wholesome water a town where typhus and diphtheria ride rampant, and where fevers are as common as blackberries in autumn, and thus remedying the evil to a certain extent. The amount of water imbibed by many persons in the twenty-four hours is almost fabulous; from twelve to twenty glasses being a not exaggerated average. We have counted five large tumblerfuls of muddy liquid poured down a single throat in the brief space of fifteen minutes! The men smoke almost incessantly, and the hot Turkish tobacco dries and scorches the mouth so unpleasantly that the victim is compelled to moisten his lips again and again.

The favorite refreshment of the Roumans is 'the *dulchatza*, a species of preserve made from fruit or roses. This is served in a small saucer, and, followed by a glass of good iced water, is very agreeable on a warm day, though never out of fashion, even in the depth of winter. Many a man who has been two or three hours exposed to the icy winds in a little sledging expedition through the town and on the *Chaussée* will enter a café and order this simple fare, when an Englishman or a Frenchman would need his two or three glasses of hot grog to restore circulation. This excessive temperance may, indeed, be carried too far; yet it is to be regretted that strangers do not dispense with some of their old habits when settling in the East.

Wines, like sherry and port, and strong spirits, are most prejudicial to the health, and should be strictly avoided. Light wines, on the other hand, and wholesome beer may be taken with impunity, though people should be careful in ascertaining that they are pure beverages. Indeed, a proper use of wine is beneficial, even in the East, whatever may be said to the contrary by those whose experience has run rather in the direction of the intemperate few.

Bucharest possesses, likewise, a fine edifice on the grand boulevard, dedicated

to its university, its museum, and one of its parliamentary chambers. The university is in a rising condition, notwithstanding that the great boyards still prefer to send their sons abroad, to Paris, Vienna, Dresden, Geneva, and it is, perhaps, only natural that they should lay some stress on their receiving the same training that they themselves have undergone, and that they should properly appreciate the value of a superior civilisation. Still, everything is now improving, both at Bucharest and in the other towns of Roumania, and it is highly probable that the university will prove itself, ere many years have sped by, thoroughly competent to satisfy every ambitious desire. There can be no doubt but that much good would accrue from the union of the young men of all the better classes of society in the pursuit of knowledge, and that much would thereby be gained towards cementing the growing feelings of good-will and patriotism by which they are animated.

It may not be out of place here to mention the generally thriving condition of education at Bucharest. The town abounds in large and well-managed schools for the youth of all ranks. There are French and German schools for young ladies, where many languages are studied and practised with a zeal too seldom to be found in this more favored land. Almost every respectable Rouman living at Bucharest can make himself understood both in French and German. Amongst the upper orders of society these languages are thoroughly learned, and Italian and English are frequently added to the course. Indeed, nearly every one belonging to the patrician class knows something of our tongue; and there are men who read the *Times* daily, and whose acquaintance with our best authors would put not a few of our fellow-countrymen to shame. Thirty years ago modern Greek was exclusively spoken at court and in society. Now French has superseded it, and is cultivated by people of education, who speak and write it more correctly than their own Rouman. But all who have any leisure (and who has not in this Oriental city?) are great readers, and display much energy in the acquirement of languages. Young men even, employed during the day, will devote three evenings

in the week to arduous study with their masters.

The Rouman is a branch of the Romance family, comprising the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages. The groundwork is exclusively Latin, as that of the English is Saxon, but, like our own tongue, it has been enriched with many words derived from foreign sources. Numerous words of Slavonic, Turkish, and Greek origin may be found, not to mention others derived or adapted from the French. It is much to be lamented that, through the constant usage of French, and a certain affectation common to those young men educated at Paris, a great inclination for French words and expressions has by degrees crept into their speech, and so much has this increased of late that these on many occasions actually supersede the original ones, without any advantage to the sentence, and, necessarily, have a tendency to weaken the national tongue. A Wallachian, even of the lowest class, will generally say, *Bon soir, monsieur*, instead of the phrase which should be more familiar to him. And it is amusing to listen sometimes to the painful efforts of two youths, not over-well educated, striving to sustain a conversation in the fashionable language, of which they comprehend but little, when they, unhappy victims of *la mode*, would be far more comfortable on their native ground.

The Rouman language is by no means inharmonious. It reminds the stranger of the Italian bereft of some of its sweetness. The peasantry speak it in its greatest purity, and have preserved original words and phrases, which have long ago died out in the more peopled districts, to which foreigners have had more ready access. These poor unpolished men pay great attention to grammar, and rarely offend the ear by mistakes in concord or gender. Indeed, they can hold their own in this respect with any peasantry in Europe, and, if the tongue is ever to be studied and revived, and used as an organ of literature, it will be to them that the author must turn if he would acquire correctness and vigor of style.

Singularly blessed as Bucharest is in the matter of education, it is also rich in charitable and religious endowments. It possesses several large hospitals splen-

didly built and established, and attended by efficient staffs, composed of some of the first physicians and surgeons in the East. These are open to all comers without distinction of creed or nationality. They are most commodious, and the wards are well cared for. There are about a hundred medical men in the town, some of them being of the highest rank in their profession, and it is from among them that the private Court physicians are chosen.

There are a number of Greek churches at Bucharest. To each church a yard is attached, in which are a few graves, and on the skirts of which the priests' dwellings are located. These consist of low cottages adjoining one another, and occupied by the priests, their wives and families. According to the Greek rule, every man who takes priests' orders must be married, but, should his wife die before him, he is not permitted to wed a second. If a priest lose his wife, he may hope to console himself with a bishopric, the bishops being chosen from among the widower priests. If a man prefer celibacy and would enter the service of the Church, he must become a monk; there is no means of his being received into the priesthood if he remains a bachelor.

The priests here lead peaceful regular lives, and, like the curates in our own country, almost invariably have large families. Still, though their *ménage* is remarkable for no ostentation, they are always comfortably off, and have wherewith to procure for their children a decent position in the world. There are, unhappily, many ignorant men amongst them, for they belong, almost without exception, to the plebeian order; and it is to be regretted that this is the case, as their influence on the aristocracy must necessarily be very limited. Several of them are attached to each church. Their duties are the reverse of onerous, and much of their time is spent in sitting about their churchyards, with their hands crossed over their long sticks, engaged in conversation with some loungeur like themselves.

The churches are usually small. They are not divided into aisles or chancels, and are not pewed. On entering the western door one advances into a lofty hall, if it may be so termed. The altar

is, of course, at the opposite end, and, in some of the principal churches at least, is very beautiful. There are pictures on the walls, along which low seats are ranged. The congregation always stands, only a few of the women sitting, or rather crouching, upon these seats. The exteriors of the churches are adorned with paintings depicting the patron and other saints.

The services are not particularly impressive. They are chanted in a droning lazy voice by the priests, in the same style as those of the Jews and Moham-medans. No instrumental music is allowed, and the voices of the choristers strike harshly, and often with something of dissonance, on the ear. The reliques of the saints—and their name is legion—are scrupulously guarded in the churches, and the worship of many appears to be confined to their adoration and to that of the pictures and grand crucifix. For, where superstition is concerned, this Church is not one whit behind, but rather far in advance of, her sister of Rome. Both priests and people are more ignorant, more fanatical than the mass of the Roman Catholics. Amongst the uneducated folk there are many who can enumerate all the saints in the calendar, and garnish their list with many a legend and anecdote; yet, where it is a simple question of Bible knowledge, they inevitably show themselves to be almost totally unacquainted with the same. Saint Demetrius is the grand saint, and his bones are promenaded through highways and byways, escorted by a host of priests, and by a goodly company of the faithful, whenever that fickle element, rain, shows itself too coy or too lavish of its sweets.

There are two Roman Catholic churches at Bucharest, and a convent, founded, curiously enough, by some English ladies, and called to this day *Le Couvent des Dames Anglaises*. The services in this city are more gorgeous than those in our own country, probably in deference to Oriental taste. The German Protestants have a Lutheran church, which the Princess of Roumania frequents; and near it stands a Calvinist church, for the benefit of the Hungarian population. Two large Jewish synagogues may also be seen, one with the

Spanish ritual, the other with the German.

The Roman Catholics at Bucharest naturally adhere to the New Style of reckoning time; but the German Protestants have adopted the Old Style, thus observing feast and fast on precisely the same days as the Greeks. They probably dread the double loss which they would sustain were they to close their shops on both sets of days.

It is curious to notice how trades hang together here. Men of the same trade will occupy twenty shops standing side by side, and the little community are always on the best of terms with one another. There are two reasons for this state of things. A trade or calling is generally followed by men of the same nation, often of the same city. These naturally take an interest in each other, and join company for their mutual welfare and in order to protect themselves from the attacks of strangers.

Then there is no possible ground for jealousy. Business prospers everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the Principalities; there is room for all and to spare. No man underbids his neighbor. Goods are dear, labor is expensive. Orders pour in, and the purchase is always paid for in ready money. This is the tradesman's paradise.

Whose is yonder chariot with the coronet blazoned on its brilliantly varnished panels; coachman and groom decked out in gilded liveries? These nodding plumes, these prancing steeds—whose are they? This handsome dame, this charming pair of vestals decked out in the last glories fresh from Paris—whose hearth do they light up with their beaming smiles? These are the family, these the studs, these the menials of that grocer whose shop-door is embellished with a signboard portrait of that famous Emperor Trajan, the star of whose memory will never pale so long as signboards survive. It is pleasant to note how this pretty custom has been retained. This shop flourishes beneath the sign of the White Cat; over this the Yellow Bear presides; yon glowing Angel guards this chemist's threshold.

Bucharest contains at the present day more than two hundred thousand inhabitants, a great proportion of whom are

strangers. There are, of course, Jews in plenty, as we all know—good Jews, bad Jews, indifferent and uninteresting Jews. There are] German Jews, Polish Jews, Wallachian Jews, Spanish Jews. Most of the German tradesmen are Jews, and the majority of the Bucharest tradespeople are undoubtedly German. The Jews are the bankers of the country, the artisans, and were, till recently, almost the sole tobacco and spirit vendors. The Jews are rather an oppressed class in this country. Persecutions on a small scale have sometimes arisen, though their execution has been limited to a few amateurs, and has not spread to the mass of the soldiery or people; and nothing of the kind has occurred of late, spite of the terrific reports which penetrated to our own Imperial Parliament, reports of men and boys falling beneath the avenging sword, of women and girls shamefully misused. It was even stated that men, in hundreds, were saving themselves from certain death by swimming across the Danube to the opposite shore—an assertion too absurd to need refutation, there being probably, in the whole country, no Jew capable of performing such a feat. The real truth is this. The Rouman, so long trampled beneath the heel of the conqueror, has, not unnaturally, inherited a wholesome dislike and suspicion of strangers. Now, as the mass of the foreigners in Roumania are of Jewish origin, these of course come in for the lion's share of his enmity and mistrust. And here we declare, most emphatically and unequivocally, that religion has very little to do with this state of things.

If an English colony, no smaller than the present Jewish one, were planted in the country, a like spirit of dissatisfaction would be soon afloat. It is true that this same spirit is invariably more in the ascendant at the season of the great Passover festival. This we admit at once. But the simple reason is this. The deadly foes of the Jews delight in reviving that bugbear of the Middle Ages, the false report that Christian blood is drunk on that occasion. And it is not by the priests that the train is laid, not by the representatives of religion and piety, but rather by men connected with the extreme patriotic or republican party, by men whose minds would be uninflu-

enced by considerations, in their opinion, so puerile. The fact that the Jews remain a separate people, and do not intermarry or form any connection with the native population, may of course prevent an increase of cordiality, and conduce more or less to the maintenance of their unpopularity. But the Roumans are jealous of forming alliances as well with other foreigners, and of admitting them to free social intercourse with themselves.

An attack was made some time ago on the Prussian colonists at Bucharest, who were banqueting under the auspices of their consul in one of the great public halls of the city. The windows were smashed in and a free fight ensued. Other examples might be enumerated.

It would not be fair to judge the people too severely for this lack of good feeling towards foreigners. As time runs on, they will gradually forget the sufferings they have undergone, and study to discriminate between friend and foe. Let them learn hard incessant toil, and they will soon be in a position to dispense with any colonists whose presence in the land may be distasteful to them. Let the arts be cultivated, an improved system of agriculture introduced, let stern denial be diligently practised, and this fertile region, now rich in its sons, and blessed with a second freedom even more real and more sacred than the first, will respond tenfold to the hopes of its well-wishers—and it has many—and bear abundant fruit, not only for its own gain and profit, but for the regeneration of the nations by which it is surrounded.

There are also many Greeks in the country—descendants of those who came over with the Phanariote princes; or later settlers—merchants, bankers, and men of business. A great proportion of the Rouman aristocracy have Greek blood in their veins. The names of Cantacuzene, Palæologue, Ypsilanti, and Ghica are too celebrated to render any further remark necessary. As has before been noticed, Greek was till lately the fashionable language. It was the Russian officers who, during their occupation of the country, taught the natives to prefer French.

The French are the most popular of all the colonists. France is the land which, of all others, the Rouman most

admires. And this is the case, more or less, everywhere throughout the East. The Frenchman is always liked, whilst the German is usually detested in equal proportion.

During the late war many Rouman officers offered their services to the French government, and concerts and amateur theatricals were got up at the theatre for the raising of subscriptions on behalf of the prisoners and wounded. Roumania loves to call herself the younger sister of France.

The Roumans have done wisely in substituting French for Greek as an additional language. It enables them to converse and make themselves known in print to the peoples of civilised Europe. They are now great travellers, and visit the German baths and other places of fashionable resort every year, thereby learning and noting much, and interesting foreigners in themselves and their land.

The Armenians have a quarter in Bucharest, with a church where the services are performed according to their ritual. There are also a few Russians in the city, who drive the cabs, which, by the way, are excellent, drawn by two horses, and to be had at the rate of two francs an hour. The cabs are open, and therefore somewhat inconvenient in bad weather, but, during the winter, they are replaced by sledges.

The Bulgarians work at the paving of the streets, as the gipsies, male and female, at housebuilding. The *tzigans*, or gipsies, are an interesting class in Eastern Europe. They were, till recently, enslaved; but their condition has greatly improved of late years. To their number belong the *lacutari*, or musicians, who may be found in every town and large village throughout the land. These men, though unable to read a note of music, can play by ear the most difficult and complicated *morceaux*. Their instruments are the fiddle, violin, pan-pipe, and a species of zither or guitar. They play in companies of from six to ten musicians, and display extraordinary skill and ability in the manipulation of their instruments. Their music is of the wildest nature, and must be heard again and again ere it can make any agreeable impression on the listener. But they do not confine themselves to their own com-

positions. They will reproduce the finest operatic music. Their children begin to learn as soon as they can hold a fiddle, and thus is retained an excellence of style and execution peculiar to these people.

The *tzigan* is still despised by the Wallachian, though he is often comfortably off, when he has settled down respectably. Still many of the *tzigans* are migratory, and live about the town in miniature camps with their children and pigs, and many line the great roads.

Bucharest teems with cafés. There are cafés for men of all nationalities, classes, and conditions. These are well provided with chess and backgammon boards, newspapers, card and billiard tables—the cannon game is exclusively played here—and some boast dining and supper rooms to boot. The men are very fond of lounging in the cafés, and are clever at all games of skill. They are great politicians, too, and will argue for hours upon the merits of governments, and the uses and abuses of this or that monopoly.

There are now three monopolies in the hands of the authorities—to wit, that of tobacco, of spirituous liquors, and of funerals. The price of tobacco is now excessive, and the monopoly is not popular with any class of the inhabitants, who pay very highly for an inferior article. Smuggling is of course carried on to a certain extent all along the Danube and over the Carpathians.

The monopoly of spirits was especially directed against the Jews, into whose hands the trade had chiefly fallen. By it ten thousand families were said to have been deprived of the means of subsistence.

The funeral monopoly ought to be profitable, as even the poorer folk pride themselves much on their taste in such matters. One can scarcely move out of doors of an afternoon without meeting several processions escorting the dead to their long homes. This is the funeral of a girl who died two days ago in all the bloom of youth and beauty. Two *gens-d'armes*, in full uniform and well mounted, clear a way for the long line. Ten of the girl's companions, attired in white muslin and wearing white wreaths, plod wearily along through mud and through mire. Cold they are, and splashed from

head to foot, yet they push bravely on. They are followed by a company of priests—the elder men in cabs, the younger on foot and humming a low chant. They are all attired in gorgeous robes, and every church they pass sends forth a sad mourning toll from its glittering belfry. The hearse comes next, adorned with gilded figures of angels, and drawn by four or six sable steeds. Men bearing torches walk on either side of it. The corpse reclines on a bier exposed to the public gaze. It is habited in white; and no pains have been spared to render its appearance as striking as possible. The hair is carefully braided, the pallid cheeks and lips are rouged, a rose-bud being perhaps laid on the latter. The sight is ghastly and painful in the extreme.

What a contrast between all this show and circumstance and the passive shrunk-en body in whose honor it is done, and which rolls from side to side with every motion of the hearse, jolting now over jagged stones, and anon tottering into some foul gutter! A full regimental band tramps behind, toiling painfully through some excruciating funeral march, and raising notes truly heartrending in their dreary melancholy. Their music may be heard far away, for their trumpets blare as though they would wake the dead. Sometimes the military band is replaced by a gipsy troop with their softer fiddles and pipes. The effect is then less distressing, for there is something solemn and soothing in the sweet refined tones of the poor *tsigan*. The carriages of the relatives and friends of the deceased close the procession. The mourners, the women particularly, usually make great demonstrations of grief, wailing, weeping, and shrieking, and occasionally striving to precipitate themselves from the vehicle. Amongst the women belonging to the poorer classes the scene is sometimes a little ludicrous, as they seem to consider it their bounden duty to raise an extra lugubrious howl the moment that any well-dressed person strikes upon their view.

Until lately the line of demarcation between noble and commoner was very strongly drawn. There was no middle class. But travel and the arrival and settling of strangers in Roumania have tended considerably to mitigate this state

of things, and there has arisen at Bucharest a kind of second society consisting of the foreign merchants and of the *petits boyards*, as they are named. Still, those composing the cream of society do not recognize this supplement, and both classes remain distinct and separate. The society of Bucharest embraces the descendants of former reigning princes, the great Wallachian boyards, the Moldavian nobility who have quitted Jassy and located themselves in the metropolis, the members of the various diplomatic corps stationed at Bucharest, and a few persons whose position in their own country has been ascertained, and who have lived long in the land.

The Wallachian aristocracy are on the most intimate terms with each other, being linked together by marriage and often by the hereditary alliance of centuries. They are most exclusive, and till recently would have nothing to say to any one exercising any profession whatever. There is a certain amount of jealousy and rivalry existing between them and those Moldavians whom the union of the two provinces and the constant sitting of the Parliament at Bucharest have brought to that city. The Moldavians meet at their own houses, the Wallachians at theirs, and foreigners can have no possible cause for complaint so long as these people practise exclusiveness even among themselves.

But the Roumans are not without thought for their dependents, in whose welfare they often greatly interest themselves. The gentlemen are well acquainted with their farmers and peasants, their treatment of these being almost patriarchal. And the ladies are not too delicate to mix with the country girls. Some will even join the merry Sunday evening dance, that may be observed on nearly every village green during the summer and autumn months.

There is a polite respectful air about the plebeian Rouman, which contrasts most agreeably with the uncouth roughness of the lower classes in some more civilised lands. One can immediately perceive that he has been kept under proper control, and has not been caressed and fooled till he no longer knows his right place in the world. He has probably never heard those sublime theories relating to the rights of man, or the effi-

cacy of chronic drunkenness and strikes. Yet his condition is not unenviable. He receives a fair wage for a fair day's work, and, if thrifty and frugal, may lay money by and prosper in his generation. His wants are few and inexpensive. There are public institutions in plenty to help him should he fall ill, and there is no lack of charitable spirits when the winter is unusually protracted or the maize-crop has failed. The very beggar in the streets—and there are not a few of them here—must realise a comfortable income, since none, boyard or priest, shopman or servant, will refuse a small copper coin to the poor and needy.

The Wallachian boyard lives in great style, and with much display. His house is large and commodious, and splendidly furnished. The ceilings here are beautifully painted. He has a host of servants and satellites attached to his mansion—two or three men-cooks, the same number of coachmen, valets, footmen, and maids in battalions. These, sometimes to the number of thirty or forty, all inhabit his house and courtyard, and in many cases the wives and children dwell with them. But the master is good-natured and generous, and makes no objection to a system which would exasperate any one else. He keeps open house, and has a dinner prepared for any friends who may present themselves. It is on record that as many as forty guests have sat down at a table to which none had been previously invited. This would test pretty severely the resources of most establishments, but it affects him not. His *cuisine* is of the most *recherché* order, in fact, a combination of whatever is most excellent in others. Here you have the very best of everything, a mingling of the Eastern and Western modes, that is most piquant. He has lived over and over again at the best hotels in every corner of Europe, and his taste and experience are perfect.

His horses are magnificent, and his stables probably contain some English thoroughbreds. He has his own particular carriages and coachmen, and his wife hers, quite distinct—a very convenient arrangement, it may be remarked, whereby much trouble and annoyance are avoided. For, in this country, woman certainly is in the fullest enjoyment of her rights and privileges, and, as is but

natural, seems determined to make the most of them. She has her own horses and servants, her own suite of apartments, and is thorough mistress of herself, all the livelong day. She may expend a fortune upon her toilette, indulge in any amount of flirtation, and, if she grow weary of her long-suffering husband, she is free to wed another whenever she may fancy so doing.

Divorce is not infrequent in this country, particularly amongst the upper classes of society. The Greek Church allows three divorces, and these are often accorded for the most trivial reasons, such as slight incompatibility of temper, extravagance on the part of the husband, and so forth.

But this passion for divorces seems to be abating a little, for the last generation of married couples live apparently on better terms with one another than the preceding.

It is scarcely a matter for wonder that marriages have not, as a rule, turned out very prosperously, seeing that they are arranged after so eccentric a method. When a girl arrives at marriageable age, her sire fixes upon her a certain *dot* or dowry, the fame of which is diligently spread abroad by the friends of the family in question, as well as by the professional match-makers. This dowry must prove, in most cases, a most severe and unpleasant drain upon the paternal finances, as the daughter's happiness and worldly success depend in a great measure upon its magnitude. Thus a man blessed with three female olive-branches will not seldom bestow three-quarters of his fortune upon them, and exist contentedly on the remaining quarter. If he have sons, so much the worse for them; they must satisfy their glowing ambition with what they can get, and pay their court in turn to damsels possessed of a goodly heritage. Eligible youths present themselves as suitors for the hand of the fair candidate for Hymen's rites, and a list of their names and qualifications, if any, is handed to the lady, who makes her selection accordingly. Some of these ardent lovers may be personally unknown to her, nay, may even have never beheld those peerless charms by which they are so deeply smitten, yet she may choose one from among them notwithstanding. Of a truth, marriage

is here a lottery, if anywhere, as it always will be; more especially when those most concerned have had few or no opportunities of cultivating each other's acquaintance, and of forming some slight estimate of the merits of their future yoke-fellows.

Nor is duelling a dim shade of the past. It has not died a natural death, in this land at least. There are sometimes three or four duels a week during the Carnival, when balls and dissipation are at their climax. The pistol and the rapier are the usual weapons, for the sword seems to have been resigned to the ruder German by common consent. The results are not always serious, though there are some famous duels on record. The fair sex is naturally the root of this, as of other evils. An accidental stepping on a lady's train, a trifling error in the dance, a casual glance, innocent and unmeaning as a babe's, may sometimes lead to the gravest consequences.

The Church festivals are scrupulously observed at Bucharest, the shops being closed on all those that are more important. The feasts of Christmas and Easter are drawn out to three days, during which period nothing, not excepting bread and tobacco, can be bought.

The lower classes fast most strictly in Lent. Indeed, the year seems to be made up entirely of holidays and penitential days. Men are either feasting or fasting, a régime which does not conduce very greatly to health, and which, sooner or later, must tell on the constitution. This is the case likewise with the Russian peasantry, who are also much weakened thereby.

Visits are always paid 'on saints' days to all who bear the same name. Thus

on St. Demetrius' Day all the Demetriuses are called upon and congratulated. And this is not always easy work, seeing that some names are exceedingly popular with the natives.

Sunday and Thursday are the chief days for outings with the great mass of the inhabitants. They visit, shop, give evening parties, and see the play on these days. Ordinary people stay much at home on the other days and live in true Eastern style, making no toilette, but sitting about in a loose robe from morning till night, and smoking a multitude of Turkish cigarettes. As they will never stir out on foot, and must always be dressed most extravagantly, they probably discover that such expensive tastes cannot be satisfied every day in the week.

It is in the summer, when the aristocracy are abroad, that they most distinguish themselves. The suburb of Vacaresti contains certain mineral springs of which old and young, healthy and sickly, crowd alike to drink in the early dawn during the summer months. There are such displays of equipages and attire as must be seen to be imagined. Some of the fair ones will rise at two o'clock in the morning, and begin the pleasant task of adorning by candlelight, that they may be ready to start at five and take their part in the most pressing business of the day. A comedy, entitled 'The Waters of Vacaresti,' has been written by the great Wallachian actor, M. Milo, to satirise all these proceedings.

On a hot summer's evening the gardens are crowded with fair women walking up and down the paths in the ball-dresses they wore during the winter season.—*Temple Bar.*



YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BACK AGAIN AT THE CASTLE.

THE Squire went home after his game of ducks and drakes in the most curious, bewildered state of mind. The shock of all these recent events had affected him much more than any one was aware, and Randolph's visit and desire to make

sure about "family arrangements," had filled up the already almost overflowing measure of secret pain. It had momentarily recalled, like a stimulant too sharp and strong, not only his usual power of resistance, but a force of excitement strong enough to overwhelm the faculties which for the time it invigorated; and while he walked about his woods after

st interview with his son, the Squire on the edge of a catastrophe, his reeling, his strained powers on the of giving way. The encounter little Nello on the lake side had exerted a curious arresting power upon old and worn edifice of the mind which was just then tottering to its fall. It stopped this fall for the moment. Trembling old walls were not perishing in a less dangerous state, but the danger that had threatened them dropped, the building stood, shaken to its foundation, and at the mercy of the next blow—but yet so far safe—safe for the present, and with all the semblance of safety about it. To leave metaphor, the Squire's mind was hushed and lulled by the encounter with the soft peacefulness of childhood, in the most curious, and to himself inexplicable way. Not, indeed, could he try to explain. He was as unconscious of what was going on in himself as most of us are. He did not know the various events which had shaken him, had anything more than pain in himself—he was unaware of the danger.

Randolph's appearance and the height of the discussions which must follow when his back was turned, as to things that would happen after his departure—he was not aware that there was more in them than an injury against himself; his whole spirit revolted. He did not know now that this new annoyance had struck at the very stronghold of vitality, the little strength left to him. Which of us knows when the *coup-de-grace* is struck? He only knew the hurt—the pain—and the forlorn stand he had made against it, and almost giddy light-headedness with which he had tried to himself to bring it down, and feel himself superior.

Neither did he know what Nello had done for him. His meeting with the child was like the touch of something new and healing upon a wound. The heat cooled and calmed his entire being. It seemed to put out of his mind the sense of wounding and injury. It was more; it took all distinctness away from the moral and the physical marks round him. The harsher scenes of life grew blurred and dim, instead of the bitter facts of the past which he had so long determined to ignore, and the facts of the present which had so pushed themselves upon

him, the atmosphere fell all into a soft confusion. A kind of happiness stole over him. What had he to be happy about? yet he was so. Sometimes in our English summers there is a mist of heat in the air, confusing all the lines of the landscape as much as a fog in winter—in which the hills and lakes and sky are nothing but one dazzle and faint glory of suppressed light and warmth—light confusing but penetrating: warmth perhaps stifling to the young and active, but consolatory to those whose blood runs chill. This was the mental condition in which the Squire was. His troubles seemed to die away, though he had so many of them. Randolph, his middle-aged son, ceased to be an assailant and invader, and dropped into the dark like other troublesome things—not a son to be proud of, but one to put up with easily enough. John? he did not remember much about John; but he remembered very distinctly his old playfellow little Johnny, his little brother. "Eighteen months—only eighteen months between them:" he almost could hear the tone in which his mother said that long ago. If Johnny had lived he would have been—how old would he have been now? Johnny would have been seventy-five or so had he lived—but the Squire did not identify the number of years. There was eighteen months between them, that was all he could remember, and of that he sat and mused, often saying the words over to himself, with a soft dreamy smile upon his face. He was often not quite clear that it was not Johnny himself, little Johnny, with whom he had been playing on the water-side.

This change affected him in all things. He had never been so entirely amiable. When Randolph returned to the assault, the Squire would smile and make no reply. He was no longer either irritated or saddened by anything his son might say—indeed he did not take much notice of him one way or another, but would speak of the weather, or take up a book, smiling, when his son began. This was very bewildering to the family. Randolph, who was dull and self-important, was driven half-frantic by it, thinking that his father meant to insult him. But the Squire had no purpose of any kind, and Mary, who knew him better,

at last grew vaguely alarmed without knowing what she feared. He kept up all his old habits, took his walks as usual, dressed with his ordinary care—but did everything in a vague and hazy way, requiring to be recalled to himself, when anything important happened. When he was in his library, where he had read and written, and studied so much, the Squire arranged all his tools as usual, opened his book, even began to write his letters, putting the date—but did no more. Having accomplished that beginning, he would lean back in his chair and muse for hours together. It was not thinking even, but only musing; no subject abode with him in these long still hours, and not even any consistent thread of recollections. Shadows of the past came sailing—floating about him, that was all; very often only that soft, wandering thought about little Johnny, occupied all his faculties—. Eighteen months between them, no more! He rarely got beyond that fact, though he never could quite tell whether it was the little brother's face or another—his son's, or his son's son's—which floated through this mist of recollections. He was quite happy in the curious trance which had taken possession of him. He had no active personal feelings, except that of pleasure in the recollection and thought of little Johnny—a thought which pleased and amused, and touched his heart. All anger and harm went out of the old man, he spoke softly when he spoke at all, and suffered himself to be disturbed as he never would have done before. Indeed he was far too gentle and good to be natural. The servants talked of his condition with dismay, yet with that agreeable anticipation of something new, which makes even a "death in the house" more or less desirable. "Th' owd Squire's not long for this world," the cook and Tom Gardiner said to each other. As for Eastwood, he shook his head with mournful importance. "I give you my word, I might drop a trayful of things at his side, and he wouldn't take no notice," the man said, almost tearfully, "it's clean again nature that is." And the other servants shook their heads, and said in their turn that they didn't like the looks of him, and that certainly the Squire was not long for this world.

The same event of Randolph's visit had produced other results almost as remarkable. It had turned little Liliás all at once into the slim semblance of a woman, grown-up, and full of thoughts. It is perhaps too much to say that she had grown in outward appearance as suddenly as she had done in mind; but it is no unusual thing in the calmest domestic quiet, where no commotion is, nor fierce, sudden heat of excitement to quicken a tardy growth, that the elder members of a family should wake up all in a moment to notice how a child has grown. She had perhaps been springing up gradually; but now in a moment every one perceived; and the moment was coincident with that in which Liliás heard with unspeakable wrath, horror, shame, pity, and indignation, her father's story—that he would be put in prison if he came back; that he dared not come back; that he might be—executed. (Liliás would not permit even her thoughts to say hanged—most ignominious of all endings—though Miss Brown had not hesitated to employ the word.) This suggestion had struck into her soul like a fiery arrow. The guilt suggested might have impressed her imagination also; but the horrible reality of the penalty had gone through and through the child. All the wonderful enterprises she had planned on the moment are past our telling. She would go to the Queen and get his pardon. She would go to the old woman on the hills and find out everything. Ah! what would she not do? And then had come the weary pilgrimage which Geoff had intercepted; and now the ache of pity and terror had yielded to that spell of suspense which, more than anything else, takes the soul out of itself. What had come to the child? Miss Brown said; and all the maids and Martuccia watched her without saying anything. Miss Brown, who had been the teller of the story, did not identify its connection with this result. She said, and all the female household said, that if Miss Lily had been a little older, they knew what they would have thought. And the only woman in the house who took no notice was Mary—herself so full of anxieties that her mind had little leisure for speculation. She said, yes, Liliás had grown; yes, she was changing. But what time had she to consider Liliás'

looks in detail? Randolph was Mary's special cross; he was always about, always in her way, making her father uncomfortable, talking at the children. Mary felt herself hustled about from place to place, wearied and worried and kept in perpetual commotion. She would not look into the causes of the Squire's strange looks and ways; she could not give her attention to the children; she could scarcely even do her business, into which Randolph would fain have found his way, while her all-investigating brother was close by. Would he but go away and leave the harassed household in peace!

But Randolph for his part was not desirous of going away. He could not go away, he represented to himself, without coming to some understanding with his father, though that understanding seemed as far off as ever. So he remained from day to day, acting as a special irritant to the whole household. He had nothing to do, and consequently he roamed about the garden, pointing out to the gardener a great many imperfections in his work; and about the stables, driving well-nigh out of his wits the steady-going, respectable groom, who now-a-days had things very much his own way. He found fault with the wine, making himself obnoxious to Eastwood, and with the made dishes, exasperating Cook. Indeed there was nothing disagreeable which this visitor did not do to set his father's house by the ears. Finally, sauntering into the drawing-room, where Mary sat, driven by him out of her favorite hall, where his comments offended her more than she could bear, he reached the climax of all previous exasperations by suddenly urging upon her the undeniable fact that Nello ought to go to school. "The boy," Randolph called him; nothing would have induced him to employ any pet name to a child, especially a foreign name like Nello—his virtue was of too severe an order to permit any such trifling. He burst out with this advice all at once. "You should send the boy to school; he ought to be at school. Old Pen's lessons are rubbish. The boy should be at school, Mary," he said. This sudden fulmination disturbed Mary beyond anything that had gone before, for it was quite just and true. "And I know a place—a nice, homely, good sort

of place, where he would be well taught and well taken care of," he added. "Why should not you get him ready at once? and I will place him there on my way home." This was, to do him justice, a sudden thought, not premeditated—an idea which had flashed into his mind since he began to speak, but which immediately gained attractiveness to him, when he saw the consternation in Mary's eyes.

"Oh, thank you, Randolph," she said, faintly. Had not Mr. Pen advised—had not she herself thought of asking her brother's advice, who was himself the father of a boy, and no doubt knew better about education than she did? "But," she added, faltering, "he could not be got ready in a moment; it would require a little time. I fear that it would not be possible, though it is so very kind."

"Possible? Oh, yes, easily possible, if you give your mind to it," cried Randolph; and he pointed out to her at great length the advantages of the plan, while Mary sat trembling, in spite of herself, feeling that her horror of the idea was unjustifiable, and that she would probably have no excuse for rejecting so reasonable and apparently kind a proposal. Was it kind? It seemed so on the outside; and how could she venture to impute bad motives to Randolph, when he offered to serve her? She did not know what reply to make; but her mind was thrown into sudden and most unreasonable agitation. She got up at last, agitated and tremulous, and explained that she was compelled to go out to visit some of her poor people. "I have not been in the village since you came," she said, breathless in her explanations; "and there are several who are ill; and I have something to say to Mr. Pen."

"Oh, yes, consult old Pen, of course," Randolph had said. "I would not deprive a lady of her usual spiritual adviser because she happens to be my sister. Of course you must talk it over with Pen." This assumption of her dependence upon poor Mr. Pen's advice galled Mary, who had by no means elected Mr. Pen to be her spiritual adviser. However, she would not stay to argue the question, but hurried away anxiously with a sense of escape. She had escaped for the mo-

ment; yet she had a painful sense in her mind that she could not always escape from Randolph. The proposal was sudden, but it was reasonable and kind—quite kind. It was the thing a good uncle ought to do; no one would but think better of Randolph that he was willing to take so much trouble. Randolph for his part felt that it was very kind; he had no other meaning in the original suggestion; but when he had thus once put it forth, a curious expansion of the idea came into his mind. Little Nello was a terrible bugbear to Randolph. He had long dwelt upon the thought that it was he who would succeed to Penninghame on his father's death—at first, perhaps, nominally on John's account. But there was very little chance that John would dare the dangers of a trial, and reappear again, to be arraigned for murder, of which crime Randolph had always simply and stolidly believed him guilty; and the younger brother had entertained no doubt that, sooner or later, the unquestioned inheritance would fall into his hands. But this child baffled all his plans. What could be done while he was there? though there was no proof who he was, and none that he was legitimate, or anything but a little impostor: certainly, he was as far from being a lawful and proper English heir—such as an old family like the Musgraves ought to have—such as his own boy would be, as could be supposed. But of course, the best that could be done for him was to send him to school. It was only of Nello that Randolph thought in this way. The little girl, though a more distinct individual, did not trouble him. She might be legitimate enough—another Mary, to whom, of course, Mary would leave her money—and there would be an end of it. Randolph did not believe, even if there had been no girl of John's, that Mary's money would ever come his way. She would alienate it rather, he felt sure—found a hospital for cats, or something of that description (for Mary was nothing but a typical old maid to Randolph, who regarded her as an unmarried woman, with much masculine and married contemptuousness), rather than let it come to his side of the family. So let that pass—let the girl pass; but for the boy! That little, small, baby-faced Nello

—a little nothing—a creature that might be crushed by a strong hand—a thing unprotected, unacknowledged, without either power or influence, or any one to care for him! how he stood in Randolph's way! But he did not at this moment mean him any harm; that is, no particular harm. The school he had suddenly thought of had nothing wrong in it; it was a school for the sons of poor clergymen, and people in "reduced circumstances." It would do Nello a great deal of good. It would clear his mind from any foolish notion of being the heir. And he would be out of the way, and once at school, there is no telling what may happen between the years of ten and twenty. But of one thing, Randolph was quite sure—that he meant no harm, no particular harm, to the boy.

When Mary left him in this hurried way, he strolled out in search of something to amuse or employ the lingering afternoon. Tom Gardiner now gave him nothing but sullen answers, and the groom began to dash about pails of water, and make hideous noises as soon as he appeared, so that it did not consist with his dignity to have anything more to say to these functionaries; so that sheer absence of occupation, mingled with a sudden interest in the boy, on whose behalf he had thus been suddenly "led" to interfere, induced Randolph to look for the children. They were not in their favorite place at the door of the old hall, and he turned his steps instinctively to the side of the water, the natural attraction to everybody at Penninghame. When he came within sight of the little cove where the boats lay, he saw that it was occupied by the little group he sought. He went towards them with some eagerness, though not with any sense of interest or natural beauty such as would have moved most people. Nello was seated on the edge of the rocky step relieved against the blue water; Lillas placed higher up with the wind ruffling her brown curls, and the slant sunshine grazing her cheek. The boy had a book open on his knees, but was trying furtive ducks and drakes under cover of the lesson, except when Lillas recalled him to it, when he resumed his learning with much demonstration, saying it over under his breath with visibly moving lips. Lillas had got through her

own portion of study. Mr. Pen's lessons were not long or severe, and she had a girl's conscientiousness and quickness in learning. Her book was closed on her knee; her head turned a little towards that road which she watched with a long dreamy gaze, looking for some one; but some one very visionary and far away. Her pensive, abstracted look and pose, and the sudden growth and development which had so suddenly changed Liliás, seemed to have charmed the little girl out of childhood altogether. Was she looking already for the fairy prince, the visionary hero? And to say the truth, though she was still only a child, this was exactly what Liliás was doing. It was the knight-deliverer, the St. George who kills the dragon, the prince with shoes of swiftness and invisible coat, brought down to common life, and made familiar by being entitled "Mr. Geoff," for whom, with that kind of visionary childish anticipation which takes no note of possibilities, she was looking. Time and the world are at once vaster, and vaguer, and more narrow at her age, than at any other. He might come *now*, suddenly appearing at any moment; and Liliás could not but feel vaguely disappointed every moment that he did not appear. And yet there was no knowing when he would come, to-morrow, next year, she could not tell when. Meanwhile she kept her eyes fixed on the distance, watching for him. But Liliás was not thinking of herself in conjunction with "Mr. Geoff." She was 'much too young for love; no flutter of even possible sentiment disturbed the serenity of her soul. Nevertheless her mind was concentrated upon the young hero as entirely as the mind of any dreaming maiden could be. He was more than her hero; he was her representative, doing for her the work which perhaps Liliás was not old enough or strong enough to do. So other people, grown-up people, thought at least. And until he came she could do nothing, know nothing. Already, by this means, the child had taken up the burden of her womanhood. Her eyes "were busy in the distance shaping things, that made her heart beat quick." She was waiting already, not for love to come, of which at her age she knew nothing; but for help to come which she would have

given her little life to bestow, but could not, her own hand being too slight and feeble to give help. This thought gave her a pang, while the expectation of help kept her in that woman's [purgatory of suspense. Why could not she do it herself? but yet there was a certain sweetness in the expectation which was vague, and had not existed long enough to be tedious. And yet how long, how long it was since yesterday! From daylight to dusk, even in August, what a world of time. Every one of these slow, big round hours, floated by Liliás like clouds when there is no wind, moving imperceptibly; great globes of time never to be done with. Her heart gave a throb whenever any one appeared. But it was Tom Gardiner, it was Mr. Pen, it was some one from the village, it was never Mr. Geoff; and finally here was some one quite antagonistic, the enemy in person, the stranger whom people called Uncle Randolph. Liliás gave her little brother a note of warning; and she opened her own book again.

When Randolph approached, they had thus the air of being very busily employed: both, Liliás intent upon her book, while Nello, furtively feeling in his pocket for the stones which he had stored there for use, busied himself, to all appearance, with his lesson, repeating it to himself with moving lips. Randolph had taken very little notice of the children, except by talking at them to his sister. He came to a pause now, and looked at them with curiosity—or at least he looked at Nello; for after all, it did not matter about the girl. She might be John's daughter, or she might not; but in any case she was not worth a thought. He did not see the humor of the preternatural closeness of study which the children exhibited; but it afforded a means of opening communications.

"Are these your lessons for Mr. Pennithorne?" he said.

Nello, to whom the question was addressed, made no answer. Was he not much too busy to answer? his eyes were riveted upon his book. Liliás kept silence too as long as politeness would let her; but at last the rudeness of it struck her acutely. This might be an enemy, but children ought not to be rude. She therefore said timidly, "Yes;"

and added, by way of explanation, "Nello's is Latin, but me, it is only English I have."

"Is it hard?" said Randolph, still directing his question to the boy.

Nello gave a glance out of the corner of his eyes at his questioner, but said nothing, only learned harder than ever; and again it became needful, for the sake of courtesy, that Liliás should answer.

"The Latin is not hard," she said; "oh, not near so hard as the English. It is so easy to say; but Mr. Pen does not know how it goes; he says it all wrong; he says it like English. I hope Nello will not learn it that way."

Randolph stared at her, but took no further notice.

"Can't you speak?" he said to Nello, "when I ask you a question? Stop your lesson and listen to me. Shouldn't you like to go to school?"

Nello looked up with round astonished eyes, and equally roundly with all the force of the monosyllable, said "No," as probably he would have answered to any question.

"No? but you don't know what school is; not lessons only, but a number of fellows to play with, and all kinds of games. You would like it a great deal better than being here, and learning with Mr. Pennithorne."

"No," said Nello again; but his tone was less sure, and he paused to look into his questioner's face. "Would Lily come too?" he said, suddenly accepting the idea. For from no to yes is not a very long way at ten years old.

"Why, you don't want to drag a girl with you," said Randolph, laughing; "a girl who can't play at anything, wherever you go?"

This argument secured Nello's attention. He said, "N—no," reddening a little, and with a glance at Liliás, against whose sway he dared scarcely rebel all at once; but the sense of superiority even at such an early age is sweet.

"He must not go without me," cried Liliás, roused. "I am to take care of him *always*! Papa said so. Oh, don't listen, Nello, to this—gentleman! You know what I told you—papa is perhaps coming home. Mr. Geoff said—Mr. Geoff knows something that will make everything right again. Mr. Geoff is going to fetch papa——"

"Oh!" cried Nello, reproachfully, "you said I was not to tell; and there you have gone and told yourself!"

"What is that? what is that?" asked Randolph, pricking up his ears.

But the boy and girl looked at each other and were silent. The curious uncle felt that he would most willingly have whipped them both, and that amiable sentiment showed itself in his face.

"And, Lily," said Nello, "I think the old gentleman would not let me go. He will want me to play with; he has never had anybody to play with for—I don't know how long—never since a little boy called little Johnny: and he said that was my name, too——"

"Oh, Nello! now it is you who are forgetting; he said (you know you told me) that you were never, never to tell!"

Randolph turned from one to another, bewildered. What did they mean? Had they the audacity to play upon his fears, the little foundlings, the little impostors! He drew a long breath of fury, and clenched his fist involuntarily. "Children should never have secrets," he said. "Do you know it is wicked, very wicked? You ought to be whipped for it. Tell me directly what you mean!"

But this is not the way to get at any child's secret. The brother and sister looked at each other, and shut fast their mouths. As for Nello, he felt the edges of that stone in his pocket, and thought he would like to throw it at the man. Liliás had no stone, and was not warlike; but she looked at him with the calm of superior knowledge. "It would be dishonorable," she said, faltering over the pronunciation, but firm in the sentiment, "to tell what we were told not to tell."

"You are going to school with me—on Saturday," said Randolph, with a virulence of irritation which children are just as apt to call forth as their elders. "You will be taught better there; you will not venture to conceal anything, I can tell you, my boy."

And he left them with an angry determination to carry out his plans, and to give over Nello to hands that would tame him effectually, "the best thing for him." The children, though they had secretly enjoyed his discomfiture, were a little appalled by this conclusion. "Oh,

Nello, I will tell you what he is—he is the wicked uncle in the *Babes in the Wood*. He will take you and leave you somewhere, where you will lose yourself and starve, and never be heard of. But I will find you. I will go after you. I will never leave you!" cried Liliás with sudden tears.

"I could ask which way to go," said Nello, much impressed, however, by this view. "I can speak English now. I could ask the way home, or something better! Listen, Lily—if he takes me, when we have gone ten miles, or a hundred miles, I will run away!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A NEW VISITOR.

NOTWITHSTANDING her dislike to have it supposed that Mr. Pen was her spiritual adviser, Mary did make a hurried visit to the vicarage to ask his advice. Not that she had much confidence in the good vicar's advice; but to act in such a case, where experience fails you altogether, entirely on your own judgment without even the comfort of "talking it over" is a hard thing to do. "Talking it over" is always an advantage. The for and against of any argument are always clearer when they are put into words, and made audible, and thus acquire, as it were, though they may be your own words, a separate existence. Thus Mary became her own adviser when she consulted Mr. Pen, and there was no one else at hand who could fulfil this office. They talked it over anxiously, Mr. Pen being, as she knew he would be, entirely on Randolph's side. To him it appeared that it would be a great advantage for Nello to be taken to school by his uncle. It would be "the right thing to do"—better than if Mary did it—better than Mr. Pen himself could do it. Mary could not find any arguments to meet this conventional certainty. She retained her distrust and fear, but she could not say anything against the fact that it was kind of Randolph to propose this, and that it would be injurious and unkind on her part to reject it. She went home dispirited and cast down, but set to work at once with the practical preparations. Saturday

was the day on which Randolph had said he must go—and it was already Thursday—and there was not a moment to lose. But it was not till the Friday afternoon, the eve of separation, that Miss Musgrave could screw her courage to the point of informing the children what lay before them. The afternoon was half over, and the sun beginning to send long rays aslant from the west. She came in from the village where she had gone in mere restlessness, feeling that this communication could be delayed no longer; but she disliked it so much herself that the thought of Nello's consternation and the tears of Liliás was almost more than Mary could bear.

But when she came in sight of the old hall door, a group encountered her which bewildered Mary. A young man on horseback had drawn up at the side of the ascent, and with his hat off, and the sun shining upon his curling hair and smiling countenance, was looking up and talking to little Liliás, who leaned over the low wall, like a lady of romance looking over her battlements. The sun gleamed full upon Liliás, too, lighting up her dark eyes and warmly-tinted cheek, and the hair which hung about her shoulders, and making a pretty picture. Her face was full of earnest meaning, grave and eager and tremulous. Nello, at the hall door, above this strange pair, contemplating them with a mixture of jealousy and wonder. Mary had come upon them so suddenly that she could hear the young man answering something to the eager demands of the little girl. "But you are sure, quite sure? Oh, are you certain, Mr. Geoff?"

"Quite sure," he was saying. "But you must think of me all the time, Lily; you must think of nothing but me—promise me that, and I shall not be afraid."

"I promise!" cried Liliás, clasping her hands. Mary stood and listened altogether confounded, and Nello, from above, bewildered and only half satisfied, looked on. Who was the young man? It seemed to Miss Musgrave that she had seen him before. And what was it that had changed Liliás into this little princess, this small heroine? The heroic, however, gave way before Mary could interfere, and the child murmured something softer, something less unlike the

little girl with all whose ways Mary was familiar.

"But I always think of you," she said; "always! since *that* day."

"Do you, indeed, my little Lily? That makes me happy. You must always keep up so good a custom."

And the young man smiled, with eyes full of tenderness, and took the child's hand and held it in his own. Liliass was too young for any comment or false interpretation, but what did it mean? The spectator behind, besides, was too much astonished to move.

"Good-bye, my Lily; good-bye, Nello," cried the young man, nodding his head to the children. And then he put on his hat, and rode round the corner towards the door.

Liliass stood looking after him, like a little saint in an ecstasy. She clasped her hands again, and looked up to the sky, her lips moving, and tears glittering in her eyes.

"Oh, Nello, don't you think God will help him?" she said, one tear overbrimming suddenly, and rolling down her cheek. She started when Mary, with tones a little sharpened by consternation, called her. Liliass had no sense of shame in her innocent mind, but as there is no telling in what light those curious beings called grown-up people may regard a child's actions, a little thrill of alarm went through her. What might Mary say? What would she think when she knew that Mr. Geoff "had come to set everything right about papa"? Liliass felt instinctively that Geoff's mission would not appear in exactly the same light to Mary as it did to herself. She turned round with a sudden flush of surprise and agitation on her face. It looked like the blush of a maturer sentiment to Mary.

"At twelve years old!" she said to herself. And unconsciously there glanced through her mind a recollection of the first Lily—the child's mother—she who had been the beginning of all the trouble. Was it in the blood?

"Who is that gentleman?" Mary asked, with much disturbance of mind. "Liliass! I could not have expected this of you."

Liliass came in, very still and pale, feeling herself a culprit, though she did not know why. Her hands dropped straight

by her side, after the manner of a creature accused; and she looked up to Mary, with tears full of vague alarm, into which the tears were ready to come at a moment's notice.

"I have not done anything wrong?" she said, turning her assertion into a faltering question. "It was Mr. Geoff."

"Mr. Geoff?—who is Mr. Geoff?"

"He is—very kind—oh, very kind, Mary; he is—some one who knows about papa: he is—the gentleman who once came with two beautiful horses in a carriage (oh, don't you remember, Nello?) to see *you*."

"Yes," said Nello, with ready testimony; "he said I should ride upon them. They were two bay horses, in one of those high-up funny carriages, not like Mary's carriage. I wonder if I might ride upon his horse now?"

"To see *me*?" Mary was entirely bewildered. "And what do you mean about your father?" she said. "Knows about papa! Liliass! come here, I am not angry. What does he know about papa?"

Liliass came up slowly to her side, half unwilling to communicate her own knowledge on this point. For Mary had not told her the secret, she remembered suddenly. But the confusion of Liliass was interrupted by something more startling and agitating. Eastwood came into the hall, with a certain importance and solemnity. "If you please, ma'am," he said, "my Lord Stanton has just come in, and I've shown him into the library—to my master. I thought you would like to know."

"Lord Stanton—to my father, Eastwood! my father ought not to be troubled with strangers. Lord Stanton!—to be sure it was that boy. Quick, say that I shall be glad to see him up stairs."

"If you please, ma'am, his lordship asked for my master; and my master—he said, 'Yes, certainly.' He was quite smiling like, and cheerful. He said, 'Yes; certainly, Eastwood.' So, what was I to do? I showed his lordship in—and there they are now—as friendly—as friendly, if I may venture to make a comparison: His lordship," said Eastwood, prudently pausing before he committed himself to metaphor, "is, if I may make bold to say so, one of the nicest young gentlemen!"

Mary had risen hastily to interrupt this dangerous interview, which alarmed her. She stood, paying no attention to Eastwood while the man was talking, feeling herself crowded and pressed on all hands by a multitude of thoughts. The hum of them was in her ears, like the sound of a throng of people. Should she go to the library, whatever her father might think of the interruption? Should she stop this meeting at all hazards? or should she let it go on, and that come which would? All was confusion around her, her heart beating loudly in her ears, and a hundred suggestions sounding through that stormy throbbing. But when Eastwood's commonplace voice, to which she had been paying no heed, stopped, Mary's thoughts came to a stop also. She grew faint, and the light seemed to vanish from her eyes.

The Squire had been sitting alone all day. He had seemed to all the servants (the most accurate of observers in such a case) more feeble than usual. His daughter, agitated and full of trouble about other things, had not remarked any change. But Eastwood had shaken his head down stairs, and had said that he did not like the looks of master. He had never been so gentle before. Whatever you said to him he smiled, which was not at all the Squire's way. And though he had a book before him, Eastwood had remarked that he did not read. He would cast his eyes upon his book when any one went in, but it was always the same page. Eastwood had made a great many pretences of business, in order to see how his master was, pretences which the Squire in his usual health would have put a stop to summarily, but which to-day he either did not observe at all, or received smilingly. In this way Eastwood had remarked a great many things which filled him with dismay; for he liked his old master, and the place suited him to perfection. He noticed the helpless sort of way in which Mr. Musgrave sat; his knees feebly leaning against each other, his fingers falling in a heap upon the arm of his chair, his eyelids half covering his eyes. It was half the instinct of obedience, and half a benevolent desire to rouse his master, which made Eastwood introduce the visitor into the library without con-

sulting Miss Musgrave. Judging by his own feelings, the man felt that nothing was so likely to stimulate and rouse up the Squire as a visit from a lord. There were not too many of them about; visitors of any kind, indeed, were not over plentiful at Penninghame; and a nice, cheerful, affable young lordship was a thing to do anybody good.

And Geoff went in, full of the mission he had taken in hand. It was a bold thing to do, after all he had heard of the inexorable old Squire who had shut his heart to his son, and would hear nothing of him, as everybody said. But it seemed to Geoff, in the rash generosity of his youth, that if he, who was the representative of the injured family, were to interfere, the other must be convinced—must yield, at least, to reason, and consent to consider the subject. But he did not expect a very warm reception, and went in with a beating heart.

Mr. Musgrave had risen up to receive him; he had not failed in any of his faculties. He could still hear as well as he did twenty years before, and Lord Stanton's name was unusual enough to call his attention for the moment. He had raised himself from his chair, and stood leaning forward, supporting himself with both hands upon the writing-table before him. This had been a favorite attitude, when he had no occasion for support; but now the feeble hands leaned heavily with all the weight of his frame upon them. He said the name that had been announced to him with a wavering of suspicion in his tone, "Lord Stanton!" then pointed with a tremulous sweep of his hand to a seat, and himself dropped back into his chair. He was not the stern old chief whom Geoff expected to find, in arms against every suggestion of mercy, but a feeble old man, smiling faintly, with a kind of veiled intelligence in his eyes. He murmured something about "an unusual pleasure," which Geoff could not make out.

"I have come to you, sir, about important business. I hope you will not think I am taking too much upon myself. I thought as I was—the chief person on one side, and you on the other, that you might allow me to speak?"

Geoff was as nervous as a child; his color went and came. It awed him, he

could scarcely tell why, to see the feebleness of the old figure, the dreary abstracted look in the old face.

"Surely—surely," said the old man. "Why should you not speak to me? Ours is perhaps a more distinguished race; but yours Mr.— I mean, my Lord Stanton, yours is—"

He half forgot what he was saying, getting slower and slower, and now stopped all at once. Then, after a moment, rousing himself, resumed, with a wave of his hand, "Surely—you must say—what you have to say."

This was worse for Geoff than if he had forbidden him altogether. What could he do to rouse interest in the old man's breast?

"I want to speak, sir," he said, faltering, "of your son."

"My son—ah! yes, Randolph is here. He is too old for me—too old—not like a son. What does it matter who is your father when it comes to that age?"

"It was not Randolph, sir. I did not know him; but it is your other son—your eldest son, I mean—John."

"Eh?" The old man roused up a little. "John—that was my little brother; we called him Johnny—a delightful boy. There is just such another in the house now, I believe. I think he is in the house."

"Oh, sir!" said Geoff, "I want to speak to you—to plead with you for some one who is not in the house—for your son John—John who has been so long away. You know—don't you know whom I mean?—your eldest son, Mr. Musgrave — *John*, who left us, and left everything so many years ago."

A wavering light came over the old man's face. He opened his eyes wide and gazed at Geoff, who, for his part, was too much troubled and alarmed to know what to do.

"Eh!" he said again, with a curious blank stare "my—what? Son? but not Randolph. No more about sons, they are a trouble and a sorrow. To tell the truth I am drowsy rather. I suppose—I have not been very well. Have you seen the little boy?"

"The little boy?—your grandson, sir?"

"Eh! you call him that! He is just such another as little Johnny, my little brother, who was eighteen months

younger than I. You were saying something else, my—my—friend! But to tell the truth, this is all I am good for now. The elders would like to push us from the scene; but the little ones," said the Squire, with a curious sudden break of laughter, which sounded full of tears, "the little ones—are fond of old people; that is all I am good for now—a-days—to play with the little boy——"

"Oh, sir!" said Geoff in his eagerness, "it is something very different that is expected of you. To save the little boy's father—your son—to bring him back with honor. It is honor not shame that he deserves. I who am a stranger, who am the brother of the man who was killed, I have come to entreat you to do John Musgrave justice. You know how he has been treated. You know, to our disgrace, not his, that there is still a sentence against him. It is John Musgrave—John Musgrave we ought to think of. Listen to me—oh, listen to me! your son——"

The old man rose to his feet, and stood wavering, gazing with troubled wide-open eyes, full of the dismal perplexity of an intelligence which feels itself giving way. "John Musgrave!" he said, with pale lips which trembled and dropped apart; and a thrill and trembling came over his whole frame. Geoff sprang up and came towards him in alarm to support him, but the Squire waved him away with both his tremulous hands, and gave a bewildered look round him as if for some other prop. Suddenly he caught sight of the little carved oak cupboard against the wall. "Ah!" he said, with an exclamation of relief. This was what he wanted. He turned and made a feeble step towards it, opened it, and took from it the cordial which he used in great emergencies, and to which he turned vaguely in this utter overthrow of all his forces now. But then ensued a piteous spectacle; all his strength was not sufficient to pour it out. He made one or two despairing efforts, then put the bottle and glass down upon the table with a low cry, and sank back into his chair. He looked at Geoff with the very anguish of feebleness in his eyes. "Ah!" he faltered, "it is true—they are right. I am old—old—and good for nothing. Let them push me away, and take my place." A few sobs,

bitter and terrible, came with the words, and two or three tears dropped down the old man's gray-pale cheeks. The depth of mortal humiliation was in this last cry.

Geoff almost wept too in the profound pity of his generous young soul—it went to his very heart. “Let me help you,” he cried, pouring out the cordial with anxious care. It was all the Squire could do to put it to his lips. He laid one of his trembling hands upon Geoff's shoulder, as he gave back the glass, and whispered to him hoarsely, “Not Randolph,” he said; “don't let Randolph come. Bring me—do you know?—the little boy.”

“Yes, sir, yes,” cried Geoff; “I understand.”

The old Squire still held him with a hand which was heavy as lead upon his arm. “God bless you, my lad,” he said. He did not know who Geoff was; but trusted to him as in utter prostration we trust to any hand held out to us. And a little temporary ease came with the potion. He smiled feebly once more, laid back his head, and closed his eyes. “My little Johnny!” he said; and his hands fell as Eastwood had described them, the fingers crumpled together all in a heap, upon the arms of his chair.

Geoff rushed out of the room with a beating heart, feeling himself all at once thrust into a position of importance in this unknown house. He had never seen death or its approach, and in his inexperience did not know how difficult it was to shuffle off the coils of mortality. He thought the old man was dying. Accordingly, he rushed up the slope to the old hall like a whirlwind, where Mary and the children were. “Come, come,” he cried; “he is ill, very ill!” and snatching Nello's reluctant hand, ran back, dragging the child with him, who resisted with all his might. “Come, your grandfather wants you,” cried Geoff. Mary followed alarmed and wondering, and—scarcely knowing where she went in her agitation—found herself, behind the young man and the boy, at the door of that sacred library which the children had never entered, and where their very existence was ignored. Her father was lying back in his great chair, Eastwood, whom Geoff had hastily summoned, standing behind. The old man's heavy eyes

were watching the door, his old limbs huddled together in the chair, like something inanimate thrown down in a heap, and lying as it fell. At sight of this awful figure, little Nello gave a loud cry of childish terror, and, turning round, would have fled but for Geoff who stood behind him. At the sound of the child's voice, the old man roused himself feebly; he moved his arms, extending them in intention at least, and his lips with inaudible words. “Go to him, go to him!” cried Geoff in an imperative whisper. Little Nello was not without courage, though he was afraid. Finding the way of escape blocked up, he turned round again, stood irresolute for a moment, and then advanced with the strength of desperation. The old man, with a last effort, put out his arms, and drew the child between his knees. “My little Johnny,” he said, with an only half-articulate outbreak of crying and strange laughter. Then his arms fell powerless; his head drooped on his breast. Nello broke out wildly into crying; but stood fascinated between the feeble knees.

Was he dead? Geoff thought so in his simplicity as he led the child away, and left Mary and the servants, whom he had summoned, in this death-chamber. He led Nello back to the hall, and sat down beside the children and talked to them in low tones. His mind was full of awe and solemn feeling; his own youth, and strength, and happiness seeming a kind of insult to the old and dying. He went back after a while very grave and humble to ask how it was, and what he could do. But the Squire was not dead. He was stricken by that silent *avant-courier* of the great king, who kills the mind before the body dies. It was “a stroke,” Eastwood said, in all the awe, yet importance, of so tragic an event. He had seen it coming for weeks before, he said.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN SUSPENSE.

RANDOLPH MUSGRAVE was extremely annoyed at the turn things had taken. On the day of his father's seizure indeed a kind of serene solemnity came over him. He would not have been so indiscreet or indecorous as to admit that he was glad

of the "stroke" which might terminate the Squire's life; such an evil sentiment was far from him. Still if his dear father was indeed in the providence of God to be taken away from this mortal scene, there was a sad satisfaction in having it happen while he was still at the Castle and ready to be of use. As the only male member of the family it was indeed very important that he should be there on such a melancholy occasion. Mary would have enough on her hands with the nursing and the strictly feminine duties, and he was the only one to turn to, the only one who could do anything. He telegraphed to his wife what the sad occasion was that detained him, and went to bed with a comfortable sense that his visit had not been in vain. It was melancholy to think that all might be over before the morning; but yet he could do no good by staying up and wearing himself out. If it should so happen that his own sad prognostications were correct, why then he had occasion for all his strength, for he it would be who must do everything. And no martyr could have contemplated the stake with more elevated resignation and satisfaction than Randolph looked at the labors and troubles he would have to take upon him. He lay down, solemnly going over them in his mind—the details of the funeral, the reading of the will, the taking possession of the estate. He resolved that he would take possession in his brother's name. No one knew where John was; he could not be called at a moment's notice like respectable men. Nor, indeed, would it be kind to think of such a thing as bringing him here to the endangerment of his life. No, he would take possession for his brother. He would put his brother's little son to school. The girl of course would go with Mary, who for her part must, he supposed, have the house on the way to Pennington, which was called the Dower-house, though he did not think an unmarried sister had any real right to a place which was intended for the widow of the previous Squire. But that might pass: Mary had been accustomed to have everything her own way, and she should have the Dower-house by grace at least, if not by right. He fell asleep as he was arranging all these things with a great deal of serious satis-

faction. Of course it was sad: what is there in this vale of tears that is not mixed with sadness? But it was not (he said to himself) as if his father were a young man, or carried off in the midst of his work. He was old, he had lived out the life of man, he had arrived at the time when a man has a right to expect that his day is over, and must know that in the course of nature he ought to give place to his successors. And as things were to take such a serious turn, how well it was that he Randolph should be on the spot to do everything! His satisfaction in this was really the foremost feeling in his mind.

But all was not over in the morning as Randolph had so certainly anticipated. He got up in the same solemnized but resigned and serene condition, and wondered a little to see how late it was. For indeed the turn things had taken, though so serious, had been peace-inspiring, removing anxiety from his mind, and he had slept later than usual in consequence. And it was clear that as yet there had been "no change." Eastwood, who was late too, having stayed up late on the previous night indulging the solemn excitement which was natural to this crisis, came in with profound seriousness and an air as solemn as Randolph's. "Just the same, sir," he said; "the doctor is with him now." Randolph could not help a slight sensation of disappointment. He had made up his mind so distinctly what was to happen, and there are cases in which even good news are out of place. It was with less resignation and more anxiety that he hurried out to hear what the doctor said.

And he was much provoked and annoyed when a week later there was still no progress made, and it became apparent that no such easy solution of all difficulties as he had expected was to be looked for. The Squire was in [much the same state on the next Saturday and the next, and it was apparent that the illness was to be a lingering and tedious one—the kind of thing which wears out everybody round. When people are going to die, what a pity that they should not do it speedily, relieving both themselves and others! But nature, so often acting in a manner contrary to all prognostications, was not to be hurried. To jog her gently on, and relieve the sufferer

authoritatively from his troubles, is not yet permissible in England. On the contrary, medical science acts just the other way with questionable mercy, prolonging lives in which there is nothing but suffering, and stimulating the worn-out machinery of the frame to go on a little longer, to suffer a little more, with all that wheezing and creaking of the rusty wheels which bears witness to the unnaturalness of the process. This was what Randolph felt with much restrained warmth of annoyance. It was unnatural; it was almost impious. Two doctors, a professional nurse, and Mary, who was as good, all laboring by every possible invention to keep mere life in their patient. Was it right to do so? Providence had evidently willed to release the old man, but science was forcing him to remain imprisoned in the flesh. It was very hard upon the Squire, and upon Randolph too, especially as the latter could not venture to express his real sentiments on this matter, but was compelled to be glad of every little sign of tenacity and vitality which the patient gave. If it had been recovery indeed, he said to himself, there might have been some reason for satisfaction; but as it was only holding by life, mere existing and nothing more, what ground was there for thankfulness? It would be better for the sufferer himself, better for everybody, that it should be over soon. After this state of things had lasted for a fortnight, Randolph could not bear it any longer. He sent for Mary from the sick-room, and gave her to understand that he must go.

"Had I expected he would last so long," he said, "I should have gone last week. Of course it does not matter for you who have nothing else to do; but my work and my time are of importance. If anything were likely to happen directly, of course I should think it my duty to stay; but so far as I can see nothing is likely to happen," said Randolph in an aggrieved tone. Mary was too sad to laugh and too languid to be angry, but there came a gleam of mingled resentment and amusement into her eyes.

"It is not for us to wish that anything should happen," she said.

"Wish? Did I talk of wishing? I stated a fact. And in the mean time my parish is being neglected and my work

waiting for me. I cannot hang on here for ever. Of course," Randolph added, "if anything should happen, you have only to telegraph, and I will come."

"I don't see that it is necessary, Randolph. My father may rally, or he may linger for months, the doctors say; and whatever happens—of course you shall hear immediately—but so far as I am concerned, it does not seem necessary to disturb your work and unsettle your parish——"

"That is ridiculous; of course I shall come the moment I am summoned. It is quite essential that there should be some man to manage matters. And the boy is all ready," he added; "you had his outfit prepared before my father's attack came on. Let them pack up for him, and on Friday we shall go."

"The boy! How could I send him away now, when my father might recover his consciousness, and want him?"

"My father want him? This is too much," said Randolph—"my father, from whom you concealed his very existence—who never could bear children at any time. My father? What could he possibly want with the boy? He should have gone a fortnight ago. I wrote to enter his name of course, and the money is running on. I can't afford to pay for nothing, whatever you may do, Mary. Let his things be packed up, and let him go with me."

"I think your brother is right," said the vicar, who was present. "Nello is doing no good with me. We have been so much disturbed with all that has taken place; and Emily has been so poorly—you know how poorly she has been—and one feels with one's own children the time can always be made up somehow. That is the worst of lessons at home," said Mr. Pen, with a sigh.

"But my father sent for him—wanted him; how can I send the child away? Mr. Pen, you know, if Randolph does not, that he is the heir, and his grandfather has a right to have him close at hand."

"It is no use arguing with women," said Randolph, white with rage. "I don't understand this nonsense about my father wanting him. I don't believe a word of it. But I tell you this, Mary, if he is the heir I am his uncle, his next friend; and I say he shan't lose his time here and get ruined among a pack of

women. He must go to school. Supposing even that my father did want him (which is absolute absurdity; why, my father pretends not to know of his existence!) would you put a selfish old man's fancy against the boy's good?"

"Randolph! how do you dare when he is so ill," cried Mary, with trembling lips, "to speak of my father so!"

"It is true enough any how," said the undutiful son. "When he is so ill! Why, that is the reason I can speak freely. One would not hurt his feelings if he could ever know it. But he was always known to be selfish. I did not think there was any doubt about that. The boy must not be ruined for an old man's whim, even if it is true."

"It is dreadful to go against you," said the vicar, looking at her with piteous eyes, beseeching her forgiveness; "but Randolph is in the right. Nello is losing his time; he is doing no good; he ought to go to school."

"You too!" cried Mary. She could not but smile, though the tears were in her eyes. And poor Mr. Pen's dissent from her cost the good man so much. He looked at her, his eyes too filling, with deprecating, beseeching, wistful looks, as a dog does. When he thus took part so distinctly against Mary, conscience, it was clear, must have been strong within Mr. Pen. He had tried hard for her sake to overcome the habit of irregular hours, and desultory occupation which had grown upon him, and to give the children their lessons steadily, at the same hours, day by day. But poor Mr. Pen had not known how hard it would be to accomplish this. The idea of being able to make up the failing lessons at any odd moment which made the children at the vicarage so uncertain in their hours, had soon returned after the first bracing up of duty towards Lillas and Nello had come to an end. And then Mrs. Pen had been ill, and could not bear the noise of the children; and then the squire had been ill, upsetting everybody and everything; and then—the vicar did not know what more to say for himself. He had got out of the way of teaching, out of the habit of exact hours, and Emily had been very poorly, and, on the whole, Randolph was right, and the boy ought to go to school.

Several of these discussions, however,

took place before Mary gave way. No one had told Randolph the particulars of the last scene in the library, before the squire had his "stroke." He sincerely believed (though with an uneasy sense of something in it that sounded like truth) that this story was a fabrication to suit a purpose. But, on the other hand, his own intentions were very distinct. The mere fact that such a story had been invented, showed the meaning on the other side. This boy was to be foisted into the place which, for years, he had supposed himself to occupy. John not being possible, who but Randolph could fill that place? Another heir was ridiculous, was shameful, and a wrong to him. He would not suffer it. What right had John, an outlaw and exile, to have a son, if it came to that? He would not allow the child to stay here to be petted and pampered, and made to believe himself the heir. For, in the end, Randolph had made up his mind that the boy could not and should not be admitted to the advantages of heirship without a very different kind of proof of identity from any they possessed. And it would be ruin to the child to be allowed to fill such a false position now. The mere idea of it filled him with suppressed rage. He did not mean the boy any harm—not any real harm. On the contrary, it would be a real advantage to him in any case to be bred up frugally and industriously; and this he would insist upon in spite of every resistance. He would not leave the child to have him wormed into the old man's affections, made a tool of by Mary in John's interests, and to his own detriment. He was determined to get rid of Nello, whatever it cost him: not to do him harm, but to get him out of the way. This idea began to possess him like a mania, to get rid of the child who was more dangerous, a great deal more dangerous, than John himself. And all the circumstances of the house favored his removal at this moment—when the squire's illness occupied everybody's attention. And then it was a great point to have enlisted on his side the reluctant, and abashed, yet conscientious support of Mr. Pen.

As for the children themselves, a subtle discomfort had stolen into their life. The old gentleman's illness, though it

did not affect them, affected the house. The severe and dangerous illness of an important member of any household has always a confusing influence upon domestic life. It changes the centre of existence, so that everything, which once radiated from the cheerful hearth, becomes absorbed in the sick-chamber, making of it the temporary and fictitious centre of the dwelling. In this changed orbit, all the stars of the household firmament shine, and beyond it everything is left cold, and sunless, and neglected. Children are always the first to feel this atmospheric change, which affects them more than it does the watchers and nurses, whose time and minds are absorbed in the new occupation. It was as if the sun had gone out of the sky to the children at Penninghame. They were left free indeed, to go and come as they liked, nobody attempting to hustle them out of the way, to say, "Run, children, some one is coming." All the world might go and come and it did not matter. Neither did it matter to them now where they went, for every room was equally dreary and empty. Mary, who meant home to them, and to whom they carried all their grievances and pleasures, had disappeared from their view; and Miss Brown, who was their directress in minor matters, had become invisible too, swallowed up by that sick-room, which absorbed everything. It was no pleasure to roam about the drawing-room, generally forbidden ground, and even through and through the passages from the hall to the dining-room, though they had so often longed to do it, when nobody was to be found there, either to laugh with them, or to find fault. Even Eastwood was swept up in the same whirlpool; and as for Mary, their domestic divinity, all that was seen of her was when she passed from one room to another, crossing the corridor, disappearing within the door of the mysterious room, where doctors, and nurses, and every sort of medicine, and drinks, and appliances of all kinds were being taken. How could the old gentleman want so much? Twice over a new kind of bed was taken into that strange gulf of a sick-room, and all so silently—Eastwood standing on the stairs, deprecating with voice and gesture, "No noise, no noise!" That was what everybody said. Mary

would smile at them when she met them, or wave her hand from the end of the corridor, or over the stairs. Sometimes she would pause and stoop down and kiss them, looking very pale and worn out. "No, dear, he is no better," she would say. Except for these encounters, and the accounts which the servants gave them of their grandfather's state, how he was lying, just breathing, knowing nobody, not able to speak, accounts which froze the children's blood in their veins, they had no life at all; only dull meals which they ate under this shadow, and dull hours in which, having nothing to do, they huddled together, weary and lonely, and with nothing before them but to go to bed. Out of doors it was not much better. Mr. Pen had fallen into all the old disorder of his ways, out of which he had made a strenuous effort to wake for their benefit. He never was ready for them when they went with their lessons. "I will hear you to-morrow," he would say, looking at them with painful humility, feeling the grave countenance of Lillas more terrible than that of any judge; and when to-morrow came, there were always a hundred excuses. "Go on to the next page and learn the next lesson. I have had such a press of work—and Mrs. Pennithorne is so poorly," the poor man would say. All this shook the pillars of the earth to Lillas and Nello. They were shaken out of everything they knew, and left to blunder out their life as best they could, without any guide.

And this was hardest upon the one who understood it least. Lillas, whose mind was open to everything, and who sat looking out as from a door, making observations, keenly interested in all that went on, and at the same time with a reserve of imagination to fall back upon, was fully occupied at least if nothing more. Every day she watched for "Mr. Geoff," with news of her father. The suspense was too visionary to crush her with that sickening depression which affects elder minds. All had a softening vagueness and confusion to the child. She hoped and hoped, and cried with imaginative misery, then dried her eyes and hoped again. She thought everything would come right if Mr. Geoff would only bring papa; and Mr. Geoff's ability sooner or later to find

and bring papa she never doubted. It was dreadful to have to wait so long—so long; but still every morning, any morning he might come. This hope in her mind absorbed Liliás, and made her silent, indisposed for play. At other times she would talk eagerly, demanding her brother's interest and response to things he did not understand. Children can go on a long time without understanding, each carrying on his or her monologue, two separate streams, which, flowing tranquilly together, feel like something mutual, and answer all the ends of intercourse; and in this way neither of them was aware how far apart they were. But Nello was dull; he had so little to do. He had no pony, he could not play cricket as Johnny Pen did with the village boys. He was small, even for his age, and he had not been educated in the art of knocking about as English boys are. He was even a little timid of the water, and the boats, in which other boys might have found solace. Half of his time he wandered about, listless, not knowing what to make of himself. This was the condition of mind in which Randolph met him on one of these lingering afternoons. The child had strayed out all by himself; he was standing by the waterside at his old amusement, but not enjoying it this time. "What are you doing?" said his uncle, calling out to him as he approached. Randolph was not a favorite with the children; but it was half an amusement to see any one coming near, and to have to answer a question. He said "Nothing," with a sigh. Not a single skip could he get out of those dull slates. The water would not carry them; they would not go; they went to the bottom with a prosaic splash and thud. How different from that day with the old gentleman, when they flew as if they had been alive! Perhaps this new comer might have luck, and do as well as the old gentleman. "Will you have a try?" he said; "here is a good one, it ought to be a good one; but I can't make them go to-day."

"I—have a try?" Randolph was startled by the suggestion. But he was anxious to conciliate the little fellow whom he wanted so much to get rid of. And it was only for once. He took suspiciously (for he was always suspicious)

the stone Nello held out to him, and looked at it as if it might be poison—or it might be an attempt on his dignity got up by somebody. When he had satisfied himself that it was a common piece of slate he took courage, and, with a smile that sat very awkwardly upon his face, threw it, but with the most complete unsuccess.

"Ah! you are not good, like the old gentleman; his skipped seven times! He was so clever at it! I wish he was not ill," said Nello, checking an incipient yawn. It was, perhaps, the first time any one had uttered such a wish. It had been taken for granted, even by his daughter, that the Squire's illness was the most natural thing in the world.

"Did he really come and play with you? But old men are no better than children," said Randolph. "I suppose he had nothing else to do."

"It is very nice to have somebody to play with when you have nothing else to do," said Nello, reflectively. "And he was clever. You—you don't know even how to throw. You throw like a girl—like this. But this is how the old gentleman did," cried Nello, suiting the action to the word, "and so do I."

"Do you know nothing but these baby-games? I suppose you never played cricket?" said Randolph, with, though he was a man, a pleasurable sense of being thus able to humiliate the little creature beside him. Nello colored to the roots of his hair.

"I do not like cricket. Must every one like the same things? It is too hot; and one cannot play by oneself," the boy added with a sigh.

"You ought not to play by yourself, it is not good for you. Have you no one to play with, little boy?"

"Nobody," said Nello, with emphasis; "not one person. There is 'Lily; but what does it matter about a girl? And sometimes Johnny Pen comes. He is not much good; he likes the green best, and all the village boys. Then they say I am too little; and I don't know them," the boy added, with a gleam of moisture in his eyes. The village boys had not been kind to Nello; they had laughed at him for a little foreigner, and made remarks about his hair, which was cut straight across his forehead. "I don't want to know them." This was said

with vehemence; for Nello was sore at the want of appreciation which had been shown him. They did not care for *him*, but they made a great deal of Johnny Pen!

"You should go to school; that is where all boys should go. A boy should not be brought up like a little girl; he should learn to use his hands, and his fists even. Now what should you do if there was a fight——"

"A fight?" Nello grew pale and then grew red. "If it was—some one else, I would walk away; but if it was me—if any one touched me, I should kill him!" cried the child, setting his little white teeth. Randolph ought professionally to have improved the occasion; but he only laughed—that insulting laugh which is offensive to everybody, and specially exasperates a child. "How could you kill him? That is easier said than done, my boy."

"I would get a gun, or a sword; but first," said Nello, calming down, "I would tell him to go away, because I should not *wish* to kill him. I have seen people fighting with guns and swords—have you?"

Here Randolph, being obliged to own himself inferior, fell back upon what was right, as he ought to have done before.

"Fighting is very wrong," he said. "It is dreadful to think of people cutting each other to pieces, like wild beasts; but it is not so bad if you defend yourself with your fists. Only foreigners fight with swords; it is thoroughly un-English. You should never fight; but you would have to defend yourself if you were at school."

Nello looked at his uncle with an agreeable sense of superiority. "But I have seen *real* fighting," he said; "not like children. I saw them fighting the Austrians—that was not wrong. Papa said so. It was to get back their houses and their country. I was little then, and I was frightened. But they won!" cried the boy, with a gleam in his dark eyes. What a little savage he was! Randolph was startled by the sudden reference to "papa," and this made him more warm and eager in his turn.

"Whoever has trained you to be a partisan has done very wrong," he said. "What do you know about it? But look here, my little man. I am going

away on Friday, and you are to come with me. It will be a great deal better for you than growing up like a little girl here. You are exactly like a little girl now, with your long hair and your name, which is a girl's name. You would be Jack if you were at school. I want to make a man of you. You will never be anything but a little lady if you don't go to school. Come; you have only to put on a frock like your sister. Nelly! Why, that's a girl's name! You should be Jack if you were at school."

"I am not a girl!" cried Nello. His face grew crimson, and he darted his little brown fist—not so feebly as his size promised—in his uncle's face. Randolph took a step backwards in his surprise. "I hate you!" cried the child. "You shall never never come here when I am a man. When the old gentleman is dead, and papa is dead, and everything is mine, I will shut up all the doors, I will turn out the dogs, and you shall never come here. I know now it is true what Lily says—you are the bad uncle that killed the babes in the wood. But when I am a big man and grown up, you shall never come here!"

"So!" said Randolph, furious but politic; "it is all to be yours? I did not know that. The castle, and the woods, and everything? How do you know it will be yours?"

"Oh, everybody knows that," said Nello, recovering his composure as lightly as he had lost it; "Martuccia and every one. But first the old gentleman must be dead, and, I think, papa. I am not so sure about papa. And do you think they would teach me cricket at school, and to fight? I don't really care for cricket, not really. But Johnny Pen and the rest, they think so much of it. I should like to knock down all their wickets, and get all the runs; that would teach them! and lick them after!" said the bloodthirsty Nello, with gleaming eyes.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN APPARITION.

THUS Randolph overcame Nello's opposition to school, to his own extreme surprise. Though he had a child of his own, and all the experiences of a middle-aged clergyman, he had never yet learned

the A, B, C of childhood. But it may be supposed that the conversation generally had not made him love his nephew more dearly. He shook his fist at the boy as he ran along the water-side, suddenly seized by the delight of the novelty and the thought of Johnny Pen's envy. "If I had you, my boy!" Randolph said, between his teeth, thinking grimly of the heirship which the child was so sure of. Pride would have a fall in this as in other cases. The child's pretensions would not count for very much where he was going. To be flogged out of all such nonsense would be far the best thing for him; and a good flogging never did a boy much harm. Randolph, though he was not a bad man, felt a certain gratification in thinking of the change that would occur in Nello's life. There was nothing wrong about the school; it was a very humble place, where farmers' sons were trained roughly but not unkindly. It would make a man of the delicate little half-foreign boy, who knew nothing about cricket. No doubt it would be different from any thing he was used to; but what of that? It was the best thing for him. Randolph was not cruel, but still it gave him a little pleasure to think how the impudent little wretch would be brought to his senses; no harm done to him—no *real* harm—but only such a practical lesson as would sweep all nonsense out of his head. If Nello had been a man of his own age, a rival, he could not have anticipated his humiliation with more zest. He would have liked to be a boy himself to fag the little upstart. There would be probably no fagging at the farmers' school, but there would be—well! He smiled to himself. Nello would not like it; but it would bring the little monkey to his senses, and for that good object there was no objection to be taken to the means.

And as he walked through the Chase, through the trees, seeing in the distance before him the blunt, turret-chimneys, all veiled and dignified with ivy, of the old house, many thoughts were in Randolph's heart. He was a Musgrave, after all, if not a very fine example of the race. His wife was well off. If it had not been for John, who was a criminal, and this boy—what he would have done for the old place! What he might do still if things went—well! Was that, perhaps, the word to use—well? That is, if John could be somehow disposed of, prevented from coming home, and the boy pushed quietly to one side. As for John, he could not come home. It would be death—perhaps, certainly renewed disgrace. He would have to stand his trial, and, if he fled from that trial once, how was he likely to be able to face it now? He would stay abroad, of course—the only safe place for him. If he could but be communicated with, wherever he was, and would send for his son and daughter, some arrangement might be made: a share of the income settled upon him, and the family inheritance left for those who could enjoy it. This would be, in every way, the best thing that could be done; best for John himself; best for the house, which had been always an honorable one, and never connected with disgrace. It is so easy to believe what one wishes that Randolph, after a while, going over the subject in his mind, succeeded in smoothing away all difficulties, except, indeed, the initial one of getting into correspondence, one way or another, with John. If this could be done, surely all the rest was smooth enough! John was not a fool; he must see that he could not come home. He must see how difficult it would be to prove his marriage and his son's birth, and make everything clear (though why this should be so difficult Randolph did not explain even to himself). Then he must see equally well that, to put the property and the old castle into the hands of a man with money, who could really do something to improve them, would be far better for the family than to go on as he (John) must do, having no money, if even he could come lawfully into possession. All this was so evident, no man in his senses could refuse to see it. And as for communicating with John: there was, of course, one way, which seemed the natural way, and which surely must be infallible in that case as in most other cases—the *Times*. However far out of the world John might be, surely he would have opportunities from year to year of seeing the *Times*! No Englishman, even though banished, could live without that. And, sooner or later, if often enough repeated, the advertisement must

reach him, suppose it to be put something in this form :—" J. M., of P.—His brother R. wishes to communicate with him on urgent business connected with the death of their father." This would attract no particular attention from any one, and John could not fail to perceive that he was meant. Thus he had, to his satisfaction, made everything clear.

It was just when he came to this satisfactory settlement of the difficulty, so perfectly easy in theory, though no doubt there might be certain difficulties about carrying it out, that Randolph suddenly saw a little way before him, some one making his way through the trees. The Chase was private, and very few people had the right of coming here ; neither did Randolph see whence this unexpected passenger had come, for there was no tributary path by which he might have made his way down to the footwalk, through the elms and oaks. He was within easy sight, obscured a little by the brushwood, and with his back to the spectator ; but the sight of him gave Randolph a great start and shock, which he could not very well explain. The man was in dark clothes, with a broad felt hat, quite unlike anything worn in this district ; and there was something about his attitude and walk (no doubt a merely fantastic resemblance, or some impression on his mind from his pre-occupation with the idea of John) which recalled his brother to Randolph's mind. He was more startled than words could say. For a moment he could not even think or move, but stood open-mouthed, staring at the figure before him, which went on straight, not turning to the right or to the left.

When Randolph came to himself, he tried to laugh at his own folly—then coughed loudly and meaningly, by way of catching the stranger's attention, and seeing who it was. But his cough attracted no manner of attention from the wayfarer, who went on pushing through the trees, like one who knew every turn and winding. Randolph was at the end of his invention. If he called out " Hi ! " it might turn out to be somebody of importance. If he spoke more politely, and called the stranger to halt, he might be a nobody—if indeed it was not—. A vague impression, half of fear, came upon him. What nonsense it was ! In

broad daylight, in so well-known and familiar a place. Had it been in the dark, in any of the ghostly passages of the old house ! but out here in the sunshine, in the open air !

Randolph took off his hat, to let the air blow freely about him, for he had grown hot and uncomfortable. His hand with the hat in it dropped for a moment between him and the other who was so near him. When he raised it again there was no one there. He rubbed his eyes, looked again, and darted forward to see whether the man was hiding among the trees ; but there was no one there. Randolph took off his hat once more, to wipe his streaming forehead ; his hand trembled so that he could scarcely do it. What did it mean ? When he had convinced himself there was no one to be seen, he turned and hurried away from the place, with his heart beating loudly in his breast. He never looked behind him, but hastened on till he had got to the broad road, where there was not a bush to hide an apparition. Then he permitted himself to draw breath.

It would be doing Randolph injustice to suppose that after he was out of the shadow of the trees, and in safety, with a broad level bit of road before him, on which everything was distinctly visible all round, he could be capable of believing that he had seen a ghost. Nothing of the kind. It must have been one of the people about the place, poking among the bushes, who had disappeared under the branches of the trees, and whom he thought like John, only because he had been thinking of John—or perhaps his thought of John had produced an optical delusion, and imagination had painted some passing shadow as a substantial thing, and endued it with his brother's image. It might have been merely an eccentric tree, on the outline of which fancy had wrought, showing a kind of grotesque resemblance. It might be, and probably was, just nothing at all. And it was supremely ridiculous that his heart should so thump for such an absurd delusion ; but thump it did, and that in the most violent manner. He was out of breath, though he had made no exertion. And he could not dick up his thoughts where he had propped them, when he saw that—figure.

A thrill as of guilt was in his soul; he was afraid to begin again where he had left off. He found himself still rather breathless before the house, looking up at the veiled windows of his father's room. For the first time Randolph thought with a little awe of his father lying there between life and death. He had not thought of him at all in his own person, but rather of the Squire officially, the old life who kept a younger generation out of the estate. It was time the elders were out of the way, and age superseded by middle age. But now for a moment he realised the man lying helpless there, in the very pathway of death—not freed by the Great Deliverer, but imprisoned by Him, all his senses and faculties bound up, a captive tied hand and foot by the grim potency who conquers all men. Randolph was frightened altogether by the mysterious encounter and impressed with awe. If there had been daily service he would have gone to church, but as there was nothing of the sort in Penninghame, he went into the library to read a good book, as the next best thing to do. But he could not stay in the library. The silence of it was awful. He seemed to see his father, seated there in his usual chair, silent, gazing at him with eyes of disapproval that went through and through him. After five minutes he could stand it no longer. He took his good book, and went out to the side of the water, within sight of the road where people were coming and going. It was a comfort to him to see even the doctor's boy with his phials, and the footman who came with his mistress's card to inquire how the Squire was. And he looked out, but looked in vain, with mingled eagerness and fear for the broad hat he had seen so mysteriously appearing and disappearing. Who could it be?—some stranger astray in the Chase—some one of the many tourists who wander everywhere—or— Randolph shuddered, in spite of himself.

It is generally people without imagination, or with the most elementary and rude embryo of that poetic faculty, who see ghosts. This sounds like a paradox, yet there is reason in it. The people who are literal and matter-of-fact in mind, are those to whom wonders and prodigies come naturally; those who

possess the finer eye of fancy do not need those actual revelations. Randolph's was as stolid a mind as ever asked for a sign—and he had not asked for a sign in this case, nor felt that anything of the kind was necessary; but his entire mental balance was upset by what he had seen, or supposed himself to have seen; and he could not free his mind from the impression. As he sat and read, or rather pretended to read, his mind kept busy with the one question—What was it? Was it a real person, a stranger who had got astray, and stumbled into some copse or brushwood, which Randolph had forgotten—a man with a chance resemblance to John, heightened by the pre-occupation and previous reference to John in Randolph's mind? or was it John himself, come to look after his own interests—John—in the body, or out of the body, who could tell?

As for Nello, he ran home by the waterside, his mind possessed by the new thing that was about to be accomplished—school! Boys to play with, novelty of all kinds, and then that cricket, which he pretended to despise, but secretly admired and desired with all his heart—the game which came to Johnny Pen by nature, but which the little foreign boy could not master; all this buzzed through his little head. When he came home from school he would know all about it; he would have played with much better players than Johnny Pen ever saw. The revolution in his thoughts was great and sudden. But as he ran home, eager to tell Lillas about the change in his fortunes, Nello too met with a little adventure. He came suddenly, just as he emerged from the woods upon the waterside where it was open to the road, on a man whom he had seen before at a distance with a dog, which was his admiration. The dog was not with his master now; but he took a something white and furry out of his great pocket, which stopped Nello even in the hot current of his excitement.

"Would you like to have this, my little gentleman?" the man said.

It was a white rabbit, with the biggest ears that Nello had ever seen. How his eyes danced that had been all aglow before!

"But I have no money," he said, dis-

to cry in disappointment as suddenly his delight.

"Not for money, it's a present," the stranger, with a smile, "and I'll see you another soon. They tell me you're going to school, my young gentleman—is that true?"

"I want to have it all for myself, or you come back again for it, and take it?" "Oh yes, I'm going to school," Nello, dropping into indifference. "Will it eat out of my hand? Has it a name? And am I to have it all for myself?" The rabbit already had been at school for the moment in Nello's

hands all for you, and better things than that—and what day are you going, my little lad?"

"Tomorrow; oh give it me! I want to have it to Lily," cried the child. "Thank you very much. Let me run and show it to Lily. We never, never had a rabbit before."

Mr. Randolph stood and looked after Nello with a tender illumination of his dark eyes. "The old woman likes the other, but this one is mine," he said to himself. As for Nello, he flew home with his precious burden out of breath, as if a man had given it to him; but not a word of the donor no more.

Mr. Randolph spent this, his last evening at home, in anything but an agreeable mood. He was altogether unhinged, nervous, and restless, not caring to sit alone.

In respect he was in harmony with the household, which was all upset, tremulous, and full of excitement and expectation. Human nature is always impatient of the slow progress of fate. After the excitement and clasp of a great event, it is painful to relapse into stillness, and feel the ordinary day resuming its power without following out of the convulsion. Dramatic sequence, rapidity, and interest are rare in human affairs. A little crowd of lookers-on outside the quire's room, watched eagerly for change. Two or three women were always hanging about the passages as they said, to run for anything might be wanted, and always in the hall to learn if anything occurred. They had a little lamp burning on the table against the wall, at either end of which stood a chair, on which sometimes Cook sat, sometimes lesser functionaries,

would be found, but always two together, throwing exaggerated shadows on the wall, and talking in whispers of their own fears, and how well they had perceived what was coming. There was not one of them that had not intended, one time or other, to make so bold as to speak to Miss Mary. "But trouble is always soon enough when it comes," they said, shaking their heads. Then Eastwood would come and join them, his shadow wavering over the staircase. When the privileged persons who had the *entrée* went in or came, Miss Brown or the nurse, or even Mary herself, there was a little thrill and universal movement.

"Change! no, there's no change—there never will be but one change," Miss Brown said, standing solemnly by the table, with the light on her grave face; and it was upon this Rembrandtish group that Randolph came, as he wandered about in a similar frame of mind, glad to find himself in company with others, though these others were only the maids of the house.

"Is my father worse?" he asked, pausing, with his arm upon the bannisters. Such a group of eager, pale faces! and the darkness all round in which others still might be lurking unseen.

"No change, sir," said Miss Brown, shaking her head. She was impatient, too, like the rest, but yet felt a sort of superior resignation, as one who was in the front of affairs. And she had something to say besides. She gave a glance at the other women, who responded with secret nods of encouragement, then cleared her throat and delivered her soul—"Mr. Randolph, sir, might I make so bold as to say a word?"

"Say whatever you like," said Randolph. He could not help but give a little glance round him, to make sure that there was no one else about.

"It is just this, sir—when you see him lying there, that white, as if he was gone already, and knows that better he can't be—oh, it brings a many thoughts into the mind. I've stood by dying beds before now, and seen them as were marked for death, but I never saw it more clear. And oh, Mr. Randolph, if there were things that might lie on his mind, and keep him from going quiet, as an old gentleman ought! If there were folks he ought to see afore all's over——!"

"I don't see what you are driving at," Randolph said, hastily. "Speak out if you've anything to say."

"Oh, sir," said Miss Brown, "don't you think—I am not one that likes to interfere, but I am an old servant, and when a body has been long about a place, it's natural to feel an interest. If it wasn't your family at all—if it was another that your advice was asked for—shouldn't you say that Mr. John ought to know?"

This appeal startled Randolph. He had not been looking for it; and he gave an uncomfortable look round him. Then he felt a strange irritation and indignation that were more easy to express. "Am I my brother's keeper?" he said. "I don't know where Mr. John is, that I should go and hunt for him to let him know."

"Oh, sir," said Miss Brown, "don't you be angry! Cook here is like me: she thinks it's only his due. I would say it to Miss Mary, not troubling you that are 'most a stranger, but she's night and day, she never will leave her father; she has a deal upon her. And a gentleman knows ways that womanfolk don't think of. If you would be but that kind, Mr. Randolph! Oh, where there's a will there's always a way!"

"It is none of my business," said Randolph; "and I don't know where he is," he added, looking round him once more. He might be here already in the dark, waiting till the breath was out of his father's body—waiting to seize possession of the house, felon as he was. And if Randolph was the means of betraying him into the hands of justice, what would everybody say? He went abruptly away down the uncarpeted, polished stairs, on which his hasty step rang and slid. John, always John! he seemed to be in the air. Even Eastwood, when he attended him with his bed-candle, could not refrain from adding a word. "The doctor looks very serious, sir," Eastwood said; "and if there's any telegraph to be sent, I'll keep the groom ready to go at a moment's notice. It would be well to send for all friends, the doctor said."

"I don't know any one to send for," said Randolph, peremptorily. "Let the groom go to bed." And he went to bed himself sooner than usual, to get rid of these appeals and of equally imperative

thoughts. He went to bed, but he could not go to sleep, and kept his candle burning half the night. He heard the watchers moving about in his father's room, which was overhead, all the night through. Sometimes there would be a little rush of steps, and then he held his breath, thinking this might be at last the "change" which was looked for. But then everything grew still again, and he dozed, with the one poor candle, feeble but steadfast watcher, burning on till it became a pale intruder into the full glory of day.

Randolph, however, slept deeply in the morning, and got up with the greater part of those cobwebs blown away. John lost his hold upon the imagination in daylight, and he was able to laugh at his foolish alarm. How could it be John whom he had seen? He durst not show himself in the country where still his crime was so well remembered, and the sentence out against him. And as for the appearance being anything more than mortal, or less than human, Randolph laughed at the state of his own nerves which rendered such an idea tenable for a moment. He was a materialist by nature—as so many are; though he said his creed without any intrusive doubts; and the absurdity was too patent after he had slept and been refreshed. But no doubt it was bad for his health, bad for his *morale*, to stay here. There was something in the atmosphere that was demoralizing; the air had a creeping sensation in it as of something more than met the eye. Death was in it; death, creeping on slowly, silently—loitering about with faint odors of mortality and sickening stillness. Randolph felt that he must escape into a more natural and wholesome air before further harm was done.

As for Mary, the occupations of the sick-room, and the sudden problems of the hereafter thus thrust upon her, were enough to fill her mind, and make her even comparatively indifferent to the departure of Nello, though it was against her judgment. It was not the hereafter of the spirit, which thus lay death-bound on the verge of the unseen, which occupied her. We must all die, everybody knows; but who thinks it true in their own case until it comes? Mary had known very well that a man much over

seventy could not live very much longer ; but it was only when her father fell back in his chair unconscious, his body motionless, his mind veiled within blinding mists, that she felt the real weight of all that was to follow. It was for her to act as soon as the breath should be out of his body. She did not trust her younger brother, and she did not know what to do for her elder brother. The crisis had arrived while she was still unprepared. She went down mechanically to see Randolph go away, her eyes seeing many other things more clearly than she saw the two figures actually before her ; the man suspicious as usual, and putting no faith in her—the boy in a subdued excitement, his eyes sparkling with the light of novelty and adventure. Randolph had gone into his father's room that morning, and had walked suspiciously round the bed, making quite sure that the "no change" was true. "I suppose he may last like this for weeks yet," he said, in a querulous undertone—and yet not so low but that everybody heard it—to the doctor. "Oh, hush, for Heaven's sake, Randolph ! How can you tell that he does not hear?" said Mary. "Pshaw ! how can he hear?" Randolph replied, turning with a certain contempt from the helpless and powerless frame which lay there making no sign, yet living when it would be so much better that he should die. The awe of such a presence gives way to familiarity and weariness even with the most reverent watcher ; but Randolph, though he had no desire to be indecorous, could not help feeling a certain irritation at his father, who balked him by this insensibility just as he had balked him while yet he had all his wits about him. It seemed incredible that this half-dead, half-living condition, which brought everything to a standstill, should not be more or less a man's own fault.

Thus he went away, irritated and baffled, but still full of excitement ; the moment which must decide all could not be very far off. He left the strongest charges upon the household, from his sister to Eastwood, to send for him instantly when "any change" occurred. "If it should be to-morrow," he said ; "I shall hold myself always ready." He kept his eyes fixed on the Castle as long as he could see it, feeling that even now

there might be a sign recalling him. And he thought he had made up his mind what to do. He would bring his wife with him and take possession at once. Mary would not be able to look after everything ; or, at least, if she should be, she ought not to be ; no really delicate-minded woman, no *lady* should be able to make any exertion at such a moment. He would come with his household, as a kindness to Mary, and take possession at once.

As for Nello, he took leave very cavalierly of Liliás, who cried, yet would not cry, angry at his desertion and deeply wounded by his indifference, at the door. Poor little Liliás, it was her first disappointment in life. He was not thinking of her, but a great deal of his new portmanteau and the sandwiches put up for him, and the important position as a traveller in which he stood—but neither was Nello unkind. He took pains to console his sister.

"Don't cry," he said, "Lily ; I shall come back in the holidays, and sometimes I will write you letters ; and there is always the white rabbit I gave you, and little Mary Pen for you to play with."

"I don't want to play," said Liliás, with a burst of tears ; "is play everything ? I am too old for that. But oh, Nello, you are going to leave me, and you don't care. You do not care for Mary, or Martuccia, or any one. Me I should not mind—but you do not love *any one*. You care for nobody but yourself."

"Oh yes, I do," said Nello, "everybody," and he cracked the coachman's whip which was placed in readiness ; "but boys have to go out and see the world, Eastwood says so. If I don't like being at school I shall come back and stay at home, and then you will have me again, but I hope not, and I don't think so, for school is jolly, very jolly, so Uncle Randolph says."

"You can go with Uncle Randolph," cried Liliás in a blaze of sharp anger ; "and I hope you will not come back. I hope you will always stay away, you cruel, cruel boy !"

This bewildered Nello for a moment, as did the hurried wiping of Liliás' eyes and the tremulous quiver of her lip with which it was accompanied ; but there was no time for more. He laughed and

waved his hand to her as he was hurried into the carriage. He had scarcely ever looked so gay before. He took off his hat and waved it as he went out of sight. Hurrah! they heard his shrill little voice shouting. Liliass sat down on the ground and cried her heart out. It was not only that he was unkind—but Nello thus showed himself wanting to all the needs of the

situation. No little hero of a story had ever gone away without a tribute to the misery of parting. This thought contracted her heart with a visionary pang more exquisite than the real. Nello was no hero, nothing but a little cruel, common, vulgar boy, not fit to put into any story, to go away so.

(To be continued.)

TO HERMIONE.

WHAT shall I liken unto thee?
A lily bright,
Whose virgin purity and grace
Fulfil the soul, as doth thy face,
With all delight.

What shall I liken unto thee?
A blushing rose,
Which, redolent of fragrance rare,
Half opened to the summer air,
All sweetness grows.

What shall I liken unto thee?
Some glorious star,
Which, hung aloft at eventide,
Sheds its mild radiance every side,
Both near and far.

No! such comparison is vain.
For these all three,
Lily, and star, and rose so fair,
In radiance, grace, and sweetness rare
Must yield to thee.

Macmillan's Magazine.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

THE archbishop's letters show conclusively that the Constitutions were not the real causes of the dispute with the king. The king was willing to leave the Constitutions to be modified by the pope. The archbishop's contest, lying concealed in his favorite phrases, 'saving my order,' 'saving the honor of God,' was for the supremacy of the Church over the Crown; for the degradation of the civil power [into the position of delegate of the pope and bishops. All authority was derived from God. The clergy were the direct ministers of God. Therefore all

authority was derived from God through them. However well the assumption might appear in theory, it would not work in practice, and John of Salisbury was right in concluding that the pope would never sanction an assumption which, broadly stated and really acted on, would shake the fabric of the Church throughout Europe. Alexander was dreaming of peace when the news reached him of the excommunications at Vezelay. The news that Chief Justice de Luci had hanged 500 felonious clerks in England would have caused him less

annoyance. Henry's envoys brought with them the bishops' appeal, and renewed the demand for cardinal legates to be sent to end the quarrel. This time the pope decided that the legates should go, carrying with them powers to take off Becket's censures. He prohibited Becket himself from pursuing his threats further till the cardinals' arrival. To Henry he sent a private letter—which, however, he permitted him to show if circumstances made it necessary—declaring beforehand that any sentences which the archbishop might issue against himself or his subjects should be void.*

The humiliation was terrible; Becket's victims were free, and even rewarded. John of Oxford came back from Rome with the Deanery of Salisbury. Worst of all, the cardinals were coming, and those the most dreaded of the whole body, Cardinal Otho and Cardinal William of Pavia. One of them, said John of Salisbury, was light and uncertain, the other crafty and false, and both made up of avarice. These were the ministers of the Holy See, for whose pretensions Becket was fighting. This was his estimate of them when they were to try his own cause. His letters at this moment were filled with despair. 'Ridicule has fallen on me,' he said, 'and shame on the pope. I am to be obeyed no longer. I am betrayed and given to destruction. My deposition is a settled thing. Of this, at least, let the pope assure himself: never will I accept the Cardinal of Pavia for my judge. When they are rid of me, I hear he is to be my successor at Canterbury.'†

Becket, however, was not the man to leave the field while life was in him. There was still hope, for war had broken out at last, and Henry and Lewis were killing and burning in each other's territories. If not the instigator, Becket was the occasion, and Lewis, for his own interests, would still be forced to stand by him. He was intensely superstitious. His cause, he was convinced, was God's cause. Hitherto God had allowed him to fail on account of his own deficiencies, and the deficiencies required to be amended. Like certain persons who cut themselves with knives and lancets, he

determined now to mortify his flesh in earnest. When settled in his new life at Sens, he rose at daybreak, prayed in his oratory, said mass, and prayed and wept again. Five times each day and night his chaplain flogged him. His food was bread and water, his bed the floor. A hair shirt was not enough without hair drawers which reached his knees, and both were worn till they swarmed with vermin.* The cardinals approached, and the prospect grew hourly blacker. The pope rebuked Lewis for the war. The opportunity of the cardinals' presence was to be used for restoration of peace. Poor as Becket was, he could not approach these holy beings on their accessible side. 'The Cardinal of Pavia,' said John of Salisbury, 'thinks only of the king's money, and has no fear of God in him. Cardinal Otho is better: *Romanus tamen et cardinalis* (but he is a Roman and a cardinal). If we submit our cause to them, we lose it to a certainty. If we refuse we offend the King of France.' The Cardinal of Pavia wrote to announce to Becket his arrival in France and the purpose of his mission. Becket replied with a violent letter, of which he sent a copy to John of Salisbury, but despatched it before his friend could stop him. John of Salisbury thought that the archbishop had lost his senses. 'Compare the cardinal's letter and your answer to it,' he said. 'What had the cardinal done that you should tell him he was giving you poison? You have no right to insult a cardinal and the pope's legate on his first communication with you. Were he to send your letter to Rome, you might be charged with contumacy. He tells you he is come to close the dispute to the honor of God and the Church. What poison is there in this? He is not to blame be-

* Myths gathered about the state of these garments. One day, we are told, he was dining with the Queen of France. She observed that his sleeves were fastened unusually tightly at the wrist, and that something moved inside them. He tried to evade her curiosity, for the moving things were maggots. But she pressed her questions till he was obliged to loosen the strings. Pearls of choicest size and color rolled upon the table. The queen wished to keep one, but it could not be. The pearls were restored to the sleeve, and became maggots as before. *Materials*, vol. ii. p. 296.

* The Pope to Henry, December 20, 1166.

† Becket's Letters, Giles, vol. ii. p. 60.

cause he cautions you not to provoke the king further. Your best friends have often given you the same advice.'

With great difficulty Becket was brought to consent to see the cardinals. They came to him at Sens, but stayed for a short time only, and went on to the king in Normandy. The archbishop gathered no comfort from his speech with them. He took to his bell and candles again, and cursed the Bishop of London. He still intended to curse the king and declare an interdict. He wrote to a friend, Cardinal Hyacinth, at Rome, to say that he would never submit to the arbitration of the cardinal legates, and bidding him urge the pope to confirm the sentences which he was about to pronounce.* He implored the pope himself to recall the cardinals and unsheath the sword of Peter. To his entire confusion, he learned that the king held a letter from the pope declaring that his curses would be so much wasted breath. The pope tried to soothe him. Soft words cost Alexander nothing, and, while protecting Henry from spiritual thunders, he assured the archbishop himself that his power should not be taken from him. Nor, indeed, had the violence of Becket's agitation any real occasion. Alexander wished to frighten him into submission, but had no intention of compromising himself by an authoritative decision. Many months passed away, and Becket still refused to plead before the cardinals. At length they let out that their powers extended no further than advice, and Becket, thus satisfied, consented to an official conference. The meeting was held near Gisors, on the frontiers of France and Normandy, on the 18th of November, 1167. The archbishop came attended by his exiled English friends. With the cardinals were a large body of Norman bishops and abbots. The cardinals, earnest for peace if they could bring their refractory patient to consent to it, laid before him the general unfitness of the quarrel. They accused him of ingratitude, of want of loyalty to his sovereign, and, among other things, of having instigated the war.†

* Giles, vol. ii. p. 86.

† 'Imponens ei inter cætera quod excitaverat guerram regis Francorum.'—*Materials*, vol. i. p. 66.

The last charge the archbishop sharply denied, and Lewis afterwards acquitted him also. For the rest he said that the king had begun by attacking the Church. He was willing to consent to any reasonable terms of arrangement, with security for God's honor, proper respect for himself, and the restoration of his estates. They asked if he would recognise the Constitutions; he said that no such engagement had been required of his predecessors, and ought not to be required of him. 'The book of abominations,' as he called the Constitutions, was produced and read, and he challenged the cardinals to affirm that Christian men should obey such laws.

Henry was prepared to accept the smallest concession; nothing need be said about the Constitutions if Becket would go back to Canterbury, resume his duties, and give a general promise to be quiet. The archbishop answered that there was a proverb in England that silence gave consent. The question had been raised, and could not now be passed over. The cardinals asked if he would accept their judgment on the whole cause. He said that he would go into court before them or any one whom the pope might appoint, as soon as his property was restored to him. In his present poverty he could not encounter the expense of a lawsuit.

Curious satire on Becket's whole contention, none the less so that he was himself unconscious of the absurdity! He withdrew from the conference, believing that he had gained a victory, and he again began to meditate drawing his spiritual sword. Messengers on all sides again flew off to Rome, from the king and English bishops, from the cardinals, from Becket himself. The king and bishops placed themselves under the pope's protection should the archbishop begin his curses. The Constitutions were once more placed at the pope's discretion to modify at his pleasure. The cardinals wrote charging Becket with being the sole cause of the continuance of the quarrel, and in spite of his denials persisting in accusing him of having caused the war. Becket prayed again for the cardinals' recall, and for the pope's sanction of more vigorous action.

He had not yet done with the cardinals; they knew him, and they knew his

restless humor. Pending fresh resolutions from Rome, they suspended him, and left him incapable either of excommunicating or exercising any other function of spiritual authority whatsoever. Once more he was plunged into despair.

Through those legates he cried in his anguish to the pope: 'We are made a derision to those about us. My lord, have pity on me. You are my refuge. I can scarcely breathe for anguish. My harp is turned to mourning, and my joy to sadness. The last error is worse than the first.'

The pope seemed deaf to his lamentations. The suspension was not removed. Plans were formed for his translation from Canterbury to some other preferment. He said he would rather be killed. The pope wrote so graciously to Henry that the king said he for the first time felt that he was sovereign in his own realm. John of Salisbury's mournful conviction was that the game was at last played out. 'We know those Romans,' he sighed; '*qui munere potentior est, potentior est jure*. The antipope could not have done more for the king than they have done. It will be written in the annals of the Holy See that the herald of truth, the champion of liberty, the preacher of the law of the Lord, has been deprived and treated as a criminal at the threats of an English prince.'

It is hard to say what influence again turned the scale. Perhaps Alexander was encouraged by the failures of Barbarossa in Italy. Perhaps Henry had been too triumphant, and had irritated the pope and cardinals by producing their letters, and speaking too frankly of the influences by which the holy men had been bound to his side.* In accepting Henry's money they had not bargained for exposure. They were ashamed and sore, and Becket grew again into favor. The pope at the end of 1168 gave him back his powers, permitting him to excommunicate even Henry himself unless he repented before the ensuing Easter. The legates were recalled as Becket desired. Cardinal Otho recommended the king to make his peace on the best terms which he could get. John of Salisbury, less confi-

dent, but with amused contempt of the chameleonlike Alexander, advised Henry, through the Bishop of Poitiers, to treat with the archbishop immediately, *nec mediante Romano episcopo, nec rege Francie nec operâ cardinalium*, without help either of pope, of French king or cardinals. Since Becket could not be frightened, Alexander was perhaps trying what could be done with Henry; but he was eager as any one for an end of some kind to a business which was now adding disgrace and scandal to its other mischiefs. Peace was arranged at last between Lewis and Henry. The English king gave up a point for which he had long contended, and consented to do homage for Normandy and Anjou. The day after Epiphany, January 7, 1169, the two princes met at Montmirail, between Chartres and Le Mans, attended by their peers and prelates.

In the general pacification the central disturber was, if possible, to be included. The pope had sent commissioners, as we should call them—Simon, prior of Montdieu, Engelbert, prior of Val St. Pierre, and Bernard de Corilo—to advise and, if possible, guide Becket into wiser courses. The political ceremonies were accomplished, Lewis and Henry were reconciled amidst general satisfaction and enthusiasm. Becket was then introduced, led in by the Archbishop of Sens, the son of the aged Theobald, Count of Blois. Henry and he had not met since the Northampton council. He threw himself in apparent humility at the king's feet. 'My lord,' he said, 'I ask you to forgive me. I place myself in God's hands and in yours.' At a preliminary meeting the pope's envoys and the French clergy had urged him to submit without conditions. He had insisted on his usual reservation, but they had objected to saving clauses. He seemed now inclined really to yield, so Herbert de Bosham says, and Herbert whispered to him to stand firm.

'My lord king,' said Henry, after Becket had made his general submission, 'and you my lords and prelates, what I require of the archbishop is no more than that he will observe the laws which have been observed by his predecessors. I ask him now to give me that promise.' Becket no longer answered with a reservation of his order: he changed the

* John of Salisbury, Letters, vol. ii. p. 144, ed. Giles.

phrase. He promised obedience, saving the honor of God.

'You wish,' replied Henry, powerfully disappointed and displeased, 'to be king in my place. This man,' he continued, turning to Lewis, 'deserted his Church of his own will, and he tells you and all men that his cause is the cause of the Church. He has governed his Church with as much freedom as those who have gone before him, but now he stands on God's honor to oppose me wherever he pleases, as if I cared for God's honor less than he. I make this proposal. Many kings have ruled in England before me, some less, some greater than I am; many holy men have been Archbishops of Canterbury before him. Let him behave to me as the most sainted of his predecessors behaved to the least worthy of mine, and I am content.'

The king's demand seemed just and moderate to all present. The archbishop hesitated. Lewis asked him if he aspired to be greater than acknowledged saints. His predecessors, he said, had extirpated some abuses, but not all. There was work which remained to be done. He was stopped by a general outcry that the king had yielded enough; the saving clause must be dropped. At once, at the tone of command, Becket's spirit rose. Priests and bishops, he answered defiantly, were not to submit to men of this world save with reservations: he for one would not do it.

The meeting broke up in confusion. A French noble said that the archbishop was abusing their hospitality, and did not deserve any longer protection. Henry mounted his horse and rode sadly away. The pope's agents followed him, wringing their hands and begging for some slight additional concession. The king told them that they must address themselves to the archbishop. Let the archbishop bind himself to obey the laws. If the laws were amiss, they should be modified by the pope's wishes. In no country in the world, he said, had the clergy so much liberty as in England, and in no country were there greater villains among them. For the sake of peace he did not insist on terms precisely defined. The archbishop was required to do nothing beyond what had been done by Anslem.

Becket, however, was again immova-

ble as stone. Lewis, after a brief coldness, took him back into favor. His power of cursing had been restored, to him. The doubt was only whether the pope had recalled the safeguards which he had given to the king. The pope's agents, on the failure of the conference, gave Henry a second letter, in which Alexander told him that, unless peace was made, he could not restrain the archbishop longer. Again representatives of the various parties hurried off to Rome, Becket insisting that if the pope would only be firm the king would yield, Henry embarrassing the pope more completely than threats of schism could have done by placing the Constitutions unreservedly in his hands, and binding himself to adopt any change which the pope might suggest. Becket, feverish and impatient, would not wait for the pope's decision, and preferred to force his hand by action. He summoned the Bishops of London and Salisbury to appear before him. They appealed to Rome, but their appeal was disregarded. Appeals, as Becket characteristically said, were not allowed in order to shield the guilty, but to protect the innocent. On Palm Sunday, at Clairvaux, he took once more to his bell and candles. He excommunicated the two bishops and every one who had been concerned with his property—the Earl of Norfolk, Sir Ranulf de Broc, whom he peculiarly hated, Robert de Broc, and various other persons. The chief justice he threatened. The king he still left unmentioned, for fear of provoking the pope too far.

Harassed on both sides, knowing perfectly well on which side good sense and justice lay, yet not daring to declare Becket wrong, and accept what, after all that had passed, would be construed into a defeat of the Church, the unfortunate Alexander drifted on as he best could, writing letters in one sense one day, and contradicting them the next. On the surface he seemed hopelessly false. The falsehood was no more than weakness, a specious anxiety to please the king without offending the archbishop, and trusting to time and weariness to bring about an end. There is no occasion to follow the details of his duplicities. Two legates were again sent—not cardinals this time, but ecclesiastical lawyers, Gratian and Vivian—bound by oath this time to

cause no scandal by accepting bribes. As usual, the choice was impartial; Gratian was for Becket, Vivian for the king. So long as his excommunications were allowed to stand, Becket cared little who might come. He added the chief justice to the list of the accursed, as he had threatened to do. He wrote to the Bishop of Ostia that the king's disposition could only be amended by punishment. The serpent head of the iniquity must now be bruised, and he bade the bishop impress the necessity of it upon the pope. Gratian was taken into Becket's confidence. Vivian he treated coldly and contemptuously. According to Herbert and Becket's friends, Gratian reported that the king was shifty and false, and that his object was to betray the Church and the archbishop. Henry himself declared that he assented to all that they proposed to him, and Diceto says that the legates were on the point of giving judgment in Henry's favor when the Archbishop of Sens interposed and forbade them. In the confusion of statement the actions of either party alone can be usefully attended to, and behind the acts of all, or at least of the pope, there was the usual ambiguity. Alexander threatened the king. He again empowered Becket to use whatever power he possessed to bring him to submission, and he promised to confirm his sentences. As certainly he had secret conferences at Rome with Henry's envoys, and promised, on the other hand, that the archbishop should not be allowed to hurt him. Becket, furious and uncontrollable, called the Bishop of London a paricide, an infidel, a Goliath, a son of Belial; he charged the Bishop of Hereford to see that the sentence against Foliot and his brother of Salisbury should be observed in England. Henry, on the other hand, assured Foliot of protection, and sent him to Rome with letters from himself to pursue his appeal and receive absolution from the pope himself. The Count of Flanders interposed, the Count of Mayence interposed, but without effect. At length on the 18th of November, [the anniversary of the conference with the cardinals at Gisors, Henry and Lewis met again at Montmartre outside Paris, Becket and his friends being in attendance in an adjoining chapel. Gra-

tian had returned to Rome. Vivian was present, and pressed Lewis to bring the archbishop to reason. Lewis really exerted himself, and not entirely unsuccessfully. Henry was even more moderate than before. The Constitutions, by the confession of Becket's biographer, Herbert, who was with him on the spot, were practically abandoned. Henry's only condition was that the archbishop should not usurp the functions of the civil power; he, on his part, undertaking not to strain the prerogative. Becket dropped his saving clause, and consented to make the promise required of him, if the king would restore his estates, and give him compensation for the arrear rents, which he estimated at 20,000*l.* Lewis said that money ought not to be an obstacle to peace. It was unworthy of the archbishop to raise so poor a difficulty. But here, too, Henry gave way. An impartial estimate should be made, and Becket was to be repaid.

But now, no more than before, had the archbishop any real intention of submitting. His only fear was of offending Lewis. The Archbishop of Sens had gone to Rome to persuade the pope to give him legatine powers over Henry's French dominions. The censures of the Church might be resisted in England. If Normandy, Anjou, and Aquitaine were laid under interdict, these two spiritual conspirators had concluded that the king would be forced to surrender. Becket was daily expecting a favorable answer, and meanwhile was protracting the time. He demanded guarantees. He did not suspect the king, he said, but he suspected his courtiers. John of Salisbury had cautioned him, and the pope had cautioned him, against so indecent a requisition. Lewis said it was unreasonable. Becket said then that he must have the kiss of peace as a sign that the king was really reconciled to him. He probably knew that the kiss would and must be withheld from him until he had given proofs that he meant in earnest to carry out his engagements. The king said coldly that he did not mean, and had never meant, to injure the Church. He was willing to leave the whole question between himself and the archbishop either to the peers and prelates of France or to the French universities. More he

could not do. The conference at Montmartre ended, as Becket meant that it should end, in nothing.

He sent off despatches to the Archbishop of Sens and to his Roman agents, entirely well satisfied with himself, and bidding them tell the pope that Normandy had only to be laid under interdict and that the field was won. Once more he had painfully to discover that he had been building on a quicksand. Instead of the interdict, the pope sent orders to the Archbishop of Rouen and the Bishop of Nevers to absolve a second time the victims whom he had excommunicated at Clairvaux. Instead of encouragement to go on and smite the king with the spiritual sword, he received a distinct command to abstain for another interval. Last of all, and worst of all, the pope informed him that at the king's request, for certain important purposes, he had granted a commission, as legate over all England, to his rival and enemy the Archbishop of York. The king's envoys had promised that the commission should not be handed to the Archbishop of York till the pope had been again consulted. But the deed was done. The letter had been signed and delivered. The hair shirt and the five daily floggings had been in vain then! Heaven was still inexorable. The archbishop raved like a madman. 'Satan was set free for the destruction of the Church.' 'At Rome it was always the same. Barabas was let go, and Christ was crucified.' 'Come what might, he would never submit, but he would trouble the Roman Church no more.'

Becket had now been for more than five years in exile. He had fought for victory with a tenacity which would have done him credit had his cause been less preposterous. At length it seemed that hope was finally gone. At the supreme moment another opportunity was thrust into his hands. Henry's health was uncertain; he had once been dangerously ill. The succession to the English crown had not yet settled into fixed routine. Of the Conqueror's sons William had been preferred to Robert. Stephen supplanted Matilda; but the son of Stephen was set aside for Matilda's son. To prevent disputes it had been long decided that Prince Henry must be crowned and

receive the homage of the barons while his father was still living.

The pope in person had been invited to perform the ceremony. The pope had found it impossible to go, and among the other inconveniences resulting from Becket's absence the indefinite postponement of this coronation had not been the lightest. The king had been reluctant to invade the acknowledged privilege of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and had put it off from year to year. But the country was growing impatient. The archbishop's exile might now be indefinitely protracted. The delay was growing dangerous, and the object of the commission for which the king had asked, and which the pope had granted to the Archbishop of York, was to enable the Archbishop of York to act in the coronation ceremony. The commission in its terms was all that Henry could desire; the pope not only permitted the Archbishop of York to officiate, but enjoined him to do it. Promises were said to have been given that it was not to be used without the pope's consent; but in such a labyrinth of lies little reliance can be placed on statements unconfirmed by writing. The pope did not pretend that he had exacted from the English envoys any written engagement. He had himself signed a paper giving the Archbishop of York the necessary powers, and this paper was in the king's hands. The coronation was the symbol of the struggle in which Becket was now engaged. The sovereign, according to his theory, was the delegate of the Church. In receiving the crown from the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the sovereign formally admitted his dependent position; and so long as it could be maintained that the coronation would not hold unless it was performed either by the Archbishop of Canterbury or by the pope himself, the sovereign's subject state was a practical reality.

Becket saw the favorable moment, and instantly snatched at it. He had many powerful friends in England among the peers and knights. The lay peers, he says in his letters, had always been truer to him than the clergy, they on their part having their own differences with the crown. He had ascertained that the coronation could not be postponed; and

if he could make the validity of it to depend on his own presence, he might redeem his past mortifications, and bring Henry to his feet after all. He knew Alexander's nature, and set his agents to work upon him. He told them to say that if the coronation was accomplished without his own presence the power of the Roman see in England was gone; and thus, when all seemed lost he gained the feeble and uncertain pope to his side once more. In keeping with his conduct throughout the whole Becket difficulty, Alexander did not revoke his previous letter. He left it standing as something to appeal to, as an evidence of his goodwill to Henry. But he issued another injunction to the Archbishop of York, strictly forbidding him to officiate; and he enclosed the injunction to Becket to be used by him in whatever manner he might think fit. The Archbishop of York never received this letter. It was given, we are told, to the Bishop of Worcester, who [was in Normandy, and was on the point of returning to England. The Bishop of Worcester was detained, and it did not reach its destination. So runs the story; but the parts will not fit one another, and there is a mystery left unexplained.* This only is certain, that the inhibition was not served on the Archbishop of York. Rumor may have reached England that such a thing had been issued; but the commission which had been formerly granted remained legally unrevoked, and on the 18th of June Prince Henry was crowned at Westminster in his father's presence by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London, Durham, Rochester, and Salisbury.

It was easy now for Becket to represent to Alexander that the English bishops had rewarded his kindness to them

by defying his positive injunctions. To the superstitious English barons the existence of the inhibition threw a doubt on the legality of the coronation, and as men's minds then were, and with the wild lawless disposition of such lion cubs as the Plantagenet princes, a tainted title would too surely mean civil war. By ill-fortune offence was given at the same time to Lewis, who considered that his daughter should have been crowned with her husband, and he resented what he chose to regard as a wilful slight. The pope was told that the coronation oath had been altered, that the liberties of the Church had been omitted, and that the young king had been sworn to maintain the Constitutions of Clarendon. Becket made the most of his opportunity; mistakes, exaggerations, wilful lies, and culpable credulity, did their work effectively; Lewis went to war again, and invaded Normandy; the pope, believing that he had been tricked and insulted, commanded Henry to make peace with the archbishop under threat of instant personal excommunication of himself and an interdict over his whole dominions. Henry flew back from England to Normandy. In a month he dispelled the illusions of Lewis, and restored peace. It was less easy to calm Alexander, who regarded himself, if not openly defied, yet as betrayed by the breach of the promise that the commission to the Archbishop of York should not be used without a fresh permission from himself. Henry knew that a sentence of excommunication against himself, and an interdict over his French dominions, was seriously possible. The risk was too great to be incurred without another effort to compose the weary quarrel. The archbishop, too, on his side had been taught by often repeated experience that the pope was a broken reed. Many times the battle seemed to have been won, and the pope's weakness or ill-will had snatched the victory from him. He had left England because he thought the continent a more promising field of battle for him. He began to think that final success, if he was ever to obtain it, would only be possible to him in his own see, among his own people, surrounded by his powerful friends. He too, on his side, was ready for a form of agreement which would allow him to return and re-

* It would appear from a letter of John of Salisbury that the prohibitory letter had been purposely withheld by Becket, who was allowing himself to be guided by some idle *vaticinia* or prophecies. John of Salisbury writes to him (Letters, vol. ii. p. 236): '*Memineritis quantum periculum et infortunium ad se traxerit mora porrigendi . . . prohibitorias Eboracensi archiepiscopo et episcopis transmarinis. . . . Subtilitatem vestram vaticinia quæ non erant a Spiritu deluserunt. . . . Vaticiniis ergo renunciemus in posterum, quia nos in hac parte gravius infortunia perculerunt.*'

possess himself of the large revenues of which he had felt the want so terribly. More than once he and Henry met and separated without a conclusion. At length at Frêteval in Vendôme, on St. Mary Magdalen's day, July 22, an interview took place in the presence of Lewis and a vast assemblage of prelates and knights and nobles; where, on the terms which had been arranged at Montmartre, the king and the archbishop consented to be reconciled. The kiss which before had been the difficulty was not offered by Henry and was not demanded by Becket; but according to the account given by Herbert, who describes what he himself witnessed, and relates what Becket told him, after the main points were settled, the king and the archbishop rode apart out of hearing of every one but themselves. There the archbishop asked the king whether he might censure the bishops who had officiated at the coronation. The king, so the archbishop informed his friends, gave his full and free consent. The archbishop sprang from his horse in gratitude to the king's feet. The king alighted as hastily, and held the archbishop's stirrup as he remounted. These gestures the spectators saw and wondered at, unable, as Herbert says, to conjecture what was passing till it was afterwards explained to them.

That the king should have consented as absolutely and unconditionally as Becket said that he did, or even that he should have consented at all in Becket's sense of the word, to the excommunication of persons who had acted by his own orders and under a supposed authority from the pope, is so unlikely in itself, so inconsistent with Henry's conduct afterwards, that we may feel assured that Henry's account of what took place would, if we knew it, have been singularly different. But we are met with a further difficulty. Herbert says positively that the conversation between Becket and the king was

private between themselves, that no one heard it or knew the subject of it except from Becket's report. Count Theobald of Blois asserted, in a letter to the pope, that in his presence (*me presente*) the archbishop complained of the conduct of the English prelates, and that the king empowered him to pass sentence on them. Yet more remarkably, the archbishop afterwards at Canterbury insisted to Reginald Fitzurse that the king's promises to him had been given in the audience of 500 peers, knights, and prelates, and that Sir Reginald himself was among the audience. Fitzurse denied that he heard the king give any sanction to the punishment of the bishops. He treated Becket's declaration as absurd and incredible on the face of it. The Count of Blois may have confounded what he himself heard with what Becket told him afterwards, or he may have referred to some other occasion. The charge against the king rests substantially on Becket's own uncorrected words; while, on the other side, are the internal unlikelihood of the permission in itself and the inconsistency of Becket's subsequent action with a belief that he had the king's sanction for what he intended to do. Had he supposed that the king would approve, he would have acted openly and at once. Instead of consulting the king, he had no sooner left the Frêteval conference than he privately obtained from the pope letters of suspension against the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Durham, and letters of excommunication against the Bishops of London, Salisbury, and Rochester; and while he permitted Henry to believe that he was going home to govern his diocese in peace, he had instruments in his portfolio which were to explode in lightning the moment that he set foot in England, and convulse the country once more.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

OF VULGARITY IN OPINION.

BY A. K. H. B.

THERE are opinions held by human beings which, being revealed to you, enable you to form an estimate of the moral as well as of the intellectual state of

the human being that holds them. You are placed in a position to say not merely whether the human being be a wise man or a blockhead, but whether or not

he be a vulgar person, a brutal person, a scoundrel, a rogue. A well-known apothegm as to 'them that has brains and no money, and them that has money and no brains,' stamped the mortal who adopted it: stamped him not simply in the respect of his grammar, but of his deeper nature. So with the man who holds it quite fit on due occasion to thrash his wife. So with him who said, and possibly thought, that it is right to detain his fellow-creatures in 'involuntary servitude.' So with the jaunty toady, not himself a Bohemian but writing a flunkey-like life of a Bohemian, who stated in print (I have read it) that 'a tradesman is an animal who exists to supply a gentleman without payment with what he may want.' Give me rather, as a daily associate, the person who maintains that this world is a flat surface and not a globe. He must be very stupid; but he may be an honest man. Indeed, all one learns of him leads to the assurance that he is so.

But there are opinions which are capable of being held only by a very brutal or a very vulgar person. The person may be brutal without being vulgar; and of course he may be vulgar without being brutal. A Spanish Inquisitor, looking on quietly at the burning of a Jew, was unquestionably brutal, but not necessarily vulgar; while the Puritan preacher in America who got a poor witch burnt, and having complacently beheld her agonies, preached a sermon on the occasion in which he expressed a super-devilish (or infra-devilish) satisfaction that she had (as he expressed it) 'gone howling out of one fire into another,' was not only a brute, but a vulgar brute. I have known one or two Puritans very like him. My friend Smith tells me that many years ago, when a young lad, he was talking with a divine (since deceased) named Sampson. Sampson was one of those under-bred, un-scholarly, coarse-grained illiterates who make one think how mysterious a thing it is that God Almighty permits such to represent Christian life and doctrine to any; their apparent vocation being to make the young hate religion. Even so the Pope, if well-advised, might largely subsidize a blatant railer at the Church of Rome, whose whole demeanor tends to make Protestantism ridiculous and disgusting

to such as fancy it is represented in him. It chanced that a poor woman had been sentenced to be hanged, at the period of Smith's conversation with Sampson. Upon this Smith ventured the seemingly innocent remark that this was a sad thing, a woman being hanged. 'No,' said Sampson, always eager to show that any man cleverer than himself was unsound in doctrine: 'No,' said that being: '*God will damn a woman just as soon as a man*: and therefore, in saying that it is a sadder thing to hang a woman than to hang a man, you are accusing God.' Such were the words, and Smith did not forget them: though he did not repeat them till the creature that uttered them was removed to another sphere of uselessness. Now, said Smith, here was Brutality in opinion and expression. That particular line of thought and argument was Brutal. And Smith thought of a certain great genius who, like most other men worth counting, thought a little extra-tenderness not unfit towards the more suffering and gentler half of poor humanity:

Then gently scan your fellow-man,
Still gentlier sister-woman.

The person who says No to that is brutal besides being blind. Sampson might have remarked, indeed, that he always took the very blackest possible view of the behavior of both man and woman: and that the question of degree accordingly mattered but little with him. Smith, in reply to Sampson's cheerful argument, felt much disposed to say that it was a dreadful thing to think of 'God damning' either woman or man. But he was a youth upon his preferment: and in those days a young preacher's 'soundness' was like a woman's virtue: and he was well aware that had he said anything of that sort Sampson could have greatly interfered with his chances of preferment by going about shaking his head and lifting up his hands together with his shoulders, and saying he feared young Smith was unsound, was dangerous, was Negative, was Broad. So Smith, by no small effort, held his tongue, and got away as fast as he could. But Time brings its revenges: and the day came on which Smith was able, without the smallest alarm, to tell Sampson exactly what he thought of him and his

theology and his general career. The estimate expressed was somewhat unfavorable. But there was no fight in Sampson; and he slunk away, like a dog with its tail between its legs.

Not Brutality in opinion is the writer's present subject, however; but Vulgarity. We are to think of that order of beliefs and notions which imply vulgarity in the persons holding them. Let not any attempt be made at a definition of vulgarity. I never saw a successful one; and the last I saw was by Sir Arthur Helps. We all know the thing when we see it. And some of us unhappily see a good deal of it. There are few more trying forms of it than the historical form: when it states the proceedings of mortal men, putting these in the most repulsive way. I do not at this moment recal any example of a more dreadful fashion of putting the attention of a parish priest to an afflicted family, than that of the individual who stated that when he had trouble in his house, the worthy man 'under whom he sat' was most mindful; in point of fact he 'was ivverly runnin',—that is, making frequent pastoral visits. '*Ivverly runnin*': such was the acknowledgment of much thought and kindness, much bodily fatigue, on the part of a highly-educated and devout gentleman. It is not much fitted to lead a man to devote himself to the sacred office in the country where such is the manner of putting things. Worst of all, the person who used the phrase, though no doubt desirous of putting his parish clergyman in his proper place, had no idea that he was speaking of him in unduly depreciatory phrase. But the faithful and diligent priest, now passed to his rest, who related the fact to me, said rather sadly that he feared even such was the mode in which a good deal of the best work of the best men was expressed in words in a country known to us both. Other sentences, highly analogous, suggest themselves; but they are best put away and forgot. Let it be said, however, that should the evil days of what is called Disestablishment come, and the existing independence of the National Clergy cease, all those who are known to me will wash their hands of a work which will have ceased to be the work for such as them. Doubtless human beings will be found who will be content

to be regarded as 'fine bodies,' 'ivverly runnin', and preaching in 'a fine style o' langidge.' I have no fear that such an unhappy time will be here in the life of any one now living. But oh the suicidal idiotcy of such of the clergy as from temporary irritation join hands with such as would degrade their office in the very dust!

All this, however, is by the way; though it is not quite irrelevant. Let it now be said that an argument is self-condemned when it commends itself only to an exceptive or abnormal person: to a very stupid person, or a very vulgar person; or only to a Scotchman or a Highlander. Many folk know that there are such arguments; if indeed argument be the proper word. And any opinion, or belief, is self-condemned, which as a matter of fact you know can never be accepted by educated folk, by folk of decent culture. The man who stated, in all honesty, that not only he himself had never read either Milton or Shakspeare, but that he did not believe any human being had ever read Milton or Shakspeare, was capable of accepting and holding opinions which you, my gentle and friendly reader, could not accept or hold though your life depended upon it. Such a one could not at all see or feel many considerations which are most apparent to you. Such a one will discern great force in considerations which you would put aside as not having the weight of a feather. There are opinions, most honestly held, which go naturally with grubby nails, uncultured souls, mean suspicions, coarse jokes received with horse-laughter, wretched tattle recorded and reiterated to a neighbor's prejudice, and statements that the doctor or the clergyman was (not duly kind and attentive, but) ivverly runnin'.

Last Sunday the writer, being in the greatest of Scotch cities, was proceeding towards the grandest of Scotch churches, when he met a Scotch divine whose name is remarkably well known to fame. That excellent individual, holding up a quarto volume bound in morocco, uttered the exclamation 'What a blessing it is to read one's prayers! It is Peace. Peace.' Then he went on his way, looking very peaceful and comfortable. He serves one of the most influential of the congregations of the Scotch Church;

and in the Scotch Church (as a rule) the prayers are not read. Each clergyman provides his own : either (1) *bond fide* extemporizing them (and it is wonderful how well this is done, after long habit, by a devout and able man) : or (2), having written them and committed them to memory : or (3) having, through a gradual process of crystallization, extending through years, arrived at certain seldom-varied forms which cannot be said to have been at any specific time prepared. The good man has gradually grown into these forms, and most of the congregation could repeat them ; but they never were written nor got by heart. Here and there, you find an exceptive preacher who spreads out the document before him, and with due solemnity reads his prayers. The late Dr. Robert Lee was the first to do this habitually. The great Chalmers, enlightened far beyond his age, had indeed ventured to do this on occasions, half-a-century since. But so aware was he of the common prejudice against it, that he did it surreptitiously : there are those still alive who saw him, when Moderator of the General Assembly, reading his prayers from a manuscript deftly hidden in his cocked hat. The prayers, of course, when read, are incomparably better than when extemporized ; and the strain of anxiety upon the officiating clergyman is greatly diminished. And the prejudice against the reading of prayers is a vulgar and stupid prejudice, if such a prejudice there be at all. The minister's duty is to lead the devotions of the congregation as well as possible. Surely he can do so better if he have carefully considered the circumstances and needs of the congregation in the quiet of his own study, and set these forth in reverent and decorous words there, than if in the hour of public prayer, nervous, fluttered, fearful lest some of the many things to be remembered should escape his memory, he attempt to do all that there. And the exertion of the faculty of memory, some know, is very quenching to devotional feeling. A strained mind does not go kindly with a warmed heart. I remember, years ago, being present when one of the most eminent of the Scotch clergy was asked to conduct public prayer upon an important special occasion. He decidedly refused. 'No,' said he. 'In

my own study here I could think of what was suitable to be said, but I have not that command over my nervous system that I can be sure I could recal or express it before many people when the time comes.' It appeared to me at the time that I had rarely heard a stronger argument for read prayers. Why not, I thought (though nobody said it), write down in the study the suitable words, and so be sure of having them ready at the critical time ? Can any mortal suggest any coherent reason against doing so ; except that preposterous prejudice requires a Scotch clergyman to look, at the moment, as though he were extemporizing his prayers ? And not with the Scotch National Church, but among the ignorant and fanatical English Brownists or Independents of the seventeenth century, did that vulgar prejudice originate. I remember, too, how a clergyman of the very highest ability and deepest devotion, after he had ministered for more than fifty years, told me that each Sunday morning, going to his huge church to officiate, he did so under a misery and anxiety beyond words, in the prospect of conducting public prayer. The misery went off, always, when the duty was fairly entered on. But I thought to myself, If you, being what you are, and what all the country knows you for, feel so, what ought men to feel who are scores of miles below you : and what need is there that any mortal should have to feel so ? But that good man was a true-blue Presbyterian, and would have been scandalized beyond words by the suggestion of a provided form of prayer : also he plainly thought that to go through this gratuitous misery each Sunday was somehow enduring and doing more for his Master's sake ; it was 'spending and being spent.' No wonder that Dr. Robertson, of Glasgow Cathedral, as wise and good a Scotchman as ever lived, should have said, many years ago, that 'the reasons in favor of a partial liturgy are quite unanswerable.' Dr. Crawford, the late Professor of Divinity at Edinburgh, said the like in the writer's hearing times innumerable. And the educated population of Scotland is now unanimous on that matter. Unhappily, there is a large mass of decent people who still need to be educated upon that as upon other matters. At the foundation of the pre-

judice against read prayers there is the vulgar idea, incapable of being accepted for a moment by educated folk, that the clergyman is somehow inspired to conduct public prayer without preparation. Just as much and just as little as he is inspired to preach without preparation. The help to be looked for comes to the man who has first done his own very best. Here, as elsewhere, Heaven helps those who try to help themselves. There is a still vulgarer idea at the root of the prejudice in question. One would not have believed that its existence was possible unless assured by actual knowledge of the fact. There are those in some congregations who think they are not getting enough of work out of the clergyman if he reads his prayers: who think that he is relieving himself a little, and that his nose is not being kept sufficiently tight to the grindstone. I have heard this specially vulgar notion expressed in so many words. 'I like to see a man break out in a perspiration when he is prayin',' were the words of a horrid animal, known to the writer in his boyhood. 'That minister wad thole mair steerage of the boaddy,' was said of a powerful but quiet preacher, by one who desired greater gymnastic exertion. 'Our minister's a grand preacher,' said a rustic: 'he whiles comes oot wi' a roar just like a bull.' And the notion that the task is in any way lightened, that the clergyman's work is helped in any way, is specially disagreeable to hearers of that calibre. A vulgarer notion, or one to be more vigorously stamped down, cannot by possibility be imagined.

I have remarked that of recent days, while various enlightened Scotchmen have argued for read prayers, those opposed to read prayers have not argued but bullied. Probably from their stand-point they were right. At a recent meeting in Edinburgh of a singular institution called the *Pan-Presbyterian Council*, a respectable man from America had the hardihood to get up and state some reasons in favor of a liturgy. He was not met with argument, but with vulgar threats. 'We'll have no liturgy,' said an individual who replied to him: and then the individual went on to speak in praise of the woman Jenny Geddes, who cast her stool at the head of the Dean in the Cathedral at Edinburgh on the day when

the Prayer-Book (idiotically enforced against the will of the people) was first read. 'It is a fell creepie,' said the speaker, 'and could ding down a Dean yet.' That is to say, the speaker (of whom one had hoped better things), instead of arguing against a view which had been introduced with fair arguments civilly expressed, at once appealed to vulgar prejudice. It is admitted by all men of sense, that the folly and infatuation of those who sought forcibly to impose the Book of Common Prayer upon a nation that did not want it (and specially such a nation) were beyond all words. Every man has a right to worship God according to the order he likes best: and admirable as the Anglican Prayer-Book is, such as tried to compel Scotchmen to use it by the thumb-screw and the boot were fools, and worse than fools. It is a surprise to many English folk, to be told that when Protestant Episcopacy was for a few years established in Scotland at the point of the bayonet, no Liturgy was used in churches. The parish-church of St. Andrews was pro-cathedral of the Primacy (the cathedral being in ruins): but when an Archbishop ruled there (*ecclesiae parochialis civitatis Sti. Andreae Archi-Episcopus*, as some of the existing Communion-Plate has it) the worship was exactly what it is to-day. Possibly the existing order is more careful and reverent than that of two hundred years since. And not against Episcopal government, but against the intrusion of the Service-Book, was the memorable riot at St. Giles's in Edinburgh directed. But while Jenny Geddes had an undoubted right to declare, in the manner most congenial to her nature, that she did not want the Volume which commends itself warmly to so many Scotch folk now, it is interesting to remark what was the value of the worthy woman's reasons against it. At the reading of a certain Collect, she arose in wrath, and hurled her creepie, declaring that she was not going to have 'the mass said at her lug,' that is, in her hearing. Here is the prayer, which Jenny esteemed as implying the Mass. I wonder if even a Pan-Presbyterian could say anything against it.

Lord of all power and might, Who art the author and giver of all good things: Graft in our hearts the love of Thy

Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same : through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Jenny, you see, was plainly a hopeless blockhead. Any one who sees *The Mass* in that beautiful prayer must needs be a vulgar blockhead. Quite lately you might have heard it read in a Scotch church, and by a Dean too : but no stool was thrown, no voice was lifted up against the Mass. Things are changed, very much for the better. The century was the Nineteenth, the year being indeed 1877. The Dean was the Dean of Westminster. The church was the historic church of St. Andrews, already mentioned. And the congregation was the intelligent one which now happily worships there.

Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, liveliest and most amiable of men, has a song in praise of the redoubtable Jenny. One verse is as follows :

Some praise the fair Queen Mary, and some
the good Queen Bess,
And some the wise Aspasia, beloved by
Pericles :
But o'er all the world's brave women, there's
one that bears the rule,
The valiant Jenny Geddes, that flung the
three-legged stool.
*With a row-dow—at them now!—Jenny fling
the stool!*

It may be hoped, however, that Mr. Blackie is mistaken in the view he expresses. Probably Miss Nightingale, Grace Darling, Joan of Arc, and one or two others, have done finer things than to begin a riot in a church by throwing a stool at an old man's head. And as the poem occurs in a volume in which Mr. Blackie has made several statements, plainly mistaken, this statement may be wrong too. Let another verse be quoted from the poetic Professor :

I am no gentleman, not I !
No, no, no !
Our stout John Knox was none—and why
Should I be so ?
I am no gentleman, not I !
No, no, no !
And thank the blessed God on high,
Who made me so !

Here Mr. Blackie is wrong. He is a gentleman, as all who know him can testify : and his assertion as to John Knox is as erroneous as his assertion concern-

ing himself. Plainly his statements in relation to anybody are to be taken under all reservation. In the same work he gives a *Confession of his Faith*, each article in which is enforced in a manner even more violent than the Decrees of Trent. That famous Council is content to wish that something bad may happen to those who gainsay its creed. *Anathema sit*, is all it says. Mr. Blackie ventures on the declaration that such as differ from him are in that extremity already.

And who denies this creed
Is damned indeed.

This statement is wholly without foundation. Probably it is about as true as the genial Professor's assertion with regard to the stout-hearted but thick-headed Jenny Geddes.

I am not sure that the subject is one which it is profitable to prosecute farther. For, though profusion of material suggests itself, in the form of opinions which one has heard expressed by various human beings, the opinions are in all cases much better forgotten than recalled. There is no special good in meditating upon exhibitions of human vulgarity and stupidity which cannot be meditated upon without some irritation of soul. Such opinions as that a Bishop cannot be other than a conceited and arrogant person : that no parish clergyman will do his duty if he have so much as a thousand a year : that the competition of a dissenting place of worship is a capital thing to make the Rector work hard : that men of high rank are for the most part idle blackguards : that most ladies of position are very little better than they ought to be : that money expended in providing places of learned leisure is money wasted : that learning is of no value whatever : that Cathedral churches ought not any longer to be used for worship, but ought to be regarded as architectural exhibitions, and even sold to the highest bidder : that organs and choirs are *Popish* : that a Cross placed upon a Christian grave is *Ritualistic* : stamp their holders. But the only counsel one can offer to such as find the statement of such views insufferably provocative, is, that they should keep out of the way of their fellow-creatures who hold and state such views. Love them, by all means : but give them a wide berth. 'I don't

‘frogs,’ said Dr. Johnson; ‘but I prefer not to have them hopping about.’

Let it be said in conclusion, that there may be the most slighting mention, implying the most depreciatory estimate, of fellow-mortal, while yet no malice is implied in the speaker, and no possible offence could be taken by those depreciated. ‘What is your fare?’ was asked, a little ago, of the driver of an omnibus

which had conveyed four mortals to a little railway station which need not be specified. ‘A SHILLING FOR THE LOT,’ was the prompt reply, with a sharp glance at the persons indicated. The Lot consisted of Canon Liddon, the Earl of Strathmore, Mr. Malcolm MacColl, and one anonymous obscurity. The three eminent members of The Lot were quite delighted.—*Fraser's Magazine*.



THE POETRY OF SEPTEMBER.

WE suppose that every month in the year has its own peculiar physiognomy, by which the true lover of nature would at once recognize it were he dropped from the clouds in a balloon after a prolonged absence in some other planet. Months melt into one another imperceptibly, of course; but such a one would know that the middle of July was not the middle of June, or the middle of August the middle of July. And this not by the weather, or the temperature, or by any agricultural operation which might betray the truth, but by the peculiar expression which Nature wears at different seasons of the year. In July she is still young, still soft and fresh, with cooling showers and fickle skies, and clouds and sunshine rapidly chasing each other away. And for the full and perfect beauty of ordinary English scenery there is no period of the year to compare with the six weeks which separate the end of June from the middle of August. In August comes a slight change, we know not what, something to be felt rather than described. Perhaps it is that the face of Nature begins then to wear rather a more set look, to show the first signs of middle age, and that lines of thought become visible in her still lovely countenance. But with the ensuing month the change is very apparent, and it is on the manner in which the expression of nature during an English September affects both the heart and the imagination that it is proposed to dwell in this article.

A September landscape is familiar to the majority of Englishmen; but still there is a numerous class of men, comprising many among us who are the best qualified to appreciate it, who rarely see

their native country at all during that particular month. The crowd of tourists which flies across the Channel, bound for Alps, or Pyrenees, or Carpathians, or what not, the moment they are free from the claims of business, or politics, or fashion, rarely return till September has passed gently away. Of those others who spend September in the country many, perhaps, are too much absorbed in field-sports to notice the beauty which encircles them; and many more, perhaps, if they did notice it, would never get beyond observing that it was a very fine day. We hope, however, still to find a few readers who have been touched by the same feelings as ourselves under the influence of this particular month, and with their sympathy, if there be such, we shall be satisfied. The actual physical beauty of a September day, though not so luxuriant, it may be, as July or August, stirs us, perhaps, with a deeper emotion. The corn should not be all carried, for the wheat, standing in shocks upon the hillside has a very pretty effect in the distance. There should be meadows within view, in which the rich green aftermath, still ankle deep, has not yet been fed off. There should be the fine stately hedgerow timber of the midland counties, or the hanging copses and long woods of the west and south. There should be the cool dark green of the turnips, contrasting with the pale yellow stubble, looking sheeny and silky in the sun. There should be a farmhouse or two, and a village spire in the hazy distance; and the foliage may be flecked here and there with two or three red spots as a foil to the surrounding verdure. Here is an ordinary view enough. But lie lazily on your back where the

in all these varied contrasts, and allow that the same scene at an period of the year would have many of the charms which it ex-
ow. If by the poetry of September meant principally its suitability for descriptive poetry we might enlarge the charms in some detail. As it will merely observe on the singular fact that descriptive poets should have turned to so little account the peculiarities of this season of the year. It is so with painters. September is for her portrait to many eminent artists and we would call particular attention to a picture in last year's (1876) *Illustrated London News*, by Mr. Vicat Cole, called "Day's Decline," which is evidently intended for September, and which, it does not give the variety which has just been described, brings out many of the special characteristics of the month with marvellous fidelity. But Thomson is our classic on such subjects; though he could not fail to catch the dominant characteristic of the month, he only seems to have drunk in the beauty of it. The following lines, however, show that he was not without imagination:

A serener blue,
The golden light enlivened, wide invests
The sky world. Attempered suns arise,
Unfamed, and shedding oft through lucid
Clouds
A calm; while broad and brown
The
The harvests hang the heavy head.
The silent, deep they stand; for not a gale
The light billows o'er the bending plain—
The land of plenty.

is truly fine. The epithets applied to the ripe cornfields, "rich, silent, and most felicitous." But the picture of Autumn with Thomson was the name denotes, that of a season of dance and rejoicing.

With the sickle and the wheaten
The
Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow
The
The jovial on, the Doric reed once more
The sad I tune.

do not remember at the present time either in Wordsworth, Tennyson, or Keats, the meed of even one line of verse to the sweetest "daughter of the year," which dwells on her beauty.

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For it is not the mere beauty of feature which characterizes September, great as that is, on which we are about to dwell; in this it is surpassed by other months. It is the expression which is worn by this one—all that it suggests, all the spell which it seems to lay upon us—which we hope to be able to describe, so that some few readers, as we have said, may recognize the likeness. We are presupposing, of course, that we have a seasonable September, the mild, warm, sunny month which it is four years out of five, and neither parched by drought nor yet drenched with constant rain: September, in fact, in her normal and natural condition. Then let the sky be perfectly blue, the air perfectly hushed, and the whole landscape bathed in a flood of pensive sunshine, and "on such a day" the mind becomes conscious of a mixture of melancholy and sweetness which is wholly peculiar to this season. The sweetness of September is, indeed, one of its most prominent attributes. No month in the year seems literally to smile upon one like September. It is so gentle, so soft, so mellow.

It seems to look at one out of mild hazel eyes with an almost human love and tenderness, and an equable serenity which gives assurance of unchanged affection. And this it is which leads us by degrees to become conscious of the melancholy of September. The contrast between the sense of repose, tranquillity, and permanence which is inspired by her aspect, and the sense of the approaching termination of all summer weather which we feel at the same time, naturally gives rise to this sentiment. We feel in gazing on September what we might feel in looking upon a beautiful and sweet-tempered woman, in perfect health and strength, whom we knew had but a short time to live. It is, however, difficult to separate the elements which constitute the sweetness from those which constitute the melancholy of this beautiful season. The profound brooding stillness of a September day, when you may even hear the beetles dropping from the bean shocks in the adjoining field, must have struck many of our readers, and one can barely say whether it contributes more to the sadness or the joy with which we are inspired at such moments.

Hark how the sacred calm which breathes
 around
 Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
 In still small accents whispering from the
 ground,
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

How frequently have we experienced the exact sensations here described by Gray, on a soft hazy September afternoon, when, if the harvest is completed, there is often not a sound to be heard, while the soft warm glow of all around prevents the silence from being gloomy. That is a time at which to lie on the grass and "dream and dream;" when, without the help of any stimulant, you may kiss the lips you once have kissed, and recall your college friendship from the grave: gliding by degrees into a kind of dreamy feeling, which you care not to analyse too closely, that this ineffable peace of nature, which passes all description, may be a type, perhaps, of that peace of God which passes all understanding.

It is curious that September should be the one month in which we feel the strongest assurance of settled calm; have more reason to believe that to-morrow will be like to-day than at any other season of the year; and yet that it should be the last month of summer with which all the really green, warm, pleasant days practically depart. The poetry of decay is brought before us in October and November, but not in the month we are speaking of. In three seasons out of four September is green to the last, or sufficiently so to prevent one from noting much change. And it is this contrast, no doubt, a contrast we have already spoken of, which constitutes one of its chief charms: the deep stillness before the equinoctial tempest. But the same contrast may be regarded from another point of view. If there is one idea more than another which the aspect of September awakes in us, it is one of mellowness and maturity. It seems to speak of the strength and fulness of ripe and sunny middle age, the warmth of youth without its fever, the sobriety of age without its frost. The ideas of plenty and abundance, moreover, with which we associate this month come in to corroborate the impression which its outward aspect is calculated to produce; and a momentary fancy will sometimes *flit across the mind* that September can-

not really be passing away, or that its life will be prolonged like Hezekiah's. It seems so difficult to suppose that the warm, genial, yet calm withal and tranquil weather, so redolent of life, health, and permanence, is so soon to leave us. But then come up the words of George Herbert, "But thou must die,"—and with thee all the lasting beauty of our brief English summer. October has its fine days, but the days are short and the nights are cold. It is as much an indoor month as an outdoor month. With September come to an end all the *molles sub arbore somni* in the happy afternoons, the moonlight stroll in the shrubbery, or the lounge by the garden gate, with perhaps some fair companion whom the softness of the scene makes doubly soft herself. After September these become pleasures of the past; and though of course they are as appropriate to any other summer month as they are to September, yet September is the month in which people in the country see more of each other than they do in June and July, and when, consequently, there are more opportunities for the poetry of moonlight flirtation.

And this leads us away to some lighter considerations than those which we have hitherto indulged in. Hitherto we have been trying to depict, however feebly, what may be called the moral beauty of this season of the year. We have dwelt on the particular emotions which the aspect of nature at such a time awakens in us; on the contrast between the sensations of sweetness and of sadness, of repose and of transitoriness, of maturity and of decay, which it suggests to us. But there is an artificial and social poetry also about the month of September at which we have just glanced in the last paragraph, and of which a little more has still to be said. September, in fact, has, owing to a gradual change of habits, appropriated to itself many of the associations which formerly belonged to May, and which are still assigned to her in the conventional language of poetry. But in the last quarter of the nineteenth century September is the lover's month. We are now, of course, speaking only of rural love-making. One month is the same as another in the life of cities, but in country life, and especially in the life of country houses, September bears away

Im. Whether any change has taken place in our English seasons the days of Milton, Dryden, and now, we cannot say, but the Laureates tend to that "those old Mays had the life of ours;" and most certain at Dryden's well-known description of that month, if applied to any we have had for the last twenty years would seem simply ridiculous. In the lines beginning:

Ye, sweet month, the groves green
Which wear,
The first, the fairest, of the year.

September in the lap of May is now the rule, not the exception, and "Society is well, in our opinion, to spend its capital. Fashion, it may be, after having been only unconsciously adapting itself to nature and following its steps of the seasons. When May is warm and melting month, when the groves were full of leaf overhead, when every bank was "a bed of roses" on which a lady might throw herself without any fear of the rheumatism, when ten thousand did right to end the season in April. There has been, however, a change of dynasty since those days. May is no longer the Queen of beauty, and the crown is for the present in commission. But the month of the year which now corresponds more closely than any other to May was formerly is certainly to be found in the latter end of August and September. Then are croquet and archery—all their glory. Then it is that our only spell of settled fine weather; the woods are dry, the nights calm, and long rides and walks furnish innumerable opportunities for a trip under the most favorable circumstances are of daily occurrence. Again there is that old-fashioned element of nutting, so admirably described in *Tom Brown*, and which constitutes a world of poetry in itself. What a scene of glades and dingles, and steep winding paths, and high mossy banks, and cool dank depths of impenetrable forest it conjures up before us. What a scene of seclusion, of complete isolation from the world, of security and irresponsibility creeps over us in the centre of a wood, surrounded on all sides by all hazel bushes whose tangled boughs form an arch over our heads,

through which we just discern the great spreading limbs of the oak and the beech up above! Then if you, and the lady of the hour, can only lose your way and wander into some deep leafy hollow, where a half-seen brooklet just trickles over the pebbles, and where no other sound is heard but the flight of the ring-dove, or its soft appealing note from the neighboring elm, you will own the dangerous fascination, the melting influence of the season, nor would give a fig for all your merry months of May. Then the ground would be wet and the trees bare, and very probably an east wind lying in wait for you round the corner. Now all is soft and warm and sheltered. A thick leafy girdle shuts you in; here and there, through the openings, gleam the mossy trunks of ancient trees and gnarled old thorns and hollies; while beyond again all is green darkness—the very home of the fauns and the nymphs, and of the god Silvanus. And is not this a scene more fitting for the whispers of love, for the arm stealing softly round the waist, for the lips at last venturing to the glowing half-expectant cheek, than all the village greens or May bespangled meads in the world? Our friend Thomson understood this feature of September at all events:

The clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair,
Melinda formed with every grace complete.

Of course! But seriously, the poetry of nutting is a large part of that second form of the poetry of September with which we are now engaged. At such a moment your wish is assuredly for what Dryden has painted better than Virgil, for the simple reason that Virgil never painted it at all:

A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley and a lofty wood.

Then, if ever, you experience that absolute indifference to affairs which Virgil *has* painted:

Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit et infidos agitans discordia fratres,
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro:
Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna.

Let them rave! the peace of September is upon you. Melinda sits beside you, with every grace complete. What can

the raw, half-clad, chilly month of May, with all her frost-bitten flowers, give you in exchange for this?

We were wrong, perhaps, in saying that in the depth of that cool green wood you would hear no sound but the loving coo or the noisy pinion of the wood-pigeon. You may hear at intervals the distant gun of the partridge-shooter; and little as such a sport may seem at first sight to have to do with "the soul-subduing sentiment harshly styled flirtation,"* the reader of Whyte Melville's charming novel *All Down Hill* will know better, if he has not known it at first hand. In partridge-shooting there is such a thing as luncheon, which it needs little feminine dexterity to convert into a picnic of an exceptionally free and easy character. What more natural than for the daughters of the house to bring out their papa's luncheon in the pony carriage, who meets them with his two young friends in such and such a lane, or under such and such a big hedge? Paterfamilias himself is not unlikely to go to sleep when he has finished his share of pigeon-pie and smoked his allotted pipe. But whether he does or not, he will certainly not get up to help the young ladies gather blackberries; and as that is one of the fruits of the earth of which they happen at this moment to be particularly fond, and as it grows too high on these hedges to be reached without assistance, they pair off easily and naturally in quest of this delicacy: coming back—strange to say—with neither lips nor fingers showing any traces of the coveted refreshment, though what other fruit may have been tasted in the mean time it would perhaps be impertinent to inquire. Oh, yes! partridge-shooting—the sport *par excellence* of September—has a great deal of poetry in it. It is answerable for numerous love affairs of all kinds—serious or trifling, innocent or otherwise. And while we are on the poetry of September we must never forget that it is of

all months in the year the month of honeymoons. We might expatiate on this topic to any extent: on the raptures which September has beheld by lake or mountain, by the blue sea, or in the green retreats of some patrician home. There is some evidence in the context to show that it may have been September when the Lady of Shalott began to grow sick of shadows. The long fields of barley, the reapers reaping early, the sheaves through which Sir Launcelot rode, all point to this conclusion:

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
I am half sick of shadow, said
The Lady of Shalott.

It must have been so. Hence, vain deluding May! We will none of thee. If the Italian Venus loves best the "ivory moonlight of April," our English goddess is clearly most gracious in September.

If the transition from grave to gay in the above pages has been somewhat of the suddenest, I can only say that it reflects to some extent the character of the month I have been describing. The still, deep, eloquent calm of a September day speaking to us in a language which cannot be written down—at once so sweet, so soft, and so sad—may be exchanged in a moment for all the jocund activity of a harvest field, the rough pleasantries of the mowers, and the merry tones of girls and children. Thus there are two aspects of September which present themselves to us alternately, contrasting very strongly with each other, and not shaded off by any very gentle gradations. From one point of view September is merrier than May, from another it is sadder than December. Nothing can be gayer than the human life of the month, with all the bustle and license of the harvest: nothing more calculated to inspire us with serious emotions than the face of nature. Melancholy and gladness share the month between them; and whichever mood we may be in, September can always sympathise with us.

* *Coningsby*.

THE CALIPHATE

BY J. C. McCOAN.

THE sympathy expressed by our Mussulman fellow-subjects in India with the Porte in its present struggle with Russia has, during the past few weeks, provoked considerable newspaper and other discussion of the ground on which this sentiment rests—namely, the title of the Sultan to the Caliphate, or supreme spiritual headship of Islâm. But the pronouncements of the chief parties to the controversy have been so conflicting that—it may without disrespect be said—popular confusion on the point has been rather worse confounded, and to unscientific outsiders the problem, instead of being in any way solved, has been made obscurer than ever. The learned fog, however, which has been thus thrown round the subject may, I venture to think, be dispersed by a simple reference to the historical facts, which are as accessible to anyone who can read D'Herbelot, D'Ohsson, and Gibbon as to the pundits who, armed with Abulfeda and Elmacin, have waged bloodless but still angry war over a topic that involves in reality no problem at all.

The word 'Caliph' (Arab. *Khali-fah*), meaning 'vicar' or 'successor,' was the modest title assumed by Aboubekr, the father-in-law and first successor of Mohammed, on the death of the latter in A.D. 632. As the first link in the chain of what is by some called the canonicity of the title, it should be remarked that in his case the succession was by popular election; but in that of Omar, who followed, it was by nomination by Aboubekr on his death-bed, after a short reign of less than two and a half years. As the title of 'successor of the successor,' which was properly that of the new sovereign, would soon have become reiteratively inconvenient, it was now changed for that of *Emir-almoumenin* (Commander of the Faithful), which—although the original style of Caliph was also retained—thenceafterwards became, and still remains, the more specific designation of the chief Mussulman sovereign. Again, before his death Omar named six persons to succeed him, in order of their election

by lot or their own collective vote. These were called *Ahel-alschoura*, or heirs presumptive, and the offer of one of them (Abd-al-rahman) to renounce his chance on condition of the other five permitting him to choose Omar's immediate successor having been agreed to, he named Othman (another of the six), who accordingly became the third Caliph. On his death, in A.D. 655, Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet, succeeded to the vacant dignity—by election of the people of Mecca and Medina, acting on his previous nomination as one of the six selected by Omar. Of this most famous of the first four 'successors' nothing more need be said than that he removed the seat of the Caliphate to Cufa, and long after his death (in 661) became the cause of the great schism that has since divided the Mohammedan world into the bitterly opposing sects of Soonis and Shiites—the former of which includes the Turks, most of the Arabs, and the great majority of the Mussulmans of India and China, while the latter comprises the Persians and some tribes along the Gulf, who regard the first three Caliphs as usurpers and Ali as the only legitimate successor of the Prophet. These first four princes are called by Mussulman theologians *Khulefai rdshidin*, or 'true Caliphs,' as distinguished from their Ommiade and Abbasside successors, who, though recognised as legitimate and orthodox, are styled 'imperfect.' Of the two sons of Ali, Hassan and Hussein—who with their father form what may be called the trinity of the Shiite calendar—the former succeeded to the Caliphate, apparently by mere hereditary right, as nothing is recorded of his election; but his title was disputed by Moawiyah, a near relative of Othman, and governor of Syria at the time, who had equally refused to recognise Ali, and shortly after the accession of the latter had himself been proclaimed Caliph by his own partisans at Damascus. After a few months' feeble tenure of the Cufa sovereignty, therefore, Hassan abdicated in favor of the usurper, and found sanc-

tuary at the Prophet's tomb till poisoned by his wife at the instigation, it was said, of Moawiyah.

Amrou, the conqueror of Egypt, was the first to salute the new monarch, and divulged, says Gibbon—quoting the language of Tacitus in another connection—the dangerous secret that the Arabian Caliphs might be created elsewhere than in the city of the Prophet. Moawiyah belonged to the tribe of the Beni-Ommiyah, and so founded the first dynasty of the Ommiades, which for nearly a century wielded the sceptre of Islâm in virtue of a purely hereditary right. In A.D. 750 the succession passed to the Beni-Abbas, in the person of Abul Abbas, surnamed Al-Saffah (the Bloodshedder), who, in a battle fought near Mosul, defeated Caliph Marwan II., the last of the Ommiade sovereigns, and, as was thought, totally exterminated their lineage. One member, however, of the family survived—Abd-al-rahman, a grandson of the Caliph Heschiam—and managed to escape into Spain, where his name procured him a favorable reception, and enabled him to found a new Ommiade line, which for nearly three centuries ruled both spiritually and secularly over the eight Mohammedan provinces into which the Peninsula was then divided.

The succession of Al-Saffah by his brother Mansour, after a contest with his uncle and nephew, whose claims were also strongly supported, would further seem to show that neither law nor usage had established any fixed rule according to which the joint spiritual and temporal sovereignty then descended. It passed, in fact, to the strongest, who was generally the oldest male relative of the deceased Caliph, and so, under the Abbassides as under the Ommiades, became practically hereditary in the order which is still canonical in the family of the Ottoman Sultans. Al-Mansour it was who removed the seat of the Caliphate from Damascus to Baghdad, which he founded. Under Haroun-al-raschid, his grandson, and our old friend of the *Arabian Nights*, the Mohammedan dominion reached its golden age, from which it gradually declined till, during the reign of Caliph Rahdi (934-41), the twentieth of the Abbasside line, the whole central executive power had been gradually usurped by the Emirs-al-Omara—

the commandants of the Turcoman and Tartar militia, who, from being at first mere slaves or mercenaries imported from Northern Asia, had become, like the Mamlouks of Egypt, the dominant military class—while most of the provinces had segregated into independent principalities, whose sultans, for the greater part, acknowledged the spiritual sovereignty of the Caliph, but nothing more. Thus arose the provincial dynasties of the Aglabites, the Edrisites, the Taberites, the Soffarides, the Hamadanites, and others, who for nearly five centuries, simultaneously or in succession, divided between them the dominion of Asia and Africa from the Oxus to Tangier. In 1056 Baghdad itself was occupied by the Seljuks, who assumed and for two hundred years wielded the power previously held by the usurping Emirs. During this term, again, the order of succession was frequently broken by the secular princes, who deposed and set up Caliphs at their will, though still selecting from the Abbasside line. The divided sovereignty thus exercised at length came to an end in 1258, when the Tartars under Holagou, the grandson of Zenghis Khan, overran the empire, sacked Baghdad, and extinguished the Arabian Caliphate in the blood of Mostasem, the last of this illustrious dynasty.

In the mean time two other Caliphates—each claiming co-ordinate supremacy with the parent pontificate of Baghdad, but the legitimacy of both of which is repudiated by Mussulman canonists—had been established in Northern Africa and Spain. In the latter country Abd-al-rahman, a grandson of the Ommiade Caliph Heschiam, had, in A.D. 755, as already mentioned, refounded the line of his house in a new dynasty, which for nearly three centuries equalled, if it did not surpass, in wealth and splendor its rivals on the Tigris. Since the extinction of these Spanish Ommiades, in 1036, there has been no Caliphate amongst the Moors; but the Emperor of Morocco, though a Sooni, claims to be Imâm within his own dominions, and as such has never recognized the spiritual headship of the Sultan.

A century and a half later than the foundation of this Spanish Caliphate, Obeidallah, who claimed to be a descendant of Ali, with the help of the Emir of

drove the Aglabites out of Cairo and ancient Cyrene—and established the Fatimite dynasty in Africa in A.D.

Mo'izz, the fourth of this line, having reduced Egypt, transferred the seat of sovereignty to Cairo—then newly won by his general Gowher—in or about 969, and before his death, three years after which his name was substituted in the public prayers for that of Al-Mot'azz (the contemporary Baghdad Caliph). The transfer from Tunis to Medina, Mecca being the place of importance in Arabia that resulted in recognizing the house of 'Abbas. This Fatimite line, in which the succession was no whit more regular than among the Ommyades and Abbassides, lasted, with diminished power, till 1171, when it was suppressed and its Caliphate extinguished by Saladin (then vizier of Egypt), who resumed the secular sovereignty and re-established the spiritual supremacy of the Baghdad Abbassides. The Spanish Ommyades being also now extinct, these thus again became the sole recognized Vicars of the Prophet throughout the orthodox Mussulman world, and so continued till their sanguinary extermination by Holagou.

we now reach the first of the three principal links in this tangled chain of succession on which the religious title of the present Abdul Hamid depends. Some years after the Mogul capture of Delhi, a young Arab named Ahmed, claiming himself a survivor of the slaughtered Abbasside house, made his appearance at Cairo, and claimed to be a son of the last Caliph but one of the line.

D'Herbelot tells the story of his appearance in language that plainly hints doubt as to its soundness, and the only record in support of it is its recognition

by the Mamlouk Sultan Bibars after consultation with his doctors of the law. In the person, therefore, of this pretended scion of the sacred house—who assumed the name of Mostanserbillah—the Abbasside dynasty, extinguished on the fall of Bagdad, was revived on the Nile. A few months after his enthronement he sent with a strong force to drive the Turks from Bagdad, but being met by a Mamlouk on his way, was killed in the fight that followed. Opportunely, yet another member of Holagou's massacre turned up, and was promoted to the vacant dignity with even scantier enquiry into his

pedigree than had been made in the case of Ahmed. But the Caliphate thus restored was from the first a purely spiritual office, without secular power or attributes of any kind, and during the two centuries and a half that intervened to the Turkish conquest the sacred puppets were appointed and deposed at will by the temporal Sultans, with even less ceremony than had previously been observed by the Seljuks at Bagdad. The relation of the Pope to the King of Italy would be in some way analogous to that of these Vicars of the Prophet to the Sultans of the Baharite and Borghite dynasties, but that Pius IX. enjoys a hundredfold more liberty and independence than was accorded to the Caliphs of this Abbasside line in Egypt. Still, the prestige of a great sanctity attached to their office, and their secular colleagues made use of them, as Mr. Baillie observes, to confirm by religious sanctions their own authority over the people. They were even recognized as the source of temporal dignities, and were used by the Mamlouk soldiery—as the Sheikh-ul-Islâm was the other day by the Porte pashas at Constantinople—to deprive of legal authority the sovereigns whom they deposed. Nor was this recognition of their high religious authority confined to Egypt and its Mamlouk princes. Both D'Herbelot and Gibbon tell how Sultan Bayazid, when at the height of his power, besought from the Prophet's Vicar at Cairo the confirmation of his royal dignity. 'The humble title of Emir,' says Gibbon, 'was no longer suitable to the Ottoman greatness; and Bajazet condescended to accept a patent of Sultan from the Caliphs who served in Egypt under the yoke of the Mamlouks—a last and frivolous homage that was yielded by force to opinion by the Turkish conquerors to the house of Abbas and the successors of the Arabian Prophet.' In the enjoyment of this purely pontifical rank and authority the dynasty lasted for two centuries and a half—till 1517, when Egypt was conquered by the Ottomans under Selim I., who killed Toman Bey, the last Borghite Sultan, and carried off Caliph Motowakkel to Constantinople,* where he forced him to renounce, or as-

* After the death of Selim, three years later, he was permitted to return to Cairo, where he lived as a private individual till his own death in 1543.

sumed, without renunciation, the Caliphate in his stead—for the point, though of importance, is not historically clear.

Before pursuing it, however, the remark already incidentally made may here be repeated—that it clearly results from what precedes that up to this advanced point in the history of the office no specific rule of succession had been established. The sequence of its first four occupants had virtually been elective, while that of the legitimate Ommiade and Abbasside dynasties that followed was in the main hereditary, the catenation being, however, in later years frequently broken by the arbitrary choice of the temporal Sultans, who only so far respected legitimacy as to select their nominees from the sacred lineage, without regard to their degree of relationship to the preceding Caliph. The fact too that, besides these arbitrary disposals of the dignity, there were, after Ali, three separate descents of it to as many different dynasties—with a *lacuna* of nearly four years between the extinction of the Abbassides at Baghdad and the revival of their line at Cairo—is fatal to any theory of apostolical succession in the office, for which, down to the suggested usurpation of Selim I., Mr. Baillie seems to contend. As little circumstantial support, however, is there for the contention that the office throughout its history was, and still is, elective. The apostolical current (to speak in the modern language of electricians) clearly ended with the last of the four 'true' Caliphs and election equally then ceased to be the rule in all three of the legitimate dynasties that followed—as *à fortiori* it has never been with the Ottoman Sultans, with whom the succession to both spiritual and temporal sovereignty is by descent to the eldest agnate of the family. Their title to the Caliphate must, therefore, be tried by other tests.

D'Ohsson,* without citing any contemporary authority, asserts the renunciation, and says that, 'according to the unanimous opinion of modern jurists'—whom, however, he does not mention—the right of legitimate succession was thereby acquired by the Sultans. 'Selim I.,' he adds, 'further received in the same year the homage of the Schérif of

Mecca, who presented to him on a silver dish the keys of the Caaba; and this full and entire surrender of the rights of the *Imdneth*, made on the one hand by an Abbasside Caliph, and on the other by a Schérif of Mecca—both descendants of the Koreïsh, the one by the Haschim branch and the other by that of Ali—compensated in the Ottoman Sultans for the defect of birth or of the extraction required by the law to qualify for the legitimate exercise of the pontificate.' He furnishes, however, a practically much better argument for this legitimacy in the accommodating pronouncement of the *Foussoul-Isteroucheny*, a canonical commentary of great repute. 'The authority of a prince who has even usurped the supreme priesthood by force and violence must still be recognized as legitimate, since the sovereign power is now reputed to vest in the person of the strongest ruler, whose right to command is founded on his arms.' In other words, in sacerdotalism as in politics:

He may take who has the power,
And he may keep who can.

If this were so beyond question, and independently of race, the title of the Ottoman Sultans would be indisputable, since for more than three centuries and a half they have been the chief Mussulman sovereigns of the world. But the historical precedents are all opposed to such a doctrine. It was indeed in a sense by force of arms that both the Ommiade and first Abbasside dynasties were founded; but their princes were of the pure Arab blood, and could claim descent, more or less direct, from one or other of the first sacred four; nor is there, as Dr. Badger—who stoutly affirms the spuriousness of the Ottoman pontificate—observes, any instance on record, or any authority whatever, sanctioning the transfer of the office by an individual, or its bestowal on one of an alien race. But Mr. Baillie goes beyond this negative evidence, and quotes D'Ohsson in support of his averment that Mohamined himself declared that the 'Imáms must be of the race of the Koreïsh'—the very pure-blooded Arab tribe to which the first four Caliphs and their Ommiade and Abbasside successors belonged—a condition which, if essential, is of course fatal to the claim of the Padishahs. Mr.

* *Tableau général de l'Empire Ottoman*, i. 269.

Redhouse, however—who defends the Ottoman title, but whose logic in the controversy is not quite equal to his zeal—throws doubt on the authenticity of this *dictum*, and, without combating the fact that it figures in the abridgment of *Omer Nessefy*, which holds the place of a catechism in the Mussulman schools, says ‘it would seem to be a safe conclusion that there never was a Prophetic injunction to this effect.’ But the safety of this conclusion is not quite apparent in view of its direct rebuttal by an authority whom D’Ohsson regards as ‘the soul and essence of Mussulman doctrine.’ Certain it is, too, that the whole of the Arab dynasties—including the anti-Caliphates of the Fatimites and the Spanish Abbassides—claimed descent from the Koreïsh tribe, a fact that supports a presumption at least in favor of the limitation contended for by Mr. Baillie. If, therefore, the question were being argued on the morrow of the event, judicial logic would on this ground alone compel a rejection of the Ottoman claim; for the whole weight of the evidence is in favor of the *dictum* cited by Mr. Baillie, and in a theocratic system founded on such utterances its great authority must be admitted. But, in matters of dogma as with matters of fact, time and circumstances effect and legitimize important changes. In both Christianity and Islâm many points of now accepted doctrine would have been rank heresy one, two, three, or five centuries ago, just as in secular affairs we all know how often success has sanctified treason. Selim not only obtained from Motowakkel the forced or voluntary renunciation of his office, but, as already mentioned, induced the Schérif of Mecca—the next highest religious authority of the Mussulman world, and himself of the pure Koreïsh blood—to openly recognize the validity of the transfer. Nor was this all: through the influence of this venerated personage he won to his allegiance most of the chief Desert tribes, and from Suez to Aden was everywhere acknowledged as both Caliph and King. Since then the temporal authority of the Sultans along the Arabian coast, and inland over Yemen, has greatly fluctuated, but their claim to religious supremacy has never been substantially disputed. True it is that the Imâms, or Sultans, of Muscat

and Zanzibar, and their subjects—though Soonis—have never recognized the validity of Motowakkel’s act, and so regard this Ottoman pontificate as heretical and corrupt. But they are only a handful amongst the many millions of the orthodox faithful who, from the Danube to Borneo, now reverence Abdul Hamid as Vicar of the Prophet; and neither their petty recusancy nor the greater schism of the Shiites—who have never recognized any Caliph since Hassan, the son of Ali—materially affects the value of a title which, whatever may have been its original flaws, has been otherwise generally acknowledged for three hundred and sixty years. Even Dr. Badger, therefore, while arguing against the claim, perforce admits that ‘the Ottoman Khalifate, in fact, as distinct from the Sultanate, stands in the same position towards Islâm as the Popedom does towards Christendom’—a measure of legitimacy and practical authority which most politicians at least will think sufficient.

To gather up and restate, therefore, the elements of this so-called problem—the office of Caliph was, in the case of its first four universally acknowledged occupants, elective; in that of both the Ommiade and Abbasside dynasties that followed, and which are similarly recognized by all Mussulmans except the schismatic Sniites, it was virtually hereditary; then followed, as has been said, a *lacuna* of some four years, during which the line of succession was wholly broken, to be re-established in the historically doubtful founder of the Egyptian Abbassides, who was partly nominated by the Mamlouk Sultan and partly chosen by his Ulema, as was also his immediate successor. Thence on till the extinction of this dynasty, again, the rule of descent was also in effect hereditary, though not always in the direct line. But throughout this long succession of nearly a thousand years these Caliphs, from Aboubekr to Motowakkel, were or claimed to be members of what may be termed the Levitical Koreïsh tribe, to which there is strong authority for saying Mohammed himself declared every occupant of the sacred office must belong. Up to this point, too, there is, as has been observed, no instance on record of the office having been transferred by an individual oc-

cupant of it, and least of all to a member of an alien race. In the teeth, however, of this negatively proved canon the last of the Egyptian Abbassides, either voluntarily or under pressure of force, renounced the dignity in favor of the Ottoman Sultan Selim I.—by blood a Tartar—on that prince's conquest of Egypt; and from him the office has since descended, conjointly with the temporal Sultanate, to the present sovereign, Abdul Hamid. If the premises of the argument ended here, it would be safe to affirm with Dr. Badger, Mr. Baillie, and 'G. B.' that the Ottoman claims to the dignity are both canonically and historically untenable. But the syllogism is practically upset by the authoritative expediency of the *Foussoul-Isteroucheny*, already quoted, and by the more substantial fact still that for more than three centuries and a half this 'usurpation' of

the Ottoman Sultans has been condoned and sanctioned by the general Mussulman world, from Bosnia to Kashgar. In fact, time and a consensus of Mussulman opinion have created for the house of Othman quite as good a title to the office as could be claimed for any of the dynasties since Ali and Hassan. For all purposes of practical politics, therefore, the validity of this must now be recognized. The notion that there ever was anything like an apostolical succession in the office is as exploded as our own old dogma of Divine right; and, that cleared away, it is—with all respect to the eminent scholars who blunt their pens against an accomplished and now unchangeable fact—mere Quixotism to dispute a claim which Mussulmans themselves all but universally acknowledge.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

EX-PRESIDENT MARK HOPKINS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE make in this number another addition to our series of portraits of eminent American educators, in the person of the venerable Mark Hopkins, who for the long period of thirty-six years presided over Williams College, and who still holds an important position in the corps of instructors of that institution.

MARK HOPKINS is a grandson of Mark Hopkins, an officer in the war of the Revolution, and subsequently a lawyer of considerable reputation. He was born at Stockbridge, Mass., on the 4th of February, 1802. He was graduated at Williams College in 1824, and having filled a tutorship in the college for two years, received in 1828 the degree of M.D., and in the same year commenced the practice of medicine in New York City. In 1830 he was recalled to Williams College to fill the chair of rhetoric and moral philosophy, and in 1836 succeeded Dr. Griffin as President of the college, a position which he held continuously until 1872. In the latter year, being then "the oldest college president in America," he resigned executive duties and resumed his old position as professor of mental and moral philosophy. Under his supervision Williams College greatly increased her resources and the

number of her students, and achieved a reputation which has placed her among the foremost educational institutions in the land. From a position little better than that of a good local school he raised it to the level of a national fame and influence; and his name will always fill an honored place in the educational annals of America.

In addition to his labors as an instructor, Dr. Hopkins has been a frequent lecturer before scientific and literary associations, and, besides a number of occasional sermons and addresses, he has published a number of works evincing high intellectual culture as well as literary skill. "Among them," says a writer in the *Cyclopædia of Education*, "that which illustrates best his peculiarly lucid mode of teaching difficult subjects is 'An Outline Study of Man' (New York, 1873), which is a model of the developing method as applied to intellectual science, as well as of black-board illustration." Presiding over a college which has been called the cradle of foreign missions, he has also taken an active part in the deliberations of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, of which, for a number of years after 1857, he was president.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EGYPT AS IT IS. By J. C. McCOAN. With a Map Taken from the Most Recent Survey. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The character and scope of this work will be sufficiently indicated perhaps by saying that it was prepared as a companion volume to Wallace's "Russia" and Baker's "Turkey," and its quality by saying that it is worthy to fill a place beside those admirable works on the library shelf. It lacks the wide comprehensiveness of Mr. Wallace's treatise, for more than one elaborate volume would be required to deal satisfactorily with the history, antiquities, and social life of Egypt, and each of these several branches of the subject is already illustrated by a quite voluminous literature. Mr. McCoan's object is to furnish a comprehensive account of the material, economic, and administrative condition of the country as it is at the present time; and though he performs the role of historian sufficiently to give a vivid sketch of the principal events that have marked the annals of Egypt since the accession of Mehemet Ali, and makes use of the researches of antiquarians wherever they can be made to serve the purposes of illustration, he confines himself chiefly to practical matters, and to an explanation of the causes that have produced the great national revival which in little more than half a century has lifted Egypt from the position of an obscure and despised dependency of the Porte to one in which it is recognized as the most civilized and progressive of existing Oriental states. Agriculture and manufacturing industries, commerce, finances, population and territory, public works, the educational system, judicial reforms, slavery, and administration—these are the principal topics that engage the author's attention; and upon all these he furnishes vastly more and better materials for a satisfactory judgment than have hitherto been accessible to the general reader. A considerable portion of this material has been gathered from the governmental archives and the best official and private sources, and the whole was corrected and confirmed by lengthened personal visits to Egypt made by the author for the special purposes of investigation. His statistical information is particularly full and precise, and, considering the difficulty of procuring such data in a country like Egypt, forms a praiseworthy feature of the work; and the evident impartiality with which he approaches the entire subject, combined with this amplitude of knowledge, renders his hopeful view of the future of the country and his favorable opinion of the character and intentions of the

present Khedive more impressive than all the fulsome eulogies that have been penned in such numbers by enthusiastic travellers during the past twenty years.

As regards the attractiveness of the book, it is evidently designed rather for instruction than amusement; and yet it presents many features of interest even for readers who usually seek mere entertainment. The article on "Slavery in Egypt" which appeared in the August number of the *ECLECTIC* forms a chapter of the work, and affords a fair example of the author's skill in investing the most hackneyed topics with new and suggestive interest; and it is always pleasant to follow a well-informed, clear-headed, and lucid writer through the intricacies of an important and intricate subject. Mr. McCoan is never dull even when dealing with statistics; and whenever he describes persons, or events, or natural scenery, or social customs and characteristics, he shows all the vividness and vigor of style which we should expect in the veteran editor of the *Lévant Herald*.

The map contained in the volume, better than any other yet published, depicts Egypt from the Mediterranean to the equator.

CHRISTIANITY AND HUMANITY: A Series of Sermons by Thomas Starr King. Edited, with a Memoir, by Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

In view of the remarkably wide popularity which Starr King had attained both as preacher and as lecturer, it would seem as if some literary memorial of his character and work would long ago have been forthcoming. He died in 1864, when his reputation and influence were at their zenith, and when thousands of hearts in the East as in the West were thrilled with loving remembrances of him; and a thirteen years' lease of oblivion is a longer term than his admiring friends should have allowed him. Tardy though it be, however, the present memorial volume, with its promised successors, will doubtless find a large circle of eager readers, including many whose interest in Mr. King is a transmitted feeling derived from those who had known him personally or participated in his intellectual ministrations. The twenty-two sermons which it contains represent, as Mr. Whipple says, the average excellence of Mr. King's weekly discourses, and though they cannot be regarded as brilliant examples of pulpit eloquence they certainly justify the esteem in which he was held as a preacher to cultivated audiences. In exaltation of senti-

ment, in subtlety of thought, and in polish of style, they are inferior to Channing's; but there is a sweet serenity of tone about them, a fervor of conviction, a keenness of insight into the perplexities of the human heart, a varied picturesqueness and force of expression, and a wooing persuasiveness of argument, that give them a place apart from, if not above, the ordinary standards of comparison. To minds perplexed by recent historical criticism and the seeming encroachments of science they will prove especially helpful; for Mr. King enforces with peculiar emphasis the vital truth that religion appeals not to the understanding but to the soul, and that its testimonies are to be sought in the lives of men and not in their meagre historical records.

But perhaps the most valuable as it is certainly the most enjoyable portion of the volume is the brief biographical sketch prefixed to the sermons. To know what a good man *is* is vastly more improving than to know simply what he *says*, and Mr. Whipple's affectionate and eloquent memoir brings Mr. King before us with remarkable vividness. "To know him was to love him," says Mr. Whipple; and we may add that this memoir awakens in the reader something of the reverent, tender, and admiring sentiment with which Mr. King seems to have inspired all who enjoyed the privilege of intimate personal contact with him.

THE QUESTION OF LABOR AND CAPITAL. By John B. Jervis, Civil Engineer. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons*.

In these days of a universal printing-press any social convulsion is sure to be speedily reflected in literature, and the recent great railroad strike has already elicited a goodly number of treatises, in addition to the multitudinous comments upon it in the periodical press. Mr. Jervis's book on "The Question of Labor and Capital" was apparently written and completed before the strike culminated, and consequently does not deal with it directly; but it undoubtedly was suggested by the troubles and agitations that heralded the final catastrophe, and the topics which it discusses take a peculiar significance from events which furnish a lurid commentary upon its argument. Mr. Jervis does not wield the pen of a ready writer, and he makes no pretension to originality of view; but his mind has laid firm hold upon one or two of the essential doctrines of economical science, and these he expounds and reiterates with a certain homely force of phrase and aptness of illustration that will very likely prove more effective with working-class readers than the subtle logic and precise periods of better known and more

authoritative writers. Those who are already familiar with the principles of political economy, and especially with the literary masterpieces that have given the science such high intellectual claims upon the attention of thinkers, would doubtless be wearied by Mr. Jervis's simple arguments, rambling repetitions, and ungrammatical sentences; but it is to the unlettered laboring-classes that he specifically addresses himself, and upon such classes, if they can be induced to read it, his treatise will unquestionably make a profound and wholesome impression. The cardinal doctrine which he teaches is that which About concisely sums up in the epigram: "Capital is the instrument civilization has put into the hands of labor." This sound and healthful doctrine he emphasizes over and over again, and illustrates from the practical experiences of every-day life. His sympathy with the unavoidable hardships of the workingman's lot is frank and unmistakable, but the whole tone of his thought is manly and practical, and offers a wholesome antidote to the weak sentimentalism with which the discussion of the labor question is too often befogged. The following paragraph—a fair specimen at once of his teaching and of his unpolished directness of speech—is worthy of being extensively reproduced: "The sentiment that labor is worth so much, or more or less, is without foundation. It is worth just what it will command in the market, same as any other commodity. There is no other philosophy than this. The benevolent idea that wages should be such as to yield a fair support, is necessarily indefinite, and has little or no application in the commerce of men. Business is one thing and charity another. Nor would the charitable view comport with the dignity of labor, or lead to any other than the pauper or semi-pauper plan, which no able-bodied American citizen should respect, or propose for his support."

The chief fault of Mr. Jervis's book arises from his habit of constant self-repetition. He either does not know when he has made his point, or has unbounded faith in the efficacy of mere reiteration. All that he has to say could easily have been said within the limits of a modest pamphlet, and the general circulation that might have been secured for his ideas in that form would undoubtedly have been productive of good.

LIGHT: A Series of Simple, Entertaining, and Inexpensive Experiments in the Phenomena of Light, for the Use of Students of Every Age. By ALFRED M. MAYER and CHARLES BARNARD. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

This attractive little book forms the initial volume of an "Experimental Science Series

eginners," in which it is designed to young students the elementary principles of optics, sound, heat, magnetism, electricity, and mechanics, and at the same time to give them such a knowledge of the art of making practical experiments as will enable them to go forward steadily and confidently to the more complex phenomena of the physical sciences. The manual "is specially adapted for the boy or girl student, and for the teacher who has no apparatus, and who teaches his pupils to become experimenters, reasoners, and exact observers. Nearly all the experiments described are new, and have been thoroughly tested. The materials employed are of the cheapest and most accessible description, and all the experiments are performed at an expense of less than one dollar. The apparatus is, at the same time, suitable for regular daily use in both home and school, and with care should last for years." One of the customary objections to the introduction of science-teaching in elementary schools is that the required apparatus is too expensive, and that the teacher requires a special training in order to use it. This objection is completely met by the present manual; for any tolerably intelligent boy of ten would easily perform every experiment in the volume, making the greater use of his apparatus himself, and finding more pleasure and enjoyment in the entire process. The teacher, having thus prepared for and performed the experiments, he will have such an exact idea of the action of Light and how it acts as could not be so firmly lodged in his mind by any other method of instruction.

The experiments are very clearly described and aided by illustrations and diagrams.

SCIENTIFIC ADDRESSES, with a Lecture on the History of Biology. By THOMAS H. HUXLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Indoubtedly the most important portion of the contents of this volume are the three lectures delivered by Professor Huxley in New York during his recent American visit, in which, after discussing the several hypotheses concerning the history of Nature that have been entertained by mankind, he presented the evidence which he calls "the demonstrative evidence of evolution." These lectures were reported extensively copied at the time, and there are many intelligent readers probably who have formed more or less definite ideas of their character, but they are likely to be the starting-point of a whole literature of scientific discussion, and all who can appreciate their importance will be glad to possess them in book form, uniform in style with the professor's other works. Besides the lectures on Evo-

lution, the volume contains the admirable "Address on University Education" delivered at the opening of the Johns Hopkins University, and a lecture on "The Study of Biology," delivered at the South Kensington Museum in connection with the loan collection of scientific apparatus. The former will be read with special pleasure for the hearty recognition which it accords to American efforts in science and education; and the latter is a topic on which Professor Huxley can speak with the authority of the greatest living biologist.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

DR. FRIEDRICH DELITZSCH is preparing a work on the geography of the Assyrian inscriptions.

Two American authors, Mr. Henry James, Jr., and Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, have new books on the lists of English publishers which will be first published in London.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER has returned to Oxford very much benefited by his year's sojourn abroad, and will now devote himself to the editing of the translations of the sacred books of the world which he has undertaken.

TUCKERMAN'S "Greeks of To-Day," published in London two years ago, has been published in Athens in Modern Greek. A Greek newspaper speaks of it as "the only true picture of Greek character ever presented by a foreigner."

THE family of Hackländer—"the German Dickens"—have arranged with Herr Bacciocco, the Viennese novelist, to edit the literary remains of the deceased author. A manuscript "Romance of My Life" is known to be among his unpublished papers.

DR. DAVID KAUFMANN has just brought out, in German, an important book for Jewish and scholastic philosophy, under the title of "History of the Doctrine of the Attributes in the Jewish Mediæval Philosophy, from Saadyah to the famous Maimonides," i.e. from 960 to 1200 A.D.

THE German Booksellers' Association have determined to publish "Geschichte des Deutschen Buchhandels," from the discovery of printing up to the present time, for which co-operation is invited. They have set on foot a periodical, *Archiv für die Geschichte des Deutschen Buchhandels*, as a means of collecting materials for this purpose.

M. ERNEST RENAN is preparing a translation of Ecclesiastes, to appear next winter. A specimen is given in one of M. Stapfer's lectures on Humor in a recent number of the *Revue politique et littéraire*. The work will form a com-

panion-volume to the author's translations of Job and the Song of Songs, and, like them, will probably be prefaced by an introductory essay.

THE Austrian Statistical Year Book for 1875 has just been issued, and, according to it, during that year 876 periodicals were published in the empire, being an increase of 66 on the previous twelvemonth: 591 were in German, 116 in Hungarian, 60 in Italian, 53 in Polish, 18 Sclavonian, 12 Hebrew or in Hebrew type, 8 Ruthenian, 2 French, 2 in Greek, and the remainder in mixed dialects.

THE reform of German spelling, initiated by Schleicher, is being carried through and pressed forward by Dr. Frikke of Wiesbaden. Spelling-reform associations are being formed throughout Germany as well as among the German settlers in England and elsewhere, and a paper devoted to the cause, and printed in the reformed spelling and type, is now published at Bremen, under the title of *Reform*. The first number appeared at the beginning of last March.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE "AMERICAN MEDITERRANEAN."—A description of the great river Amazons and of the vast region watered by its affluents, by Mr. R. Reyes, is published in the *Bulletin* of the Société de Géographie, at Paris. He calls it the American Mediterranean, and shews that by itself and its feeders, the noble stream borders the territories of Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, and Brazil. Ships of the largest class can navigate to a distance of three thousand miles from the sea, and ascend some of the tributaries from two to nine hundred miles, through a country rich and fertile almost beyond description. The forests produce four hundred different kinds of wood, mostly of excellent quality, as may be seen in the Museum at Rio Janeiro; and fruits, drugs, and minerals abound. A tourist wishful to take a holiday in the tropics may now embark in the West Indies, cross to the mainland, steam up the Magdalena to the city of Purification in the Colombian State Tolima. Thence by a land-journey of three days he reaches the steamers on the affluents of the Amazons, and ends his voyage of four thousand miles on the great Brazilian river.

GALILEO AND THE TELESCOPE.—With reference to Galileo's claim to be the inventor of the telescope, M. Wolf quotes ("Annalen der Physik und Chemie") from a manuscript of Scheiner (1616) in a library in Zurich, a curious passage, of which the following is part:—

"It must be allowed first, considering what the telescope does, that Baptista Porta has better right to be thought the inventor, because he describes, after his own way, in obscure words and puzzling expressions, an instrument like the telescope. But, secondly, if we speak of the telescope, as it is now used after general perfection, we must say that neither Porta nor Galileo is the first discoverer of it, but the telescope in this sense was discovered in Germany, among the Belgians, and that accidentally by one Krämer, who sold spectacles, and either for amusement, or experimentation, combined concave and convex glasses, so that with both glasses he could see a quite small and distant object large and near; at which success being rejoiced, he united several similar pairs of glasses in a tube, and offered the combination at a high price to wealthy people. Thereafter they (the telescopes) became gradually more common among the people, and spread to other countries. In this way two of them were brought for the first time by a Belgian merchant to Italy; of these, one remained long in the college at Rome; the other went first to Venice, later to Naples; and here the Italians, and especially Galileo, at that time Professor of Mathematics in Padua, took the opportunity of improving it, in order to apply it to astronomical purposes, and extend its use further. Thus the telescope, as we have it to-day, was discovered by Germany, and perfected by Italy; the whole world now rejoices in it."

TEMPERATURE OF TREES.—Professor Boehm has recently investigated the temperature of trees in its relation to external influences. His conclusions (reports *Nature*) are these:—
1. The temperature of the tree-interior is, during transpiration, the combined expression of the air and the ground heat. 2. The air heat is conducted transversally, the ground heat longitudinally. 3. The longitudinal conduction is effected through the ascending sap-current, or rather through transpiration. 4. A lowering of the ground temperature during transpiration produces also a depression of temperature in the tree-interior. 5. The influence of the temperature of the ascending sap-current decreases in the stem from below upwards, and from within outwards. 6. The amount of this decrease is determined by the amount of the transversely-conducted solar heat, and is in direct ratio with the diminution of the volume of the stem part, and the approximation to the periphery of the stem. 7. The lower part of the stem is still under the full influence of the ground heat, or rather of the ascending sap-current. 8. The vertical limit of this influence is lost in the ramifica-

the tree. 9. With exclusion of transpiration, and therewith of rise of sap, the temperature of the tree is simply dependent on the air. 10. A simultaneous cooling of the lower and upper part of the tree commensurates the amounts of influence according to the height of the stem) and no cooling "moments."

ON AND HEAT.—M. Ollivier (in the *des Débats*) gives the following experimental illustration of the conversion of motion into heat:—One end of a square bar of this instance 15 mm. \times 70 or 80 cen., held by one hand in the middle, and pressed against a rapidly-revolving emery-wheel, by which means the extremity so applied becomes considerably heated. The hand in the middle of the bar does not feel any increase of temperature, but that at the other extremity is soon obliged to let go, the temperature rising to the point of burning the hand. M. Ollivier thus explains this effect, which appears paradoxical at the first glance. The heat that burns the hand is not generated at the other extremity of the bar and transmitted thence, but is produced directly at the place. Movement and heat being synonymous, the movement destroyed by the friction at the outward extremity of the bar by the passage of the vibrations is converted into heat, whilst there being an interval of rest in the middle of the bar, no heat is perceived there. A curious feature of the experiment is that at the outer extremity the thermometer does not show any exceptional temperature, but the thermometer does not stop there. To produce the burning effect, the hand could grasp the end of the bar with sufficient strength to arrest the movement.

DISCOVERY OF NON-METALLIC RAYS IN THE SOLAR SPECTRUM.—A discovery of importance to astronomy is announced by Dr. Henry Draper of New-York-on-the-Hudson. It is well known from the observations of the spectroscopists, that while the lines that indicate the presence of metals are so abundant in the solar spectrum, as to leave no room for doubting that not all, the metals are ignited in the sun, there is yet an absence of the lines that characterize nearly all the non-metallic substances.

Hydrogen is excepted from this general rule, but there are many reasons for this, that gas with the metals. Various hypotheses have been put forward to explain the origin of non-metallic lines from the solar spectrum, and the fact has even been used to cast doubt over the nebular hypothesis, which necessarily assumes that the constituents of the sun cannot greatly differ from those of the earth. Dr. Draper's discovery, if it be

confirmed, shows that at least one—and probably several—non-metallic substances are present in the sun. In a paper read before the American Philosophical Society last month, he gave the details of experiments which appear to prove that oxygen forms one of the sun's constituents. Its presence is indicated in the spectrum, not by black, but by bright lines. To make this more apparent, Dr. Draper has photographed with the spectrograph of the sun a "comparison spectrum" of common air—the air being ignited by the electric sparks of a Leyden jar. The "comparison spectrum" gives the bright lines of oxygen and nitrogen, and also (from the terminals of the battery used) those of aluminium and iron. The lines of the metals serve to check the accuracy with which the two spectra—of the sun and of air—are matched. These spectra are reproduced without the intervention of the engraver, by Bierstadt's Albert-type process, and appear as a frontispiece in *The American Journal of Science and Arts*. If it is conceded that there are bright lines on the solar spectrum showing the presence of oxygen, it seems probable that the discovery of the other non-metallic substances, such as nitrogen, chlorine, sulphur, carbon, etc., may be similarly made. A new view of the sun's constitution will then follow, since the circumstance that bright lines flow from the non-metals indicates that their quantity in the sun is probably enormous as compared with the metals.—*The Tribune*.

VARIETIES.

ON CHOOSING A HOUSE.—Before you enter a house that you have some thoughts of taking, do not fail to take a look, not only at the exterior thereof, but at the neighborhood around it. Do not, however, be too much struck with a showy outside; the place may be but a whited sepulchre after all—a very living grave. The house, too, may be in itself, both outside and in, everything which heart can desire, but after all it may be situated in the vicinity of other houses, either at the back or front, the conduct of the inmates of which may render your life wretched. Your rooms may be furnished with taste and comfort, but if you are awakened every other night by the sounds of drunken revelry, or mayhap fighting and squabbling, your life will not be a very romantic one, to say the least. Again, however tastefully your garden may be gotten up, however shady and cool your summer-house, the sound of voices in altercation, or perhaps oaths and swearing, floating over the adjoining wall, will detract materially from the pleasure you derive from the society of a friend or favorite author.

Having satisfied yourself regarding externals it will be time now to have a peep inside, and the very first thing it is your duty to find out is whether or not the house be damp or dry. Nothing can be more injurious to the health than residence in a house which is damp; coughs and colds, aches and pains and rheums—ay, and maybe fever itself—must be your portion if you are unwise enough to live in a damp house, and granting even that you have the strongest of constitutions, dampness will sap it, your nerves will be weakened, you shall find yourself ill and fretful without being able to assign a cause therefor. Avoid a damp house, therefore: you can hardly fail to know if it is damp. Suspicious spots of mildew about the paper, beading on unpapered walls, and a generally moist smell must guide you in your diagnosis. More deadly even than damp are the emanations from drains and cesspools and noxious gases, such as sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic acid. If you mean to live for any length of time in a house, it will be much better to put the matter into the hands of a trustworthy surveyor, and let him see to this matter.—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

MR. S. C. HALL AND THE "ART JOURNAL."
—In 1839 Mr. Hall conceived the idea of establishing a magazine devoted entirely to art, art manufactures, and the higher class of literary contributions, and launched the *Art Union*, which, under its somewhat modified and greatly improved title of *Art Journal*, he has continued uninterruptedly to conduct from that time to the present day, a period of thirty-eight years. "When, in 1839, I commenced the *Art Journal*," says Mr. Hall, "there was no public for art literature; I had to create a public, and I did. The newspapers gave, on certain pressing occasions, a few lines to the theme. Now, column after column accords justice to the vital subject, criticising, fully and thoroughly well, all art productions, whether published or exhibited. There were in 1839 no buyers of pictures by British artists; there were plenty to purchase old masters—the works of Raffaele and Titian and Canaletti; notorious frauds, which I continuously exposed, at much peril, and once at great cost, sometimes showing where false pictures were made, and printing, month after month, Custom House returns of 'ancient masters' imported into London; canvases that paid duty, but which the artists who were responsible for them had never seen. By persisting in that course, proving how little they were worth and would ultimately bring if re-sold, and at the same time producing proofs of the gradual rise in value of British pictures when submitted to public sale, I led the dealers on the one hand, and

the collectors on the other, to avoid 'old masters,' and to patronise such as could be readily authenticated—the productions of artists who were yet alive to testify to their work. At the time to which I go back, artists sold their productions at very small prices indeed; they now sell at the auction rooms for, sometimes, a hundredfold the amount such artists received for them. I have more than once been present at a private view of the Royal Academy when, during the day, there was not a single picture sold. About 1840 I gave commissions for six fancy portraits to six young artists, then beginning a career in which they have since attained the highest eminence. Among the six were Frith, Ward, and Elmore. Each of the six painted six pictures for the sum of ten guineas each, and were content; they would now be estimated each at the value of two hundred guineas. But still more astounding is this fact: when the engraver Finden, for whom I had obtained them, and who had paid for them (they were for a work I edited for him, 'The Beauties of Moore'), sought to re-sell them at the sums they had cost, and with that view exhibited them at a gallery in the Strand, he could find no buyers at the price of ten guineas each. I need not tell you how different is the case now, when artists are among the wealthier classes of the community. You would gladly now give a hundred pounds for a picture which in 1839 you might have had for as many shillings; and you know that no investment is at once so secure and so remunerative as the money invested in wisely-selected pictures." The change thus evidenced Mr. Hall may justly claim to have a large share in producing. In 1839, as just stated, Mr. S. C. Hall founded, entirely himself, and on his own responsibility, the *Art Journal*, which has continued uninterruptedly to be published from that hour to this, and the whole of that time under his careful editorship. Changes have taken place in its proprietorship, in its size, and in its general style of issue, but the main features and the character of the work remain the same.—*Leisure Hour*.

RONDEAU.

LIFE lapses by for you and me;
Our sweet days pass us by and flee;
And evermore death draws us nigh;
The blue fades fast out of our sky;
The ripple ceases from our sea.
What would we not give, you and I,
The early sweet of life to buy!
Alas! sweetheart, that cannot we:
Life lapses by.

But though our young years buried lie,
Shall Love with Spring and Summer die?
What if the roses faded be!
We in each other's eyes will see
New Springs, nor question how or why
Life lapses by.

JOHN PAYNE.



1871



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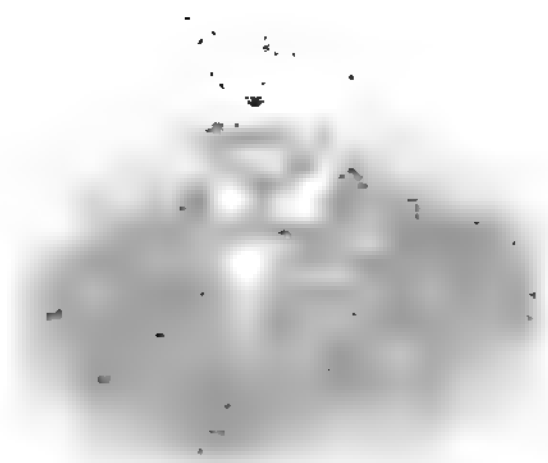
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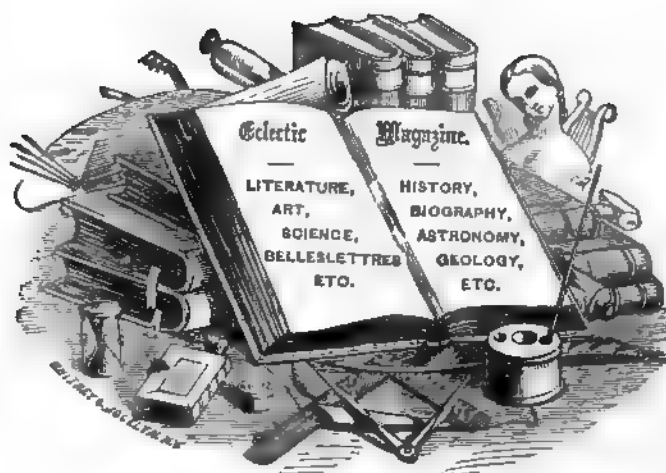
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Eclectic Magazine

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXVI., No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1877.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

A MODERN 'SYMPOSIUM.' THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.

LORD SELBORNE.

I am too well satisfied with Lord Blachford's paper, and with much that is in the other papers of the September number, to think that I can add anything of importance to them. The little I would say has reference to our actual knowledge of the soul during this life; meaning by the soul what Lord Blachford means, viz., the conscious being, which each man calls 'himself.'

It appears to me, that what we know and can observe tends to confirm the testimony of our consciousness to the reality of the distinction between the body and the soul. From the necessity of the case, we cannot observe any manifestations of the soul, except during the time of its association with the body. This limit of our experience applies, not to the 'ego,' of which alone each man has any direct knowledge, but to the perceptible indications of consciousness in others. It is impossible, in the nature of

things, that any man can ever have had experience of the total cessation of his own consciousness; and the idea of such a cessation is much less natural, and much more difficult to realise, than that of its continuance. We observe the phenomena of death in others, and infer, by irresistible induction, that the same thing will also happen to ourselves. But these phenomena carry us only to the dissociation of the 'ego' from the body, not to its extinction.

Nothing else can be credible, if our consciousness is not; and I have said that this bears testimony to the reality of the distinction between soul and body. Each man is conscious of using his own body as an instrument, in the same sense in which he would use any other machine. He passes a different moral judgment on the mechanical and involuntary actions of his body, from that which he feels to be due to its actions resulting from his own free will. The unity and identity of the 'ego' from the beginning

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to the end of life, is of the essence of his consciousness.

In accordance with this testimony are such facts as the following: that the body has no proper unity, identity, or continuity through the whole of life, all its constituent parts being in a constant state of flux and change; that many parts and organs of the body may be removed, with no greater effect upon the 'ego' than when we take off any article of clothing; and that those organs which cannot be removed or stopped in their action without death, are distributed over different parts of the body, and are homogeneous in their material and structure with others which we can lose without the sense that any change has passed over our proper selves. If, on the one hand, a diseased state of some bodily organs interrupts the reasonable manifestations of the soul through the body, the cases are, on the other, not rare, in which the whole body decays, and falls into extreme age, weakness, and even decrepitude, while vigor, freshness, and youthfulness are still characteristics of the mind.

The attempt, in Butler's work, to reason from the indivisibility and indestructibility of the soul, as ascertained facts, is less satisfactory than most of that great writer's arguments, which are, generally, rather intended to be destructive of objections, than demonstrative of positive truths. But the modern scientific doctrine, that all matter, and all force, are indestructible, is not without interest in relation to that argument. There must at least be a natural presumption from that doctrine, that, if the soul during life has a real existence distinct from the body, it is not annihilated by death. If, indeed, it were a mere 'force' (such as heat, light, &c., are supposed by modern philosophers to be, though men who are not philosophers may be excused, if they find some difficulty in understanding exactly what is meant by the term, when so used), it would be consistent with that doctrine, that the soul might be transmuted, after death, into some other form of force. But the idea of 'force,' in this sense (whatever may be its exact meaning), seems wholly inapplicable to the conscious being, which a man calls 'himself.'

The resemblances in the nature and

organisation of animal and vegetable bodies seem to me to confirm, instead of weakening, the impression, that the body of man is a machine under the government of his soul, and quite distinct from it. Plants manifest no consciousness; all our knowledge of them tends irresistibly to the conclusion, that there is in them no intelligent, much less any reasonable, principle of life. Yet they are machines very like the human body, not indeed in their formal development or their exact chemical processes, but in the general scheme and functions of their organism—in their laws of nutrition, digestion, assimilation, respiration, and especially reproduction. They are bodies without souls, living a physical life, and subject to a physical death. The inferior animals have bodies still more like our own; indeed, in their higher orders, resembling them very closely indeed; and they have also a principle of life quite different from that of plants, with various degrees of consciousness, intelligence, and volition. Even in their principle of life, arguments founded on observation and comparison (though not on individual consciousness), more or less similar to those which apply to man, tend to show that there is something distinct from, and more than, the body. But, of all these inferior animals, the intelligence differs from that of man, not in degree only, but in kind. Nature is their simple, uniform, and sufficient law; their very arts (which are often wonderful) come to them by nature, except when they are trained by man; there is in them no sign of discourse of reason, of morality, or of the knowledge of good and evil. The very similarity of their bodily structure to that of man tends, when these differences are noted, to add weight to the other natural evidence of the distinctness of man's soul from his body.

The immortality of the soul seems to me to be one of those truths, for the belief in which, when authoritatively declared, man is prepared by the very constitution of his nature.

CANON BARRY.

Any one who from the ancient positions of Christianity looks on the controversy between Mr. Harrison and Professor Huxley on 'The Soul and Future

Life' (to which I propose mainly to confine myself) will be tempted with Faulconbridge to observe, not without a touch of grim satisfaction, how, 'from North to South, Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.' The fight is fierce enough to make him ask, *Tantæne animis sapientibus iræ?* But he will see that each is far more effective in battering the lines of the enemy than in strengthening his own. Nor will he be greatly concerned if both from time to time lodge a shot or two in the battlements on which he stands, with some beating of that 'drum scientific,' which seems to me to be in these days always as resonant, sometimes with as much result of merely empty sound, as 'the drum ecclesiastic,' against which Professor Huxley is so fond of warning us. Those whom Mr. Harrison calls 'theologians,' and whom Professor Huxley less appropriately terms 'priests' (for of priesthood there is here no question), may indeed think that, if the formidable character of an opponent's position is to be measured by the scorn and fury with which it is assailed, their ground must be strong indeed; and they will possibly remember an old description of a basis less artificial than 'pulpit stairs,' from which men may look without much alarm, while 'the floods come and the winds blow.' Gaining from this conviction courage to look more closely, they will perceive, as I have said, that each of the combatants is far stronger on the destructive than on the constructive side.

Mr. Harrison's earnest and eloquent plea against the materialism which virtually, if not theoretically, makes all that we call spirit a mere function of material organisation (like the *ἀρμυνία* of the *Phædo*), and against the exclusive 'scientism' which, because it cannot find certain entities along its line of investigation, asserts loudly that they are either non-existent or 'unknowable,' is strong and (*pace* Professor Huxley) needful; not, indeed, against him (for he knows better than to despise the metaphysics in which he is so great an adept), but against many adherents, prominent rather than eminent, of the school in which he is a master. Nor is its force destroyed by exposing, however keenly and sarcastically, some inconsistencies of argument, not inaptly corresponding (as it seems to

me) with similar inconsistencies in the popular exposition of the views which it attacks. If Professor Huxley is right (as surely he is) in pleading for perfect freedom and boldness in the investigation of the phenomena of humanity from the physical side, the counter plea is equally irresistible for the value of an independent philosophy of mind, starting from the metaphysical pole of thought, and reasoning positively on the phenomena, which, though they may have many connections with physical laws, are utterly inexplicable by them. We might, indeed, demur to his inference that the discovery of 'antecedence in the molecular fact' necessarily leads to a 'physical theory of moral phenomena,' and *vice versa*, as savoring a little of the *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. Inseparable connection it would imply; but the ultimate causation might lie in something far deeper, underlying both 'the molecular' and 'the spiritual fact.' But still, to establish such antecedence would be an important scientific step, and the attempt might be made from either side.

On the other hand, Professor Huxley's trenchant attack on the unreality of the Positivist assumption of a right to take names which in the old religion at least mean something firm and solid, and to sublime them into the cloudy forms of transcendental theory, and on the arbitrary application of the word 'selfishness,' with all its degrading associations, to the consciousness of personality here and the hope of a nobler personality in the future, leaves nothing to be desired. I fear that his friends the priests would be accused of the crowning sin of 'ecclesiasticism' (whatever that may be) if they used denunciations half so sharp. Except with a few sarcasms which he cannot resist the temptation of flinging at them by the way, they will have nothing with which to quarrel; and possibly they may even learn from him to consider these as claps of 'cheap thunder' from the 'pulpit,' in that old sense of the word in which it designates the professorial chair.

The whole of Mr. Harrison's two papers may be resolved into an attack on the true individuality of man, first on the speculative, then on the moral side; from the one point of view denouncing the belief in it as a delusion, from the

other branding the desire of it as a moral degradation. The connection of the two arguments is instructive and philosophical. For no argument merely speculative, ignoring all moral considerations, will really be listened to. His view of the soul as 'a consensus of human faculties' reminds us curiously of the Buddhist 'groups'; his description of 'a perpetuity of sensation as the true Hell' breathes the very spirit of the longing for *Nirvana*. Both he and his Asiatic predecessors are certainly right in considering the 'delusion of individual existence' as the chief delusion to be got rid of on the way to a perfect Agnosticism, in respect of all that is not merely phenomenal. It is true that he protests in terms against a naked materialism, ignoring all spiritual phenomena as having a distinctive character of their own; but yet, when he tells us that 'to talk about a bodiless being thinking and loving is simply to talk of the thoughts and feelings of Nothing,' he certainly appears to assume substantially the position of the materialism he denounces, which (as has been already said) holds these spiritual energies to be merely results of the bodily organisation, as the excitation of an electric current is the result of the juxtaposition of certain material substances. If a bodiless being is Nothing, there can be no such thing as an intrinsic or independent spiritual life; and it is difficult for ordinary minds to attach any distinct meaning to the declaration that the soul is 'a conscious unity of being,' if that being depends on an organisation which is unquestionably discernible, and of which (as Butler remarks) large parts may be lost without affecting this consciousness of personality.

Now this is, after all, the only point worth fighting about. Mr. Hutton has already said with perfect truth that by 'the Soul' we mean that 'which lies at the bottom of the sense of personal identity—the thread of the continuity running through all our chequered life,' and which remains unbroken amidst the constant flux of change both in our material body, and in the circumstances of our material life. 'This belief is wholly independent of any 'metaphysical hypothesis' of modern 'orthodoxy,' whether it is, or is not, rightly described as a 'juggle of ideas,' and of 'any examination of

the question (on which Lord Blachford has touched) whether, if it seem such to 'those trained in positive habits of thought,' the fault lies in it or in them. I may remark in passing, that in this broad and simple sense it certainly runs through the whole Bible, and has much that is 'akin to it in the Old Testament.' For even in the darkest and most shadowy ideas of the *Sheôl* of the other world, the belief in a true personal identity is taken absolutely for granted; and it is not a little curious to notice how in the Book of Job the substitution for it of 'an immortality in the race' (although there not in the whole of humanity, but simply in the tribe or family) is offered, and rejected as utterly insufficient to satisfy either the speculation of the intellect or the moral demands of the conscience.* Now it is not worth while to protest against the caricature of this belief, as a belief in 'man plus a heterogeneous entity' called the soul, which can be only intended as a sarcasm. But we cannot acquiesce in any statement, which represents the belief in this immaterial and indivisible personality as resting simply on the notion that it is needed to explain the acts of the human organism. For, as a matter of fact, those who believe in it conceive it to be declared by a direct consciousness, the most simple and ultimate of all acts of consciousness. They hold this consciousness of a personal identity and individuality, unchanging amidst material change, to be embodied in all the language and literature of man; and they point to the inconsistencies in the very words of those who argue against it, as proofs that man cannot divest himself of it. No doubt they believe that so the acts of the organism are best explained, but it is not on the necessity of such explanation that they base their belief: and this fact separates altogether their belief in the human soul, as an immaterial entity, from those conceptions of a soul, in animal, vegetable, even inorganic substances, with which Mr. Harrison insists on confounding it. Of the true character of animal nature we know nothing (although we may conjecture much), just because we have not in regard to it the direct consciousness, which we have in

* See Job xiv. 21, 22.

regard of our own nature. Accordingly we need not trouble our argument for a soul in man with any speculation as to a true soul in the brute creatures.

In what relation this personality stands to the particles which at any moment compose the body, and which are certainly in a continual state of flux, or to the law of structure which in living beings, by some power to us unknown, assimilates these particles, is a totally different question. I fear that Mr. Harrison will be displeased with me if I call it 'a mystery.' But, whatever future advances of science may do for us in the matter—and I hope they may do much—I am afraid I must still say that this relation is a mystery, which has been at different times imperfectly represented, both by formal theories and by metaphors, all of which by the very nature of language are connected with original physical conceptions. Let it be granted freely that the progress of modern physiological science has rendered obsolete the old idea that the various organs of the body stand to the true personal being in a purely instrumental relation, such as (for example) is described by Butler in his *Analogy*, in the celebrated chapter on the Future Life. The power of physical influences acting upon the body to affect the energies of thought and will is unquestionable. The belief that the action of all these energies is associated with molecular change is, to say the least, highly probable. And I may remark that Christianity has no quarrel with these discoveries of modern science; for its doctrine is that for the perfection of man's being a bodily organisation is necessary, and that the 'intermediate state' is a state of suspense and imperfection, out of which, at the word of the Creator, the indestructible personality of man shall rise, to assimilate to itself a glorified body. The doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body boldly faces the perplexity as to the connection of a body with personality, which so greatly troubled ancient speculation on the immortality of the soul. In respect of the intermediate 'state,' it only extends (I grant immeasurably) the experience of those suspensions of the will and the full consciousness of personality, which we have in life, in sleep, swoon, stupor, dependent on normal and abnor-

mal conditions of the bodily organisation; and in respect of the Resurrection, it similarly extends the action of that mysterious creative will, which moulds the human body of the present life slowly and gradually out of the mere germ, and forms, with marvellous rapidity and exuberance of prolific power, lower organisms of high perfection and beauty.

But while modern science teaches us to recognise the influence of the bodily organisation on mental energy, it has, with at least equal clearness, brought out in compensation the distinct power of that mental energy, acting by a process wholly different from the chain of physical causation, to alter functionally, and even organically, the bodily frame itself. The Platonic Socrates (it will be remembered) dwells on the power of the spirit to control bodily appetite and even passion (*τὸ θυμοειδές*), as also on its having the power to assume qualities, as a proof that it is not a mere *ἁρμονία*. Surely modern science has greatly strengthened the former part of his argument, by these discoveries of the power of mind over even the material of the body. This is strikingly illustrated (for example) to the physician, both by the morbid phenomena of what is called generally 'hysteria,' in which the belief in the existence of physical disease actually produces the most remarkable physical effects on the body; and also by the more natural action of the mind on the body, when in sickness a resolution to get well masters the force of disease, or a desire to die slowly fulfils itself. Perhaps even more extraordinary is the fact (I believe sufficiently ascertained) that during pregnancy the presentation of ideas to the mind of the mother actually affects the physical organisation of the offspring. Hence I cannot but think that, at least as distinctly as ever, our fuller experience discloses to us two different processes of causation acting upon our complex humanity—the one wholly physical, acting sometimes by the coarser mechanical agencies, sometimes by the subtler physiological agencies, and in both cases connecting man through the body with the great laws ruling the physical universe—the other wholly metaphysical, acting by the simple presentation of ideas to the mind (which may, indeed, be so purely subjective that they

correspond to no objective reality whatever), and, through them, secondarily acting upon the body, producing no doubt the molecular changes in the brain and the affections of the nervous tissue, which accompany and exhibit mental emotion. In the normal condition of the earthly life, these two powers act and react upon each other, neither being absolutely independent of the other. In the perfect state of the Hereafter we believe that it shall be so still. But we do know of cases in which the metaphysical power is apparently dormant or destroyed, in which accordingly all emotions can be produced automatically by physical processes only, as happens occasionally in dreams (whether of the day or night), and in morbid conditions, as of idiocy, which may themselves be produced either by physical injury or by mental shock. I cannot myself see any difficulty in conceiving that the metaphysical power might act, though no doubt in a way of which we have no present experience, and (according to the Christian doctrine) in a condition of some imperfection, when the bodily organisation is either suspended or removed. For to me it seems clear that there is something existent, which is neither material nor even dependent on material organisation. Whether it be stigmatised as a 'heterogeneous entity,' or graciously designated by the 'good old word soul,' is a matter of great indifference. There it is; and, if it is, I cannot see why it is inconceivable that it should survive all material change. For here, as in other cases, there seems to be a frequent confusion between conceiving that a thing may be, and conceiving how it may be. Of course we cannot figure to ourselves the method of the action of a spiritual energy apart from a bodily organisation; in the attempt to do so the mind glides into quasi-corporeal conceptions and expressions, which are a fair mark for satire. But that there may be such action is to me far less inconceivable, than that the mere fact of the dissolution of what is purely physical should draw with it the destruction of a soul, that can think, love, and pray.

I do not think it necessary to dwell at any length on the second of Mr. Harrison's propositions, denouncing the de-

sire of personal and individual existence as 'selfishness,' with a vigor quite worthy of his royal Prussian model. But history, after all, has recognised that the poor grenadiers had something to say for themselves. Mr. Hutton has already suggested that, if Mr. Harrison had studied the Christian conception of the future life, he could not have written some of his most startling passages, and has protested against the misapplication of the word 'selfishness,' which in this, as in other controversies, quietly begs the question proposed for discussion. The fact is that this theory of 'Altruism,' so eloquently set forth by Mr. Harrison and others of his school, simply contradicts human nature, not in its weaknesses or sins, but in its essential characteristics. It is certainly not the weakest or ignoblest of human souls, who have felt, at the times of deepest thought and feeling, conscious of but two existences—their own, and the Supreme Existence, whether they call it Nature, Law, or God. Surely this Humanity is a very unworthy deity, at once a vague and shadowy abstraction, and, so far as it can be distinctly conceived, like some many-headed idol, magnifying the evil and hideousness, as well as the good and beauty, of the individual nature. But if it were not so, still that individuality, as well as unity, is the law of human nature, is singularly indicated by the very nature of our mental operations. In the study and perception of truth, each man, though he may be guided to it by others, stands absolutely alone; in love, on the other hand, he loses all but the sense of unity; while the conscience holds the balance, recognising at once individuality and unity. Indeed, the sacredness of individuality is so guarded by the darkness which hides each soul from all perfect knowledge of man, so deeply impressed on the mind by the consciousness of independent thought and will, and on the soul by the sense of incommunicable responsibility, that it cannot merge itself in the life of the race. Self-sacrifice, or unselfishness, is the conscious sacrifice, not of our own individuality, but of that which seems to minister to it, for the sake of others. The law of human nature, moreover, is such that the very attempt at such sacrifice inevitably strengthens the spiritual individuality in

all that makes it worth having. To talk of 'a perpetuity of sensation as a true Hell' in a being supposed capable of indefinite growth in wisdom, righteousness, and love, is surely to use words which have no intelligible meaning.

No doubt, if we are to take as our guiding principle either Altruism or what is rightly designated 'selfishness,' we must infinitely prefer the former. But where is the necessity? No doubt the task of harmonising the two is difficult. But all things worth doing are difficult; and it might be worth while to consider whether there is not something in the old belief, which finds the key to this difficult problem in the consciousness of the relation to One Supreme Being, and, recognising both the love of man and the love of self, bids them both agree in conscious subordination to a higher love of God. What makes our life here will, we believe, make it up hereafter, only in a purer and nobler form. On earth we live at once in our own individuality and in the life of others. Our heaven is not the extinction of either element of that life—either of individuality, as Mr. Harrison would have it, or of the life in others, as in that idea of a selfish immortality which he has, I think, set up in order to denounce it—but the continued harmony of both under an infinitely increased power of that supreme principle.

Mr. W. R. GREG.

It would seem impossible for Mr. Harrison to write anything that is not stamped with a vigor and racy eloquence peculiarly his own; and the paper which has opened the present discussion is probably far the finest he has given to the world. There is a lofty tone in its imaginative passages which strikes us as unique among Negationists, and a vein of what is almost tenderness pervading them, which was not observed in his previous writings. The two combined render the second portion one of the most touching and impressive speculations we have read. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Harrison's innate energy is apt to boil over into a vehemence approaching the intemperate; and the antagonistic atmosphere is so native to his spirit that he can scarcely enter the lists of controversy without an irresistible

tendency to become aggressive and unjust; and he is too inclined to forget the first duty of the chivalric militant logician, namely, to select the adversary you assail from the nobler and not the lower form and rank of the doctrine in dispute. The inconsistencies and weaknesses into which this neglect has betrayed him in the instance before us have, however, been so severely dealt with by Mr. Hutton and Professor Huxley, that I wish rather to direct attention to two or three points of his argument that might otherwise be in danger of escaping the appreciation and gratitude they may fairly claim.

We owe him something, it appears to me, for having inaugurated a discussion which has stirred so many minds to give us on such a question so much interesting and profound, and more especially so much suggestive, thought. We owe him much, too, because, in dealing with a thesis which it is specially the temptation and the practice to handle as a theme for declamation, he has so written as to force his antagonists to treat it argumentatively and searchingly as well. Some gratitude, moreover, is due to the man who had the moral courage boldly to avow his adhesion to the negative view, when that view is not only in the highest degree unpopular, but is regarded for the most part as condemnable into the bargain, and when, besides, it can scarcely fail to be painful to every man of vivid imagination and of strong affections. It is to his credit, also, I venture to think, that, holding this view, he has put it forward, not as an opinion or speculation, but as a settled and deliberate conviction, maintainable by distinct and reputable reasonings, and to be controverted only by pleas analogous in character. For if there be a topic within the wide range of human questioning in reference to which tampering with mental integrity might seem at first sight pardonable, it is that of a future and continued existence. If belief be ever permissible—perhaps I ought to say, if belief be ever possible—on the ground that 'there is peace and joy in believing,' it is here, where the issues are so vast, where the conception in its highest form is so ennobling, where the practical influences of the Creed are, in appearance at least, so beneficent. But

faith thus arrived at has ever clinging to it the curse belonging to all illegitimate possessions. It is precarious, because the flaw in its title-deeds, barely suspected perhaps and never acknowledged, may any moment be discovered; misgivings crop up most surely in those hard and gloomy crises of our lives when unflinching confidence is most essential to our peace; and the fairy fabric, built up not on grounded conviction but on craving need, crumbles into dust, and leaves the spirit with no solid sustenance to rest upon.

Unconsciously and by implication Mr. Harrison bears a testimony he little intended, not indeed to the future existence he denies, but to the irresistible longing and necessity for the very belief he labors to destroy. Perhaps no writer has more undesignedly betrayed his conviction that men will not and cannot be expected to surrender their faith and hope without at least something like a compensation; certainly no one has ever toiled with more noble rhetoric to gild and illuminate the substitute with which he would fain persuade us to rest satisfied. The nearly universal craving for posthumous existence and enduring consciousness, which he depreciates with so harsh a scorn, and which he will not accept as offering even the shadow or *simulacrum* of an argument for the Creed, he yet respects enough to recognise that it has its foundation deep in the framework of our being, that it cannot be silenced and may not be ignored. Having no precious metal to pay it with, he issues paper money instead, skilfully engraved and gorgeously gilded to look as like the real coin as may be. It is in vain to deny that there is something touching and elevating in the glowing eloquence with which he paints the picture of lives devoted to efforts in the service of the race, spent in laboring, each of us in his own sphere, to bring about the grand ideal he fancies for humanity, and drawing strength and reward for long years of toil in the anticipation of what man will be when those noble dreams shall have been realised at last—even though we shall never see what we have wrought so hard to win. It is vain to deny, moreover, that these dreams appear more solid and less wild or vague when we remember how close an analogy

we may detect in the labors of thousands around us who spend their whole career on earth in building up, by sacrifice and painful struggles, wealth, station, fame, and character for their children, whose enjoyment of these possessions they will never live to witness, without their passionate zeal in the pursuit being in any way cooled by the discouraging reflection. Does not this oblige us to confess that the posthumous existence Mr. Harrison describes is not altogether an airy fiction? Still, somehow, after a few moments spent in the thin atmosphere into which his brilliant language and unselfish imagination have combined to raise us, we—ninety-nine out of every hundred of [us at the least—sink back breathless and wearied after the unaccustomed soaring amid light so dim, and craving as of yore after something more personal, more solid, and more *certain*.

To that more solid certainty I am obliged to confess, sorrowfully and with bitter disappointment, that I can contribute nothing—nothing, I mean, that resembles evidence, that can properly be called argument, or that I can hope will be received as even the barest confirmation. Alas! *can* the wisest and most sanguine of us all bring anything beyond our own personal sentiments to swell the common hope? We have aspirations to multiply, but who has any *knowledge* to enrich our store? I have of course read most of the pleadings in favor of the ordinary doctrine of the Future State; naturally also, in common with all graver natures, I have meditated yet more; but these pleadings, for the most part, sound to anxious ears little else than the passionate outcries of souls that cannot endure to part with hopes on which they have been nurtured and which are intertwined with their tenderest affections. Logical reasons to *compel* conviction, I have met with none—even from the interlocutors in this actual Symposium. Yet few can have sought for such more yearningly. I may say I share in the anticipations of believers; but I share them as aspirations, sometimes approaching almost to a faith, occasionally and for a few moments perhaps rising into something like a trust, but never able to settle into the consistency of a definite and enduring creed. I do not know how far even this incomplete state of

mind may not be merely the residuum of early upbringing and habitual associations. But I must be true to my darkness as courageously as to my light. I cannot rest in comfort on arguments that to my spirit have no cogency, nor can I pretend to respect or be content with reasons which carry no penetrating conviction along with them. I will not make buttresses do the work or assume the posture of foundations. I will not cry 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace.' I have said elsewhere and at various epochs of life why the ordinary 'proofs' confidently put forward and gorgeously arrayed 'have no help in them;' while, nevertheless, the pictures which imagination depicts are so inexpressibly alluring. The more I think and question the more do doubts and difficulties crowd around my horizon and cloud over my sky. Thus it is that I am unable to bring aid or sustainment to minds as troubled as my own, and perhaps less willing to admit that the great enigma is, and must remain, insoluble. Of two things, however, I feel satisfied—that the negative doctrine is no more susceptible of proof than the affirmative, and that our opinion, be it only honest, can have no influence whatever on the issue, nor upon its bearing on ourselves.

Two considerations that have been borne in upon my mind while following this controversy may be worth mentioning, though neither can be called exactly helpful. One is that we find the most confident, unquestioning, dogmatic belief in heaven (and its correlative) in those whose heaven is the most unlikely and impossible, the most entirely made up of mundane and material elements, of gorgeous glories and of fading splendors*—just such things as uncultured and undisciplined natures most envied or pined

* 'There may be crowns of material splendor, there may be trees of unfading loveliness, there may be pavements of emerald, and canopies of the brightest radiance, and gardens of deep and tranquil security, and palaces of proud and stately decoration, and a city of lofty pinacles, through which there unceasingly flows a river of gladness, and where jubilee is ever sung by a concord of seraphic voices.'—*Dr. Chalmers's Sermons.*

'Poor fragments all of this low earth—
Such as in dreams could hardly soothe
A soul that once had tasted of immortal
truth.'—*Christian Year.*

after on earth, such as the lower order of minds could best picture and would naturally be most dazzled by. The higher intelligences of our race, who need a spiritual heaven, find their imaginations fettered by the scientific training which, imperfect though it be, clips their wings in all directions, forbids their glowing fancy, and annuls that gorgeous creation, and bars the way to each successive local habitation that is instinctively wanted to give reality to the ideal they aspire to; till, in the effort to frame a future existence without a future world, to build up a state of being that shall be worthy of its denizens, and from which everything material shall be excluded, they at last discover that in renouncing the 'physical' and inadmissible they have been forced to renounce the 'conceivable' as well; and a dimness and fluctuating uncertainty gathers round a scene, from which all that is concrete and definable, and would therefore be incongruous, has been shut out. The next world cannot, it is felt, be a material one; and a truly 'spiritual' one even the saint cannot conceive so as to bring it home to natures still shrouded in the garments of the flesh.

The other suggestion that has occurred to me is this:—It must be conceded that the doctrine of a future life is by no means as universally diffused as it is the habit loosely to assert. It is not always discoverable among primitive and savage races. It existed among pagan nations in a form so vague and hazy as to be describable rather as a dream than a religious faith. It can scarcely be determined whether the Chinese, whose cultivation is perhaps the most ancient existing in the world, can be ranked among distinct believers; while the conception of *Nirvana*, which prevails in the meditative minds of other Orientals, is more a sort of conscious non-existence than a future life. With the Jews, moreover, as is well known, the belief was not indigenous, but imported, and by no means an early importation. But what is not so generally recognised is that, even among ourselves in these days, the conviction of thoughtful natures varies curiously in strength and in features at different periods of life. In youth, when all our sentiments are most vivacious and dogmatic, most of us not only cling to it as an in-

tellectual creed, but are accustomed to say and feel that, without it as a solace and a hope to rest upon, this world would be stripped of its deepest fascinations. It is from minds of this age, whose vigor is unimpaired and whose relish for the joys of earth is most expansive, that the most glowing delineations of heaven usually proceed, and on whom the thirst for felicity and knowledge, which can be slaked at no earthly fountains, has the most exciting power. Then comes the busy turmoil of our mid career, when the present curtains off the future from our thoughts, and when a renewed existence in a different scene is recalled to our fancy chiefly in crises of bereavement. And finally, is it not the case that in our fading years—when something of the languor and placidity of age is creeping over us, just when futurity is coming consciously and rapidly more near, and when one might naturally expect it to occupy us more incessantly and with more anxious and searching glances—we think of it less frequently, believe in it less confidently, desire it less eagerly than in our youth? Such, at least, has been my observation and experience, especially among the more reflective [and inquiring] order of men. The life of the hour absorbs us most completely, as the hours grow fewer and less full; the pleasures, the exemptions, the modest interests, the afternoon peace, the gentle affections of the present scene, obscure the future from our view, and render it, curiously enough, even less interesting than the past. To-day, which may be our last, engrosses us far more than to-morrow, which may be our FOREVER; and the grave into which we are just stepping down troubles us far less than in youth, when half a century lay between us and it.

What is the explanation of this strange phenomenon? Is it a merciful dispensation arranged by the Ruler of our life to soften and to ease a crisis which would be too grand and awful to be faced with dignity or calm, if it were actually *realised* at all? Is it that thought—or that vague substitute for thought which we call time—has brought us, half unconsciously, to the conclusion that the whole question is insoluble, and that reflection is wasted where reflection can bring us no nearer to an issue? Or

finally, as I know is true far oftener than we fancy, is it that threescore years and ten have quenched the passionate desire for life with which at first we stepped upon the scene? We are tired, some of us, with unending and unprofitable toil; we are satiated, others of us, with such ample pleasures as earth can yield us; we have had enough of ambition, alike in its successes and its failures; the joys and blessings of human affection on which, whatever their crises and vicissitudes, no righteous or truthful man will cast a slur, are yet so blended with pains which partake of their intensity; the thirst for knowledge is not slaked, indeed, but the capacity for the labor by which alone it can be gained has consciously died out; the appetite for life, in short, is gone, the frame is worn and the faculties exhausted; and—possibly this is the key to the phenomenon we are examining—*age CANNOT, from the very law of its nature, conceive itself endowed with the bounding energies of youth*, and without that vigor both of exertion and desire, renewed existence can offer no inspiring charms. Our being upon earth has been enriched by vivid interests and precious joys, and we are deeply grateful for the gift; but we are wearied with one life, and feel scarcely qualified to enter on the claims, even though balanced by the felicities and glories, of another. It may be the fatigue which comes with age—fatigue of the fancy as well as of the frame; but somehow, what ye yearn for most instinctively at last is *rest*, and the peace which we can imagine the easiest because we know it best is that of sleep.

REV. BALDWIN BROWN.

The theologians appear to have fallen upon evil days. Like some of old, they are filled with rebuke from all sides. They are bidden to be silent, for their day is over. But some things, like Nature, are hard to get rid of. Expelled, they 'recur' swiftly. Foremost among these is theology. It seems as if nothing could long restrain man from this, the loftiest exercise of his powers. The theologians and the Comtists have met in the sense which Mr. Huxley justly indicates; he is himself working at the foundations of a larger, nobler, and more complete theology. But for the present,

theology suffers affliction, and the theologians have in no small measure themselves to thank for it. The protest rises from all sides, clear and strong, against the narrow, formal, and, in these last days, selfish system of thought and expectation, which they have presented as their kingdom of Heaven to the world.

I never read Mr. Harrison's brilliant essays, full as they always are of high aspiration and of stimulus to noble endeavor, without finding the judgment which I cannot but pass in my own mind on his unbeliefs and denials, largely tempered by thankfulness. I rejoice in the passionate earnestness with which he lifts the hearts of his readers to ideals which it seems to me that Christianity—that Christianity which as a living force in the Apostles' days turned the world upside down, that is, right side up, with its face towards heaven and God—alone can realise for man.

I recall a noble passage written by Mr. Harrison some years ago. 'A religion of action, a religion of social duty, devotion to an intelligible and sensible Head, a real sense of incorporation with a living and controlling force, the deliberate effort to serve an immortal Humanity—this, and this alone, can absorb the musings and the cravings of the spiritual man.'* It seems to me that it would be difficult for any one to set forth in more weighty and eloquent words the kind of object which Christianity proposes, and the kind of help towards the attainment of the object which the Incarnation affords. And in the matter now under debate, behind the stern denunciation of the selfish striving towards a personal immortality which Mr. Harrison utters with his accustomed force, there seems to lie not only a yearning for, but a definite vision of, an immortality which shall not be selfish, but largely fruitful to public good. It is true that, as has been forcibly pointed out, the form which it wears is utterly vain and illusory, and wholly incapable, one would think, of accounting for the enthusiastic eagerness with which it appears to be sought. May not the eagerness be really kindled by a larger and more far-reaching vision—the Christian vision, which has become obscured to so many faithful servants of

duty by the selfishness and vanity with which much that goes by the name of the Christian life in these days has enveloped it; but which has not ceased and will not cease, in ways which even consciousness cannot always trace, to cast its spell on human hearts?

Mr. Harrison seems to start in his argument with the conviction that there is a certain baseness in this longing for immortality, and he falls on the belief with a fierceness which the sense of its baseness alone could justify. But surely he must stamp much more with the same brand. Each day's struggle to live is a bit of the baseness, and there seems to be no answer to Mr. Hutton's remark that the truly unselfish action under such conditions would be suicide. But at any rate it is clear from history that the men who formulated the doctrine and perfected the art of suicide in the early days of Imperial Rome, belonged to the most basely selfish and heartless generation that has ever cumbered this sorrowful world. The love of life is on the whole a noble thing, for the staple of life is duty. The more I see of classes in which at first sight selfishness seems to reign, the more am I struck with the measure in which duty, thought for others, and work for others, enters into their lives. The desire to live on, to those who catch the Christian idea, and would follow Him who 'came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' is a desire to work on, and by living to bless more richly a larger circle in a wider world.

I can even cherish some thankfulness for the fling at the eternity of the tabor in which Mr. Harrison indulges, and which draws on him a rebuke from his critics the severity of which one can also well understand. It is a last fling at the *laus perennis*, which once seemed so beautiful to monastic hearts, and which, looked at ideally, to those who can enter into Mr. Hutton's lofty view of adoration, means all that he describes. But practically it was a very poor, narrow, mechanical thing; and base even when it represented, as it did to multitudes, the loftiest form of a soul's activity in such a sad suffering world as this. I, for one, can understand, though I could not utter, the anathema which follows it as it vanishes from sight. And it bears closely on the matter in hand. It is no

* *Fortnightly Review*, vol. xii. p. 529.

dead mediæval idea. It tinctures strongly the popular religious notions of heaven. The favorite hymns of the evangelical school are set in the same key. There is an easy, self-satisfied, self-indulgent temper in the popular way of thinking and praying, and above all of singing, about heaven, which, sternly as the singers would denounce the cloister, is really caught from the monastic choir. There is a very favorite verse which runs thus :—

There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of our feet.*

It is a fair sample of the staple of much pious forecasting of the occupations and enjoyments of heaven. I cannot but welcome very heartily any such shock as Mr. Harrison administers to this restful and self-centred vision of immortality. Should he find himself at last endowed with the inheritance which he refuses, and be thrown in the way of these souls mooning on the mount, it is evident that he would feel tempted to give them a vigorous shake, and to set them with some stinging words about some good work for God and for their world. And as many of us want the shaking now badly enough, I can thank him for it, although it is administered by an over-rough and contemptuous hand.

I feel some hearty sympathy, too, with much which he says about the unity of the man. The passage to which I refer commences on page 632 with the words 'The philosophy which treats man as man simply affirms that man loves, thinks, acts, not that the ganglia, the senses, or any organ of man, loves, thinks, and acts.'

So far as Mr. Harrison's language and line of thought are a protest against the vague, bloodless, bodiless notion of the life of the future, which has more affinity with Hades than with Heaven, I heartily thank him for it. Man is an embodied spirit, and wherever his lot is cast he will need and will have the means of a spirit's manifestation to and action on its surrounding world. But this is precisely what is substantiated by the Resurrection. The priceless value of the truth

of the Resurrection lies in the close interlacing and interlocking of the two worlds which it reveals. It is the life which is lived here, the life of the embodied spirit, which is carried through the veil and lived there. The wonderful power of the Gospel of 'Jesus and the Resurrection' lay in the homely human interest which it lent to the life of the immortals. 'The risen Lord took up life just where He left it. The things which He had taught His disciples to care about here, were the things which those who had passed on were caring about there, the reign of truth, righteousness, and love. I hold to the truth of the Resurrection, not only because it appears to be firmly established on the most valid testimony, but because it alone seems to explain man's constitution as a spirit embodied in flesh which he is sorely tempted to curse as a clog. It furnishes to man the key to the mystery of the flesh on the one hand, while on the other it justifies his aspiration and realises his hope.

Belief in the risen and reigning Christ was at the heart of that wonderful uprising and outburst of human energy which marked the age of the Advent. The contrast is most striking between the sad and even despairing tone which breathes through the noblest heathen literature, which utters perhaps its deepest wail in the cry of Epictetus, 'Show me a Stoic—by heaven I long to see a Stoic,' and the sense of victorious power, of buoyant exulting hope, which breathes through the world and shines from the life of the infant Church. 'As dying, and behold we live; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.' The Gospel which brought life and immortality to light won its way just as dawn wins its way, when 'jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops,' and flashes his rays over a sleeping world. Everywhere the radiance penetrates; it shines into every nook of shade; and all living creatures stir, awake, and come forth to bask in its beams. Just thus the flood of kindling light streamed forth from the Resurrection, and spread like the dawn in the morning sky; it touched all forms of things in a dark, sad world with its splendor, and called man forth from the tomb

* Mr. Martin's picture of the Plains of Heaven exactly present it, and it is a picture greatly admired in the circles of which we speak.

in which his higher life seemed to be buried, to a new career of fruitful, sunlit activity; even as the Saviour prophesied, 'The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.'

The exceeding readiness and joyfulness with which the truth was welcomed, and the measure in which Christendom—and that means all that is most powerful and progressive in human society—has been moulded by it, are the most notable facts of history. Be it truth, be it fiction, be it dream, one thing is clear: it was a baptism of new life to the world which was touched by it, and it has been near the heart of all the great movements of human society from that day until now. I do not even exclude 'the Revolution,' whose current is under us still. Space is precious, or it would not be difficult to show how deeply the Revolution was indebted to the ideas which this gospel brought into the world. I entirely agree with Lord Blachford that Revelation is the ground on which faith securely rests. But the history of the quickening and the growth of Christian society is a factor of enormous moment in the estimation of the arguments for the truth of immortality. We are assured that the idea had the dullest and even basest origin. Man has a shadow, it suggested the idea of a second self to him! he has memories of departed friends, he gave them a body and made them ghosts! Very wonderful surely, that mere figments should be the strongest and most productive things in the whole sphere of human activity, and should have stirred the spirit and led the march of the strongest, noblest, and most cultivated peoples; until now, in this nineteenth century, we think that we have discovered, as Miss Martineau tersely puts it, that 'the theological belief of almost everybody in the civilised world is baseless.' Let who will believe it, I cannot.

It may be urged that the idea has strong fascination, that man naturally longs for immortality, and gladly catches at any figment which seems to respond to his yearning and to justify his hope. But this belief is among the clearest, broadest, and strongest features of his experience and history. It must flow out of something very deeply imbedded

in his constitution. If the force that is behind all the phenomena of life is responsible for all that is, it must be responsible for this also. Somehow man, the masterpiece of the Creation, has got himself wedded to the belief that all things here have relations to issues which lie in a world that is behind the shadow of death. This belief has been at the root of his highest endeavor and of his keenest pain; it is the secret of his chronic unrest. Now Nature through all her orders appears to have made all creatures contented with the conditions of their life. The brute seems fully satisfied with the resources of his world. He shows no sign of being tormented by dreams; his life withers under no blight of regret. All things rest, and are glad and beautiful in their spheres. Violate the order of their nature, rob them of their fit surroundings, and they grow restless, sad, and poor. A plant shut out from light and moisture will twist itself into the most fantastic shapes, and strain itself to ghastly tenuity; nay, it will work its delicate tissues through stone walls or hard rock, to find what its nature has made needful to its life. Having found it, it rests and is glad in its beauty once more. Living things, perverted by human intelligent effort, revert swiftly the moment that the pressure is removed. This marked tendency to reversion seems to be set in Nature as a sign that all things are at rest in their natural conditions, content with their life and its sphere. Only in ways of which they are wholly unconscious, and which rob them of no contentment with their present, do they prepare the way for the higher developments of life.

What then means this restless longing in man for that which lies beyond the range of his visible world? Has Nature wantonly and cruelly made man, her masterpiece, alone of all the creatures restless and sad? Of all beings in the Creation must he alone be made wretched by an unattainable longing, by futile dreams of a visionary world? This were an utter breach of the method of Nature in all her operations. It is impossible to believe that the harmony that runs through all her spheres fails and falls into discord in man. The very order of Nature presses us to the conviction that this insatiable longing which somehow she

generates and sustains in man, and which is unquestionably the largest feature of his life, is not visionary and futile, but profoundly significant; pointing with firm finger to the reality of that sphere of being to which she has taught him to lift his thoughts and aspirations, and in which he will find, unless the prophetic order of the Creation has lied to him, the harmonious completeness of his life.

And there seems to be no fair escape from the conclusion by giving up the order, and writing Babel on the world and its life. Whatever it is, it is not confusion. Out of its disorder, order palpably grows; out of its confusion arises a grand and stately progress. Progress is a sacred word with Mr. Harrison. In the progress of humanity he finds his longed-for immortality. But, if I may repeat in other terms a remark which I offered in the first number of this Review, while progress is the human law, the world, the sphere of the progress, is tending slowly but inevitably to dissolution. Is there discord again in this highest region? Mr. Harrison writes of an immortal humanity. How immortal, if the glorious progress is striving to accomplish itself in a world of wreck? Or is the progress that of a race born with sore but joyful travail from the highest level of the material creation into a higher region of being, whence it can watch with calmness the dissolution of all the perishable worlds?

The belief in immortality is so dear to man because he grasps through it the complement of his else unshaped and imperfect life. It seems to be equally the complement of this otherwise hopelessly jangled and disordered world. It is asked triumphantly: Why of all the hosts of creatures does man alone lay claim to this great inheritance? Because in man alone we see the experiences, the strain, the anguish, that demand it, as the sole key to what he does and endures. There is to me something horrible in the thought of such a life as ours, in which for all of us, in some form or other, the Cross must be the most sacred symbol, lived out in that bare, heartless, hopeless world of the material, to which Professor Clifford so lightly limits it. And I cannot but think that there are strong signs in many quarters of an almost fierce revulsion from the

ghastly dreariness of such a vision of life.

There seems to me to run through Mr. Harrison's utterances on these great subjects—I say it with honest diffidence of one whose large range of power I so fully recognise, but one must speak frankly if this Symposium is to be worth anything—an instinctive yearning towards Christian ideas, while that faith is denied which alone can vivify them and make them a living power in our world. There is everywhere a shadowy image of a Christian substance; but it reminds one of that formless form, wherein 'what seemed a head, the likeness of a kingly crown had on.' And it is characteristic of much of the finest thinking and writing of our times. The saviour Deronda, the prophet Mordecai, lack just that living heart of faith which would put blood into their pallid lineaments, and make them breathe and move among men. Again, I say that we have largely ourselves to thank for this saddening feature of the higher life of our times—we who have narrowed God's great kingdom to the dimensions of our little theological sphere. I am no theologian, though intensely interested in the themes with which the theologians occupy themselves. Urania, with darkened brow, may perhaps rebuke my prating. But I seem to see quite clearly that the sad strain and anguish of our life, social, intellectual, and spiritual, is but the pain by which great stages of growth accomplish themselves. We have quite outgrown our venerable, and in its time large and noble, theological shell. We must wait, not fearful, far less hopeless, while by the help of those who are working with such admirable energy, courage, and fidelity, outside the visible Christian sphere, that spirit in man which searches and cannot but search 'the deep things of God,' creates for itself a new instrument of thought which will give to it the mastery of a wider, richer, and nobler world.

Dr. W. G. WARD.

Mr. Harrison considers that the Christian's conception of a future life is 'so gross, so sensual, so indolent, so selfish,' as to be unworthy of respectful consideration. He must necessarily be intending to speak of this conception in the

shape in which we Christians entertain it; because otherwise his words of reprobation are unmeaning. But our belief as to the future life is intimately and indissolubly bound up with our belief as to the present; with our belief as to what is the true measure and standard of human action in this world. And I would urge that no part of our doctrine can be rightly apprehended, unless it be viewed in its connection with all the rest. This is a fact which (I think) infidels often drop out of sight, and for that reason fail of meeting Christianity on its really relevant and critical issues.

Of course I consider Catholicity to be exclusively the one authoritative exhibition of revealed Christianity. I will set forth therefore the doctrine to which I would call attention, in that particular form in which Catholic teachers enounce it; though I am very far indeed from intending to deny, that there are multitudes of non-Catholic Christians who hold it also. What then, according to Catholics, is the true measure and standard of human action? This is in effect the very first question propounded in our English elementary Catechism. 'Why did God make you?' The prescribed answer is, 'To know Him, serve Him, and love Him in this world, and to be happy with Him for ever in the next.' And St. Ignatius's *Spiritual Exercises*—a work of the very highest authority among us—having laid down the very same 'foundation,' presently adds, that 'we should not wish on our part for health rather than for sickness, wealth rather than poverty, honor rather than ignominy; desiring and choosing those things alone, which are more expedient to us for the end for which we were created.' Now what will be the course of a Christian's life in proportion as he is profoundly imbued with such a principle as this, and vigorously aims at putting it into practice? The number of believers, who apply themselves to this task with reasonable consistency, is no doubt comparatively small. But in proportion as any given person does so, he will in the first place be deeply penetrated with a sense of his moral weakness; and (were it for that reason alone) his life will more and more be a life of prayer. Then he will necessarily give his mind with great earnestness and frequency to

the consideration, what it is which at this or that period God desires at his hands. On the whole (not to dwell with unnecessary detail on this part of my subject) he will be ever opening his heart to Almighty God; turning to Him for light and strength under emergencies, for comfort under affliction; pondering on His adorable attributes; animated towards Him by intense love and tenderness. Nor need I add how singularly—how beyond words—this personal love of God is promoted and facilitated by the fact, that a Divine Person has assumed human nature, and that God's human acts and words are so largely offered to the loving contemplation of redeemed souls.

In proportion then as a Christian is faithful to his creed, the thought of God becomes the chief joy of his life. 'The thought of God,' says F. Newman, 'and nothing short of it, is the happiness of man; for though there is much besides to serve as subject of knowledge, or motive for action, or instrument of excitement, yet the *affections* require a something more vast and more enduring than anything created. He alone is sufficient for the heart who made it. The contemplation of Him, and nothing but it, is able fully to open and relieve the mind, to unlock, occupy, and fix our affections. We may indeed love things created with great intenseness; but such affection, when disjoined from the love of the Creator, is like a stream running in a narrow channel, impetuous, vehement, turbid. The heart runs out, as it were, only at one door; it is not an expanding of the whole man. Created natures cannot open to us, or elicit, the ten thousand mental senses which belong to us, and through which we really love. None but the presence of our Maker can enter us; for to none besides can the whole heart in all its thoughts and feelings be unlocked and subjected. It is this feeling of simple and absolute confidence and communion, which soothes and satisfies those to whom it is vouchsafed. We know that even our nearest friends enter into us but partially, and hold intercourse with us only at times; whereas the consciousness of a perfect and enduring presence, and it alone, keeps the heart open. Withdraw the object on which it rests, and it will re-

lapse again into a state of confinement and constraint; and in proportion as it is limited, either to certain seasons or to certain affections, the heart is straitened and distressed.'

Now Christians hold, that God's faithful servants will enjoy hereafter unspeakable bliss, through the most intimate imaginable contact with Him whom they have here so tenderly loved. They will see face to face Him, whose beauty is dimly and faintly adumbrated by the most exquisitely transporting beauty which can be found on earth; Him whose adorable perfections they have in this life imperfectly contemplated, and for the fuller apprehension of which they have so earnestly longed here below. I by no means intend to imply, that the hope of this blessedness is the sole or even the chief inducement which leads saintly men to be diligent in serving God. Their immediate reason for doing so is their keen sense of His claim on their allegiance; and, again, the misery which they would experience, through their love of Him, at being guilty of any failure in that allegiance. Still the prospect of that future bliss, which I have so imperfectly sketched, is doubtless found by them at times of invaluable service, in stimulating them to greater effort, and in cheering them under trial and desolation.

Such is the view taken by Christians of life in heaven; and surely any candid infidel will at once admit, that it is profoundly harmonious and consistent with their view of what should be man's life on earth. To say that their anticipation of the future, *as it exists in them*, is gross, sensual, indolent, and selfish, is so manifestly beyond the mark, that I am sure Mr. Harrison will, on reflection, retract his affirmation. Apart, however, from this particular comment, my criticism of Mr. Harrison would be this. He was bound, I maintain, to consider the Christian theory of life *as a whole*; and not to dissociate that part of it which concerns eternity, from that part of it which concerns time.

And now as to the merits of this Christian theory. For my own part I am, of course, profoundly convinced that, as on the one hand it is guaranteed by Revelation, so on the other hand it is that which alone harmonises with the dicta

of reason and the facts of experience, so far as it comes into contact with these. Yet I admit that various very plausible objections may be adduced against its truth. Objectors may allege very plausibly, that by the mass of men it cannot be carried into practice; that it disparages most unduly the importance of things secular; that it is fatal to what they account genuine patriotism; that it has always been, and will always be, injurious to the progress of science; above all, that it puts men (as one may express it) on an entirely wrong scent, and leads them to neglect many pursuits which, as being sources of true enjoyment, would largely enhance the pleasurable of life. All this, and much more, may be urged, I think, by antitheists with very great superficial plausibility; and the Christian controversialist is bound on occasion steadily to confront it. But there is one accusation which has been brought against this Christian theory of life—and that the one mainly (as would seem) felt by Mr. Harrison—which to me seems so obviously destitute of foundation, that I find difficulty in understanding how any infidel can have persuaded himself of its truth: I mean the accusation that this theory is a *selfish* one. There is no need of here attempting a philosophical discussion on the respective claims of what are now called 'egoism' and 'altruism': a discussion in itself (no doubt) one of much interest and much importance, and one moreover in which I should be quite prepared (were it necessary) to engage. Here, however, I will appeal, not to philosophy but to history. In the records of the past we find a certain series of men, who stand out from the mass of their brethren, as having pre-eminently concentrated their energy on the love and service of God, and pre-eminently looked away from earthly hopes to the prospect of their future reward. I refer to the Saints of the Church. And it is a plain matter of fact, which no one will attempt to deny, that these very men stand out no less conspicuously from the rest, in their self-sacrificing and (as we ordinary men regard it) astounding labors, in behalf of what they believe to be the highest interests of mankind.

Before I conclude I must not omit a brief comment on one other point, be-

cause it is the only one on which I cannot concur with Lord Blachford's masterly paper. I cannot agree with him, that the doctrine of human immortality fails of being supported by 'conclusive reasoning.' I do not, of course, mean that the dogma of the Beatific Vision is discoverable apart from Revelation; but I do account it a truth cognisable with certitude by reason, that the human soul is naturally immortal, and that retribution of one kind or another will be awarded us hereafter, according to what our conduct has been in this our state of probation. Here, however, I must explain myself. When theists make this statement, sometimes they are thought to allege that human immortality is sufficiently proved by *phenomena*; and sometimes they are thought to allege that it is almost intuitively evident. For myself, however, I make neither of these allegations. I hold that the truth in question is conclusively established by help of certain premisses; and that these premisses themselves can previously be known with absolute certitude, on grounds of reason or experience.

They are such as these: (1) There exists that Personal Being, infinite in all perfections, whom we call God. (2) He has implanted in His rational creatures the sense of right and wrong; the knowledge that a deliberate perpetration of certain acts intrinsically merits penal retribution. (3) Correlatively, He has conferred freedom on the human will; or, in other words, has made acts of the human will exceptions to that law of uniform sequence, which otherwise prevails throughout the phenomenal world.* (4) By the habit of prayer to God we can obtain augmented strength for moral action, in a degree which would have been quite incredible antecedently to experience. (5) Various portions of our divinely given nature clearly point to an eternal destiny. (6) The conscious self or ego is entirely heterogeneous to the material world: entirely heterogeneous, therefore, to that palpable body of ours, which is dissolved at the period of death.

I do not think any one will account it extravagant to hold, that the doctrine of human immortality is legitimately de-

ducible from a combination of these and similar truths. The antitheist will of course deny that they *are* truths. Mr. Greg, who has himself 'arrived at no conviction' on the subject of immortality, yet says that considerations of the same kind as those which I have enumerated 'must be decisive' in favor of immortality 'to all to whose spirits communion with their Father is the most absolute of verities.'* Nor have I any reason to think that even Mr. Huxley and Mr. Harrison, if they could concede my premisses, would demur to my conclusion.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

[I have now, not so much to close a symposium, or general discussion, as to reply to the convergent fire of nine separate papers, extending over more than fifty pages. Neither time, nor space, nor the indulgence of the reader, would enable me to do justice to the weight of this array of criticism, which reaches me in fragments whilst I am otherwise occupied abroad. I will ask those critics, whom I have not been able to notice, to believe that I have duly considered the powerful appeals they have addressed to me. And I will ask those who are interested in this question, to refer to the original papers in which my views were stated. And I will only add, by way of reply, the following remarks which were, for the most part, written and printed, whilst I had nothing before me but the first three papers in this discussion. They contain what I have to say on the theological, the metaphysical, and the materialist aspect of this question. For the rest, I could only repeat what I have already said in the two original essays.]

Whether the preceding discussion has given much new strength to the doctrine of man's immaterial Soul and Future existence I will not pretend to decide. But I cannot feel that it has shaken the reality of man's posthumous influence, my chief and immediate theme. It seemed to me that 'the time had come, when, seeing how vague and hesitating were the prevalent beliefs on this subject, it was most important to remember that, from a purely earthly point of view,

* I shall not, of course, be understood to deny the existence and frequency of miracles.

* See his letter in the *Spectator* of August 25.

man had a spiritual nature, and could look forward after death to something that marked him off from the beasts that perish. I cannot see that what I urged has been in substance displaced; though much criticism (and some of it of a verbal kind) has been directed at the language which I used of others. My object was to try if this life could not be made richer; not to destroy the dreams of another. But has the old doctrine of a future life been in any way strengthened? Mr. Hutton, it is true, has a 'personal wish' for a perpetuity of volition. Lord Blachford 'believes because he is told.' And Professor Huxley knows of no evidence that 'such a soul and a future life exist;' and he seems not to believe in them at all.

Philosophical discussion must languish a little, if, when we ask for the philosophical grounds for a certain belief, we find one philosopher believing because he has a 'personal wish' for it, and another 'believing because he is told.' Mr. Hutton says that, as far as he knows, 'the thoughts, affections, and volitions are not likely to perish with his body.' Professor Huxley seems to think it just as likely that they should. Arguments are called for to enable us to decide between these two authorities. And the only argument we have hitherto got is Mr. Hutton's 'personal wish,' and Lord Blachford's *ita scriptum est*. I confess myself unable to continue an argument which runs into believing 'because I am told.' It is for this reason that the lazaroni at Naples believe in the blood of St. Januarius.

My original propositions may be stated thus.

1. Philosophy as a whole (I do not say specially biological science) has established a functional relation to exist between every fact of thinking, willing, or feeling, on the one side, and some molecular change in the body on the other side.

2. This relation is simply one of correspondence between moral and physical facts, not one of assimilation. The moral fact does not become a physical fact, is not adequately explained by it, and must be mainly studied as a moral fact, by methods applicable to morals—not as a physical fact, by methods applicable to physics.

3. The moral facts of human life, the laws of man's mental, moral, and affective nature, must consequently be studied, as they have always been studied, by direct observation of these facts; yet the correspondences, specially discovered by biological science between man's mind and his body, must always be kept in view. They are an indispensable, inseparable, but subordinate part of moral philosophy.

4. We do not diminish the supreme place of the spiritual facts in life and in philosophy by admitting these spiritual facts to have [a relation with molecular and organic facts in the human organism—provided that we never forget how small and dependent is the part which the study of the molecular and organic phenomena must play in moral and social science.

5. Those whose minds have been trained in the modern philosophy of law cannot understand what is meant by sensation, thought, and energy, existing without any basis of molecular change; and to talk to them of sensation, thought, and energy, continuing in the absence of any molecules whatever, is precisely such a contradiction in terms as to suppose that civilisation will continue in the absence of any men whatever.

6. Yet man is so constituted as a social being, that the energies which he puts out in life mould the minds, characters, and habits of his fellow-men; so that each man's life is, *in effect*, indefinitely prolonged in human society. This is a phenomenon quite peculiar to man and to human society, and of course depends on there being men in active association with each other. Physics and biology can teach us nothing about it; and physicists and biologists may very easily forget its importance. It can be learnt only by long and refined observations in moral and mental philosophy as a whole, and in the history of civilisation as a whole.

7. Lastly, as a corollary, it may be useful to retain the words Soul and Future Life for their associations; provided we make it clear that we mean by Soul the combined faculties of the *living* organism, and by future life the subjective effect of each man's objective life on the actual lives of his fellow-men.

I. Now I find in Mr. Hutton's paper

hardly any attempt to disprove the first six of these propositions. He is employed for the most part in asserting that his hypothesis of a future state is a more agreeable one than mine, and in earnest complaints that I should call his view of a future state a selfish or personal hope. As to the first, I will only remark that it is scarcely a question whether his notion of immortality is beautiful or not, but whether it is true. If there is no rational ground for expecting such immortality to be a solid fact, it is to little purpose to show us what a sublime idea it would be if there were anything in it. As to the second, I will only say that I do not call his notion of a future existence a selfish or personal hope. In the last paragraph of my second paper I speak with respect of the opinion of those who look forward to a future of moral development instead of to an idle eternity of psalm-singing. My language as to the selfishness of the vulgar ideas of salvation was directed to those who insist that unless they are to *feel* a continuance of pleasure they do not care for any continuance of their influence at all. The vulgar are apt to say that what they desire is the sense of personal satisfaction, and if they cannot have this they care for nothing else. This, I maintain, is a selfish and debasing idea. It is the common notion of the popular religion, and its tendency to concentrate the mind on a merely personal salvation does exert an evil effect on practical conduct. I once heard a Scotch preacher, dilating on the narrowness of the gate, &c., exclaim, 'O dear brethren, who would care to be saved *in a crowd*?'

I do not say this of the life of grander activity in which Mr. Hutton believes, and which Lord Blachford so eloquently describes. This is no doubt a fine ideal, and I will not say other than an elevating hope. But on what does it rest? Why this ideal rather than any other? Each of us may imagine, as I said at the outset, his own Elysian fields, or his own mystic rose. But is this philosophy? Is it even religion? Besides, there is this other objection to it. It is not Christianity, but Neo-Christianity. It is a fantasia with variations on the orthodox creed. There is not a word of the kind in the Bible. Lord Blachford says he believes in it, 'because he is

told.' But it so happens that he is not told this, at any rate in the creeds and formularies of orthodox faith. If this view of future life is to rest entirely on revelation, it is a very singular thing that the Bible is silent on the matter. Whatever kind of future ecstasy may be suggested in some texts, certain it is that such a glorified energy as Lord Blachford paints in glowing colors is nowhere described in the Bible. There is a constant practice nowadays, when the popular religion is criticised, that earnest defenders of it come forward exclaiming: 'Oh! that is only the vulgar notion of our religion. My idea of the doctrine is so and so,' something which the speaker has invented without countenance from official authority. For my part I hold Christianity to be what is taught in average churches and chapels to the millions of professing Christians. And I say it is a very serious fact when philosophical defenders of religion begin by repudiating that which is taught in average pulpits.

Perhaps a little more attention to my actual words might have rendered unnecessary the complaints in all these papers as to my language about the hopes which men cherish for the future. In the first place I freely admit that the hopes of a grander energy in heaven are not open to the charge of vulgar selfishness. I said that they are unintelligible, not that they are unworthy. They are unintelligible to those who are continually alive to the fact I have placed as my first proposition—*that every moral phenomenon is in functional relation with some physical phenomenon*. To those who deny or ignore this truth, there is doubtless no incoherence in all the ideals so eloquently described in the papers of Mr. Hutton and Lord Blachford. But once get this conception as the substratum of your entire mental and moral philosophy, and it is as incoherent to talk to us of your immaterial development as it would be to talk of obtaining redness without any red thing.

I will try to explain fully why this idea of a glorified activity implies a contradiction in terms to those who are imbued with the sense of correspondence between physical and moral facts. When we conceive any process of thinking, we call up before us a complex train of con-

ditions; objective facts outside of us or the revived impression of such facts; the molecular effect of these facts upon certain parts of our organism, the association of these with similar facts recalled by memory, an elaborate mechanism to correlate these impressions, an unknown to be made known, and a difficulty to be overcome. All systematic thought implies relations with the external world present or recalled, and it also implies some shortcoming in our powers of perfecting those relations. When we meditate, it is on a basis of facts which we are observing, or have observed and are now recalling, and with a view to get at some result which baffles our direct observation and hinders some practical purpose.

The same holds good of our moral energy. Ecstasy and mere adoration exclude energy of action. Moral development implies difficulties to be overcome, qualities balanced against one another under opposing conditions, this or that appetite tempted, this or that instinct tested by proof. Moral development does not grow like a fungus; it is a continual struggle in surrounding conditions of a specific kind, and an active putting forth of a variety of practical faculties in the midst of real obstacles.

So, too, of the affections, they equally imply conditions. Sympathy does not spurt up like a fountain in the air; it implies beings in need of help, evils to be alleviated, a fellowship of giving and taking, the sense of protecting and being protected, a pity for suffering, an admiration of power, goodness, and truth. All of these imply an external world to act in, human beings as objects, and human life under human conditions.

Now all these conditions are eliminated from the orthodox ideal of a future state. There are to be no physical impressions, no material difficulties, no evil, no toil, no struggle, no human beings and no human objects. The only condition is a complete absence of all conditions, or all conditions of which we have any experience. And we say, we cannot imagine what you mean by your intensified sympathy, your broader thought, your infinitely varied activity, when you begin by postulating the absence of all that makes sympathy, thought,

and activity possible, all that makes life really noble.

A mystical and inane ecstasy is an appropriate ideal for this paradise of negations, and this is the orthodox view; but it is not a high view. A glorified existence of greater activity and development may be a high view, but it is a contradiction in terms; exactly, I say, as if you were to talk of a higher civilisation without any human beings. But this is simply a metaphysical afterthought to escape from a moral dilemma. Mr. Hutton is surely mistaken in saying that Positivists have forgotten that Christians ever had any meaning in their hopes of a 'beatific vision.' He must know that Dante and Thomas à Kempis form the religious books of Positivists, and they are, with some other manuals of Catholic theology, amongst the small number of volumes which Comte recommended for constant use. We can see in the celestial 'visions' of a mystical and unscientific age much that was beautiful in its time, though not the highest product even of theology. But in our day these visions of paradise have lost what moral value they had, whilst the progress of philosophy has made them incompatible with our modern canons of thought.

Mr. Hutton supposes me to object to any continuance of sensation as an evil in itself. My objection was not that consciousness should be prolonged in immortality, but that nothing else but consciousness should be prolonged. All real human life, energy, thought, and active affection, are to be made impossible in your celestial paradise, but you insist on retaining consciousness. To retain the power of feeling, whilst all means and object are taken away from thinking, all power of acting, all opportunity of cultivating the faculties of sympathy are stifled: this seems to me something else than a good. It would seem to me, that simply to be conscious, and yet to lie thoughtless, inactive, irresponsive, with every faculty of a man paralysed within you, as if by that villanous drug which produces torpor whilst it intensifies sensation: such a consciousness as this must be a very place of torment.

I think some contradictions which Mr. Hutton supposes he detects in my paper are not very hard to reconcile. I

admitted that Death is an evil, it seems ; but I spoke of our posthumous activity as a higher kind of influence. We might imagine, of course, a Utopia with neither suffering, waste, nor loss ; and compared with such a world, the world, as we know it, is full of evils, of which Death is obviously one. But relatively, in such a world as alone we know, Death becomes simply a law of organised nature, from which we draw some of our guiding motives of conduct. In precisely the same way the necessity of toil is an evil in itself ; but, with man and his life as we know them, we draw from it some of our highest moral energies. The grandest qualities of human nature, such as we know it at least, would become for ever impossible, if Labor and Death were not the law of life.

Mr. Hutton again takes but a pessimist view of life when he insists how much of our activity is evil, and how questionable is the future of the race. I am no pessimist, and I believe in a providential control over all human actions by the great Power of Humanity, which indeed brings good out of evil, and assures, at least for some thousands of centuries, a certain progress towards the higher state. Pessimism as to the essential dignity of man and the steady development of his race, is one of the surest marks of the enervating influence of this dream of a celestial glory. If I called it as wild a desire as to go roving through space in a comet, it is because I can attach no meaning to a *human* life to be prolonged without a human frame and a human world ; and it seems to me as rational to talk of becoming an angel as to talk of becoming an ellipse.

By 'duties' of the world beyond the grave, I meant the duties which are imposed on us in life, by the certainty that our action must continue to have an indefinite effect. The phrase may be inelegant, but I do not think the meaning is obscure.

II. I cannot agree with Lord Blachford that I have fallen into any confusion between a substance and an attribute. I am quite aware that the word Soul has been hitherto used for some centuries as an entity. And I proposed to retain the term for an attribute. It is a very common process in the history of thought. Electricity, Life, Heat, were

once supposed to be substances. We now very usefully retain these words for a set of observed conditions or qualities.

I agree with Mr. Spencer that the unity of the social organism is quite as complete as that of the individual organism. I do not confuse the two kinds of unity ; but I say that man is in no important sense a unit that society is not also a unit.

With regard to the 'percipient' and the 'perceptible' I cannot follow Lord Blachford. He speaks a tongue that I do not understand. I have no means of dividing the universe into 'percipients' and 'perceptibles.' I know no reason why a 'percipient' should not be a 'perceptible,' none why I should not be 'perceptible,' and none why beings about me should not be 'perceptible.' I think we are all perfectly 'perceptible'—indeed some of us are more 'perceptible' than 'percipient'—though I cannot say that Lord Blachford is always 'perceptible' to me. And how does my being 'perceptible,' or not being 'perceptible,' prove that I have an immortal soul ? Is a dog 'perceptible,' is he 'percipient' ? Has he not some of the qualities of a 'percipient,' and if so, has he an immortal soul ? Is an ant, a tree, a bacterium, percipient, and has any of these an immortal soul ; for I find Lord Blachford declaring there is an 'ineradicable difference between the motions of a material and the sensations of a living being,' as if the animal world were percipient, and the inorganic perceptible ? But surely in the sensations of a living being the animal world must be included. Where does the vegetable world come in ?

I used the word 'organism' advisedly, when I said that will, thought, and affection, are functions of a living organism. I decline exactly to localise the organ of any function of mind or will. When I am asked, What are *we* ? I reply we are *men*. When I am asked, Are *we* our bodies ? I say no, nor are we our minds. Have we no sense of personality, of unity ? I am asked. I say certainly ; it is an acquired result of our nervous organisation, liable to be interrupted by derangements of that nervous organisation. What is it that makes us think and feel ? The facts of our human nature ; I cannot get behind this, and I need no fur-

ther explanation. We are men, and can do what men can do. I say the tangible collection of organs known as a 'man' (not the consensus or the condition, but the *man*) thinks, wills, and feels, just as much as that visible organism lives and grows. We do not say that this or that ganglion in particular lives and grows; we say the *man* grows. It is as easy to me to imagine that we shall grow fifteen feet high, when we have no body, as that we shall grow in knowledge, goodness, activity, &c., &c., &c., when we have no organs. And the absence of all molecular attributes would be, I should think, particularly awkward in that life of cometary motion in the interstellar spaces with which Lord Blachford threatens us. But as the poet says:—

Trasumanar significar per verba
Non si porria—

'If,' says he, 'practical duties are necessary for the perfection of life,' we can take a little interstellar exercise. Why, practical duties are the sum and substance of life; and life which does not centre in practical duties is not Life, but a trance.

Lord Blachford, who is somewhat punctilious in terms, asks me what I consider myself to understand 'by the incorporation of a consensus of faculties with a glorious future.' Well! it so happens that I did not use that phrase. I have never spoken of an immortal Soul anywhere, nor do I use the word Soul of any but the living man. I said a man might look forward to incorporation with the future of his race, explaining that to mean his 'posthumous activity.' And I think at any rate the phrase is quite as reasonable as to say that I look forward, as Mr. Hutton does, to a 'union with God.' What does Mr. Hutton, or Lord Blachford, understand himself to mean by that?

Surely Lord Blachford's epigram about the fiddle and the tune is hardly fortunate. Indeed, that exactly expresses what I find faulty in the view of himself and the theologians. He thinks the tune will go on playing when the fiddle is broken up and burned. I say nothing of the kind. I do not say the man will continue to exist after death. I simply say that his influence will; that other men will do and think what he taught

them to do or to think. Just so, a general would be said to win a battle which he planned and directed, even if he had been killed in an early part of it. What is there of fiddle and tune about this? I certainly think that when Mozart and Beethoven have left us great pieces of music, it signifies little to art if the actual fiddle or even the actual composer continue to exist or not. I never said the tune would exist. I said that men would remember it and repeat it. I must thank Lord Blachford for a happy illustration of my own meaning. But it is *he* who expects the tune to exist without the fiddle. I say, you can't have a tune without a fiddle, nor a fiddle without wood.

III. I have reserved the criticism of Professor Huxley, because it lies apart from the principal discussion, and turns mainly on some incidental remarks of mine on 'biological reasoning about spiritual things.'

I note three points at the outset. Professor Huxley does not himself pretend to any evidence for a theological soul and future life. Again, he does not dispute the account I give of the functional relation of physical and moral facts. He seems surprised that I should understand it, not being a biologist; but he is kind enough to say that my statement may pass. Lastly, he does not deny the reality of man's posthumous activity. Now these three are the main purposes of my argument; and in these I have Professor Huxley with me. He is no more of a theologian than I am. Indeed, he is only scandalised that I should see any good in priests at all. He might have said more plainly that, when the man is dead, there is an end of the matter. But this clearly is his opinion, and he intimates as much in his paper. Only he would say no more about it, bury the carcase, and end the tale, leaving all thoughts about the future to those whose faith is more robust and whose hopes are richer; by which I understand him to mean persons weak enough to listen to the priests.

Now this does not satisfy me. I call it materialism, for it exaggerates the importance of the physical facts, and ignores that of the spiritual facts. And the object of my paper was simply this: that as the physical facts are daily grow-

ing quite irresistible, it is of urgent importance to place the spiritual facts on a sound scientific basis at once. Professor Huxley implies that his business is with the physical facts, and the spiritual facts must take care of themselves. I cannot agree with him. That is precisely the difference between us. The spiritual facts of man's nature are the business of all who undertake to denounce priestcraft, and especially of those who preach Lay Sermons.

Professor Huxley complains that I should join in the view-halloo against biological science. Now I never have supposed that biological science was in the position of the hunted fox. I thought it was the hunter, booted and spurred and riding over us all, with Professor Huxley leaping the most terrific gates and cracking his whip with intense gusto. As to biological science, it is the last thing that I should try to run down; and I must protest, with all sincerity, that I wrote without a thought of Professor Huxley at all. He insists on knowing, in the most peremptory way, of whom I was thinking, as if I were thinking of him. Of whom else could I be thinking, forsooth, when I spoke of Biology? Well! I did not bite my thumb at him, but I bit my thumb.

Seriously, I was not writing at Professor Huxley, or I should have named him. I have a very great admiration for his work in biology; I have learned much from him; I have followed his courses of lectures years and years ago, and have carefully studied his books. If, in questions which belong to sociology, morals, and to general philosophy, he seems to me hardly an authority, why need we dispute? Dog should not bite dog; and he and I have many a wolf that we both would keep from the fold.

But if I did not mean Professor Huxley, whom did I mean? Now my paper, I think clearly enough, alluded to two very different kinds of Materialism. There is systematic Materialism, and there is the vague Materialism. The eminent example of the first is the unlucky remark of Cabanis that the brain secretes thought, as the liver secretes bile; and there is much of the same sort in many foreign theories—in the tone of Moleschott, Buchner, and the like. The most distinct examples of

it in this country are found amongst phrenologists, spiritualists, some mental pathologists, and a few communist visionaries. The far wider, vaguer, and more dangerous school of Materialism is found in a multitude of quarters—in all those who insist exclusively on the physical side of moral phenomena—all, in short, who, to use Professor Huxley's phrase, are employed in 'building up a physical theory of moral phenomena.' Those who confuse moral and physical phenomena are indeed few. Those who exaggerate the physical side of moral phenomena are many.

Now, though I did not allude to Professor Huxley in what I wrote, his criticism convinces me that he is sometimes at least found among these last. His paper is an excellent illustration of the very error which I condemned. The issue between us is this:—We both agree that every mental and moral fact is in functional relation with some molecular fact. So far we are entirely on the same side, as against all forms of theological and metaphysical doctrine which conceive the possibility of human feeling without a human body. But then, says Professor Huxley, if I can trace the molecular facts which are the antecedents of the mental and moral facts, I have *explained* these mental and moral facts. That I deny; just as much as I should deny that a chemical analysis of the body could ever lead to an explanation of the physical organism. Then, says the Professor, when I have traced out the molecular facts, I have built up a *physical theory of moral phenomena*. That again I deny. I say there is no such thing, or no rational thing, that can be called a physical theory of moral phenomena; any more than there is a moral theory of physical phenomena. What sort of a thing would be a physical theory of history—history *explained* by the influence of climate or the like? The issue between us centres in this. I say that the physical side of moral phenomena bears about the same part in the moral sciences that the facts about climate bear in the sum of human civilisation. And, that to look to the physical facts as an explanation of the moral, or even as an independent branch of the study of moral facts, is perfectly idle; just as it would be if a mere physical

geographer pretended to give us, out of his geography, a climatic philosophy of history. Yet Professor Huxley has not been deterred from the astounding paradox of proposing to us a *physiological theory of religion*. He tells us how 'the religious feelings may be brought within the range of physiological inquiry.' And he proposes as a problem—'*What diseased viscus may have been responsible for the "Priest in Absolution"?*' I will drop all epithets; but I must say that I call that materialism, and materialism not very nice of its kind. One might as reasonably propose as a problem—What barometrical readings are responsible for the British Constitution? and suggest a congress of meteorologists to do the work of Hallam, Stubbs, and Freeman. No doubt there is *some* connection between the House of Commons and the English climate, and so there is no doubt *some* connection between religious theories and physical organs. But to talk of 'bringing religion within the range of physiological inquiry' is simply to stare through the wrong end of the telescope, and to turn philosophy and science upside down. Ah! Professor Huxley, this is a bad day's work for scientific progress—

ἡ κεν γηθήσαι Πρίαμος, Πριάμοιό τε παῖδες.

Pope Pius and his people will be glad when they read that fatal sentence of yours. When I complained of 'the attempt to dispose [of the deepest moral truths of human nature on a bare physical or physiological basis,' I could not have expected to read such an illustration of my meaning by Professor Huxley.

Perhaps he will permit me to inform him (since that is the style which he affects) that there once was—and indeed we may say still is—an institution called the Catholic Church; that it has had a long and strange history, and subtle influences of all kinds; and I venture to think that Professor Huxley may learn more about the *Priest in Absolution* by a few weeks' study of the Catholic system than by inspecting the diseased *viscera* of the whole human race. When Professor Huxley's historical and religious studies 'have advanced so far as to enable him to explain' the history of Catholicism, I think he will admit that 'Priest-

craft' cannot well be made a chapter in a physiological manual. It may be cheap pulpit thunder, but this idea of his of inspecting a 'diseased viscus' is precisely what I meant by 'biological reasoning about spiritual things.' And I stand by it, that it is just as false in science as it is deleterious in morals. It is an attempt (I will not say arrogant, I am inclined to use another epithet) to explain, by physical observations, what can only be explained by the most subtle moral, sociological, and historical observations. It is to think you can find the golden eggs by cutting up the goose, instead of watching the goose to see where she lays the eggs.

I am quite aware that Professor Huxley has elsewhere formulated his belief that Biology is the science which 'includes man and all his ways and works.' If history, law, politics, morals, and political economy, are merely branches of biology, we shall want new dictionaries indeed; and biology will embrace about four fifths of human knowledge. But this is not a question of language; for we here have Professor Huxley actually bringing religion within the range of *physiological* inquiry, and settling its problems by references to 'diseased viscus.' But the differences between us are a long story; and since Professor Huxley has sought me out, and in somewhat monitorial tone has proposed to set me right, I will take an early occasion to try and set forth what I find paradoxical in his notions of the relations of Biology and Philosophy.

I note a few special points between us, and I have done. Professor Huxley is so well satisfied with his idea of a 'physical theory of moral phenomena,' that he constantly attributes that sense to my words, though I carefully guarded my language from such a construction. Thus he quotes from me a passage beginning, 'Man is one, however compound,' but he breaks off the quotation just as I go on to speak of the direct analysis of mental and moral faculties by mental and moral science, not by physiological science. I say: 'philosophy and science' have accomplished explanations; I do not say biology; and the biological part of the explanation is a small and subordinate part of the whole. I do not say that the correspondence between

physical and moral phenomena is an *explanation* of the human organism. Professor Huxley says that, and I call it materialism. Nor do I say that 'spiritual sensibility is a *bodily* function.' I say, it is a moral function; and I complain that Professor Huxley ignores the distinction between moral and physical functions of the human organism.

As to the distinction between anatomy and physiology, if he will look at my words again, he will see that I use these terms with perfect accuracy. Six lines below the passage he quotes, I speak of the human mechanism being only explained by a 'complete anatomy *and* biology,' showing that anatomy is merely one of the instruments of biology.

He might be surprised to hear that he does not himself give an accurate definition of physiology. But so it is. He says: 'Physiology is the science which treats of the functions of the living organism.' Not so, for the finest spiritual sensibility is, as Professor Huxley admits, a function of a living organism; and physiology is not the science which treats of the spiritual sensibilities. They belong to moral science. There are mental, moral, affective functions of the living organism; and they are not within the province of physiology. Physiology is the science which treats of the *bodily* functions of the living organism; as Professor Huxley says in his admirable *Elementary Lessons*, it deals with the facts 'concerning the action of the *body*.' I complain of the pseudo-science which drops that distinction for a minute. He says: 'The explanation of a physiological function is the demonstration of the connection of that function with the molecular state of the organ which exerts the function.' That I dispute. It is only a small part of the explanation. The explanation substantially is the demonstration of the laws and all the conditions of the function. The explanation of the circulation of the blood is the demonstration of all its laws, modes, and conditions; and the molecular antecedents of it are but a small part of the explanation. The principal part relates to the molar (and not the molecular) action of the heart and other organs. The function of motion is explained,' he says, 'when the movements of the living body are found to have cer-

tain molecular changes for their invariable antecedents.' Nothing of the kind. The function of bodily motion is explained when the laws, modes, and conditions of that motion are demonstrated; and molecular antecedents are but a part of these conditions. The main part of the explanation, again, deals with molar, not molecular, states of certain organs. 'The function of sensation is explained,' says Professor Huxley, 'when the molecular changes, which are the invariable antecedents of sensations, are discovered.' Not a bit of it. The function of sensation is only explained when the laws and conditions of sensation are demonstrated. And the main part of this demonstration will come from direct observation of the sensitive organism organically, and by no molecular discovery whatever. All this is precisely the materialism which I condemn; the fancying that one science can do the work of another, and that any molecular discovery can dispense with direct study of organisms in their organic, social, mental, and moral aspects. Will Professor Huxley say that the function of this Symposium is explained, when we have chemically analysed the solids and liquids which are now effecting molecular change in our respective digestive apparatus? If so, let us ask the butler if he cannot produce us a less heady and more mellow vintage. What irritated *viscus* is responsible for the *Materialist in Philosophy*? We shall all philosophise aright, if our friend Tyn-dall can hit for us the exact chemical formula for our drinks.

It does not surprise me, so much as it might, to find Professor Huxley slipping into really inaccurate definitions in physiology, when I remember that hallucination of his about questions of science all becoming questions of molecular physics. The molecular facts are valuable enough; but we are getting molecular-mad, if we forget that molecular facts have only a special part in physiology, and hardly any part at all in sociology, history, morals, and politics; though I quite agree that there is no single fact in social, moral, or mental philosophy, that has not its correspondence in some molecular fact, if we only could know it. All human things undoubtedly depend on, and are certainly connected with, the

general laws of the solar system. And to say that questions of human organisms, much less of human society, tend to become questions of molecular physics, is exactly the kind of confusion it would be, if I said that questions of history tend to become questions of astronomy, and that the more refined calculations of planetary movements in the future will explain to us the causes of the English Rebellion and the French Revolution.

There is an odd instance of this confusion of thought at the close of Professor Huxley's paper, which [still more oddly Lord Blachford, who is so strict in his logic, cites with approval. 'Has a stone a future life,' says Professor Huxley, 'because the wavelets it may cause in the sea persist through space and time?' Well! has a stone a *life* at all? because if it has no present life, I cannot see why it should have a future life. How is any reasoning about the inorganic world to help us here in reasoning about the organic world? Professor Huxley and Lord Blachford might as well ask if a stone is capable of civilisation because I said that man was. I think that man is wholly different from a stone; and from a fiddle; and even from a dog; and that to say that a man cannot exert any influence on other men after his death, because a dog cannot, or because a fiddle, or because a stone cannot, may be to reproduce with rather needless affectation the verbal quibbles and pitfalls which Socrates and the sophists prepared for each other in some wordy symposium of old.

Lastly, Professor Huxley seems to think that he has disposed of me altogether, so soon as he can point to a sympathy between theologians and myself. I trust there is great affinity and great sympathy between us; and pray let him not think that I am in the least ashamed of that common ground. Positivism has quite as much sympathy with the genuine theologian as it has with the scientific specialist. The former may be working on a wrong intellectual basis, and often it may be by most perverted methods; but in the best types, he has a high social aim and a great moral cause to maintain amongst men. The latter is usually right in his intellectual basis as far as it goes; but it does not go very

far, and in the great moral cause of the spiritual destinies of men he is often content with utter indifference and simple nihilism. Mere raving at priestcraft, and beadles, and outward investments, is indeed a poor solution of the mighty problems of the human soul and of social organisation. And the instinct of the mass of mankind will long reject a biology which has nothing for these but a sneer. It will not do for Professor Huxley to say that he is only a poor biologist and careth for none of these things. His biology, however, 'includes man and all his ways and works.' Besides, he is a leader in Israel; he has preached an 'entire' volume of Lay Sermons; and he has waged many a war with theologians and philosophers on religious and philosophic problems. What, if I may ask him, is his own religion and his own philosophy? He says that he knows no scientific men who 'neglect all philosophical and religious synthesis.' In that he is fortunate in his circle of acquaintance. But! since he is so earnest in asking me questions, let me ask him to tell the world what is his own synthesis of philosophy, what is his own idea of religion? He can laugh at the worship of Priests and Positivists: whom, or what, does he worship? If he dislikes the word Soul, does he think man has anything that can be called a spiritual nature? If he derides my idea of a Future life, does he think that there is anything which can be said of a man, when his carcase is laid beneath the sod, beyond a simple final *Vale*?

P.S.—And now space fails me to reply to the appeals of so many critics. I cannot enter with Mr. Roden Noel on that great question of the materialisation of the spirits of the dead; I know not whether we shall be 'made one with the great Elohim, or angels of Nature, or if we shall grovel in dead material bodily life.' I know nothing of this high matter: I do not comprehend this language. Nor can I add anything to what I have said on that sense of personality which Lord Selborne and Canon Barry so eloquently press on me. To me that sense of personality is a thing of somewhat slow growth, resulting from our entire nervous organisation and our composite mental constitution. It seems to

me that we can often trace it building up and trace it again decaying away. We feel ourselves to be *men*, because we have human bodies and human minds. Is that not enough? Has the baby of an hour this sense of personality? Are you sure that a dog or an elephant has not got it? Then has the baby no soul? has the dog a soul? Do you know more of your neighbor, apart from inference, than you know of the dog? Again, I cannot enter upon Mr. Greg's beautiful reflections, save to point out how largely he supports me. He shows, I think with masterly logic, how difficult it is to fit this new notion of a glorified activity on to the old orthodoxy of beatific ecstasy. Canon Barry reminds us how this orthodoxy involved the resurrection of the body, and the same difficulty has driven Mr. Roden Noel to suggest that the material world itself may be the *débris* of the just made perfect. But Dr. Ward, as might be expected; falls back on the beatific ecstasy as conceived by the mystics of the thirteenth century. No word here about moral activity and the social converse, as in the Elysian fields, imagined by philosophers of less orthodox severity.

One word more. If my language has given any believer pain, I regret it sin-

cerely. It may have been somewhat obscure, since it has been so widely arraigned, and I think misconceived. My position is this. The idea of a glorified energy in an ampler life is an idea utterly incompatible with exact thought, one which evaporates in contradictions, in phrases which when pressed have no meaning. The idea of beatific ecstasy is the old and orthodox idea; it does not involve so many contradictions as the former idea, but then it does not satisfy our moral judgment. I say plainly that the hope of such an infinite ecstasy is an inane and unworthy crown of a human life. And when Dr. Ward assures me that it is merely the prolongation of the saintly life, then I say the saintly life is an inane and unworthy life. The words I used about the 'selfish' views of futurity, I applied only to those who say they care for nothing but personal enjoyment, and to those whose only aim is 'to save their own souls.' Mr. Baldwin Brown has nobly condemned this creed in words far stronger than mine. And here let us close with the reflection that the language of controversy must always be held to apply not to the character of our opponents, but to the logical consequences of their doctrines, if uncorrected and if forced to their extreme.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THE MOONS OF MARS.

ONLY a few months ago we took occasion to consider the planet Mars, with special reference to the question whether it is at present, like our earth, the abode of living creatures, and, in particular, of intelligent beings. The circumstance that Mars was about to make a nearer approach to our earth than he has made for fifteen years, or will again make for forty-seven, seemed to render the occasion a fitting one for discussing questions of interest relating to the planet. Apart, indeed, from the interest with which intelligent persons regard the other worlds of our solar system, it has always seemed to us that exact science, nay, even what may be called professional science, gains, when attention is specially directed to approaching celestial phenomena. For it affords no small encouragement to the systematic observer of the heavens to

know that any discoveries he may make during some favorable presentation of a celestial body, will attract the attention they deserve. The experience of the last few years has shown that observations far more interesting and even valuable may be expected under such circumstances, than when the observer has reason to believe that only the routine work of the observatory—work bearing no closer relation to the true science of astronomy than land-surveying bears to geology—need be attended to. Certainly we may congratulate science that on this special occasion, for the first time in the history of astronomy, a great public observatory has obtained results such as heretofore only so-called amateur astronomers—the Herschels, for example, Lassell, Rosse, and so forth—have achieved. Taking advantage of the near approach

of the Planet of War, and of the exceptionally favorable conditions under which it could be observed in their latitude, the observers who have under their especial charge the great telescope of the Washington Observatory have scrutinised with special care the neighborhood of the planet which till lately was called "moonless Mars;" and their skill and watchfulness have been rewarded by the discovery of two moons attending on that planet.

There are several circumstances which render the discovery of these moons in the first place, and in the second the existence of such bodies as attendants on the small planet Mars, exceedingly interesting. These we propose briefly to indicate.

Galileo, after he had completed his largest telescope late in 1609, had to wait for nearly a year before he had a favorable opportunity for studying Mars. Thus he had already discovered the moons of Jupiter and the varying phases of Venus before he could study a planet from which he must have expected even more interesting results. For on the one hand Mars is seen under much more favorable conditions than Venus, and on the other it approaches us much more closely than Jupiter. In the mean time, Kepler had hazarded the prediction that Mars has two moons—a suggestion which, in the light of the recent discovery, may be called, like "the Pogram statter in marble," "a pre-diction, cruel smart." Galileo saw no Martian moons, however, and could, indeed, barely recognise the gibbosity of Mars. From what is now known, indeed, we perceive that one might as hopefully try to read a newspaper at the Faulhorn from the slopes of the Jungfrau, as attempt with such a telescope as Galileo's to detect the minute companions of the War Planet.

Telescope after telescope was thereafter turned on Mars, until the great four-feet mirrors of Sir W. Herschel and Mr. Lassell, and even the mightier six-feet mirror of Parsonstown, had taken part in the survey of the planet and its neighborhood. But no satellites were discovered; insomuch that when Tennyson (in the first edition only of his poems) sang of "the snowy poles of moonless Mars," few astronomers would have

hesitated to admit that the description was a tolerably safe one.

There were, however, some who still adhered to the view which Kepler had propounded in 1610. Thus the late Admiral Smyth, after describing the appearance which our earth and her companion moon must present to the inhabitants of Mars (if inhabitants he has), says: "This appearance is not reciprocated; for though it is not at all improbable that Mars may have a satellite revolving around him, it is probably very small, and close to his disc, so that it has hitherto escaped our best telescopes; yet, being farther from the sun than the earth is, Mars—if at all habitable—would seem to stand even more in need of a luminous auxiliary."

This idea, in fact, that planets require more moons the farther they lie from the sun, and not only so, but that their requirements in this respect have been attended to, and each planet carefully fitted out with a suitable number of attendants, is one which has found special favor with many believers in other worlds than ours. Whewell, for instance, who, although in his anonymously-written "Plurality of Worlds" he appeared as an opponent of the theory of other worlds, had earlier, in his less known "Bridgewater Treatise," expressed opinions strongly favoring that theory, reasons as follows for the belief that satellites were specially made to bless the planets with their useful light: "Turning our attention to the satellites of the other planets of our system, there is one fact which immediately arrests our attention—the number of such attendant bodies appears to increase as we proceed to planets farther and farther from the sun. Such at least is the general rule. Mercury and Venus, the planets nearest the sun, have no such attendants. The earth has one. Mars, indeed, who is still farther removed, has none; nor have the minor planets, Juno, Vesta, Ceres, and Pallas" (when he wrote these only were known); "so that the rule is only approximately verified. But Jupiter, who is at five times the earth's distance, has four satellites; and Saturn, who is again at a distance nearly twice as great, has seven, besides that most extraordinary phenomenon, his ring

(which for purposes of illumination is equivalent to many thousand satellites). Of Uranus it is difficult to speak, for his great distance renders it almost impossible to observe the smaller circumstances of his condition. It does not appear at all probable that he has a ring like Saturn; but he has at least five satellites which are visible to us" (four only are now recognised) "at the enormous distance of 900 millions of miles; and we believe that the astronomer will hardly deny that he" (Uranus, not the astronomer) "may possibly have thousands of smaller ones circulating about him. But leaving conjecture, and taking only the ascertained cases of Venus, the earth, Jupiter, and Saturn, we conceive that a person of common understanding will be strongly impressed with the persuasion that the satellites are placed in the system with a view to compensate for the diminished light of the sun at greater distances," whence we may infer that in subsequently rejecting this opinion, in his 'Plurality of Worlds,' Whewell showed himself a person of uncommon understanding.

According to Whewell's earlier way of viewing the satellites, however, the fact that Mars seemed to have no satellites was to some degree a difficulty, but not an insuperable one. "The smaller planets, Juno, Vesta, Ceres, and Pallas," he said, "differ from the rest in so many ways, and suggest so many conjectures of reasons for such differences, that we should almost expect to find them exceptions to such a rule. Mars is a more obvious exception. Some persons might conjecture from this case, that the arrangement itself, like other useful arrangements, has been brought about by some wider law, which we have not yet detected. But whether or not we entertain such a guess (it can be nothing more), we see in other parts of creation so many examples of apparent exceptions to rules, which are afterwards found to be capable of explanation, or to be provided for by particular contrivances, that no one, familiar with such contemplations, will by one anomaly be driven from the persuasion that the end which the arrangements of the satellites seem suited to answer is really one of the ends of their creation."

According to the method of viewing such matters which is now generally in favor among men of science, the considerations urged by Whewell will not be regarded as of any weight. They would not be so regarded even if the satellites of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, or the rings which surround Saturn, really subserved the purpose which Whewell, Brewster, Chalmers, Dick, Lardner, and others have so complacently dwelt upon. But in reality, apart from the evidence tending to show that none of these planets can at present be inhabited, it is absolutely certain that moonlight on Jupiter and Saturn must be far inferior to moonlight on our earth despite the greater number of moons, while that received by Uranus from his four moons must be scarce superior to the light we receive from Venus, Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn, so faintly are the Uranian satellites illuminated by a sun nineteen times more remote than the sun we see. As for the rings of Saturn, they act far more effectively to deprive the planet of sunlight than to illuminate the Saturnian nights. Despite the efforts made by Lardner to defend these appendages from the reflections cast upon them in this respect by Sir J. Herschel, it may be mathematically demonstrated (and has been by the present writer) that the rings cast wide zones of the planet—zones many times exceeding the whole surface of our earth—into total eclipse lasting several years in succession. Even were it otherwise, however, no one, familiar with the evidence which nature multiplies around us, would have been disposed to argue, from the presumed fitness of the Jovian and Saturnian arrangements as to satellites, that Mars has moons. If there is a meaning in the arrangements actually observed which should have led astronomers to believe in the existence of Martian satellites—a view which certainly the discovery of such satellites goes far to confirm—the meaning is one which the laws of physics alone can be expected to interpret.

That Mars should have definitely come to be regarded by nearly all astronomers as without satellites will readily be understood if we consider the nature of the evidence which had been obtained. When Jupiter is at his farthest

from us, but in opposition* (that is, on the side remote from the sun), all four of his satellites, the least of which is rather less than our own moon, are quite easily seen in the smallest telescopes ever used in astronomical observation. Certainly they can then be all seen with a good telescope *one inch* in aperture. At such times Jupiter lies at a distance of about 410 millions of miles from us. Now Mars, when he makes his nearest opposition approaches (as for instance in the present autumn), lies at a distance from us of about 35 millions of miles, or less than Jupiter's in the proportion of about seven to eighty-two, or at not much more than one-twelfth of Jupiter's distance. This would cause a self-luminous body to appear about 140 times brighter at Mars's distance than at Jupiter's. But satellites are not self-luminous. Their brightness depends on sunlight, and the nearer they are to the sun the more brightly they necessarily shine. Mars is illuminated, when nearest to the sun, with an amount of sunlight exceeding that which illumines Jupiter when farthest from the sun (these being the cases we are dealing with) in a proportion of more than fifteen to one. So that a satellite near Mars, as large as the least satellite of Jupiter, would shine fifteen times 140 times more brightly, or, in round numbers, fully 2,000 times more brightly, than one of those bodies which the observer can readily see with a telescope only one inch in aperture. But most certainly it is not assuming too much to claim for the most powerful telescopes with which Mars's neighborhood had been searched for satellites an illuminating power exceeding that of so minute a telescope 400 times. This would have made such a moon as we have imagined appear at least 800,000 times brighter than the least of Jupiter's moons actually appears in a telescope one inch in aperture. If, then, instead of being so large as this—that is, 2,000 miles or so

in diameter—a moon of Mars had a diameter so much less that the disc were reduced to ~~one-800,000th~~ *one-895th* part of such a moon's disc, it would be as readily visible with one of the very powerful telescopes above mentioned as is Jupiter's least moon with a one-inch telescope. This would be the case if the diameter were reduced to one-895th part (for 895 times 895 is very nearly equal to 800,000). So that, were it not for one consideration now to be mentioned, it would have seemed that astronomers might safely have assumed that Mars has not a moon exceeding $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles in diameter. The consideration in question is this: a satellite might travel very near to Mars, so that it would always be more or less involved in the luminosity surrounding his disc. The best telescope cannot get rid of this luminosity; for, in fact, it is not an optical but a real light. It is, in fact, our own air, which is lit up by the planet's rays for some distance all round. Now a small satellite amidst this light, even though the planet itself might be kept out of view, would be much less readily viewed than a satellite seen like one of Jupiter's at a great distance from its primary. Yet, as it is known that Jupiter's satellites can be traced right up to the edge of the planet, we do not think so much importance should be attributed to this circumstance as is sometimes done. It should certainly be possible to see a Martian satellite two diameters of the planet, let us say, from the edge, if it shine with twice as much light as would make it visible on a perfectly dark sky. Let us, however, say that the satellite ought to be four times instead of twice as bright. Then the diameter, instead of being $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles in order that a satellite close to Mars should just be visible in a very powerful telescope, should be $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Certainly we should expect that a satellite five miles in diameter would have been long since revealed under the searching scrutiny to which the neighborhood of Mars has again and again been subjected.

Now it could not but be admitted that a moon five miles or even ten miles in diameter would differ so much from any known moon that the difference must be regarded as rather one of kind than one of degree. No such body had as yet

* The reader must not understand us here to mean that it is when in opposition that Jupiter is farthest from us, for the reverse is the case. It is at his successive opposition that he makes his nearest approach to the earth; but he is nearer at some oppositions than at others, and we are speaking above of those oppositions when his distance is greatest.

been heard of—at least no such body travelling as an independent moon. A hundred years ago, indeed, men would hardly have been prepared to admit the possibility of a body whose existence, if demonstrated, would have overthrown all their ideas as to the structure of the solar system. They knew of suns, of planets attending on one sun, and of moons attending on several planets, and they knew also of a ring-system accompanying one planet in its course round the sun. Thus they were prepared to recognise new suns, new planets, new moons, and new rings. Sir W. Herschel was nightly engaged in observing hundreds of before unknown suns. He discovered one new planet (Uranus), several new moons attending on Uranus and Saturn, and, as he thought, a pair of new rings attending on Uranus. But that any of the primary planets should be attended by a moon so small as not to admit of being fairly classed with the other known moons of the solar system would have seemed to most of the astronomers of the last century an idea as inadmissible as that an orbital region of the solar system should be occupied by a number of very small planets instead of a single primary planet. In recent times, however, men have become accustomed to recognise how small is our right to assert definitely the characteristics of suns, planets, moons, rings, and other such orders of bodies in the universe. We have found that, besides such suns as our own, there are some so much larger that they must be regarded as forming a distinct class of giant suns; while others, again, are separated in kind, not merely in degree, from such suns as ours, because of their relative minuteness. We have learned in like manner to distinguish the planets into classes, recognising in the giant planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune a family altogether distinct from that of the terrestrial planets, the earth and Venus, Mars and Mercury; while among the minor planets which throng in hundreds, perhaps in thousands, the orbit region between Mars and Jupiter we find another family separated from the terrestrial planets as definitely by their extreme minuteness as are the giant planets by their enormous dimensions. Among ring-systems, again, we had learned to recognise many varieties. In

the rings of Saturn we have a system formed of multitudes of tiny moons travelling so closely together as to appear from our distant station as continuous rings. In the ring of minor planets we have multitudes of tiny planets; but they are so widely strewn that each must be separately sought for with the telescope and no signs of the ring as a whole can be seen in the heavens. Then we have the rings of meteors, oval for the most part in figure and often curiously eccentric as well as extended; sometimes complete rings, or nearly so, like those which produce the August displays of shooting-stars; sometimes incomplete, and at others known only by "the gem of the ring," one rich region in the entire circuit.

But even with our actual knowledge of the diversity existing among the orders of bodies constituting the material universe, we were scarcely prepared to hear of moons like those of Mars. It is not the smallness of these bodies which is so surprising. There would have been nothing very remarkable in the existence of even smaller moons attending on any of the minor planets. Nor is it merely the enormous difference of dimensions between the planet and its moons; for in the case of Jupiter we have a planet whose moons bear a very much smaller proportion to the mass of their primary than our moon bears to the earth; and, though the disproportion is nothing nearly so great as that between Mars and his moons, it would still prepare us for recognizing any degree almost of disproportion between a planet and its satellite. The strange circumstance in the actual case lies in the fact that Mars belongs to a known family of planets, viz., the terrestrial family of which our earth is a leading member; and hitherto it had appeared as if all moons attending on the planets of one and the same class belonged themselves to one and the same class. The range of diversity of magnitude among the moons, for instance, attending on the giant planets, though considerable, is not such as to prevent us from regarding these moons as all of one class. Then, too, it seemed from the fact that our own moon is of the same class as those others, that, speaking generally, diversity of size is not to be

looked for to the same degree among moons even attending on planets of different classes, as among planets or among suns. Certainly there was nothing in the past experience of astronomers to suggest that a planet like Mars, belonging to the same class as our earth, might have a moon or moons belonging to an altogether inferior class.

It was, then, with a sense of astonishment, which would have been mingled with doubt but for the altogether unexceptionable source whence the information came, that astronomers heard of the discovery of two Martian satellites with the great telescope of the Washington Observatory.

The discoverer of the satellites, and the telescope with which they were discovered, both promised well for the truth of what some regarded at first as a mere report.

Professor Asaph Hall, who has long been known as one of that band of skilful and original observers of which American astronomy has just reason to be proud, had during the last few years made many observations showing that, besides scientific skill, he possesses a keen eye. Some of his observations were such as must have taxed even the power of the noble instrument which has lately been erected at Washington. For instance, the faintest of Saturn's satellites, the coy Hyperion, though discovered nearly thirty years ago, had been very little observed, insomuch that the true path of this small moon (a perfect giant, however, compared with the Martian satellites) had not been determined. In 1875, Professor Hall undertook the difficult task of closely observing this body; and now, at last, astronomers at least know where, at any hour, on any night, Hyperion is to be looked for, though the search would be to very little purpose with any save two or three of the most powerful telescopes in existence. Again, amongst other of his observations which required keen vision and patient watchfulness, must be cited the re-determination of the period in which the planet Saturn turns on its axis. This he accomplished in the year 1876. But, undoubtedly, the detection of the Martian satellites must be regarded as a far more noteworthy achievement than either of these.

The telescope which Professor Hall has been privileged to use may fairly be described as the finest refractor yet mounted. Newall, in England, has a telescope 25 inches in aperture, which, until the Washington telescope had been made, was the largest refractor in existence. The Washington instrument has an aperture of 26 inches, making its illuminating power between one-twelfth and one-thirteenth greater. But this telescope is also remarkable for the skill with which it has been made by Messrs. Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, Mass. We know few more interesting histories in scientific biography than that which records the progress of Alvan Clark's labors in the construction of object-glasses—from the first small one which he made (which fell from his hands and was destroyed within a few moments of its completion) to the noble telescope which was mounted at Washington five years ago, after meeting satisfactorily all the tests applied to it by Mr. Clark and his two sons, who inherit his energy and skill. But in this place we must be content with noting that all who have ever used object-glasses constructed by the Clarks have found their optical performance all but perfect; in fact, as nearly perfect as can be obtained from lenses made of a substance which cannot possibly be altogether free from defects, however carefully prepared. Those observers at Washington who have used the great telescope systematically, agree in regarding with peculiar favor the performance of the great compound lens which forms what is technically called its object-glass.

When, then, news came that Professor Hall, using this powerful instrument, had discovered two satellites of Mars, even those who at first supposed the news to be a mere report, felt that the observer and the telescope were alike worthy of being credited with a success of the kind.

But in reality there was no room for doubt from the beginning. The news had been telegraphed to Leverrier by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, and by Leverrier announced to English and Continental observers. It was known that an arrangement had been made by the oceanic telegraph companies to forward such intelligence, and that the news must of necessity have come

from the source indicated. So that several days or so before details of the discovery reached Europe, the present writer communicated it to the *Times* (in a letter which appeared on Saturday, August 25), or less than a week after the second moon had been detected, as a discovery not open to doubt or question.

Within two days from this, or on August 27, the brothers Henry were able to recognise the outer satellite with the fine telescope of the Paris Observatory; but it was very faint, and could only be seen when the planet was screened from view. In the mean time, however, two other telescopes in America had been used to bring these tiny bodies into view. One of these was the fine 15-inch Merz refractor* of the Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, Mass., celebrated in the history of astronomy as that wherewith Saturn's satellite Hyperion had been detected in 1848. The other was an instrument as large, and doubtless as powerful, as the Washington telescope itself. It will have been noticed, perhaps, that, in speaking of the latter above, we said that it is the finest refractor yet mounted, not the finest yet made. Messrs. Alvan Clark have made a companion instrument for the observatory of Mr. M'Cormick, of Chicago, one of those munificent patrons of science of whom (of late, in particular) America has just reason to be proud. The instrument has not yet left Messrs. Clark's factory, and cannot be said to have been yet (properly speaking) mounted. But the Clarks managed to get it turned upon Mars, and were able to see the Martian satellites. There is another very fine telescope, by the way, also made by Messrs. Clark & Sons, which is now erected at Chicago, where one of the most eminent observers of double stars, Mr. S. W. Burnham, has long pursued his labors. Its object-glass is 18 inches in aperture; and we should have expected that, with this aperture and Mr. Burnham's keen vision, the Martian satellites would have been brought into view. We do not hear, however, of their being seen at Chicago. Perhaps unfavorable

weather prevented any observations being made there.

The first news was expressed in telegraph-language, and was imperfect. It ran thus: "Two satellites of Mars discovered by Hall at Washington. First elongation west August 18, eleven hours, Washington time. Distance eighty seconds. Period, thirty hours. Distance of second, fifty seconds." This being interpreted (or rather, the latter part being interpreted), means that the outermost, in its circuit around Mars, had reached its greatest apparent westerly range at 11 P.M., Washington time, August 18, or about 4 A.M., August 19, Greenwich time (which Astronomers would call August 18, sixteen hours Greenwich time), and that at this time its seeming distance from the centre of Mars was about one twenty-fourth part of the apparent diameter of the moon. As to the other satellite the news did not convey much information. It implied that the distance was five-eighths that of the outer moon; but whether that was the greatest distance, or the distance at the hour named, there was nothing to show. As it turned out, there was a mistake about this moon, for the greatest range of the moon, east and west of Mars, amounted only to about three-fifths of the distance named.

In the circular issued by the Secretary of the United States Navy (the Hon. R. W. Thompson), dated August 21, 1877, a copy of which reached the present writer on September 3, fuller and more correct details are given, in a form, however, which would be quite unsuited to these pages. We will endeavor to present their meaning correctly, but without technical expressions.

The outer satellite travels at a distance from Mars's centre, such that, when the planet is at its nearest, the extreme apparent span of the satellite's path would be about one-eleventh part of the moon's apparent diameter. In actual length this range is about 28,600 miles, half of which represents the distance from the centre of the planet—about 14,300 miles. As Mars has a diameter of about 4,600 miles, the distance of the satellite from his surface is about 12,000 miles, or, roughly, about one-twentieth of the distance which separates the moon from the earth. This other moon trav-

* We use the technical term "refractor" as the only convenient way of describing a telescope with an object-glass, as distinguished from a telescope with a mirror or speculum, which is called a "reflector."

els round Mars in thirty hours fourteen minutes, the possible error in this determination at present being about two minutes. We have seen that it must be a very small moon. The present writer, in an article in the *Spectator* which appeared before the circular above mentioned had reached Europe, had indicated ten miles as the greatest diameter which could possibly be assigned to this body. Let us hear what Professor Newcomb, the eminent mathematician who presides over the astronomical department of the Washington Observatory, who has himself seen the satellite, has to say on this point. Writing to the *New York Tribune* he remarks that "the first question which will naturally arise is, Why have these objects not been seen before? The answer is, that Mars is now nearer to the earth than he has been at any time since 1845, when the great telescopes of the present day had hardly begun to be known. In 1862, when Mars was again pretty near to the earth, we may suppose that they were not looked for with the two or three telescopes which alone would have shown them. In 1875 Mars was too far south of the equator to be advantageously observed in high northern latitudes. The present opportunity of observing the planet is about the best that could possibly occur. At the next opposition, in October, 1879, there is hope that the satellites may again be observed with the great telescope at Washington; but Professor Newcomb thinks that during the following ten years, when, owing to the great eccentricity of the orbit of Mars, he will be much farther from the earth at opposition, the satellites may be invisible with all the telescopes of the world. In the present year it is hardly likely that they will be visible after October. The satellites may be considered as by far the smallest heavenly bodies yet known. It is hardly possible to make anything like a numerical estimate of their diameters, because they are seen in the telescope only as faint points of light. But one might safely agree to ride round one of them in a railway car between two successive meals, or to walk round in easy stages during a very brief vacation. In fact, supposing the surface of the outer one to have the same reflecting power as that of Mars, its diameter

cannot be much more than ten miles, and may be less. Altogether these objects must be regarded as among the most remarkable members of the solar system."

Assigning to this satellite a diameter of ten miles—which we ourselves, for the reasons above indicated, consider too large—it would appear, at a distance of 12,000 miles, with a diameter equal to about the tenth of our moon's, and therefore with a disc equal to about a hundredth of hers in apparent area. But being less brightly illuminated it would shine with less than the hundredth part of her light. Mars receives from the sun (and therefore his moons receive) between one-half and one-third as much light as our earth and moon receive, about half when Mars is at his nearest to the sun, and about one-third when he is at his farthest from the sun. Thus the light given by the farther of his two moons varies from one two-hundredth to one three-hundredth part of our moon's. This part, then, of the Martian moonlight is but small in amount, and certainly cannot go far to compensate the Martians (as compared with us Terrestrials) for their greater distance from the sun.

Of course this moon passes through all the phases which we recognise in the case of our own moon. It travels very rapidly among the constellations of the Martian heavens, which are exactly the same in all respects as those we see. In very little over thirty hours it traverses the entire circuit of the heavens; or over what would correspond to one of our zodiacal signs in two and a half hours: whereas our own moon takes more than two and a quarter days traversing one of these signs. Its rate of motion may be best inferred, however, from the statement that, if our moon travelled as fast, she would traverse a distance equal to her own diameter in a little over two and a half minutes, so that her motion among the stars would be quite obvious to ordinary vision. Perhaps the reader may be interested to know which constellations are traversed by this Martian moon in the course of its circuit of the heavens. The zodiac of Mars, or the pathway of the sun and planets, is nearly the same as ours; but her outer moon, instead of travelling, as ours does, within the zodi-

ac, and indeed in a course nearly approaching the sun's, ranges far to the north and south of the solar pathway in each circuit. Its path crosses the ecliptic (passing from the southern to the northern side) at a point between the two stars which mark the tips of the Bull's horns. It runs thence over a rather barren region north of the twin stars Castor and Pollux, over the Lesser Lion, through the Hair of Berenice, where it attains its greatest northerly distance from the sun's track. Thence it passes onwards across the feet of the Herdsman, the body of the Serpent, and the feet of the Serpent-Holder, crossing the sun's track near the right foot of this worthy. On its track, now south of the sun's, it passes over the Bow of the Archer, and thence over his hind feet (the gentleman is of the Centaur persuasion), over the head of the Crane, and along the Southern Fish (not the southernmost of the Tied Fishes belonging to the zodiac, but the single fish into whose mouth the Water-Bearer pours a stream of water); ranging very closely past the bright star Fomalhaut (which it must sometimes hide, just as our own moon sometimes hides the bright Antares and Aldebaran). Thence the Martian moon passes athwart the Sea Monster and the River Eridanus, over the Bull, passing very close indeed to Aldebaran (which it must sometimes hide from view), to its starting-place between the horns of the Bull. The circuit we have just described is very nearly the celestial equator of the Martian heavens. (The north pole of the Martians lies near the Tail of the Swan, and the bright star Arided of this constellation must be their north polar star; the southern pole-star for the Martians is the star Alpha of the Peacock: neither this star, nor any part of the constellation, is visible in our northern latitudes.)

One peculiar effect of this outer moon's rapid motion among the stars is that it moves very slowly in the Martian skies. The whole of the heavenly sphere, as seen from Mars, is of course carried from east to west just as with us, except that, instead of completing a circuit in twenty-four hours, it requires twenty-four hours thirty-seven minutes twenty-two seconds and seven-tenths, that being the length of the Martian day. Their

outer moon shares this motion with the stars; but as it is itself travelling all the time from west to east among the stars, going once round in thirty hours fourteen minutes, or travelling nearly as fast *this* way as it is carried *the other*, it appears to move very slowly with reference to the horizon. Suppose it, for instance, rising in the east in company with Fomalhaut. The stellar heavens are carried round, and Fomalhaut passes over to the west in twelve hours nineteen minutes. But the moon has in this time moved away eastwards from the star by nearly two-fifths of a complete circuit, or four-fifths of the range from west to east. Instead, therefore, of being on the western horizon with the star, the moon has passed only one-fifth of the way from the eastern horizon. In another half-day she has travelled two-fifths of the way, and so on. So that, roughly, this moon occupies five half-days, or about sixty hours, in passing from the eastern to the western horizon. She is the same length of time below the horizon. In other words, strange though it may seem, this moon, which travels round Mars, or circuits the stellar heavens, in thirty hours, only completes her circuit of the Martian skies in about 120 hours. She passes through her phases in a little over thirty hours fourteen minutes; for, supposing her to start from the sun's place on her eastward course, she gets round again to the place he had occupied among the stars in thirty hours fourteen minutes, by which time he has travelled only a very slight distance eastwards, over which she, with her rapid motion, very quickly passes. Thus while she is above the horizon, which she is for about sixty hours, she passes twice through all her phases. Imagine her, for instance, rising with the sun. With his swifter diurnal (or apparent) motion westwards he leaves her behind, and when he sets she is, precisely as in the case before considered, only a fifth of the way above the eastern horizon and already nearly full, being nearly opposite the sun. Very soon after sunset she is full; and when the sun is about to rise in the east again she is far on the wane, being past her third quarter, for she is now but two-fifths of the way from the eastern horizon, where he is. He travels on, her disc

waning more and more, till when he overtakes her, in the mid-heavens, she is "new" in the astronomical sense; that is, invisible. He passes to the west; and when he sets she is near her first quarter, being two-fifths of the way from his place on the western horizon. She waxes till near morning time; but when the sun rises in the east she is beginning to wane, for she is now about a fifth of the way from the place opposite to him in the west. He travels on, her disc waning more and more, until about the time of sunset, when it is new moon, the sun and moon setting together.

But even more singular, though simpler, is the behavior of the second moon. We know less of the inner than of the outer moon, because it is far more difficult to see. The brothers Henry, of the Paris Observatory, who caught the outer moon, failed utterly to see the inner one. But it is known that its distance from the centre of Mars is about 5,800 miles, or from the planet's surface about 3,500 miles. This moon may have a somewhat larger diameter than the other, because its proximity to Mars would naturally make it more difficult to see, and might account for astronomers failing to perceive a moon which, at the distance of the outer, must long since have been detected. If we allow to it a diameter of fifteen miles, or about one-18,000th of our moon's, its disc at the same distance as ours would be only about one-1,100th of the disc of our moon. But that proximity to Mars which makes this moon so faint to our eyes must of course make it much larger to theirs. It so happens that this effect of proximity causes the moon to appear larger to almost one-fourth the degree in which her real surface (or disc seen at equal distance) is less than that of our moon, on the assumption we have made. Thus she has a disc, always on this assumption be it remembered, equal to about a quarter of our moon's; and being illuminated by the sun, like the other moon, with a light varying from one-half to one-third that which he pours on the earth, it follows that the light she reflects to Martians, or would reflect to them if there were any such beings, varies from one-eighth to one-twelfth of that which we receive from the full moon. The two moons together do not, under the most favorable condi-

tions, supply one-seventh of the light which the full moon gives to us.

But it is by her motions that this moon is rendered most remarkable among all the satellites of the solar system. She travels round the planet, or, as seen from the planet, she completes her circuit of the stellar heavens, in about 7 hours 38½ minutes. This is less than a third of the time in which Mars turns on his axis, or in which the stellar heavens are carried round from east to west. So that, as his nearer moon travels more than three times as fast from west to east as the heavens are carried from east to west, it follows that she has an excess of real eastwardly motion equivalent to more than twice the rate of motion of the star-sphere westwards. She moves, then, in appearance, from the western to the eastern horizon, and in less than half the time in which the stars or the sun are carried from the eastern to the western horizon, thus completing her apparent motion across the skies from west to east in about five hours. As she goes through all her phases in about seven hours thirty-nine minutes there are not so many changes in her aspect while she is above the horizon as there are in the case of the outer moon. Her strangest feature is her rapid motion eastwards, causing her to pass from the western to the eastern horizon, instead of the usual way round. Her actual motions among the stars would be very obvious to such vision as ours; for she traverses a distance equal to our moon's apparent diameter in forty seconds!

The moons of Mars have proved as communicative respecting their primary as our own moon has shown herself respecting our earth. As Newcomb well remarks, Leverrier's determination of the mass of Mars (at about one-118th part of our earth's mass) was the product of a century of observations and several years of laborious calculation by a corps of computers; whereas from the measures of the satellite on four nights only, ten minutes' computation gave a value of the planet's mass in striking agreement with Leverrier's—viz., one-113th of the earth's mass. Moreover, this value, though obtained in so short a time, is more trustworthy than Leverrier's. It amounts to a reduction of the planet's mass by one-200th part of the earth's, or

by a trifle of about thirty millions of millions of millions of tons.

We may add, in conclusion, two curious anticipations of the late discovery. One is well known—Swift's account (probably corrected in this place by Arbuthnot, for Swift was no arithmetician) of the discoveries made by the Laputan astronomers. "They have likewise discovered two lesser stars," he says, "or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours and the latter in $21\frac{1}{2}$, so that the squares of their periodical times are very nearly in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance from the centre of Mars, which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other

heavenly bodies." The other is from Voltaire's *Micromégas, Histoire Philosophique*. The Sirian giant, with a Saturnian friend, visited the neighborhood of Mars: "Ils côtoyèrent la planète [de Mars, qui, comme on sait, est cinq fois plus petite que notre petit globe; ils virent deux lunes qui servent à cette planète, et qui ont échappé aux regards de nos astronomes. Je sais bien que le père Castel écrira, et même assez plaisamment, contre l'existence de ces deux lunes; mais je m'en rapporte à ceux qui raisonnent par analogie. Ces bons philosophes là savent combien il serait difficile que Mars, qui est si loin du soleil, se passât à moins de deux lunes." Beyond all doubt both these pleasantries had their origin in the idea thrown out by Kepler in 1610, when Galileo announced to him the discovery of the four moons of Jupiter.*—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE KHEDIVE'S EGYPT, AND THE ROUTE TO INDIA.

The Khedive's Egypt; or, The Old House of Bondage under New Masters. By Edwin de Leon, ex-Agent and Consul-General in Egypt. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE Khedive's Egypt has this point of resemblance to the Egypt of the Pharaohs—that the people of the soil are ground down and oppressed by cruel taskmasters now, as they were in and before the days of Moses.

What the Pyramids were to the poor Egyptian of the time of Cheops—what the treasure-cities Ramses and Pithom were to the Israelites—the Suez Canal and the other public works undertaken during his reign have been to the poor Egyptians of the Khedive Ismail who have been sacrificed by thousands on the altar of "progress" erected by their ruler.

Mr. De Leon in respect to Egypt, the character of its ruler, and the condition of its people, speaks with an authority derived from an intimate personal acquaintance of many years' duration with the country. American Consul-General at Cairo during the Crimean war, he resigned that post to throw in his fortunes with his native South at the commencement of the great American struggle. But he has ever since kept up intimate

relations with the principal public men of Egypt; and it will appear, from a perusal of the interesting pages now under remark, that although Mr. De Leon feels natural partiality for a ruler from whom during a long acquaintance he has received many marks of kindness and consideration, he does not on that account extenuate his faults, while giving him full credit for his good qualities.

"Ismail Khedive is a man of about forty-eight years of age, under the middle height, but heavily and squarely built, with broad shoulders, which, during the last year, seem to have become bowed down by the heavy burdens imposed upon him, under which he has so manfully struggled. His face is round, covered by a dark brown beard, closely clipped, and short moustache of the same color, shading a firm but sensual mouth. His complexion is dark; his features regular, heavy rather than mobile in expression. His eyes, which he keeps habitually half closed, in

* Since the above was written Mr. Wentworth Erck, of Sherrington, Bray, has announced that the outer satellite has been seen three times with his seven-inch Alvan Clark telescope. In one of these observations a small star was certainly seen; the others seem to have been real observations of the satellite. Either Newcomb must have underestimated the satellite's brightness, or else its surface is of such a nature that it varies in lustre.

Turkish fashion, sometimes closing one entirely, are dark and usually dull, but very penetrating and bright at times, when he shoots a sudden sharp glance, like a flash, at his interlocutor. His face is usually as expressionless as that of the Sphinx or the late Napoleon III., of whom, in my intercourse with the Khedive, I have been frequently reminded; for they are men much of the same stamp in character and intellect, with the same strong and the same weak characteristics doing constant battle with each other. The Khedive's voice is very characteristic—low, somewhat thick, yet emphatic, well modulated, giving meaning to the most commonplace utterances; his words accompanied by a smile of much attractiveness when he seeks to please, and his mind is at ease. But under the mask of apparent apathy or serenity, the close observer will remark that the lines across the broad brow and about the strong mouth indicate strong passions as strongly suppressed, and the cares of empire intruding ever on lighter thoughts; and judge the Khedive to be far from a happy man."

We are told that Ismail's personal amiability and humanity have been signalled by the cessation of severe punishments during his reign—with one remarkable exception of recent occurrence, which will be found related in the interesting story of the "Eastern Wolsey," as Mr. De Leon terms the late Ismail Sadyk Pasha. This man, who rose in a few years from the position of a common *fellah* to be Mouffetish or Finance Minister,

"Was reputed to understand better than any man in Egypt how to 'squeeze the *fellah*,' which meant to wring the last *para* out of the poor wretches by the use of the terrible *kourbash*, or hippopotamus-hide whip."

The Mouffetish appears to have exercised his power for his own profit to some purpose. At the time of his disappearance, this "mean and dirty-looking Arab of low type" possessed three palaces in Cairo, covering, with their gardens, an area as large as the Pyramids; and enjoyed or endured an establishment of thirty-six wives, regular and irregular, each of whom was waited on by six white slaves, and a retinue of black ones.

We turn from this repulsive picture to one more pleasing. If Ismail Sadyk was the bad genius of Egypt, Nubar Pasha may be termed the good genius of his adopted country. By race an Armenian, he has been known in Europe as an able Egyptian statesman for twenty years past; and he is at once the most honest

and the ablest public man that Egypt has possessed. Nubar is, however, now in disgrace and exile, because he has always been the strenuous advocate of justice for the masses, and the persistent opponent of the Khedive's costly projects. Nubar's great work has been the establishment of the mixed tribunals, which were designed at once to act as a check on the absolute power of the Khedive, and to curb the authority of the agents of foreign Governments in Egypt by depriving them of the prerogatives which they enjoyed under the old capitulations. The effect of those prerogatives was, that any civil or criminal suit in which a foreigner was defendant, could only be tried before the consular court of the nationality concerned. Under such a system, it was difficult for an Egyptian to obtain a verdict in any suit he might bring against a foreigner; equally difficult to procure the conviction of a foreigner for a criminal offence. Whereas, in all cases in which foreigners were the plaintiff, their consular agents were bound to press their claims on the local Government, which they usually did with great persistence and powerful effect. Mr. De Leon says, that on the whole, as far as his experience went, the system worked well, and insured "speedy and substantial justice to foreign residents in the absence of a better tribunal." We have no doubt that it did so; but how about the speedy and substantial justice for the natives of the soil!

The mixed tribunals, which were at once the crown and termination of Nubar's ministerial career—for their establishment by his agency was the proximate cause of his disfavor with the Khedive—are described by Mr. De Leon at length. They provide for the hearing of all international civil causes, even of those to which the Khedive is a party, before courts composed equally of the foreign and native element. This reform, although dwarfed of the fair proportions designed by Nubar, is a great step in the right direction—the small end of the wedge which the influence of England ought to drive home.

The name of Nubar Pasha was brought forward at the time of the Conference as the most eligible Christian governor for Bulgaria; but his affections, interests, and ambition are all centred in Egypt,

er he may shortly be recalled as a truly Egyptian statesman capable of guiding the country through the troublers of the impending crisis. At the termination of Ismail's reign, more-Nubar is pretty certain to rule; under Tewfik Pasha, Ismail's eldest son, in whose favor Nubar obtained from the Porte the alteration of the succession, which, by the original firman, settled on the *oldest male* of Mehemet's family. That oldest male, by the way, is, after the present Khedive, Tawfik Pasha, the youngest son of Mehemet Ali, who resides at Constantinople—here he has been for some years retained by the Porte high in favor and employment—kept as a rod *in terrore* for the Khedive and his sons, in case they should prove refractory or stint supplies of *baksheesh*, for which the sultans of Turkey have always had an insatiable maw. Mr. De Leon tells us that millions of pounds have been thus yearly sent from Egypt as a sop to the insatiable Cerberus. The sketch of Prince Tawfik, like other sketches of character on these pages, is touched with a master-hand; and the description of his favorite sport of gazelle-hunting with falcon and hawk in the Egyptian desert is well repaid perusal.

return now to the Khedive :

his introduction of Western civilisation into Egypt; his Europeanising Cairo, the melting-pot of the vanishing oriental type of the East; his great public works; his greater educational plans; his filling his administrations with Europeans, and placing them at the head of the principal bureaux; his remodelling the army under the auspices of skilled and experienced army officers, invited from his Ultima Thule in America; the broad religious toleration which has made Christian churches more numerous than Moslem ones, . . . all these are notorious, and constitute his claim to the admiration of Christendom as a wise and liberal ruler, a light newly arisen in the East."

The Khedive allows himself four wives and is described as the model of a family, on the oriental plan. His sons and daughters have all received the best European education; and for the first time, when they marry, he has insisted on the one wife principle. The second and third sons, Hussein and Hassan, have been educated in Paris and Oxford respectively. Hassan was engaged with the Abyssinian expedition,

and is now in command of the Egyptian contingent in Turkey. Of the heir apparent, Prince Tewfik, Mr. De Leon gives a very pleasing picture :—

"If I were asked to point out the model gentleman among the younger native generation at Cairo (in the higher sense of that much-abused word), I should select Prince Tewfik as one of its most superior types. . . . In the great whispering-gallery of that Court, and of the Frank community at Cairo, I have never heard a whisper breathed against his domestic virtues or private character. . . . His face, eye, and smile inspire confidence. You feel that here is a man you can trust. . . . Should it be his fate to mount the throne of Egypt, I predict that he will prove a prudent, humane, and sensible ruler, and do credit to himself and good to his people."

The present ruler of Egypt is a remarkable contrast to Eastern potentates generally, both in respect of liberality of views and of attention to business. But his reforming zeal has gone near to be his ruin as well as that of his people. Every new project, no matter how costly, which promised to increase the greatness of Egypt in however remote a future, found in him a ready listener and often a dupe. His financial troubles are due—partly to his large expenditure on the Suez Canal, partly to the ambitious engineering works he has undertaken, partly to his military expeditions, partly to the incessant cry of the daughter of the horse-leech resident at Constantinople, partly to his mania for building, partly to his magnificent ideas of hospitality. For his large expenditure on the Suez Canal, the Khedive, having parted with his original shares, has now almost nothing to show beyond the political importance conferred by that work on his country. So far as his pecuniary interests are concerned, they would be best consulted by shutting up the Canal, and thereby forcing all the trans-Egyptian traffic over the railway from Alexandria to Suez, which, along with the harbors and docks at these *termini*, are his private property.

It is barely twenty-five years since Robert Stephenson commenced the single line of railway from Alexandria to Suez. Now there are more than 1300 miles completed in Egypt proper; and the Khedive is pushing his railway and telegraph lines into the heart of Africa.

As an instance of his magnificent ideas may be cited the railway now

under construction from Cairo to Sioot in Upper Egypt; and its projected links of extension, partly by steamboat, partly by railway, to Khartoum on the White Nile, and thence to Massowah on the Red Sea. In the first place, the railway from Cairo to Sioot runs along the bank of the Nile, which river is all the way navigable by steamboats, a distance of 240 miles. The next link by steamer from Sioot to Wady Halfa, surmounting the First Cataract by a ship-incline, is 800 miles. From Wady Halfa, by railway, the line marking the chord of the loop there formed by the river to Khartoum, is about 550 miles. The last proposed link from Khartoum to the Red Sea is 550 miles more. Thus the total distance from Cairo to Massowah is 2000 miles, of which 1340 are by railway. In the opinion of the English engineer, who reports favorably on the proposed work, "the exportation of ivory and other Central African products will be increased and facilitated by such a railway; but they will sink into insignificance when compared with the grain, sugar, and cotton which will be produced and exported from the vast alluvial plains of the Soudan." The engineer then proceeds to show how this line when completed, with the addition of a ship-incline over the First Cataract, might shorten by three days the route to India—thereby, be it remarked, superseding the Suez Canal. And this line is to be constructed through a country where, by the engineer's report, "ordinary wood sleepers for railways would not last more than a few weeks," because of the ravages of the white ants, who eat all kinds of woods, even totally destroying the largest trees.

After saying that no data exist for estimating the precise amount of traffic to be expected, the engineer concludes his report as follows:—

"In the particular case of the Soudan Railway and its probable traffic, it is a fact which cannot be disputed, that the extent of land near its southern terminus, or within reach of it by navigable waters, or land carriage, which is capable of producing the finest crops of cotton, grain, and sugar, is practically unlimited; and that during the time requisite for the construction of the railway, such area may be brought into cultivation as will furnish immediate and considerable traffic. The vast quantities of timber of various kinds which will become cheaply accessible to the proposed rail-

way, will supply fuel to the locomotives for a long period of time, and one of the most important items in the working expenses of the railway will thereby be largely reduced. Assuming the working expenses of the Soudan Railway to be sixty per cent of the gross receipts (which is seven per cent higher than the average working expenses of all the Indian railways), it can scarcely be doubted that the traffic from the local and through sources enumerated will yield a satisfactory return upon the small cost of the proposed railway."

Thus it appears that the trade which is to pay dividends on the outlay must principally come from one extremity of the line in Central Africa, and has first to be created! The prosecution of this wild scheme has, however, been indefinitely postponed by the financial embarrassments of the Khedive, who would of course have been obliged to provide every *para* for its construction.

Under the Khedive's mania for building, Old Cairo—so dear to the traveller on account of its high and narrow streets, its four-storeyed houses, its jutting latticed windows, its jostling crowds of people and donkeys in every variety of costume and trappings, its dirt, and its picturesqueness—is fast disappearing, and giving place to an Eastern Paris. Mr. De Leon thus laments the transformation of the Ezbekieh:—

"Where once waved the branches of the stately sycamores planted by Mehemet Ali, are now to be seen only solid blocks of stone houses, with arcades in imitation of the Rue de Rivoli. . . . But the vanished Ezbekieh of twelve years ago is not the only lost vision for which the returning pilgrim strains his wandering eyes. . . . As he was wont to sit under the stately sycamores of the Ezbekieh, there used at eventide to prance gaily by a cavalcade of gay and gallant-looking Eastern cavaliers, splendidly habited in oriental costume, mounted on Arab steeds of great beauty and price, whose crimson-velvet Turkish saddles were stiff with cloth-of-gold, and whose silken bridle-reins were studded with precious stones.

"Preceded by the running Berbersyce, in his picturesque costume of white shirt, crimson sash or belt, and bare legs of ebony, and attended at the stirrup by pipe-bearer, *nargileh* in hand, whose long flexible tube was often in the hand of the rider, these proud-looking beys and pachas used to file slowly by, looking neither to the right nor the left, to the admiration of the motley crowd ever circulating about or squatting under the trees of the Ezbekieh.

"Then, also, ambling past on their sleek donkeys—huge bundles of black silk like unto balloons, and with impervious veils, through which only two bright eyes were perceptible,

escorted by the jealous eunuchs—could be seen in part the ladies of the harem, disdainful of side-saddles, and riding astride like men, as a yellow shoe perceptible on each side of the donkey conclusively proved."

The Khedive's mania for building has not been limited to the creation of new quarters in Cairo out of the ruins of the old city. This work, like some of his other improvements, will doubtless be remunerative in time. The mistake he has made in these cases is simply that of going too fast. But the same excuse cannot be pleaded for his absurdly extravagant outlay on new palaces,—and for his building of opera and play houses, which his revenues must afterwards support.

In his chapter on Egyptian finance, Mr. De Leon makes out as good a case as possible, and with much show of reason, in favor of Ismail Pasha, contending that, of the large sum of 100 millions sterling debited to Egypt by foreign accountants, not one-half has ever been touched by that prince; and that, taking into account the sums he has repaid, the outside loss to the foreign investor, supposing the Egyptian Government absolutely bankrupt, excluding the funded loans and floating debt, would not exceed from 15 to 20 millions.

But Mr. De Leon's truest sympathies are with the Khedive's patient, submissive, long-suffering drudges, the *fellaheen*. An enterprising Yankee was once asked how his countrymen would deal with the French Canadian element if Canada should ever join the United States. "I guess, sir, we should improve them off the face of the earth," was the reply. Well, the poor Egyptians are literally being improved off the face of the earth. Their ruler, though, as we are told, naturally kind-hearted, has not been able to resist the temptations of absolute power. His great public works; his new quarters, palaces, and opera-houses; the revenues he extracts from his private property,—are all built up of the muscle and cemented with the blood and tears of the Egyptian bondsmen, whose wrongs cry as loudly to heaven now in the nineteenth century as they did in the times of the Pharaohs.

The people of England trouble themselves little about Egypt, except as a convenient means of communication between England and India. But the se-

curity of that communication, and consequently their own interests, are intimately bound up with the good government of Egypt. The English people little dream at what a fearful cost of suffering to the poor Arab have been provided the luxurious railway and canal accommodations from which they benefit so largely. Let them learn the process from Mr. De Leon's pages. When laborers are required for public works, such as the projected Soudan Railway, the workmen are taken arbitrarily from the cultivation of their own small patches of land—for poor and oppressed as his condition is, nearly every *fellah* is a landowner—and sent in district gangs to their destinations, where they receive no wages, often not even food, and are sometimes obliged to find their own tools in addition. These victims of the *corvée* are always of the poorest class, because those who have money can always purchase exemption.

The Suez Canal was commenced on the system here described, and was carried on in the same manner, until the sufferings of the laborers, who were literally worked to death, by hundreds, brought about the interference of the consular agents, after which regular though very small wages were paid. All the labor employed on the Khedive's enormous sugar estates in Upper Egypt extending 100 miles in length along the Nile, and from twelve to sixteen miles in breadth, is compulsory or *corvée* labor. If wages are paid at all, which is extremely doubtful, they are *very low*, and paid always in kind,—grain or molasses, on which the employer makes a profit.

Again, the yearly quota of recruits for the army is provided nominally by conscription, really by the arbitrary action of the governors of districts. The course is to send out into the highways and byways to seize the first men met with, who are kept in confinement until the sifting time arrives, when those who can pay the indispensable *baksheesh* to the recruiting officer are set free, and the others are sent to the different training depots in gangs, chained together like convicts, and "driven by soldiers to the place of embarkation escorted by howling and shrieking women, who see with them their daily bread and that of their children taken away." If any im-

provement has taken place in this respect, it is of very recent years. The population of Cairo and Alexandria are legally exempt from military service—*i.e.*, about one-tenth of the whole population of the country; and so the burden of recruiting falls exclusively on that portion of the able-bodied males most wanted for the cultivation of the fields.

There is not a creature in the world of fewer wants than the Egyptian *fellah*, whose necessities are limited to a coarse cotton tunic for covering, and a handful of dates for food. Still, *something* is necessary to his existence; and what between forced labor for others and the heavy taxation of his labor for himself, his land, as we are told, does not produce sufficient *in the gross* to pay the yearly taxes. It is to be noted, too, that the taxes are levied in kind, not in cash, affording the tax-collectors peculiar temptations to extortion, since their valuation of the crop is arbitrary. And so it happens that all the public burdens are borne by the poorest class, and the collectors of the revenue fatten on the bribes with which those who are able, purchase complete or partial exemption. A suggestive commentary on this point is furnished by the following extract from a recent letter of the Alexandria 'Times' correspondent, quoted by Mr. De Leon:—

"A contract was concluded yesterday by the Government with a Manchester house, which much improves the prospect of the July coupon: £500,000 is to be advanced, one-half now, one-half in London, on the 10th of July. The Government on its side undertakes to deliver by that date, in successive deliveries of 50,000 *ardebs* of wheat and beans, which are to be paid for at the market price of the day in Alexandria. This produce consists wholly of taxes paid by the peasants in kind; and when one thinks of the poverty-stricken, over-driven, under-fed *fellaheen* in their miserable hovels, working late and early to fill the pockets of the creditors, *the punctual payment of the coupon ceases to be wholly a subject of gratification.*"

Egypt remains in some respects the unsolved riddle of our times. The cultivated area of country must have been in ancient days greatly larger than at present, and maintained a greatly larger population. All the cultivated soil has been redeemed from the desert; and the only condition on which it can be kept from returning to desert, is the

ceaseless labor of the people. The drift of sand from the great wastes in the interior of Africa is so constant, that it would in a few years, if not combated by irrigation and labor, cover up all man's works on the Nile banks and in the Delta. But the sand of Egypt is so composed that everywhere the desert may be made to "blossom as the rose" by pouring fresh water over its surface. Thus the Nile is the life of Egypt, and the rains which fall in the highlands of Abyssinia are the life of the Nile. Hence the care bestowed on irrigation; by means of which the Nile, when it yearly attains the proper level—an epoch which is celebrated as a high national festival—is led through countless channels, great and small, to be spread over the neighboring fields.

Napoleon I., in his notes on Egypt, written in 1790 and published by Bourrienne, estimated, "from a calculation made in Egypt with the greatest care, that this country, which at present has only a thousand square leagues of cultivated land, had formerly more than two thousand:" and he was of opinion that, "by a well-arranged system of irrigation, the result of good government, Egypt might be increased to the extent of eight or nine hundred square leagues." For this purpose he prophesied that "a work which will one day be undertaken will be to build dykes across the Damietta and Rosetta branches at the Cow's Belly," with the view of doubling the inundation of the land. The realisation of Napoleon's conception has been attempted by the construction of the *bar-rage*, or dam, commenced by Mehemet Ali and carried on by his successors. This work was deemed so important as to justify the construction of a fortress to protect it; but owing to the instability of the foundations, it is inoperative as a dam to raise the waters more than five feet, whereas a head of fifteen feet would be necessary to flood the Delta, as intended, without pumping. The desired object will yet be realised; and meanwhile the place possesses a certain strategical importance in protecting the bridges of communication over the two branches of the Nile at that spot.

Napoleon estimated that the population of Egypt proper in 1790 was only one-fourth of what it had been in ancient

Lane, in his 'Modern Egyptians,' he ancient population at six or millions; and quotes Diodorus to the effect that it was seven mil- the times of the ancient kings, t less than three millions in his ay. Lane estimated the whole ion of Egypt proper in 1835 as re than two and a half millions; of opinion that the produce of , *if nothing was exported*, would for a population of four millions f all soil fit for cultivation were for eight millions. The above es probably referred only to what called Lower Egypt, for the pop- of *Egypt proper* is now estimated e than five millions. "It is l," says Mr. De Leon, "that in fifteen years 500,000 acres have eclaimed, and that 300,000 more course of reclamation from the and this result is due to the ex- of the canal system effected by edive."

e is certainly no other country in good government can have so influence on the material prosperi- ie people; for in no other coun- it affect to the same extent as it i Egypt, the rainfall and the of the seasons; where anarchy anny, by interfering with irriga- d the laboring of the fields, must at once the cultivable area of and the population dependent produce. "Egypt is nothing if icultural;" and all the ambitious s of Mehemet Ali and his succes- create manufactures, have only d the progress of the country by ing with agriculture, and have ie source of a wasteful expendi- which much of the Khedive's l troubles are due.

ge proportion of the whole popu- probably one-sixth—being con- d in the large towns, are with- from agriculture; the Khedive's g army and military expeditions orbed an additional number of e-bodied males; hence the want r for agricultural purposes is be- to be sensibly felt, and the Khe- turning his attention to the en- ment of Chinese immigration into or the purpose of filling the void, seems to offer the speediest as

well as most satisfactory solution of the problem."

The agricultural capabilities of Egypt, if developed by sufficient labor, properly directed, are practically unlimited. Some interesting statistics will be found in Mr. De Leon's pages relating to the cotton production of the country, which has developed from the first germ of 6000 pounds of cotton exported in 1821, to upwards of 300 millions of pounds ex- ported in 1876. The culture of the sugar-cane, which, as the hobby of the present ruler of Egypt, has been pursued by him on a wasteful and extravagant system, has been hitherto the reverse of beneficial to the country or the people—since the labor of the *fellahs*, by which it has been carried on, if bestowed on their own fields, would have produced far more valuable results both to them- selves and to their master. Although the sugar-culture is doubtless capable, under good management and with a suf- ficient labor-supply, of being profitably developed; the true interests of the country for many years to come lie in the grain and cotton culture, which are capable of indefinite extension. For the Khedive's services to civilisation; in the establishment of schools civil and mili- tary—especially in his disregard of Mos- lem prejudices by instituting female schools; in his extension of railways, and telegraphs, and canals; in the con- struction of harbors, docks, and light- houses; in his expenditure on roads and bridges, on gas and water works,—we must refer the reader to Mr. De Leon's interesting pages.

But there is one question—that of slavery—on which the Khedive's action merits more than a passing remark. When his Highness assured a deputation of the Anti-Slavery Society in London that he was most anxious to put down the slave- trade, he stated that all his efforts would be ineffectual until he should be en- dowed with the right of search over boats hoisting European colors, because the chief delinquents were *European traders*, who under the guise of a trade in ivory, really carried on a traffic in slaves, whom they conveyed down the Nile in boats covered by their respective flags. If the slave-trade were stopped, as he argued it would be if he were thus free to act against European traders,

slavery in Egypt would in fifteen or twenty years expire of inanition. The Khedive has given an earnest of sincerity in this matter by investing with absolute authority as Governor of the Sudan, Colonel Gordon, who, by his acceptance of the charge, is self-devoted to the stoppage of the trade at its fountain-head. Mr. De Leon describes the Sudan as "a territory larger and more populous than Egypt proper, to which it acknowledges the most indefinite kind of obedience, offering in its climate and savage inhabitants immense difficulties in the way of regular government or improvement;" and he is evidently not over-sanguine as to Gordon's success. But all who know the latter feel convinced that in his high and holy "quest," and if his life be spared, he will succeed if any mortal can.

The picture of the Khedive, as presented in Mr. De Leon's pages, has two aspects—the one bears the lineaments of the enlightened reformer, the reverse side shows the traits of the cruel oppressor of his people. Few men have ever accomplished so much in so short a time; but his progress has been that of the car of Juggernaut. In other countries, reforms come from below, and are the expression of the national will. But in Egypt all the adjuncts of modern civilisation have been forced in a few years on the most unprogressive people in the world by one man from above. In truth, the engine of "progress" has been run at so high a pressure, and at such a fearful cost to the poor Arabs, that if they were not very patient and submissive, an explosion might be feared.

"The Egyptian laborer has not risen much above the level of that life we see sculptured on the walls of the old tombs and temples thousands of years ago. He is still in the hands of merciless taskmasters—a strong ass crouching under burdens. Yet in spite of his dirt, his rags, his half-starved appearance, he looks happy, or, if not happy, content with his lot, hard as it seems to the stranger."

The result is, perhaps, largely due to the climate; it is a happiness only to breathe that dry, pure, exquisite air, which is so remarkable for its soothing effect on the brain, both of men and animals. At least this was the explanation of the patience and tractability of the poor *fellah* under his hard treatment given by Nubar Pasha; who further as-

sured us that animals, always placid and docile in Egypt, had been frequently known to become savage when transferred to Constantinople.

Enough has been said to show that the present condition of Egypt calls loudly for improvement. But the Khedive is at his wits' end for money to satisfy his creditors, and so long as he is thus embarrassed, it is vain to hope for any amelioration in the lot of the people. It is a trite saying that the prosperity of a country is a matter of good government: in Egypt the Khedive is the government; and notwithstanding the financial settlement effected by Mr. Goschen, the means have yet to be devised for preventing the Khedive from doing in the future what he has done in the past. Unforeseen expenses, too, have been imposed on him in connection with the life-and-death struggle in which his Suzerain is now engaged. The collection of sufficient revenue to meet all claims becomes every quarter more difficult and more grinding on the people. And there is too much reason to believe that the downward progress of Egypt towards national bankruptcy can only be arrested by cutting down to the roots of the cancer eating into her life.

Given on the one side a needy despot with corrupt governors and tax-collectors, and, on the other side, a patient, long-suffering people; and it requires no conjuror to tell what must be the condition of the latter. Here is the description as given by Ameneman, chief Librarian of Ramses the Great, in a papyrus writing now to be seen in the British Museum:—

"Have you ever represented to yourself in imagination the state of the rustic who tills the ground? Before he has put the sickle to his crop, the locusts have blasted part thereof; then come the rats and birds. If he is slack in housing his crop, the thieves are on him. His horse dies of weariness as it drags the wain. The tax-collector arrives, his agents are armed with clubs, he has negroes with him who carry whips of palm-branches. They all cry, 'Give us your grain,' and he has no way of avoiding their extortionate demands. Next, the wretch is caught, bound, and sent off to work without wage at the canals; his wife is taken and chained, his children are stripped and plundered."

This terrible picture, sketched more than three thousand years ago by a contemporary observer, is, to a great extent, applicable to the Egyptian laborer of the

present day, whose condition by the side of railways and telegraphs is a grotesque and horrible anachronism, the continuance of which constitutes a reproach to the European Powers, and especially to England, which benefits so largely by the sufferings of this unfortunate people. A noisy and aggressive party has hounded on the legions of Russia for the deliverance of the Bulgarians, whose general condition under Turkish rule, as has been lately proved beyond all question, was happy and prosperous if compared with that of the wretched *fellaheen* of Egypt. But, unfortunately for the latter, they might be flogged or worked to death, almost to the last man, without raising an "Eastern question" dangerous to our tranquillity and interests.

The remedy for the state of things here exposed lies within the power of England; but it does not consist in the military occupation advocated by Mr. Dicey in the August number of the 'Nineteenth Century.'

What may be termed the selfish interests of this country in Egypt, apart from the concern which humanity and civilisation must feel in the elevation of a down-trodden people, are entirely limited to the maintenance of a secure communication with India by the shortest existing route—a communication which is now afforded by the Suez Canal. Speculative politicians, projecting their vision far into futurity, regard the Euphrates valley route as one which may possibly come to supersede the Suez Canal; and it was to prevent Russia from obtaining command of this potential route that a strong inclination existed in England to oppose, by force if necessary, that power establishing herself on the table-land of Armenia. The fear that Russia by the successive steps—of the conquest of Armenia, of the construction of a railway to the Persian Gulf, of the establishment of a naval station at the Euphrates' mouth—should ever be able to intercept our communication between Suez and Bombay with ships issuing from the Persian Gulf, may well be described as visionary. Even granting those successive steps on the road to India to have been surmounted, England, supposing her to maintain her supremacy at sea, could always seal up a Russian naval force at the mouth of the Persian Gulf. Should

that supremacy be ever lost, she need then no longer trouble herself about maintaining communications for the sake of an empire that would have departed from her.

Considered merely as an alternative to the Suez Canal route for England's military convenience, the Euphrates valley line could never repay the cost of its construction, which, including harbor-works at the Euphrates' mouth, would amount to at least twelve millions. At present an English soldier walks on board ship at Southampton, and walks on shore at Bombay. The utmost saving that would be effected in the present time of communication between those places, by the Euphrates line, would be seven days; and this would not suffice to counterbalance the inconveniences of trans-shipment.

The fears that were so generally excited in England, at the outbreak of the present war, by the supposed rapid advance of Russia to Constantinople, were based partly on shadow, partly on substance. These have now been much alleviated by the progress of events, which seem to demonstrate that the Turks, so far as concerns their fighting qualities, are worthy descendants of—

"The bold Timariot bands
That won and well can keep their lands."

The course of events has indeed been such as to discredit all forecast and falsify all anticipation. How is it that the Turk is fighting now as he has not fought for centuries? How is it that, from a state of supreme apathy in preparing against the storm which so long threatened, and which, when it burst, found him with armies unorganised and defences unfinished, he has suddenly sprung up like a strong man armed out of his apathetic sleep, and is now establishing his right to dominion—at least to the dominion of the sword—by irrefragable proofs?

The answer to the question is to be found in the fact that the Turk has at last been disabused of his obstinate conviction, that if attacked by Russia, other Powers would be found fighting on his side, and relieving him, as they had done before, from the trouble and responsibility of the conduct of the war. The fire of the old Turk race which was supposed

to be extinct, has been struck out again from the hard flint of sloth and indifference by the iron hand of an overwhelming necessity. And it is perhaps fortunate for Europe that such a people do not possess the genius for organisation and forethought; for if they can accomplish what they have done in the absence of those qualities, of what achievements would they not be capable if they possessed them?

It was erroneously supposed—not in England only—that the march of the Russian army to Constantinople would be a “walk over.” And in England it was feared that any action that might be deemed necessary on her part to protect Constantinople would be too late to be effective, if delayed until after the passage of the Danube. But late events would seem to show, that should England find it necessary to strike in at any future moment for the protection of her interests in Egypt or elsewhere, her interference would be decisive. If a Russian army should cross the Balkans during the present war, the strong position covering Adrianople, intrenched as the Turks can intrench, and defended by such men as defended Plevna, would constitute the *ne plus ultra* of the Russian advance. Adrianople is in free communication with the sea by two different railways, by means of which the Turkish defence would be fed to any extent with certainty and ease, while the supplies for the Russian attack would have to be brought from the Danube over the Balkan range.

Although, therefore, it is certain that the Russians have missed their stroke at Constantinople for the present year—probably for the present war—it is not irrelevant to this article to inquire how English interests in Egypt might be affected by the successful advance of Russia to the Bosphorus. The communication of England with India through Egypt may be described as a chain formed of three links: the voyage from England to Egypt; the transit through Egypt; the voyage from Suez to Bombay. The strength of the chain depends on the equal soundness of each particular link, since if one were broken the other two would be worthless. The security of the first link depends on England's supremacy in the

Mediterranean, against which the establishment of Russia at Constantinople would be generally regarded as a threat. The permanent possession of Constantinople by Russia might certainly endanger, *prospectively*, England's supremacy in the Mediterranean; because the passage of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus being forbidden by Russian batteries, the Black Sea would constitute for Russia a gigantic shipbuilding dock and harbor of refuge, where her war-ships could ride safe from all attack; whence also they might issue forth into the Mediterranean at pleasure, while perhaps the English fleet would be engaged elsewhere, and cut our communications with Egypt.

It may be regarded, however, as certain, that Russia would simply make use of a *temporary* occupation of Constantinople—not willingly, perhaps, but resignedly—for the purpose of dictating favorable conditions of peace; among which the *neutralisation* of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles would be foremost. This condition would imply the razing of all batteries commanding those Straits; and although Russian ships would thereby be enabled to pass freely into the Mediterranean, English ships could, as a counterpoise, with equal freedom enter the Black Sea, where they might either attack the Russian fleet, or shut it up in its harbors.

If England had been acting in alliance with Turkey during the present war, her access to the Black Sea, and the consequent power of coercing Russia by landing a force either at Varna or at Sukhum Kale, would have had an immediately decisive effect. Were England, therefore, to permit the establishment of Russia on the Bosphorus, she would part with the most effective means which, with Turkey's connivance, she now possesses, of coercing Russia, supposing the latter to meditate an advance to the Persian Gulf as a consequence of the conquest of Armenia.

In all other respects, the danger that might result in the future to England's supremacy in the Mediterranean, whether from the possession of Constantinople by Russia, or from the *neutralisation* of the Straits, would have to be met, and doubtless could be met, at the cost of increased naval estimates. In that case, whatever calls might be made on our

fleets in other quarters of the world, it would be always necessary to keep a powerful squadron, like a chained watchdog, at the mouth of the Dardanelles; but in order to provide a safe harbor for that squadron, it would be indispensable to acquire one somewhere in the immediate neighborhood. The magnificent natural harbor of Suda, in Crete, satisfies all the requisite conditions. If that were in our possession, Crete would serve at once as a *tête-du-pont* to cover our Egyptian bridge of passage to India, and as a bridle on Constantinople.

In one of his many recent contributions to the periodical press, Mr. Gladstone says: "Mr. Dicey seems to think, and it is quite possible, that an intervention of British power in Egypt might not be wholly disagreeable to the people of the country. But who has made this assertion respecting Crete?" And he proceeds to reprobate the idea that any Greek could be found "so debased, so grovelling," as to be willing "to part on any terms from the bright inheritance of the name bequeathed him by his sires." Notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone's confident belief, we have good reason to feel assured that a majority of the islanders earnestly desire to come under the protection of England. And, although England could not set the example of dismembering Turkey,—a measure which, as Mr. Gladstone truly argues, would form a very convenient precedent for other Powers,—if Turkish disasters should raise the question of the future disposal of Crete, it would be quite within the compass of diplomatic arrangement that England should acquire the harbor of Suda, with such surrounding land as might be requisite—an arrangement that would redound immensely to the advantage of the Cretans themselves.

We have said that we dissent from Mr. Dicey's proposed military occupation of Egypt, whether as a remedy for misgovernment or as a protection to the Suez Canal. So long as Egypt is friendly, the command of the Canal is to be insured by our supremacy at sea, not by flying the English flag at Port Said, or by an English garrison at Alexandria, or by forts on the Syrian side of the isthmus. So long as England commands the Mediterranean, not a corporal's guard could be landed in Egypt without her

permission; and the march of an army from Palestine across the Syrian desert may, at least for the present, be left out of consideration.

On the other hand, if Egypt were not friendly, England could take the country at any moment's notice, if such a high-handed measure should be forced upon her.

Any semblance of military occupation is therefore unnecessary for our purpose. We do not believe that the Khedive requires much pressure to induce him to reform his Government. He sees as plainly as any one can do, that by the oppression of his subjects he is killing the goose that lays his golden eggs; and that the present system cannot last much longer. He knows, moreover, that the only selfish interest England has to serve is the secure transit for her ships and troops through his territory; and that interest would be best served by Egypt becoming strong and prosperous. To this end all that is required is an honest administration, under which half of the tax now collected by corrupt and extortionate publicans might be remitted, and the revenue would still be a gainer. But the personal extravagance of the Khedive lies at the root of the whole matter; and so long as that is allowed to continue, no improvement is possible.

Let him place his affairs in the hands of trustees; accept for himself such a civil list as that of Queen Victoria; sternly repress bribery, extortion, and cruelty, even though it should be necessary to hang a *sheik*, perhaps a *mudir*, as an example; curb his extravagant tastes for railways to the moon, for the building of palaces, opera and play houses, and for the lavish entertainment of every entity and nonentity who may visit Cairo;—in a word, let him enter the honest society of constitutional rulers, and a splendid future awaits a country which would magnificently repay good government.

Mr. De Leon believes that the Khedive would easily yield to pressure in this matter, and England is the country that can most effectually exert it.

One thing is certain. If Egypt becomes a prey to bankruptcy and anarchy, England, for her own sake, will be obliged to undertake, at a late hour

and at great disadvantage, a task that might be accomplished now at a comparatively small outlay of trouble and responsibility. There is no reason, however, why England should undertake the good work alone, but rather every reason why she should carry along with her France, whose interest in the well-

being of Egypt is only second to her own.

It is not the military occupation of Egypt that is in question : *it is the regeneration of that unhappy country* which is the task imposed on England by her own interests and by the interests of humanity.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

HOURS IN A LIBRARY.—MASSINGER.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

IN one of the best of his occasional essays, Kingsley held a brief for the plaintiffs in the old case of Puritans *versus* Playwrights. The litigation in which this case represents a minor issue has lasted for a period far exceeding that of the most pertinacious lawsuit, and is not likely to come to an end within any assignable limits of time. When the discussion is pressed home, it is seen to involve fundamentally different conceptions of human life and its purposes; and it can only cease when we have discovered the grounds of a permanent conciliation between the ethical and the æsthetic elements of human nature. The narrower controversy between the stage and the Church has itself a long history. It has left some curious marks upon English literature. The prejudice which uttered itself through the Puritan Prynne was inherited, in a later generation, by the High-Churchmen Collier and William Law. The attack, it is true, may be intentionally directed—as in Kingsley's essay—against the abuse of the stage rather than against the stage itself. Kingsley pays the usual tribute to Shakespeare whilst denouncing the whole literature of which Shakespeare's dramas are the most conspicuous product. But then, everybody always distinguishes in terms between the use and the abuse; and the line of demarcation generally turns out to be singularly fluctuating and uncertain. You can hardly demolish Beaumont and Fletcher without bringing down some of the outlying pinnacles, if not shaking the very foundations, of the temple sacred to Shakespeare.

It would be regrettable, could one stop to regret the one-sided and illogical construction of the human mind, that a fair

judgment in such matters seems to require incompatible qualities. Your impartial critic or historian is generally a man who leaves out of account nothing but the essential. His impartiality means sympathy with the commonplace and incapacity for understanding heroic faith and overpowering enthusiasm. He fancies that a man or a book can be judged by balancing a list of virtues and vices as if they were separate entities lying side by side in a box, instead of different aspects of a vital force. On the other hand, the vivid imagination which restores dead bones to life makes its possessor a partisan in extinct quarrels, and as short-sighted and unfair a partisan as the original actors. Roundheads and Cavaliers have been dead these two centuries.

Dumb are those names erewhile in battle
loud;
Dreamfooted as the shadow of a cloud
They flit across the ear.

Yet few even amongst modern writers are capable of doing justice to both sides without first making both sides colorless. Hallam judges men in the throes of a revolution as though they were parties in a law-suit to be decided by precedents and parchments, and Mr. Carlyle cannot appreciate Cromwell's magnificent force of character without making him all but infallible and impeccable. Critics of the early drama are equally one-sided. The exquisite literary faculty of Charles Lamb revelled in detecting beauties which had been covered with the dust of oblivion during the reign of Pope. His appreciation was intensified by that charm of discovery which finds its typical utterance in Keats's famous sonnet. He was scarcely a more impartial judge of Fletcher or Ford than "Stout Cortes"

of the new world revealed by his enterprise. We may willingly defer to his judgment of the relative value of the writers whom he discusses, but we must qualify his judgment of their intrinsic excellence by the recollection that he speaks as a lover. To him and other unqualified admirers of the old drama the Puritanical onslaught upon the stage presented itself as the advent of a gloomy superstition, ruthlessly stamping out all that was beautiful in art and literature. Kingsley, an admirable hater, could perceive only the opposite aspect of the phenomena. To him the Puritan protest appears as the voice of the enlightened conscience; the revolution means the troubling of the turbid waters at the descent of the angel; Prynne's *Histriomastix* is the blast of the trumpet at which the rotten and polluted walls of Jericho are to crumble into dust. The stage, which represented the tone of aristocratic society, rightfully perished with the order which it flattered. Courtiers had learnt to indulge in a cynical mockery of virtue, or found an unholy attraction in the accumulation of extravagant horrors. The English drama, in short, was one of those evil growths which are fostered by deeply-seated social corruption, and are killed off by the breath of a purer air. That such phenomena occur at times is undeniable. Mr. Symonds has recently shown us in his history of the Renaissance, how the Italian literature, to which our English dramatists owed so many suggestions, was the natural fruit of a society poisoned at the roots. Nor, when we have shaken off that spirit of slavish adulation in which modern antiquarians and critics have regarded the so-called Elizabethan dramatists, can we deny that there are symptoms of a similar mischief in their writings. Some of the most authoritative testimonials have a suspicious element. Praise has been lavished upon the most questionable characteristics of the old drama. Apologists have been found, not merely for its daring portrayal of human passion, but for its wanton delight in the grotesque and the horrible for its own sake; and some critics have revenged themselves for the straitlaced censures of Puritan morality by praising work in which the author strives to atone for imaginative weakness by a

choice of revolting motives. Such adulation ought to have disappeared with the first fervor of rehabilitation. Much that has been praised in the old drama is rubbish, and some of it disgusting rubbish.

The question, however, remains, how far we ought to adopt either view of the situation? Are we bound to cast aside the later dramas of the school as simply products of corruption? It may be of interest to consider the light thrown upon this question by the works of Massinger, nearly the last of the writers who can really claim a permanent position in literature. Massinger, born in 1584, died in 1639. His surviving works were composed, with one exception, after 1620. They represent, therefore, the tastes of the play-going classes during the rapid development of the great struggle which culminated in the rebellion. In a literary sense it is the period when the imaginative impulse represented by the great dramatists was running low. It is curious to reflect that, if Shakespeare had lived out his legitimate allowance of threescore years and ten, he might have witnessed the production, not only of the first but nearly all the best works of his school; had his life been prolonged for ten years more, he would have witnessed its final extinction. Within these narrow limits of time the drama had undergone a change corresponding to the change in the national mood. The difference, for example, between Marlowe and Massinger at the opening and the close of the period—though their births were separated by only twenty years—corresponds to the difference between the temper of the generation which repelled the Armada and the temper of the generation which fretted under the rule of the first Stuarts. The misnomer of Elizabethan as applied to the whole school indicates an implicit perception that its greater achievements were due to the same impulse which took for its outward and visible symbol the name of the great Queen. But it has led also to writers being too summarily classed together who really represent very different phases in a remarkable evolution. After making all allowances for personal idiosyncrasies, we can still see how profoundly the work of Massinger is colored by the

predominant sentiment of the later epoch.

As little is known of Massinger's life as of the lives of most of the contemporary dramatists who had the good or ill fortune to be born before the days of the modern biographical mania. It is known that he, like most of his brethren, suffered grievously from impecuniosity; and he records in one of his dedications his obligations to a patron without whose bounty he would for many years have "but faintly subsisted." His father had been employed by Henry, Earl of Pembroke; but Massinger, though acknowledging a certain debt of gratitude to the Herbert family, can hardly have received from them any effective patronage. What ever their relations may have been, it has been pointed out by Mr. Rawson Gardiner* that Massinger probably sympathised with the political views represented by the two sons of his father's patron who were successively Earls of Pembroke during the reigns of the first James and Charles. On two occasions he got into trouble with the licenser for attacks, real or supposed, upon the policy of the government. More than one of his plays contain, according to Mr. Gardiner, references to the politics of the day as distinct as those conveyed by a cartoon in *Punch*. The general result of his argument is to show that Massinger sympathised with the views of an aristocratic party who looked with suspicion upon the despotic tendencies of Charles's government, and thought that they could manage refractory parliaments by adopting a more spirited foreign policy. Though in reality weak and selfish enough, they affected to protest against the materialising and oppressive policy of the extreme royalists. How far these views represented any genuine convictions, and how far Massinger's adhesion implied a complete sympathy with them, or might indicate that kind of delusion which often leads a mere literary observer to see a lofty intention in the schemes of a selfish politician, are questions which I am incompetent to discuss and which obviously do not admit of a decided answer. They confirm, as far as they go, the general impression as to Massinger's point of view which we

should derive from his writings without special interpretation. Shakespeare, says Coleridge, gives "the permanent politics of human nature" (whatever they may be!), "and the only predilection which appears shows itself in his contempt of mobs and the populace. Massinger is a decided Whig; Beaumont and Fletcher high-flying, passive-obedience Tories." The author of *Coriolanus*, one would be disposed to say, showed himself a thoroughgoing aristocrat, though in an age when the popular voice had not yet given utterance to systematic political discontent. He was still a stranger to the sentiments symptomatic of an approaching revolution, and has not explicitly pronounced upon issues hardly revealed even to

The prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming of things to come.

The sense of national unity evolved in the great struggle with Spain had not yet been lost in the discord of the rising generation. The other classifications may be accepted with less reserve. The dramatists represented the views of their patrons. The drama reflected in the main the sentiments of an aristocratic class alarmed by the growing vigor of the Puritanical citizens. Fletcher is, as Coleridge says, a thoroughgoing Tory; his sentiments in *Valentinian* are, to follow the same guidance, so "very slavish and reptile" that it is a trial of charity to read them. Nor can we quite share Coleridge's rather odd surprise that they should emanate from the son of a bishop, and that the duty to God should be the supposed basis. A servile bishop in those days was not a contradiction in terms, and still less a servile son of a bishop; and it must surely be admitted that the theory of Divine Right may lead, however illogically, to reptile sentiments. The difference between Fletcher and Massinger, who were occasional collaborators and apparently close friends (Massinger, it is said, was buried in Fletcher's grave), was probably due to difference of temperament as much as to the character of Massinger's family connection. Massinger's melancholy is as marked as the buoyant gaiety of his friend and ally. He naturally represents the misgivings which must have beset the more thoughtful members of his

* *Contemporary Review* for August, 1876.

party, as Fletcher represented the careless vivacity of the Cavalier spirit. Massinger is given to expatiating upon the text that

Subjects' lives
Are not their prince's tennis-balls, to be
bandied
In sport away.

The high-minded Pulcheria, in the *Emperor of the East*, administers a bitter reproof to a slavish "projector" who

Roars out
All is the King's, his will above the laws ;
who whispers in his ear that nobody
should bring a salad from his garden
without paying "gabel" or kill a hen
without excise ; who suggests that, if a
prince wants a sum of money, he may
make impossible demands from a city
and exact arbitrary fines for its non-performance.

Is this the way
To make our Emperor happy? Can the
groans
Of his subjects yield him music? Must his
thresholds
Be wash'd with widows' and wrong'd orphans'
tears,
Or his power grow contemptible?

Mr. Gardiner tells us that at the time at which these lines were written they need not have been taken as referring to Charles. But the vein of sentiment which often occurs elsewhere is equally significant of Massinger's view of the political situation of the time. We see what were the topics that were beginning to occupy men's minds.

Dryden made the remark, often quoted for purposes of indignant reprobation by modern critics, that Beaumont and Fletcher "understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better" (than Shakespeare); "whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in repartees no poet can ever paint as they did." It is, of course, easy enough to reply that in the true sense of the word "gentlemen" Shakespeare's heroes are incomparably superior to those of his successors; but then this is just the sense in which Dryden did not use the word. His real meaning indicates a very sound piece of historical criticism. Fletcher describes a new social type; the "King's Young Courtier" who is deserting the good old ways of his father, the "old courtier of the Queen." The

change is but one step in that continuous process which has substituted the modern gentleman for the old feudal noble; but the step taken at that period was great and significant. The chivalrous type, represented in Sidney's life and Spenser's poetry, is beginning to be old-fashioned and out of place as the industrial elements of society become more prominent. The aristocrat in the rising generation finds that his occupation is going. He takes to those "wild debaucheries" which Dryden oddly reckons among the attributes of a true gentleman; and learns the art of "quick repartee" in the courtly society which has time enough on its hands to make a business of amusement. The euphuism and allied affectations of the earlier generation had a certain grace, as the external clothing of a serious chivalrous sentiment; but it is rapidly passing into a silly coxcombry to be crushed by Puritanism or snuffed out by the worldly cynicism of the new generation. Shakespeare's Henry or Romeo may indulge in wild freaks or abandon themselves to the intense passions of vigorous youth; but they will settle down into good statesmen and warriors as they grow older. Their love-making is a phase in their development, not the business of their lives. Fletcher's heroes seem to be not only occupied for the moment, but to make a permanent profession of what with their predecessors was a passing phase of youthful ebullience. It is true that we have still a long step to make before we sink to the mere *roué*, the shameless scapegrace and cynical man-about-town of the restoration. To make a Wycherley you must distil all the poetry out of a Fletcher. Fletcher is a true poet; and the graceful sentiment, though mixed with a coarse alloy, still repels that unmitigated grossness which, according to Burke's famous aphorism, is responsible for half the evil of vice. He is still alive to generous and tender emotions, though it can scarcely be said that his morality has much substance in it. It is a sentiment, not a conviction, and covers without quenching many ugly and brutal emotions.

In Fletcher's wild gallants, still adorned by a touch of the chivalrous; reckless, immoral, but scarcely cynical; not sceptical as to the existence of virtue, but

only admitting morality by way of parenthesis to the habitual current of their thoughts, we recognise the kind of stuff from which to frame the cavaliers who will follow Rupert and be crushed by Cromwell. A characteristic sentiment which occurs constantly in the drama of the period represents the soldier out of work. We are incessantly treated to lamentations upon the ingratitude of the comfortable citizens who care nothing for the men to whom they owed their security. The political history of the times explains the popularity of such complaints. Englishmen were fretting under their enforced abstinence from the exciting struggles on the Continent. There was no want of Dugald Dalgettys returning from the wars to afford models for the military braggart or the bluff honest soldier, both of whom go swaggering through so many of the plays of the time. Clarendon in his *Life* speaks of the temptations which beset him from mixing with the military society of the time. There was a large and increasing class, no longer finding occupation in fighting Spaniards and searching for Eldorado, and consequently, in the Yankee phrase, "spoiling for a fight." When the time comes they will be ready enough to fight gallantly and to show an utter incapacity for serious discipline. They will meet the citizens, whom they have mocked so merrily, and find that reckless courage and spasmodic chivalry do not exhaust the qualifications for military success.

Massinger represents a different turn of sentiment which would be encouraged in their minds by the same social conditions. Instead of abandoning himself frankly to the stream of youthful sentiment, he feels that it has a dangerous aspect. The shadow of coming evils was already dark enough to suggest various forebodings. But he is also a moraliser by temperament. Mr. Ward says that his strength is owing in a great degree to his appreciation of the great moral forces; and the remark is only a confirmation of the judgment of most of his critics. It is, of course, not merely that he is fond of adding little moral tags of questionable applicability to the end of his plays. "We are taught," he says in the *Fatal Dowry*,

By this sad precedent, how just soever
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,
We are yet to leave them to their will and
power
That to that purpose have authority.

But it is, to say the least, doubtful whether anybody would have that judicious doctrine much impressed upon him by seeing the play itself. Nor can one rely much upon the elaborate and very eloquent defence of his art in the *Roman Actor*. Paris, the actor, sets forth very vigorously that the stage tends to lay bare the snares to which youth is exposed and to inflame a noble ambition by example. If the discharge of such a function deserves reward from the Commonwealth—

Actors may put in for as large a share
As all the sects of the philosophers;—
They with cold precepts—perhaps seldom
read—

Deliver what an honorable thing
The active virtue is; but does that fire
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is presented in our theatres?

Massinger goes on to show, after the fashion of Jaques in *As You Like It*, that the man who chooses to put on the cap is responsible for the application of the satire. He had good reasons, as we have seen, for feeling sensitive as to misunderstandings—or, rather, too thorough understandings—of this kind.

To some dramatists of the time, who should put forward such a plea, one would be inclined to answer in the sensible words of old Fuller. "Two things," he says, "are set forth to us in stage-plays; some grave sentences, prudent counsels, and punishment of vicious examples: and with these desperate oaths, lustful talk, and riotous acts, are so personated to the life, that wantons are tickled with delight, and feed their palates upon them. It seems the goodness is not portrayed with equal accents of liveliness as the wicked things are; otherwise men would be deterred from vicious courses, with seeing the woful success which follows them"—a result scarcely to be claimed by the actors of the day. Massinger, however, shows more moral feeling than is expended in providing sentiments to be tacked on as an external appendage, or satisfied by an obedience to the demands of poetic

justice. He is not content with knocking his villains on the head—a practice in which he, like his contemporaries, indulges with only too much complacency. The idea which underlies most of his plays is a struggle of virtue assailed by external or inward temptations. He is interested by the ethical problems introduced in the play of conflicting passions, and never more eloquent than in uttering the emotions of militant or triumphant virtue. His view of life indeed is not only grave, but has a distinct religious coloring. From various indications, it is probable that he was a Roman Catholic. Some of these are grotesque enough. The *Renegado*, for example, not only shows that Massinger was, for dramatic purposes at least, an ardent believer in baptismal regeneration, but includes—what one would scarcely have sought in such a place—a discussion as to the validity of lay-baptism. The first of his surviving plays, the *Virgin Martyr* (in which he was assisted by Dekker) is simply a dramatic version of an ecclesiastical legend. Though it seems to have been popular at the time, the modern reader will probably think that, in this case at least, the religious element is a little out of place. An angel and a devil take an active part in the performance; miracles are worked on the stage; the unbelievers are so shockingly wicked, and the Christians so obtrusively good, that we—the worldly-minded—are sensible of a little recalcitration, unless we are disarmed by the simplicity of the whole performance. Religious tracts of all ages and in all forms are apt to produce this ambiguous effect. Unless we are quite in harmony with their assumptions, we feel that they deal too much in conventional rose color. The angelic and diabolic elements are not so clearly discriminated in this world, and should show themselves less unequivocally on the stage, which ought to be its mirror. An audience in the state of mind which generates the true miracle-play might justify such an embodiment of its sentiment. But when forcibly transplanted to the Jacobean stage, we feel that the performance has not the simple earnestness by which alone it can be justified. The sentiment has a certain unreality, and the *naïveté* suggests affectation. The

implied belief is got up for the moment and has a hollow ring. And therefore, the whole work, in spite of some eloquence, is nothing better than a curiosity, as an attempt at the assimilation of a heterogeneous form of art.

A similar vein of sentiment, though not showing itself in so undiluted a form, runs through most of Massinger's plays. He is throughout a sentimentalist and a rhetorician. He is not, like the greatest men, dominated by thoughts and emotions which force him to give them external embodiment in life-like symbols. He is rather a man of much real feeling and extraordinary facility of utterance, who finds in his stories convenient occasions for indulging in elaborate didactic utterances upon moral topics. It is probably this comparative weakness of the higher imaginative faculty which makes Lamb speak of him rather disparagingly. He is too self-conscious and too anxious to enforce downright moral sentiments to satisfy a critic by whom spontaneous force and direct insight were rightly regarded as the highest poetic qualities. A single touch in Shakespeare, or even in Webster or Ford, often reveals more depth of feeling than a whole scene of Massinger's facile and often deliberately forensic eloquence. His temperament is indicated by the peculiarities of his style. It is, as Coleridge says, poetry differentiated by the smallest possible degree from prose. The greatest artists of blank verse have so complete a mastery of their language that it is felt as a fibre which runs through and everywhere strengthens the harmony, and is yet in complete subordination to the sentiment. With a writer of the second order, such as Fletcher, the metre becomes more prominent, and at times produces a kind of monotonous sing-song, which begins to remind us unpleasantly of the still more artificial tone characteristic of the rhymed tragedies of the next generation. Massinger diverges in the opposite direction. The metre is felt enough and only just enough to give a more stately step to rather florid prose. It is one of his marks that a line frequently ends by some insignificant "of" or "from," so as to exclude the briefest possible pause in reading. Thus, to take an example

pretty much at random, the following instance might be easily read without observing that it was blank verse at all :—

“ Your brave achievements in the war, and what you did for me, unspoken, because I would not force the sweetness of your modesty to a blush, are written here ; and that there might be nothing wanting to sum up my numerous engagements (never in my hopes to be cancelled), the great duke, our mortal enemy, when my father’s country lay open to his fury and the spoil of the victorious army, and I brought into his power, hath shown himself so noble, so full of honor, temperance, and all virtues that can set off a prince ; that, though I cannot render him that respect I would, I am bound in thankfulness to admire him.”

Such a style is suitable to a man whose moods do not often hurry him into impetuous, or vivacious, or epigrammatic utterance. As the Persian poet says of his country : his warmth is not heat and his coolness is not cold. He flows on in a quiet current, never breaking into foam or fury, but vigorous, and invariably lucid. As a pleader before a law-court—the character in which, as Mr. Ward observes, he has a peculiar fondness for presenting himself—he would carry his audience along with him, but scarcely hold them in spell-bound astonishment or hurry them into fits of excitement. Melancholy resignation, or dignified dissatisfaction will find in him a powerful exponent, but scarcely despair, or love, or hatred, or any social phase of pure unqualified passion.

The natural field for the display of such qualities is the romantic drama, which Massinger took from the hands of Beaumont and Fletcher, and endowed with greater dignity and less poetic fervor. For the vigorous comedy of real life, as Jonson understood it, he has simply no capacity ; and in his rare attempts at humor, succeeds only in being at once dull and dirty. His stage is generally occupied with dignified lords and ladies, professing the most chivalrous sentiments, which are occasionally too highflown and overstrained to be thoroughly effective, but which are yet uttered with sufficient sincerity. They are not mere hollow pretences, consciously adopted to conceal base motives ; but one feels the want of an occasional infu-

sion of the bracing air of common sense. It is the voice of a society still inspired with the traditional sentiments of honor and self-respect, but a little afraid of contact with the rough realities of life. Its chivalry is a survival from a past epoch, not a spontaneous outgrowth of the most vital elements of contemporary development. In another generation, such a tone will be adopted by a conscious and deliberate artifice, and be reflected in mere theatrical rant. In the past, it was the natural expression of a high-spirited race, full of self-confidence and pride in its own vigorous audacity. In this transitional period it has a certain hectic flush, symptomatic of approaching decay ; anxious to give a wide berth to realities, and most at home in the border-land where dreams are only half dispelled by the light of common day. *Don Quixote* had sounded the knell of the old romance, but something of the old spirit still lingers, and can tinge with an interest, not yet wholly artificial, the lives and passions of beings who are thus hovering on the outskirts of the living world. The situations most characteristic of Massinger’s tendency are in harmony with this tone of sentiment. They are romances taken from a considerable variety of sources, developed in a clearly connected series of scenes. They are wanting in the imaginative unity of the great plays, which show that a true poet has been profoundly moved by some profound thought embodied in a typical situation. He does not, like Shakespeare, seize his subject by the heart, because it has first fascinated his imagination ; nor, on the other hand, have we that bewildering complexity of motives and intricacy of plot which shows at best a lawless and wandering fancy ; and which often fairly puzzles us in many English plays, and enforces frequent reference to the list of personages in order to disentangle the crossing threads of the action. The plays are a gradual unravelling of a series of incidents, each following intelligibly from the preceding situation, and suggestive of many eloquent observations, though not developments of one master-thought. We often feel that, if external circumstances had been propitious, he would have expressed himself more naturally in the form of a prose romance than in a

drama. Nor again, does he often indulge in those exciting and horrible situations which possessed such charms for his contemporaries. There are occasions, it is true, in which this element is not wanting. In the *Unnatural Combat*, for example, we have a father killing his son in a duel, by the end of the second act; and when, after a succession of horrors of the worst kind, we are treated to a ghost, "full of wounds, leading in the shadow of a lady, her face leprous," and the worst criminal is killed by a flash of lightning, we feel that we were fully entitled to such a catastrophe. We can only say, in Massinger's words,—

May we make use of
This great example, and learn from it that
There cannot be a want of power above
To punish murder and unlawful love!

The *Duke of Milan*, again, culminates with a horrible scene, rivalling, though with less power, the grotesque horrors of Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*. Other instances might be given of concessions to that blood-and-thunder style of dramatic writing for which our ancestors had a never-failing appetite. But, as a rule, Massinger inclines, as far as contemporary writers will allow him, to the side of mercy. Instead of using slaughter so freely that a new set of actors has to be introduced to bury the old—a misfortune which sometimes occurs in the plays of the time—he generally tends to a happy solution, and is disposed not only to dismiss his virtuous characters to felicity, but even to make his villains virtuous. We have not been excited to that pitch at which our passions can only be harmonised by an effusion of blood, and a mild solution is sufficient for the calmer feelings which have been aroused.

This tendency illustrates Massinger's conception of life in another sense. Nothing is more striking in the early stage than the vigor of character of most of these heroes. Individual character, as it is said, takes the place in the modern of fate in the ancient drama. Every man is run in a mould of iron, and may break, but cannot bend. The fitting prologue to the whole literature is provided by Marlowe's Tamburlaine, with his superhuman audacity, and vast bombastic rants, the incarnation of a towering ambition which scorns all laws but its own devouring passion. Faustus

braving all penalties, human and divine, is another variety of the same type; and when we have to do with a weak character like Edward II., we feel that it is his natural destination to be confined in a loathsome dungeon, with mouldy bread to eat and ditch-water to drink. The world is for the daring; and though daring may be pushed to excess, weakness is the one unpardonable offence. A thoroughgoing villain is better than a trembling saint. If Shakespeare's instinctive taste revealed the absurdity of the bombastic exaggeration of such tendencies, his characters are equally unbending. His villains die, like Macbeth and Iago, with their teeth set, and scorn even a deathbed repentance. Hamlet exhibits the unfitness for a world of action of the man who is foolish enough to see two sides to every question. So again, Chapman, the writer who in fullness and fire of thought approaches most nearly to Shakespeare, is an ardent worshipper of pure energy of character. His Bussy d'Ambois cannot be turned from his purpose even by the warnings of the ghost of his accomplice, and a mysterious spirit summoned expressly to give advice. An admirably vigorous phrase from one of the many declamations of his hero Byron—another representative of the same haughty strength of will—gives his theory of character:—

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t' have his sail filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sailyards tremble, his masts
crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.

Pure, undiluted energy, stern force of will, delight in danger for its own sake, contempt for all laws but the self-imposed, those are the cardinal virtues, and challenge our sympathy even when they lead their possessor to destruction. The psychology implied in Jonson's treating of "humor" is another phase of the same sentiment. The side by which energetic characters lend themselves to comedy is the exaggeration of some special trait which determines their course as tyrannically as ambition governs the character suited for tragedy.

When we turn to Massinger, this boundless vigor has disappeared. The blood has grown cool. The tyrant no longer forces us to admiration by the

fullness of his vitality, and the magnificence of his contempt for law. Whether for good or bad, he is comparatively a poor creature. He has developed an uneasy conscience, and even whilst affecting to defy the law, trembles at the thought of an approaching retribution. His boasts have a shrill, querulous note in them. His creator does not fully sympathize with his passion. Massinger cannot throw himself into the situation; and is anxious to dwell upon the obvious moral considerations which prove such characters to be decidedly inconvenient members of society for their tamer neighbors. He is of course the more in accordance with a correct code of morality, but fails correspondingly in dramatic force and brilliance of color. To exhibit a villain, truly, even to enable us to realize the true depth of his villany, one must be able for a moment to share his point of view, and therefore to understand the true law of his being. It is a very sound rule in the conduct of life, that we should not sympathize with scoundrels. But the morality of the poet, as of the scientific psychologist, is founded upon the unflinching veracity which sets forth all motives with absolute impartiality. Some sort of provisional sympathy with the wicked there must be, or they become mere impossible monsters or the conventional scarecrows of improving tracts.

This is Massinger's weakest side. His villains want backbone, and his heroes are deficient in simple overmastering passion, or supplement their motives by some overstrained and unnatural crotchet. Impulsiveness takes the place of vigor, and indicates the want of a vigorous grasp of the situation. Thus, for example, the *Duke of Milan*, which is certainly amongst the more impressive of Massinger's plays, may be described as a variation upon the theme of *Othello*. To measure the work of any other writer by its relation to that masterpiece is, of course, to apply a test of undue severity. Of comparison, properly speaking, there can be no question. The similarity of the situation, however, may bring out Massinger's characteristics. The Duke, who takes the place of Othello, is, like his prototype, a brave soldier. The most spirited and effective passage in the play is the scene in which he is

brought as a prisoner before Charles V., and not only extorts the admiration of his conqueror, but wins his liberty by a dignified avowal of his previous hostility, and avoidance of any base compliance. The Duke shows himself to be a high-minded gentleman, and we are so far prepared to sympathize with him when exposed to the wiles of Francisco—the Iago of the piece. But unfortunately the scene is not merely a digression in a constructive sense, but involves a psychological inconsistency. The gallant soldier contrives to make himself thoroughly contemptible. He is represented as excessively uxorious, and his passion takes the very disagreeable turn of post-humous jealousy. He has instructed Francisco to murder the wife whom he adores in case of his own death during the war, and thus to make sure that she could not marry anybody else. On his return, the wife, who has been informed by the treachery of Francisco of this pleasant arrangement, is naturally rather cool to him; whereupon he flies into a rage and swears that he will

Never think of curs'd Marcellia more.

His affection returns in another scene, but only in order to increase his jealousy, and on hearing Francisco's slander he proceeds to stab his wife out of hand. It is the action of a weak man in a passion, not of a noble nature tortured to madness. Finding out his mistake, he of course repents again, and expresses himself with a good deal of eloquence which would be more effective if we could forget the overpowering pathos of the parallel scene in *Othello*. Much sympathy, however, is impossible for a man whose whole conduct is so flighty, and so obviously determined by the immediate demands of successive situations of the play, and not the varying manifestation of a powerfully conceived character. Francisco is a more coherent villain, and an objection made by Hazlitt to his apparent want of motive is at least equally valid against Iago; but he is of course but a diluted version of that superlative villain, as Marcellia is a rather priggish and infinitely less tender Desdemona. The failure, however, of the central figure to exhibit any fixity of character is the real weakness of the play; and the horrors of the last scene fail to atone for

the want of the vivid style which reveals an "intense and gloomy mind."

This kind of versatility and impulsiveness of character is revealed by the curious convertibility—if one may use the word—of his characters. They are the very reverse of the men of iron of the previous generation. They change their state of mind as easily as the characters of his contemporary drama put on disguises. We are often amazed at the simplicity which enables a whole family to accept the brother and father to whom they have been speaking ten minutes before as an entire stranger, because he has changed his coat or talks broken English. The audience must have been easily satisfied in such cases; but it requires almost equal simplicity to accept some of Massinger's transformations. In such a play as the *Virgin Martyr*, a religious conversion is a natural part of the scheme. Nor need we be surprised at the amazing facility with which a fair Mahomedan is converted in the *Renegade* by the summary assertion that the "juggling prophet" is a cheat and taught a pigeon to feed in his ear. Can there be strength, it is added, in that religion which allows us to fear death? "This is unanswerable," exclaims the lady, "and there is something tells me I err in my opinion." This is almost as good as the sudden thought of swearing eternal friendship. The hardened villain of the first act in the same play falls into despair in the third, and, with the help of an admirable Jesuit, becomes a most useful and exemplary convert by the fifth. But such catastrophes may be regarded as more or less miraculous. The versatility of character is more singular when religious conversions are not in question. "I am not certain," says Philanax in the *Emperor of the East* :—

A prince so soon in his disposition altered
Was never heard nor read of.

That proves that Philanax was not familiar with Massinger's plays. The disposition of princes and of subjects is there constantly altered with the most satisfactory result. It is not merely that, as often happens elsewhere, the villains are summarily forced to repent at the end of a play, like Angelo in *Measure for Measure*, in order to allow the curtain to fall upon a prospect of happiness. Such

forced catastrophes are common, if clumsy enough. But there is something malleable in the very constitution of Massinger's characters. They repent half way through the performance, and see the error of their ways with a facility which we could wish to be imitated in common life. The truth seems to be that Massinger is subject to an illusion natural enough to a man who is more of the rhetorician than the seer. He fancies that eloquence must be irresistible. He takes the change of mood produced by an elevated appeal to the feelings for a change of character. Thus, for example, in the *Picture*—a characteristic though not a very successful play—we have a story founded upon the temptations of a separated husband and wife. The husband carries with him a magical picture, which grows dark or bright according to the behavior of the wife, whom it represents. The husband is tempted to infidelity by a queen, herself spoilt by the flatteries of an uxorious husband; and the wife by a couple of courtiers, who have all the vices of Fletcher's worst heroes without any of their attractions. The interest of the play, such as it is, depends upon the varying moods of the chief actors, who become so eloquent under a sense of wrong or a reflection upon the charms of virtue, that they approach the bounds of vice, and then gravitate back to respectability. Everybody becomes perfectly respectable before the end of the play is reached, and we are to suppose that they will remain respectable ever afterwards. They avoid tragic results by their want of the overmastering passions which lead to great crimes or noble actions. They are really eloquent, but even more moved by their eloquence than the spectators can be. They form the kind of audience which would be most flattering to an able preacher, but in which a wise preacher would put little confidence. And, therefore, besides the fanciful incident of the picture, they give us an impression of unreality. They have no rich blood in their veins; and are little better than lay figures taking up positions as it may happen, in order to form an effective tableau illustrative of an unexceptionable moral.

There is, it is true, one remarkable exception to the general weakness of

Massinger's characters. The vigor with which Sir Giles Overreach is set forth has made him the one well-known figure in Massinger's gallery, and the *New Way to Pay Old Debts* showed in consequence more vitality than any of his other plays. Much praise has been given, and rightly enough, to the originality and force of the conception. The conventional miser is elevated into a great man by a kind of inverse heroism, and made terrible instead of contemptible. But it is equally plain that here, too, Massinger fails to project himself fairly into his villain. His rants are singularly forcible, but they are clearly what other people would think about him, not what he would really think, still less what he would say, of himself. Take, for example, the very fine speech in which he replies to the question of the virtuous nobleman, whether he is not frightened by the imprecations of his victims :—

Yes, as rocks are
When foaming billows split themselves against
Their flinty sides ; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her
brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course ; with mine own
sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmur at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints
Breath'd out in bitterness, as when they call
me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbor's rights, or grand in-
closer
Of what was common to my private use,
Nay when my ears are pierced with widows'
cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my
threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honorable ; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible to remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Put this into the third person ; read "he" for "I," and "his" for "my," and it is an admirable bit of denunciation of a character probably intended as a copy from life. It is a description of a wicked man from outside ; and wickedness seen from outside is generally unreasonable and preposterous. When it is converted, by simple alteration of pronouns, into the villain's own account of himself, the internal logic which serves as a pretext disappears, and he becomes a mere monster. It is for this reason that, as

Hazlitt says, Massinger's villains—and he was probably thinking especially of Overreach and Luke in *A City Madam*—appear like drunkards or madmen. His plays are apt to be a continuous declamation, cut up into fragments, and assigned to the different actors ; and the essential unfitness of such a method to dramatic requirements needs no elaborate demonstration. The villains will have to denounce themselves, and will be ready to undergo conversion at a moment's notice in order to spout openly on behalf of virtue as vigorously as they have spouted in transparent disguise on behalf of vice.

There is another consequence of Massinger's romantic tendency, which is more pleasing. The chivalrous ideal of morality involves a reverence for women, which may be exaggerated or affected, but which has at least a genuine element in it. The women on the earlier stage have comparatively a bad time of it amongst their energetic companions. Shakespeare's women are undoubtedly most admirable and lovable creatures ; but they are content to take a subordinate part, and their highest virtue generally includes entire submission to the will of their lords and masters. Some, indeed, have an abundant share of the masculine temperament, like Cleopatra or Lady Macbeth ; but then they are by no means model characters. Iago's description of the model woman is a cynical version of the true Shakespearian theory. Women's true sphere, according to him, or according to the modern slang, is domestic life ; and, if circumstances force a Cordelia, an Imogen, a Rosalind, or a Viola, to take a more active share in life, they take good care to let us know that they have a woman's heart under their male dress. The weaker characters in Massinger give a higher place to women, and justify it by a sentiment of chivalrous devotion. The excess, indeed, of such submissiveness is often satirised. In the *Roman Actor*, the *Emperor of the East*, the *Duke of Milan*, the *Picture*, and elsewhere, we have various phases of uxorious weakness, which suggest possible application to the Court of Charles I. Elsewhere, as in the *Maid of Honor* and the *Bashful Lover*, we are called upon to sympathise with manifestations of a highflown devotion to

feminine excellence. Thus, the bashful lover, who is the hero of one of his characteristic dramatic romances, is a gentleman who thinks himself scarcely worthy to touch his mistress's shoestring. On the sight of her he exclaims—

As Moors salute

The rising sun with joyful superstition,
I could fall down and worship.—O my heart!
Like Phœbe breaking through an envious
cloud,

Or something which no simile can express,
She shows to me; a reverent fear, but blended
With wonder and astonishment, does possess
me.

When she condescends to speak to him, the utmost that he dares to ask is liberty to look at her, and he protests that he would never aspire to any higher privilege. It is gratifying to add that he follows her through many startling vicissitudes of fortunes in a spirit worthy of this exordium, and of course is finally persuaded that he may allow himself a nearer approach to his goddess. The Maid of Honor has two lovers, who accept a rather similar position. One of them is unlucky enough to be always making mischief by well-meant efforts to forward her interest. He, poor man, is rather ignominiously paid off in downright cash at the end of the piece. His more favored rival listens to the offers of a rival duchess, and ends by falling between two stools. He resigns himself to the career of a Knight of Malta, whilst the Maid of Honor herself retires into a convent. Mr. Gardiner compares this catastrophe unfavorably with that of *Measure for Measure*, and holds that it is better for a lady to marry a duke than to give up the world as, on the whole, a bad business. If, however, Isabella is better provided for by Shakespeare than Camiola, "The Maid of Honor," by Massinger, we must surely agree that the Maid of Honor has the advantage of poor Mariana, whose reunion with her hypocritical husband certainly strikes one as a questionable advantage. Her fate seems to intimate that marriage with a hypocritical tyrant ought to be regarded as better than no marriage at all. Massinger's solution is at any rate in harmony with the general tone of chivalrous sentiment. A woman who has been placed upon a pinnacle by overstrained devotion cannot, consistently with her dignity, console herself like an ordinary

creature of flesh and blood. When her worshippers turn unfaithful she must not look out for others. She may permit herself for once to return the affection of a worthy lover; but, when he fails, she must not condescend again to love. That would be to admit that love was a necessity of her life, not a special act of favor for some exceptional proofs of worthiness. Given the general tone of sentiment, I confess that, to my taste, Massinger's solution has the merit, not only of originality, but of harmony. It may, of course, be held that a jilted lady should, in a perfect healthy state of society, have some other alternative besides a convent or an unworthy marriage. Some people, for example, may hold that she should be able to take to active life as a lawyer or a professor of medicine; or they may hold that love ought not to hold so prominent a part even in a woman's life, that disappointed passion should involve, as a necessary consequence, the entire abandonment of the world. But, taking the romantic point of view, of which it is the very essence to set an extravagant value upon love, and remembering that Massinger had not heard of modern doctrines of woman's rights, one must admit, I think, that he really shows, by the best means in his power, a strong sense of the dignity of womanhood, and that his catastrophe is more satisfactory than the violent death or the consignment to an inferior lover which would have commended themselves to most Elizabethan dramatists.

The same vein of chivalrous sentiment gives a fine tone to some of Massinger's other plays; to the *Bondman*, for example, and the *Great Duke of Florence*, in both of which the treatment of lover's devotion shows a higher sense of the virtue of feminine dignity and purity than is common in the contemporary stage. There is, of course, a want of reality, an admission of extravagant motives, and an absence of dramatic concentration, which indicate an absence of high imaginative power. Chivalry, at its best, is not very reconcilable with common sense; and the ideal hero is divided, as Cervantes shows, by very narrow distinctions from the downright madman. What was absurd in the more vigorous manifestations of the spirit does not vanish when its energy is lowered, and the

rhetorician takes the place of the poet. But the sentiment is still genuine, and often gives real dignity to Massinger's eloquent speeches. It is true that, in apparent inconsistency with this excellence, passages of Massinger are even more deeply stained than usual with revolting impurities. Not only are his bad men and women apt to be offensive beyond all bearable limits, but places might be pointed out in which even his virtuous women indulge in language of the indescribable variety. The inconsistency of course admits of an easy explanation. Chivalrous sentiment by no means involves perfect purity, nor even a lofty conception of the true meaning of purity. Even a strong religious feeling of a certain kind is quite compatible with considerable laxity in this respect. Charles I. was a virtuous monarch, according to the admission of his enemies; but, as Kingsley remarks, he suggested a plot to Shirley which would certainly not be consistent with the most lax modern notions of decency. The court of which he was the centre certainly included a good many persons who might have at once dictated Massinger's most dignified sentiments and enjoyed his worst ribaldry. Such, for example, if Clarendon's character of him be accurate, would have been the supposed "W. H.," the eldest of the two Earls of Pembroke, with whose family Massinger was so closely connected. But it is only right to add that Massinger's errors in this kind are superficial, and might generally be removed without injury to the structure of his plays.

I have said enough to suggest the general nature of the answer which would have to be made to the problem with which I started. Beyond all doubt, it would be simply preposterous to put down Massinger as a simple product of corruption. He does not mock at generous, lofty instincts, or overlook their influence as great social forces. Mr Ward quotes him as an instance of the connection between poetic and moral excellence. The dramatic effectiveness of his plays is founded upon the dignity of his moral sentiment; and we may recognise in him "a man who firmly believes in the eternal difference between right and wrong." I subscribe most willingly to the truth of Mr. Ward's general princi-

ple, and, with a certain reservation, to the correctness of this special illustration. But the reservation is an important one. After all, can anybody say honestly that he is braced and invigorated by reading Massinger's plays? Does he perceive any touch of what we feel when we have been in company, say, with Sir Walter Scott; a sense that our intellectual atmosphere is clearer than usual, and that we recognise more plainly than 'we are apt to do the surpassing value of manliness, honesty, and pure domestic affection? Is there not rather a sense that we have been all the time in an unnatural region, where, it is true, a sense of honor and other good qualities come in for much eloquent praise, but where, above everything, there is a marked absence of downright wholesome common sense? Of course the effect is partly due to the region in which the old dramatists generally sought for their tragic situations. We are never quite at home in this fictitious cloudland, where the springs of action are strange, unaccountable, and altogether different from those with which we have to do in the work-a-day world. A great poet, indeed, weaves a magic mirror out of these dream-like materials, in which he shows us the great passions, love, and jealousy, and ambition, reflected upon a gigantic scale. But, in weaker hands, the characters become eccentric instead of typical: his vision simply distorts instead of magnifying the fundamental truths of human nature. The liberty which could be used by Shakespeare becomes dangerous for his successors. Instead of a legitimate idealisation, we have simply an abandonment of any basis in reality.

The admission that Massinger is moral must therefore be qualified by the statement that he is unnatural; or, in other words, that his morality is morbid. The groundwork of all the virtues, we are sometimes told, is strength and manliness. A strong nature may be wicked, but a weak one cannot attain any high moral level. The correlative doctrine in literature is, that the foundation of all excellence, artistic or moral, is a vivid perception of realities and a masculine grasp of facts. A man who has that essential quality will not blink the truths which we see illustrated every day around us. He will not represent vice

as so ugly that it can have no charms, so foolish that it can never be plausible, or so unlucky that it can never be triumphant. The robust moralist admits that vice is often pleasant, and that wicked men flourish like a green bay tree. He cannot be over-anxious to preach, for he feels that the intrinsic charm of high qualities can dispense with any artificial attempts to bolster them up by sham rhetoric, or to slur over the hard facts of life. He will describe Iago as impartially as Desdemona; and, having given us the facts, leave us to make what we please of them. It is the mark of a more sickly type of morality, that it must always be distorting the plain truth. It becomes sentimental, because it wishes to believe that what is pleasant must be true. It makes villains condemn themselves, because such a practice would save so much trouble to judges and moralists. Not appreciating the full force of passions, it allows the existence of grotesque and eccentric motives. It fancies that a little rhetoric will change the heart as well as the passing mood, and represents the claims of virtue as perceptible on the most superficial examination. The morality which requires such concessions becomes necessarily effeminate; it is unconsciously giving up its strongest position by implicitly admitting that the world in which virtue is possible is a very different one from our own.

The decline of the great poetic impulse does not yet reveal itself by sheer blindness to moral distinctions, or downright subservience to vice. A lowered vitality does not necessarily imply disease, though it is favorable to the development of vicious germs. The morality which flourishes in an exhausted soil is not a plant of hardy growth and tough fibre, nourished by rough common sense, flourishing amongst the fierce contests of vigorous passions, and delighting in the open air and the broad daylight. It loves the twilight of romance, and creates heroes impulsive, eccentric, extravagant in their resolves, servile in their devotion, and whose very natures are more or less allied to weakness and luxurious self-indulgence. Massinger, indeed, depicts with much sympathy the virtues of the martyr and the penitent; he can illustrate the paradox that strength can

be conquered by weakness, and violence by resignation. His good women triumph by softening the hearts of their persecutors. Their purity is more attractive than the passions of their rivals. His deserted King shows himself worthy of more loyalty than his triumphant persecutors. His Roman actor atones for his weakness by voluntarily taking part in his own punishment.

Such passive virtues are undoubtedly most praiseworthy; but they may border upon qualities not quite so praiseworthy. It is a melancholy truth that your martyr is apt to be a little sanctimonious, and that a penitent is sometimes a bit of a sneak. Resignation and self-restraint are admirable qualities, but admirable in proportion to the force of the opposing temptation. The strong man curbing his passions, the weak woman finding strength in patient suffering, are deserving of our deepest admiration; but in Massinger we feel that the triumph of virtue implies rather a want of passion than a power of commanding it, and that resignation is comparatively easy when it connotes an absence of active force. The general lowering of vitality, the want of rigid dramatic coloring, deprive his martyrs of that background of vigorous reality against which their virtues would be forcibly revealed. His pathos is not vivid and penetrating. Truly pathetic power is produced only when we see that it is a sentiment wrung from a powerful intellect by keen sympathy with the wrongs of life. We are affected by the tears of a strong man; but the popular preacher who enjoys weeping produces in us nothing but contempt. Massinger's heroes and heroines have not, we may say, backbone enough in them to make us care very deeply for their sorrows. And they moralise rather too freely. We do not want sermons, but sympathy, when we are in our deepest grief; and we do not feel that anyone feels very keenly who can take his sorrows for a text, and preach in his agony upon the vanity of human wishes or the excellence of resignation.

Massinger's remarkable flow of genuine eloquence, his real dignity of sentiment, his sympathy for virtuous motive, entitle him to respect; but we cannot be blind to the defect which keeps his work below the level of his greatest con-

temporaries. It is, in one word, a want of vital force. His writing is pitched in too low a key. He is not invigorating, stimulating, capable of fascinating us by the intensity of his conceptions. His highest range is a dignified melancholy or a certain chivalrous recognition of the noble side of human nature. The art which he represents is still a genuine and spontaneous growth instead of an artificial manufacture. He is not a mere professor of deportment, or maker of fine phrases. The days of mere affectation have not yet arrived; but, on the other hand, there is an absence of that grand vehemence of soul which breathes in the spontaneous, if too lawless, vigor of the older race. There is something hollow

under all this stately rhetoric; there are none of those vivid phases which reveal minds moved by strong passions and excited by new aspects of the world. The sails of his verse are not, in Chapman's phrase, "filled with a lusty wind," but moving at best before a steady breath of romantic sentiment, and sometimes flapping rather ominously for want of true impulse. High thinking may still be there, but it is a little self-conscious, and in need of artificial stimulant. The old strenuous line has disappeared, or gone elsewhere—perhaps to excite a Puritan imagination, and create another incarnation of the old type of masculine vigor in the hero of *Paradise Lost*.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

LOCH CARRON, WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

A BLACK and glassy float, opaque and still,
The loch, at farthest ebb supine in sleep,
Reversing, mirrored in its luminous deep,
The quiet skies; the solemn spurs of hill,

Brown heather, yellow corn, gray wisps of haze;
The white low cots, black windowed, plumed with smoke;
The trees beyond. And when the ripple awoke,
They wavered with the jarred and wavering glaze.

The air was dim and dreamy. Evermore
A sound of hidden waters whispered near.
A straggler crow cawed high and thin. A bird

Chirped from the birch-leaves. Round the shingled shere,
Yellow with weed, came wandering, vague and clear,
Mysterious vowels and gutturals, idly heard.

Cornhill Magazine.

ROUND THE WORLD IN A YACHT.

BY THOMAS BRASSEY, M.P.

III.

At last the hour had come for our departure from Rio. At 6 A.M. on Tuesday, the 5th of September, the 'Sunbeam's' anchors were weighed. As we parted company with our kind friends on board H.M.S. 'Volage' and the gunboat 'Ready,' we exchanged appropriate signals of good wishes for mutual prosperous voyages, of gratitude for kind-

nesses received, and of regret at parting.

Limits of space forbid that I should enter upon the details of our passage to the River Plate. On the 7th and 8th of September we experienced a severe gale from the north. On the 11th we reached Montevideo, and on the following day we steamed up to Buenos Ayres.

The estuary of the Plate is the embouchure of one vast system of rivers.

The Parana is navigable for a thousand miles, above Buenos Ayres, and the upper Parana is navigable through the interior of Brazil for another thousand miles.

The navigation of the river Plate is difficult. The channels run in a tortuous course between extensive mud flats. They are not buoyed, and are very imperfectly lighted. The currents are rapid and so uncertain as to baffle the prophetic powers of the most experienced pilots. Hence the risk of losing a vessel is considerable, and the actual losses are even more than proportionate to the unavoidable risk incurred. No attempt seems to have been made to organise means for the salvage of vessels, which have been driven on to the banks and shoals. In the present state of the law of insurance every inducement is held out to the owner of a worn-out ship to bring her career to a close on one of the mud-banks in the Plate. There is no ground for apprehension that the distance from the land will be too great, or the sea too tempestuous for a boat to live in it. Thus the crew will be saved, while the sums recoverable from the underwriters will provide the means of replacing a decayed or obsolete ship by the purchase of a new vessel.

I cannot attempt to give a general description of the Argentine Republic. According to the recent report of Consul Cowper it contains upwards of 2,000,000 inhabitants, and its superficial area is estimated at 1,000,000 square miles, situated under every variety of climate. All the productions of the temperate zone are to be found in its central provinces, which enjoy a climate unsurpassed by any region of the globe.

With all the disadvantages of constant political disturbances, and most imperfect security both for person and property, the Argentine Confederation has advanced with marvellous strides. In a speech delivered in 1873 at Buenos Ayres, Dr. Rawson, an ex-minister, pointed out that the foreign commerce of the Republic had advanced from 26,000,000 dollars in 1862, to 80,000,000 in 1872; and that immigration had increased in the corresponding period, from 5,000 to 40,000. In this extensive commerce Great Britain has obtained an important share, as the following figures testify :—

	Imports.	Exports.
Total.....	£13,285,766.....	£9,024,081
Of which		
England.....	3,868,824.....	1,978,861
France.....	3,645,027.....	1,735,563
Belgium.....	593,517.....	2,778,301
United States..	1,033,523.....	606,589

It was one of the principal objects of my visit to this country to examine the colonies established on the line of the Central Argentine Railway. As the son of the senior member of the firm of contractors, by whom it was constructed, I could not but regard that undertaking with peculiar interest. It is described by Messrs. Mulhall, the authors of an excellent Argentine Handbook, as the greatest work ever contemplated in the Republic, and a lasting monument of that distinguished American, the late Mr. Wheelwright, the friend and townsman of Mr. Peabody, by whom the concession was obtained in 1853.

The line of the Central Argentine Company connects Rosario with Cordova, and forms the first section of a railway, which it was proposed by the original projectors to carry across the Andes, and thus establish a continuous line of communication between Valparaíso and the west coast of South America and the River Plate. This extensive plan is gradually being carried into execution. The line to Cordova was last year extended to Tucuman, a distance of 340 miles, and surveys for an extension to Jujuy have already been commenced.

Civil wars intervening, the scheme projected by Mr. Wheelwright lay in abeyance until 1852, when Congress gave a new concession. Interest at 7 per cent. was guaranteed for forty years, on a capital not exceeding 6,400*l.* a mile, and a free grant was made of a league of land on either side of the line. The extent of this grant was no less than 600,000 acres. This territory has since passed into the hands of an association, which has endeavored to introduce Scotch, Swiss, and Italian colonists into the country. Their operations have not been attended with success; and I have been requested to examine into the state of affairs in the colonies, and to advise as to their future management.

The distance from Rosario to Cordova is 247 miles. The country traversed presents few physical features of special

interest. The province of Rosario is a grassy plain. After the boundary between the provinces of Rosario and Cordova is passed, the aspect of the country becomes more arid. There are extensive tracts of deserts, producing only a few stunted bushes. We saw deer and ostriches more than once from the footplate of the engine. A few bands of Indians, not more domesticated in their habits than the indigenous animals, and far more savage and cruel in their nature, roam over these vast wastes, and occasionally attack an isolated estancia.

The native inhabitants are almost exclusively occupied as graziers, whether of sheep or cattle. With the view, however, of attracting a more numerous population, and thus creating a busy traffic on the railway, an attempt was made to introduce arable cultivation on the lands conceded to the Central Argentine Railway Company. For this purpose the land was divided into plots of 80 acres each, and settlers were introduced from Europe. All their expenses were paid by the company, and each was provided with a small hut and a well on his allotment. The first colonies were laid out in the vicinity of the stations nearest the Rosario Terminus. Five of these colonies have been formed, with a total population of 4,524 Europeans and 1,000 native settlers. The largest of these is Roldan, with a population of 2,369. The more fertile lands will produce abundant crops of wheat for four years in succession, without manure, or a rotation of green crops. A station master on the line rents 3,000 acres of land, of which 1,000 acres were sown with wheat. In 1875 he raised six bushels of wheat per acre, at a cost of 11s., the selling price being 22s. The unsettled condition of commercial affairs in the Argentine Republic is clearly indicated in the extraordinary fluctuations in the prices of wheat. In Rosario, in 1876, the highest price was 52s. the bushel. This lasted for a very short time only. The price then fell to about 25s., at which figure it stood for more than six months. These oscillations are a great drawback to farmers, and make it almost impossible for them to borrow capital for agricultural operations.

As a rule a crop of nine bushels of wheat per acre pays well. Twenty

bushels, however, are often grown. Consul Joel, in his report for 1875, quotes a case that had come under his own observation in Roldan, one of our colonies, where a colonist sowed $6\frac{1}{2}$ bushels on $8\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and cropped 360 bushels, which was over 40 bushels to the acre. The seed was white wheat, which is used exclusively in this country for the manufacture of macaroni. The average yield of the colonies in 1875 was $12\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per acre.

It will be evident from these figures that arable cultivation would yield a highly satisfactory return, but for the frequent invasion of the locusts. Their periodical visits are a most grievous scourge. They destroy, in a few hours, crops, orchards, and vegetation of all kinds. While riding over Messrs. Hope's farm, we saw 1,000 acres of wheat which was just beginning to shoot, in the very process of being eaten up. The locusts were so numerous that they both darkened the air, and covered the earth with a swarm so dense, that the blades of corn were only just visible here and there. A horse walking through the wheat caused them to rise in myriads. It was possible that the wheat might partially recover, provided there were abundant rains after the locusts had departed, but even then they might reappear and resume the work of destruction. It will be evident that the locust in South America rivals the Colorado beetle in ominous and surprising capability for doing evil. The periodical recurrence of this terrible scourge makes it impossible for the farmer in these countries to rely on tillage alone. Tillage must be combined with pasture. The experience of the natives, who are the most successful settlers, has taught them this lesson. On the four leagues adjacent to Rosario, reserved by the Government from expropriation, and occupied exclusively by the natives, there is no tillage, but vast herds of cattle and large flocks of sheep are reared, and render an ample return to the estancieros.

In riding through the colonies a conspicuous difference is apparent between the condition of the individual colonists. Two men will be found, living side by side, who commenced colonial life under precisely equal conditions, having no capital, but with 80 acres of land assigned to

them for cultivation. Of these the one is prosperous, the owner of the land he uses, and free from debt to the company. His neighbor will have paid neither principal nor interest on the purchase-money of his land, he will have done nothing to reduce his indebtedness for money advanced to him, and at the same time be living in a state of semi-starvation and misery. In such cases, and they are common, you generally discover an obvious explanation in the bright intelligent countenance of the one, and the dull heavy look of the other. Yet there are doubtless numerous instances of undeserved misfortunes.

The most unhappy of the colonies established on the line of the Central Argentine Railway, is situated at a station called Tortugas. For three years in succession the crops have been destroyed by locusts, drought, and hailstones. The drought is a misfortune peculiar to this colony. The other drawbacks are felt more or less in every part of the Argentine Confederacy. I conversed at length, with the manager, on the condition and prospects of the people under his charge. Unless their crop, which has already been devoured by locusts, recovered, their situation would be utterly hopeless. I very strongly urged the necessity of removing a portion of the colonists into a more favorable district, should the coming harvest again prove a failure. Nothing will be sacrificed by the adoption of such a course. The colonists have brought 2000 squares (each of 4½ acres in extent) under cultivation, and the valuation of the cultivation was formerly estimated at 10s. a square. But the colonists themselves are now so thoroughly disheartened, that they would willingly leave their present lands without compensation, if they were to receive an allotment of an equal area of untilled land in a more promising situation. Their dwellings being built of clods of earth, or dried bricks, have no value, except for the roof and tiles, and the latter could be taken down and carted to another site. The removal would not involve the company in any expense, as the settlers would be prepared to convey their scanty possessions in their own carts to their new allotments.

Having briefly described the actual condition of the colonies, I turn to the

policy to be adopted in the management of these estates in the future. The grave error of introducing emigrants from Europe at the expense of the company is not likely to be repeated. The special case of the colonists at Tortugas excepted, no further expenditure should be incurred, whether in giving aid to those already settled on our lands, or in attracting new settlers.

The natives, and foreigners, who have already had experience in this country, succeed best, and are the most regular in their payments. The policy of the company is to sit still, and to be prepared to negotiate sales with all comers, who can show that they possess sufficient resources to justify them in making an agreement to purchase land. There will be no lack of suitable settlers. Italian Protestants have of late been removing from the north to settle on our land. These men are thrifty, industrious, and acquainted with the most effective methods of tilling land in these countries.

It has already been stated that the concession of land from the Government to the Railway Company formed a vast territory of no less than 146 square leagues. Its value, however, is but small, and the prices, low as they are, which may ultimately be expected, can only be realised in a long lapse of time. I give the figures as an indication of the wild character of the country in the South American republics.

Forty-two leagues of the concession are situated within the province of Santa Fé, of which Rosario is the capital. The value of these lands is 6,000l. a league. Ten leagues of marshy land in the same province are worth 3,000l. a league. Ninety-four leagues are in the province of Cordova. The district is an uninhabited desert, and the value of the land does not exceed 500l. a square league.

I quitted the colonies of the Central Argentine Land Company profoundly impressed with the conviction that all attempts to stimulate emigration artificially are full of hazard.

Starting on the 22nd of September we made an interesting excursion into the province of Buenos Ayres. Proceeding twenty miles by railway and ten miles in carriages over the pampas, we reached a large farm, belonging to one of the principal tramway companies of the city.

The farm is 2,500 acres in extent, and consists of good pasture land, watered by a brimming brook. It was purchased a few years ago for 8,000*l.*, and no less than 24,000*l.* has been offered for the property within the last six months. A hundred men are here employed as horsekeepers, and in gathering in the hay and green crops required for a stud of 800 horses. The wages of the farm laborers, or peons, are 2*l.* a month. They are lodged and found at an additional cost of thirty shillings a month.

Lucerne is the most advantageous food for cattle in this country. Five crops are obtained every year. Of maize the return is ample. Oats are a failure: nothing but straw is produced. 'Wheat,' says Sir Woodbine Parish, 'requires the cooler climate of the southern part of the provinces.' Flax and hemp have been tried with success. The vine, the orange, the fig, and the peach flourish luxuriantly, especially the latter. The price of lean stock is about thirty shillings a head. When fatted, which takes about three months on good land, the same cattle will fetch 4*l.* a head. Horses not broken can be bought for 3*l.*, and will generally stand regular work in the tramway cars for a period of five years. Cattle for forming herds are obtainable at from 18*s.* to 20*s.* per head.

From the tramway farm we drove to the estancia of Mr. B——, and on the following morning I rode round his farm. It contains 25,000 sheep, which are fed on 3,820 squares of land, each of 4½ acres in extent. In the province of Buenos Ayres it is commonly estimated that from 20,000 to 17,000 sheep can be fed on a league of superior land. If this assumption can be justified by experience, land in the Argentine Confederation will carry more sheep than an equal area in Australia. Here three sheep can be fed on one acre. In Australia three acres are required to feed one sheep. In the Argentine Confederation wool can be produced for 4*d.* per pound. In Australia unwashed wool could not be produced under 9*d.* per pound. The Australian wool is now nearly as burry as the Argentine, but the former has a superior staple. In the Argentine Confederation a flock of 2,000 sheep should produce 400 arrobas of wool, an arroba weighing 25·35 pounds avoird-

upois. The arroba should sell for 75 dollars; and taking off 10 dollars for the expenses of shearing, baling, and other charges, there remains a profit of 65 dollars a ton, or 11*s.* per arroba, or a total return of 220*l.* from each flock of 2,000 sheep. The positive expenses for the maintenance of such a flock, including the rent of land and the wages of the shepherd, are from 120*l.* to 150*l.* a year. The wool alone should pay all the expenses of the Argentine sheep-owner, and a profit of 5 per cent. on the capital embarked. The tallow and the new stock are a clear additional profit. In good years, the profits realised in this country are much larger than in Australia. On the other hand the risks from drought are greater. The calculations I have given are based on statements furnished to me by gentlemen of long experience, who have had many opportunities of comparing their results with those obtained in Australia. It is, however, possible that an Australian sheep-farmer might be disposed to modify the figures in favor of his own country.

The same subject was ably discussed by Mr. Macdonnell in the report, which he wrote when Chargé d'Affaires at Buenos Ayres. He does not advise emigrants to come to the River Plate with the view of engaging in agriculture; for though the soil, consisting of marine and alluvial deposit, is remarkably fertile, yet there are numerous obstacles to successful cultivation, 'including sudden changes of temperature, violent storms of wind, dust, and rain, long-continued droughts, heavy and persistent rains, locusts, bichos, basket-worms, and ants.'

Mr. Macdonnell recommends sheep-farming as the most lucrative occupation in which British settlers can engage. Cattle-farming is mostly in the hands of natives, many of whom have made large fortunes. Herds of cattle require extensive pastures, and can be kept most advantageously in the outlying provinces, where land is cheap. For sheep a less extent of land is necessary, but it should be of superior quality.

The natural grasses of Buenos Ayres possess admirable fattening qualities, and the flocks produce a description of wool especially adapted for fine kersey cloths, and extensively consumed in France and Belgium. The yarn spun from it in the

latter country is in great demand in Scotland and the north of Germany.

The increase in the export of wool is remarkable. While 42,275 bales were exported in 1860, there were exported in 1870 of wool 100,369 bales, of the value of 2,195,119*l.*, and upwards of 57,000,000 pounds of sheepskins.

Mr. St. John, the successor of Mr. Macdonnell, in his report for 1875, speaks of wool as by far the most important product of the country. The amount in English pounds exported in 1873 was 156,781,756, on which the official valuation was 3,416,156*l.*, making the bale of 800 English pounds to be worth 17*l.* 8*s.* 7½*d.* In the following year the same authority gives the value of the wool exported at 3,592,629*l.*, distributed as follows :—

Belgium.....	£2,242,536
France.....	223,485
England.....	213,432

The Argentine Republic is the favorite field for Italian emigration. Italy supplies more than half the number of emigrants who land on these shores, and the influx has not hitherto been checked by the strong prejudices, with which they are regarded by the authorities and by the whole native population. The Italians settle almost exclusively in the towns, and from this circumstance they are acquiring by the mere force of numbers a political influence in Buenos Ayres, which the Argentines view with bitter jealousy.

The Italians come here almost exclusively in the hope of amassing such a competency as may enable them to end their days in their native land in comparative comfort, if not in affluence. Of the 140,000 or 150,000 Italians who have landed in this Republic since 1862, one-third at least have returned home. The Italians cannot therefore be esteemed a valuable addition to the population of the Republic. They seldom have sufficient enterprise to leave the towns and bring new districts under cultivation. The great body of the emigrants to the United States are men of a very different stamp. They come almost exclusively from Germany and Great Britain. 'According to official data,' says Mr. Macdonnell, '400,000 im-

States; of these seventy-five per cent proceed immediately to the interior. Here, however, during the year 1870, out of upwards of 40,000 immigrants, not more than 1,000 proceeded to the interior provinces.'

The difference between the United States and the Argentine Republic is, that in one case the immigrant is a producer, in the other a consumer. Eighty-nine per cent. of the Anglo-German immigrants who land in New York are agriculturists; the arrivals from the south of Europe scarcely exceeding 3,000.

The statistics of population afford conclusive evidence of the non-agricultural tendency of the Argentine immigrants. Out of a population of 1,736,901, 1,114,160 are disseminated over 500,000 square miles, or barely two inhabitants per square mile. On the other hand, the density of population in the city of Buenos Ayres is 40,000 per square mile, or one-third more than that of London. The immigrants from Italy remain for the most part in the capital.

Like the Brazilian Government, the authorities of Buenos Ayres have made some abortive efforts to establish State colonies in the Republic. A wiser policy has been adopted in the United States. The action of their government has been limited to the enactment in 1862 of the liberal homestead law, which has attracted emigrants to the States in numbers, increasing rapidly from 76,396 in 1861, to 156,844 in 1862, and 258,989 in 1869. In the Argentine Republic the principle of free gifts of land has not as yet been accepted. The land law, passed at Buenos Ayres in 1871, contains provisions for the sale of the frontier lands in lots of eight square leagues, or 13,300 acres, at prices equal to 1*s.* 9*d.* per statute acre, payable one tenth in cash, and the remainder in eight yearly instalments.

The experience of public and private efforts to foster emigration by artificial means has been equally discouraging in Brazil and the Argentine Republic. It must be the same in all descriptions of enterprise, where success can only be achieved by much toil and acute intelligence, stimulated to the highest degree by the prospect of adequate reward for exertion, and by the conviction that there will be none to share or to mitigate the consequences of indolence or inca-

capacity. It is by technical knowledge in one case, in another by close attention to detail, in another by a wise choice of agents, that success in business can be attained. In administrative enterprise, whether in the sphere of commerce or agriculture, State interference and corporate management are equally inappropriate.

'It is,' says Mr. Burke, 'one of the finest problems in legislation, and what has often engaged my thoughts whilst I followed that [profession, what the State ought to take upon itself to direct by the public wisdom, and what it ought to leave with as little interference as possible to individual discretion. Nothing, certainly, can be laid down on the subject that will not admit of exceptions, many permanent, some occasional. But the clearest line of distinction which I could draw, whilst I had my chalk to draw any outline, was this: that the State ought to confine itself to what regards the State, or the creatures of the State; namely, the exterior establishment of its religion, its magistracy, its revenue, its military force by sea and land, the corporations that owe their existence to its fiat; in a word, to everything that is truly and properly public—to the public peace, to the public safety, to the public order, to the public prosperity. Statesmen who know themselves will, with the dignity which belongs to wisdom, proceed only in this superior orb and first mover of their duty, steadily, vigilantly, severely, courageously: whatever remains will, in a manner, provide for itself. But as they descend from a state to a province, from a province to a parish, and from a parish to a private house, they go on accelerated in their fall. They cannot do the lower duty, and, in proportion as they try it, they will certainly fail in the higher.'

I conclude this account of our visit to the Argentine Republic with some extracts from my Journal describing a journey towards the southern frontier of the Confederation.

We started on the 24th of September; and as our disembarkation from the 'Sunbeam' was the only serious nautical adventure of the whole voyage, it shall be described circumstantially. We had remained on board until 4 P.M. The weather throughout the day was

boisterous, the wind gradually increasing until it blew a hard gale from the south-east. As a seaport, Buenos Ayres is by no means advantageously situated. An extensive shoal in front of the town makes it necessary for vessels, drawing thirteen feet, to anchor at a distance of six miles from the shore; and the anchorage is exposed to winds from every quarter, except the west. Hence, whenever strong winds are experienced, and they prevail during the greater part of the year, communication with the shore becomes always disagreeable, often difficult, and sometimes impracticable.

The exigencies of this seaport have produced a special class of decked whale boats, which sail admirably, and are good sea boats. These useful craft are generally employed to communicate with ships in the outer roadstead. It was in one of these whale boats that we landed from the 'Sunbeam,' not without difficulty, this afternoon. We made a rapid passage, scudding before the wind from the outer to the inner roadstead; but as we approached the shore it was evident that the operation of landing would be far from easy. A long pier has been built on iron piles. We made for the end of this pier, but we missed it, and were obliged to anchor, in order to avoid being driven into the broken waters under our lee, which were too shallow even for our whale boat. In ordinary weather passengers are landed without difficulty in small skiffs. Two men put off in one of these boats, to convey us to the shore, and after a hard struggle, though the distance did not exceed 200 yards, they reached the whale boat. I jumped into the skiff, with my two little girls and two maid-servants. We had a hazardous pull through the broken surf to the landing-place. Once, when the crest of a short wave broke into the boat, the boatmen seemed on the point of giving up the attempt to reach the pier; but when I seized an oar, and began to pull myself, they resumed their task with redoubled efforts. Example always has a stimulating effect. Its beneficial influence was felt in the present case, and in a few minutes more our little party, though drenched to the skin, was safely landed. I made two more trips in the same boat, the crew being reinforced with a third oarsman. I was truly thankful when all

the members of our party were safely brought to land.

After dining at the excellent Hôtel de la Paix, we started, at 10 P.M. in a special train for Azul, the terminus of the Southern Railway. We reached our destination at 6 A.M. Azul is on the southern frontier of the province of Buenos Ayres, and distant about 200 miles from the capital. Until a recent period it was often threatened by the Indians, who are only kept at bay at the present time by the military force stationed here, under Colonel Donovan. One-third of the inhabitants are tame Indians. We visited the residence of one of their chiefs. It consists of a mud hut, in a large enclosure formed by mud walls. In the open air, in a corner of the yard, there was a fire, round which the family of the chieftain, consisting of three women and three children, were crouching. They sat motionless, while we gazed at their not unpleasing countenances, which much resemble those of the Indians of North America. They have sharp features, high cheek-bones, dark hair, a yellow complexion, and handsome eyes. When the regular troops go forth to attack the savage tribes, they are accompanied by the same Indians, who act as skirmishers and scouts. Our host was invited to show us what he could do with the bolas; but his hand had lost its cunning, and his performance was not wonderful.

The sights of Azul having been exhausted, we drove to a large estancia, about four miles from the town, the property of Mr. Frere, a German settler. This gentleman is the proprietor of 36 square miles of land, and the owner of 50,000 sheep, 2,000 head of cattle, and 400 horses. For our entertainment and instruction in the habits and customs of the pampas, Mr. Frere had kindly ordered a troop of horses to be driven into his corral. Here, for the first time, we saw the lazo used, and an untamed horse ridden by a domidor.

For a description of the lazo, I shall refer to the pages of Mr. Darwin: 'The lazo consists of a very strong, but thin, well-plaited rope made of raw hide. One end is attached to the broad surcingle, which fastens together the complicated gear of the recado, or saddle used in the pampas; the other is termi-

nated by a small ring of iron or brass, by which a noose can be formed. The gaucho, when he is going to use the lazo, keeps a small coil in his bridle-hand, and in the other holds the running noose, which is made very large, generally having a diameter of about eight feet. This he whirls round his head, and by a dexterous movement of his wrist keeps the noose open; then, throwing it, he causes it to fall on any particular spot he chooses.'

The horses having been brought together, as I have said, into the corral, were driven round the enclosure at full gallop. Six gauchos, armed with the lazo, then entered the ring, and, singling out a mare or a foal, threw their lazos at the animal in such a manner as to catch both the front legs. The horse being caught by the fore legs falls over on the shoulder with a heavy thud, and must often receive a serious if not a permanent injury. The gaucho, holding the legs firmly, proceeds to make a circle round the fallen animal. He gradually succeeds in catching one of the hind legs, draws it close to the fore legs, and so binds the three together. After this the horse is powerless. After witnessing for some time the dexterity with which the lazo can be used, the stallion which had been herded with the troop of mares was singled out and captured. He had never been ridden before; and we were now to see an exhibition of the rare skill and courage in the saddle, for which the gaucho horsemen are famous.

The horse, having been thrown by means of the lazo, as it has already been explained, the process of saddling and bridling shall be described in the graphic and accurate language of Mr. Darwin: 'The gaucho, sitting on the horse's neck, fixes a strong bridle, without a bit, to the lower jaw: this he does by passing a narrow thong through the eye-holes at the end of the reins, and several times round both jaw and tongue. The two front legs are now tied closely together with a strong leather thong, fastened by a slip knot. The lazo, which bound the three together, being then loosed, the horse rises with difficulty. The gaucho, now holding fast the bridle fixed to the lower jaw, leads the horse outside the corral. If a second man is present (otherwise the trouble is much

greater), he holds the animal's head, whilst the first puts on the horse-cloths. When the saddling is finished, the animal is, from fear and the previous exertion, white with foam and sweat.'

The process, as described by Mr. Darwin, was closely followed in the present instance. A sheepskin, however, was substituted for a saddle, and the domidor, or horse-breaker, only used the stirrup to mount his horse. Before he was saddled the horse made tremendous struggles to get free, but a powerful and active gaucho, arrayed in a red shirt, black riding-boots—his long black hair streaming in the wind—altogether a most striking and picturesque personage, held him firmly with the halter, and by the exertion of great muscular strength was enabled to resist the struggler. At length the domidor mounted his hitherto unriden charger. The lazo was cast loose from the fore legs, and the animal, pursued by a gaucho on horseback, who plied him sharply with the whip, and harassed by a troop of dogs, barking furiously at his heels, was free to do his utmost to throw his rider. The great object was to keep the horse in constant and rapid movement. While at a hard gallop, the horse could neither kick nor plunge in such a manner as to disturb the equilibrium of an accomplished horseman; but when, as it happened from time to time, the horse stopped abruptly, arched his back, threw his head down, and then made a great buck jump, executing, in a strange way, a figure of ∞ in mid air, alighting on his fore legs, and with his hind legs kicking desperately, it required horsemanship and muscular power of no ordinary kind on the part of his rider to keep his seat unshaken. The domidor scarcely touched the bridle; but he clasped the horse with a grip of iron, his knees were buried deep in the sheepskin saddle, and his bare heels were fixed as firmly as with a vice under the horse's belly. After many a desperate rush, many a vehement struggle, and many furious gallops to and fro, guided in his mad erratic course by the lash of his rider, and the attendant gaucho, the wild horse was brought back to the corral, exhausted, and for the moment subdued by the power of his rider and his own unaccustomed efforts. After wit-

nessing this most remarkable feat of horsemanship, we bade farewell to our host, and returned to the railway, escorted by Colonel Donovan. We owe much to his kindness in preparing for our visit.

In our walks with the Colonel this morning, we heard many interesting narratives of warfare with the wild Indians. These naked horsemen of the pampas fight bravely, but they cannot resist the Remington breech-loading rifle. When the regular troops advance to the attack, the Indians rarely make a stand. Nevertheless, within the last twelve months, Colonel Donovan has fought four engagements with bands of marauders, and on a recent occasion rescued 30,000 head of cattle, which had been stolen. The Indians sell all the cattle to the Chilians. They have therefore to drive their spoil for a great distance, and, unless their operations were conducted on a large scale, they would make but small profit by their hazardous enterprises. At the date of our visit it was in contemplation to advance the Argentine frontier further south, and to defend it by a chain of forts and a deep ditch. According to the statement in the last Presidential message, this plan has been carried out. The new frontier on the south has been formed from Bahia Blanca, on the coast, in 39° S. latitude, to Rio Quinto, in the interior, in 34° S. latitude and 64° W. longitude. Its length is 381 miles, and it is defended by seven principal forts with villages attached, and by 119 block houses and smaller forts. Where the country is most exposed to the incursions of the Indians, a fosse has been dug, 65 miles long, and telegraphic communication has been established for a distance of 200 miles.

It is proposed to fortify a similar frontier line on the west, extending from Rio Quinto to Fort San Rafael in Mendoza. The President speaks of the success of these works with the utmost confidence.

As we travelled on our return journey from Azul, by daylight, we were enabled to see the richness of the pastures of Buenos Ayres. The soil produces luxuriant crops of lucerne. In winter the thistles cover the ground, in some districts, with masses of green leaves. In summer they rise to a height of 12 feet, so that it is impossible to traverse the

pampas, except by the regular tracks. The agricultural statistics of the Argentine Republic are summarised by Consul Cowper in his last report. According to his estimate, there exist in the country 80,000,000 sheep, 15,000,000 horned cattle, and 4,000,000 horses. Their value is estimated at 30,000,000*l*. About 500,000 mares and cows and 12,000,000 sheep are annually slaughtered. The wool, hides, sheepskins, horns, Liebig's extract of meat, and other products exported are valued at 9,000,000*l*.

The value of the hides and skins exported in 1875, according to Mr. St. John, was 1,669,211*l*., of which the United States took 486,582*l*. The export of ox and cow, salted, in the same year was 576,409.

The abundance of horses is shown in the lavish employment of these animals. One at least is provided for every farm aborer. It is no uncommon thing to see six horses yoked in two ranks to a two-wheel cart. 'Even the very beggars,' says Sir Woodbine Parish, 'solicit alms from the saddle.'

If only political tranquillity and personal security could be maintained, an era of material prosperity would be assured to the Argentine Republic. The actual President Avellaneda owes his election to the clerical party, and to the support of the agricultural interest in the provinces of the interior. General Mitre, the leader of the opposition, possesses great influence with the commercial classes, and generally throughout the province of Buenos Ayres. In 1873, at the close of President Sarmiento's term of office, General Mitre placed himself at the head of the revolutionary movement, and declared war against Avellaneda. The facilities at the disposal of the established government for the trans-

port of troops by railway enabled them to suppress the insurrection with unprecedented promptitude. There is reason to hope that, with the extension of the railway system, the central authority will be more and more firmly consolidated, and secured against revolutionary movements.

President Avellaneda is evidently alive to the political difficulties with which he has to contend. He thinks that 'there are no elements for revolution, but a latent alarm which shows our political world out of order.' He has endeavored to conciliate his opponents by granting an unconditional amnesty to all who are in exile for military or political offences connected with the revolution of 1874, and he has announced that appointments in the public service are no longer to be confined to members of his own party. By these means he hopes to avoid the dangers incidental to an oligarchical system, and to put an end to that personal antagonism between rival leaders and their followers in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, which is so full of peril to 'democracy and social life.'

Our fellow-countrymen of all classes were prodigal of kindness to us during our stay in the River Plate. Many of those, who are in charge of the Argentine Railway, have held similar positions, as second in command in England. They knew my father well, they liked him much; and clinging, as exiles do, to the ties that bind them to the land which every settler in these countries, of English birth or parentage, calls his Home, they have delighted to testify their regard for a friend they loved in the old country, by lavishing kindnesses on his son and his family.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

METEORITES AND THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

BY WALTER FLIGHT, D.Sc., F.G.S.

THE question which has so often been raised, How did life originate on our earth? has again been brought before the consideration of the scientific world by Professor Allen Thomson, in the Presidential address delivered at the Plymouth meeting of the British Associ-

ation during the present autumn. One explanation to which he refers is that which formed a prominent feature in the address of a former occupant of the Presidential chair, Sir William Thomson, who six years ago suggested as a possible solution of this great question that

the germs of life might have been borne to our globe by the meteorites which are scattered through space, and which from time to time fall upon the surface of our planet. If, he maintained, we trace back the physical history of our earth, we are brought to a red-hot melted globe on which no life could exist. The earth was first fit for life, and there was no living thing upon it. Can any probable solution, consistent with the ordinary course of nature, be found to explain the problem of its first appearance? When a lava stream flows down the side of Vesuvius or Etna it quickly cools and becomes solid, and after a few weeks or years it teems with vegetable and animal life, which life originated by the transport of seed and ova and by the migration of individual living creatures. When a volcanic island emerges from the sea, and after a few years is clothed with vegetation, we do not hesitate to assume that seed has been wafted to it through the air, or floated to it on rafts. Is it not possible—and if possible, is it not probable—that the beginning of vegetable life on the earth may be similarly explained? Every year thousands, probably millions, of fragments of solid matter fall upon the earth. Whence came they? What is the previous history of any one of them? Was it created in the beginning of time an amorphous mass? The idea is so unacceptable that, tacitly or explicitly, all men discard it. It is often assumed that all, and it is certain that some, meteorites are fragments severed from larger masses and launched free into space. It is as sure that collisions must occur between great masses moving through space as it is that ships, steered without intelligence directed to prevent collisions, could not cross and recross the Atlantic for thousands of years with immunity from such catastrophes. When two great masses come into collision in space it is certain that a large part of each of them is melted; but it appears equally certain that in many cases a large quantity of *débris* must be shot forth in all directions, much of which may have been exposed to no greater violence than individual pieces of rock experience in a landslide or in blasting by gunpowder. Should the time when this earth comes into collision with another body, com-

parable in dimensions to itself, be when it is still clothed, as at present, with vegetation, many great and small fragments carrying seed and living plants and animals would undoubtedly be scattered through space. Hence and because we all confidently believe that there are at present, and have been from time immemorial, many worlds of life besides our own, we must regard it as probable in the highest degree that there are countless seed-bearing meteoric stones moving about through space. If at the present instant no life existed upon this earth, one such stone falling upon it might lead to its becoming covered with vegetation. "I am fully conscious," he concludes, "of the many scientific objections which may be urged against this hypothesis, but I believe them to be all answerable."

. . . The hypothesis that life originated on this earth through moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world may seem wild and visionary; all I maintain is that it is not unscientific.*

Sir William Thomson's views, thus plainly set forth, did not fail to attract adverse criticism. Before we proceed to consider the comments which his hypothesis called forth, we may call the reader's attention for a short time to speculations in the same direction which have appeared in the writings of scientific men in France and Germany.

First, we must refer to a remarkable passage in the great work of Count A. de Bylandt Palstercamp, on the Theory of Volcanoes.† He wrote in 1835, at a time when Laplace's theory that meteorites were hurled at us from lunar volcanoes was still generally received, and this will account to some extent for the source of the cosmical masses of which he treats. What is mainly worthy of notice is their character, of carriers of the faculty of organization, which he attributes to them. In the chapter intitled "Principe d'après lequel le premier développement de notre globe peut s'être effectué?" he writes: "It may be a matter of curiosity, but it is in nowise necessary, that we should know on what

* "Address of Sir William Thomson, Knt., LL.D., F.R.S., President." London: Taylor and Francis. 1871. P. 27.

† "Théorie des Volcans. Par le Comte A. de Bylandt Palstercamp." Paris: Levrault. 1838. Tome i. p. 95.

principle or from what organized body the great mass of our globe has been derived; it is sufficient for us that we exist in a manner where everything is perfectly organized, at least in so far as the aim of our existence is concerned. Many scientific men have exercised their imagination on this problem without being able to come to any definite decision. Some maintain that the nucleus of our globe was a fragment of a body which in its cosmical path had dashed itself into fragments against the sun, which the very close proximity of some comet to that star gives grounds for believing. Others suppose us to be a vast aerolite thrown off from the sun himself* with a force proportional to its mass, to a zone where the motion is determined in accordance with the laws of reciprocal attraction, and that this fragment carried in itself the germ of all that organization which we see around us, and of which we form a part. (*Que cet éclat portait en lui le germe de toute cette organisation que nous observons ici et dont nous faisons partie.*) They suppose the satellites to be small parts or fragments detached from the chief mass by the violence of the rotation at the time it is hurled forth, or by the excessively high original temperature, increased by the fall, which produced a very violent dilatation of the matter, and severed some portions from it. These aerolites, it is said, by way of comparison, contain within them the principle common to the body whence they have been derived, just as a grain of seed carried by the wind is able to produce at a remote distance a tree like its prototype, with such modifications only as are due to soil or climate."

In the spring of 1871 Professor Helmholtz delivered at Heidelberg and at Cologne a discourse on the origin of the solar system, which he printed in the third collection of his interesting "Populäre wissenschaftliche Vorträge," published last year.† He directed attention on that occasion to the facts that meteorites sometimes contain compounds of carbon and hydrogen, and that the light emitted by the head of a comet gives a

spectrum which bears the closest resemblance to that of the electric light when the arc is surrounded by a gaseous hydrocarbon. Carbon is the characteristic element of the organic compounds of which all things living are built up. "Who can say," he asks, "whether these bodies which wander about through space may not also strew germs of life where a new heavenly body has become fitted to offer a habitat to organized creatures?" The hypothesis, in the form set forth in 1871 by Professor Helmholtz and Sir William Thomson, was vigorously handled by Zöllner, of Leipzig, whose work, "Ueber die Natur der Cometen," appeared in the following year. In the *Vorrede* of his book he passes his countryman by unmentioned, but declares Sir William Thomson's proposition to be unscientific, and that in a twofold sense. In the first place, he maintains it is unscientific in a formal or logical sense, in that it changes the original *simple* question, Why has our earth become covered with organisms? into a second, Why had that heavenly body the fragment of which fell upon our planet become covered with vegetation, and not our earth itself? "If, however," he adds, "bearing in mind an earlier dictum,* we regard inorganic and organic matter as two substances from all eternity diverse, just as in accordance with our present views we consider two chemical elements to be diverse, such an hypothesis as that now advanced must be at variance with the destructibility of organisms by heat which experience has taught us."

"Again," contends Zöllner, "the hypothesis in its *material* bearing is unscientific. When a meteorite plunges with planetary velocity into our atmosphere, the loss of *vis viva* arising from friction is converted into heat, which raises the temperature of the stone to a point where incandescence and combustion take place. This, at all events, is the theory at present generally held to explain the phenomena of star-showers and fire-balls. A meteorite, then, laden with organisms, even if it could withstand the sundering of the parent mass unscathed, and should take no part in the general

* He alludes here in a note to the theory held by Laplace and others.

† "Populäre wissenschaftliche Vorträge. Von H. Helmholtz." Braunschweig: Vieweg und Sohn. 1876. Drittes Heft. p. 135.

* "Dead matter cannot become living matter unless it be subject to the influence of matter already living."

rise of temperature resulting from this disruption, must of necessity traverse the earth's atmosphere before it could deliver at the earth's surface organisms to stock our planet with living forms."

Helmholtz did not long delay in replying to Zöllner's criticism on this question. An opportunity occurred during the publication, in the following year, 1873, of the second part of the German translation of Thomson and Tait's "Handbook of Theoretical Physics." The preface contains Helmholtz's answer. He points to the fact, confirmed by numerous observers, that the larger meteoric stones, during their transit through our atmosphere, become heated only on the outer surface, the interior remaining cold—often very cold. Germs which may happen to lie in the crevices of such stones would be protected from scorching while travelling through the air. Those, moreover, which lie on or near the surface of the aerolite would, as soon as it entered the upper and most attenuated strata of our atmosphere, be blown off by the swift and violent current of air long ere the stone can rend those denser layers of our gaseous envelope where compression is sufficiently great to cause a perceptible rise of temperature. As regards that other point of debate, referred to by Thomson only, the collision of two cosmical masses, Helmholtz shows that the first result of contact would be violent mechanical movement, and that it is only when they begin to be worn down and destroyed by friction that heat would be developed. It is not known whether this may not continue for hours or days, or even weeks. Such portions as at the first moment of contact are hurled away with planetary velocity may consequently be driven from the scene of action before any rise of temperature may have taken place. "It is not impossible," he adds, "that a meteorite or a swarm of meteorites, in traversing the upper layers of the atmosphere of a heavenly body, may either scatter from them or carry with them a quantity of air containing unscorched germs. These are possibilities which are not yet to be taken as probabilities; they are questions which, from the fact of their existence and range, are to be kept in sight, so that, should a case arise, they may receive an answer either

by actual observations or by some conclusive deduction." It should be mentioned here that these views of Helmholtz's are also to be met with in a supplement to his lecture on the origin of the solar system.

In tracing the gradual development of this important controversy we now arrive at the present year, and proceed to discuss the allusion made to it by Professor Allen Thomson in his address at Plymouth. The difficulty regarding the origin of life is, he considers, not abolished, but only removed to a more remote period, by the supposition of the transport of germs from another planet, or their introduction by means of meteorites or meteoric dust; for, besides the objection arising from the circumstance that these bodies must have been subjected to a very high temperature, we should still have everything to learn as to the way in which the germs arose in the far distant regions of space from which they have been conveyed. At one of the Sectional meetings, a few days later, Sir William Thomson made these observations the text of a further communication on the now well-worn subject. He desired to limit the discussion to the bare dry question, Was life possible on a meteorite? The hypothesis which was to explain the bringing of life to our earth did not pretend to explain the origin of life, and he would not attempt to offer an explanation of the origin of life. The three questions which presented themselves were these: Was life possible on a meteorite moving in space? Was life possible on a meteorite while falling to the earth's surface? and, Could any germs live after the meteorite had become imbedded in the earth? A meteorite may be exposed to great heat before it reaches the earth; whether or not life on that meteorite would be destroyed by that heat was dependent on the duration of exposure. If a meteorite traversed space with the same side always exposed to the sun that side would be strongly heated, the other would be cold; if it spun round at a uniform rate all its surface would be of one uniform temperature; and if it rotated once per hour it would have a high temperature on one side and be as cold as ice on the other. The whole or part of the surface of a meteorite might afford a climate

suitable to some living forms, destructive to others. When the moss-covered stone enters the atmosphere the germs upon its surface would be [torn off] long before the stone became heated, and in a few years they may settle down on the earth, take root, and grow. But were the germs of the exterior destroyed by heat, there might still be vegetable life in the interior. The time occupied by a stone in its passage through the air would not be more than twenty or thirty seconds at the outside, so that the crust might be fused, while the interior might have a moderate temperature, and anything alive in it would fall to the earth alive. Sir William Thomson concluded by remarking that after the collision of cosmical masses fragments must be shot off, some of which must certainly carry away living things not destroyed by the shock of the collision, and he did not hesitate to maintain, as a not improbable supposition, that at some time or other we should have growing on this earth a plant of meteoric origin.

Nothing bearing the semblance of a plant or even of its seed has as yet been met with in a meteorite; nor have any of the masses which have fallen on our planet shown anything approaching the structure which distinguishes sedimentary rocks from those of a purely plutonic character. The occurrence, however, in them, or with them, of organic compounds, of compounds of carbon and hydrogen, which it is hard to suppose could owe their existence to any other agency than that of life itself, and which represent the final stage previous to their final destruction, has now been so frequently noticed that I have put together in chronological order what information in this direction from a "world ayont" the meteorites have brought to us.

1806. *March 15th*, 5 P.M.—Two stones, weighing together six kilogr., fell at Alais, Dép. du Gard, France. They have the appearance of an earthy variety of coal; the color of the crust is a dull brownish-black, so is that of the interior. The structure is very soft and friable. When heated it emits a faint bituminous odor. It was examined at the time of its fall by Thénard and a Commission appointed by the Institute of France. The French observers found it to contain 2.5 per cent. of carbon; while Berzelius, in 1834

estimated the amount of carbon present to be 3.05 per cent. In 1862 Roscoe submitted this meteorite to a very thorough investigation. He found the carbon present to amount to 3.36 per cent. Ether dissolved 1.94 per cent. of the stone; the solution on evaporation left crystals which have an aromatic odor, and a fusing-point of 114° C., and which sublime on the application of heat, leaving a slight carbonaceous residue. The crystals really appear to be of two kinds: *acicular* crystals, which are sparingly soluble in absolute alcohol, but are readily taken up by ether, carbon disulphide, turpentine, and cold nitric acid, and dissolve in cold sulphuric acid, striking a brown color; and *rhombic* crystals, which dissolve in ether and carbon disulphide, but are unaffected by cold nitric acid, sulphuric acid, or turpentine. An analysis of 0.0078 gramme of the crystals soluble in alcohol gave the following numbers:—

Sulphurous acid.....	0.010
Carbonic acid.....	0.008
Water.....	0.003
Sulphur.....	0.005
Carbon.....	0.0022
Hydrogen.....	0.0003

The atomic ratio of carbon to hydrogen, then, is nearly 1 : 1, or that of the reddish-brown and colorless mineral resin *könleinite*, which occurs in crystalline plates and grains in the lignite of Uznach, in Switzerland. Kraus makes the fusing-point of *könleinite* 114° C.; it is slightly soluble in alcohol, but much more soluble in ether. Dr. Lawrence Smith, who has recently examined the Alais meteorite, arrives at the same results as Roscoe; and also that the carbonaceous ingredient of this meteorite resembles in all its physical characters those of a substance which he obtained from the graphite of the Sevier-County meteoric iron, to which I shall presently refer.

1838. *October 13th*, 9 A.M.—At the hour mentioned a great number of large stones fell over a considerable area at Kold-Bokkeveld, seventy miles from Cape Town. Those which fell near Tulbagh are estimated to have weighed many hundredweights. It is said that they were soft when they fell, but became hard after a time. This material has a dull black color, and is very porous and friable. Harris, who analysed it in

1859, determined the presence of 1.67 per cent of carbon, and somewhat more than 0.25 per cent. of an organic substance soluble in alcohol. This compound is described as possessing a yellow color, and a soft resinous, or waxy, aspect. It readily fused with a slight rise of temperature, and when heated in a tube it was decomposed, emitting a strong bituminous odor, and leaving a carbonaceous residue. Some four years ago I was considering what should be done with a trace of this substance, so small in amount that it could not be removed from the vessel containing it. I was unwilling to throw away even so small a quantity of so precious a substance, so I drew off the neck of the flask and placed it in a dark cupboard of a room, the temperature of which, during the greater part of the year, is unusually high. In the interval this organic compound has sublimed, and is deposited on the higher parts of the vessel in colorless and well-defined crystalline plates.

1840.—During this year a large mass of meteoric iron was discovered in Sevier County, Tennessee, enclosing a large nodule of graphite. "It is," writes Dr. Lawrence Smith, "the largest mass of graphite which has come under my observation, and is perhaps the largest known." Its dimensions are 60^{mm} by 20^{mm} and 35^{mm}, and it weighs 92 grammes. Two grammes of this nodule were reduced to powder and treated with ether, and the liquid on evaporation left a residue weighing 15 milligrammes, and possessing an aromatic, somewhat alliaceous, odor. It consisted of long colorless acicular crystals, others which were shorter, as well as some rhomboidal crystals and rounded particles. This extracted substance melted at about 120° C. When heated in a tube closed at one end it melts and then volatilizes, condensing in yellow drops, and leaving a carbonaceous residue. Dr. Lawrence Smith believes that the three elements, carbon, hydrogen, and sulphur, which they contain, may be in combination, and he has named the meteoric sulphohydrocarbon "celestialite."

1857. *April 15th, 10.11 P.M.*—A brilliant detonating meteor was observed at this hour over Kaba, S.W. of Debreczin, Hungary, and a meteorite weighing 4 kilogr. was found on the following morn-

ing imbedded in the hard surface of a road close by. The crust is black, and the mass of the stone dark grey; throughout the structure black portions of the size of peas lie scattered, giving the stone a porphyritic character. Wöhler treated the stone with alcohol, which removed a white, apparently crystalline, substance possessing a peculiar aromatic odor. With ether it broke up into oily drops, and appeared to be decomposed into an insoluble fluid body and a soluble solid portion. The solid substance was obtained in a distinctly crystalline condition on driving off the ether. It volatilizes in air, fuses in a closed tube, and is decomposed when greater heat is applied, a fatty odor being observed, and a black residue left. The hydrocarbon is believed by Wöhler to be allied to ozocerite or scheererite. When the powdered stone is heated in oxygen it turns of a cinnamon-brown color. This meteorite contains 0.58 per cent. of carbon.

1861.—The huge mass of meteoric iron discovered at Cranbourne, near Melbourne, Australia, in 1861, encloses more or less rounded masses of carbon. They are pronounced by Berthelot, who has submitted some of the material to the most powerful oxidizing reagents, to resemble the form of carbon which separates from cast-iron on cooling rather than native graphite.

1864. *May 14th, 8 P.M.*—On this occasion more than twenty stones fell at Montauban, Tarn et Garonne, France, some of them being as large as a human head, and most of them smaller than a fist. The appearance which this meteorite exhibits closely resembles that of a dull-colored earthy lignite. The masses are black and very friable, and fall to powder when placed in water; this is due to the removal of the soluble salts which cement the ingredients together. A shower of rain would have destroyed them. One hundred parts of this stone contain 5.92 parts of carbon itself, partly as a constituent of one organic compound, which Cloëz found to possess the following composition:—

Carbon.....	63.45
Hydrogen.....	5.98
Oxygen.....	30.57
	<hr/>
	100.00

Berthelot endeavored to reconstruct

the body of which this is a decomposed product by means of hydriodic acid, and obtained a considerable quantity of the hydrocarbon C_nH_{m+1} , analogous to rock-oil. The reduction takes place less readily in this case than in that of coal. Dr. Lawrence Smith finds the combustible portion of the material to amount to about 4.5 per cent.

1867.—This Indian meteorite, which fell at Goalpara about the year 1867 (the exact date is not known), was examined by Tschermak, who found it to contain 0.85 per cent. of a hydrocarbon. The quantity, though small, materially affects the general appearance of the stone; it can be recognized under the microscope as a smoky-brown, lustreless ingredient accompanying the fragments of nickel-iron. Of the 0.85 per cent. 0.72 is carbon and 0.13 hydrogen. Tschermak suggests that the luminous phenomena so often attending the fall of an aerolite and the "tail" left by many meteors and shooting stars may be due to the combustion of compounds of which carbon forms an important constituent.

1868. *July 11th.*—The curious meteorite of dull grey hue and loose structure which fell on this day at Ornans, Doubs, France, partly owes its dark color to the presence of a hydrocarbon.

1869. *January 1st, 12.20 P.M.*—A most remarkable fall of stones took place on New Year's Day, 1869, at Hessele, near Upsala; it is the first aerolitic shower recorded to have taken place in Sweden. The meteorites have so loose a structure that they break in pieces when thrown with the hand against the floor or frozen ground. The most interesting feature of the Hessele fall is the association with the stones referred to of matter mainly composed of carbon. The peasants of Hessele noticed that some of the meteorites which fell on the snow near Arnö soon crumbled to a blackish-brown powder resembling coffee-grounds. Similar powder was found on the ice at Hafslaviken in masses as large as the hand, which floated on water like foam, and could not be held between the fingers. A small amount secured for examination was found under the microscope to be composed of small spherules; it contained particles extractible by the magnet, and when ignited left a reddish-brown ash. Heated in a closed tube it

gave a small brown distillate. A quantity dried at 110° C. possessed the following composition:—

Carbon.....	51.6
Hydrogen.....	3.8
Oxygen (calculated).....	15.7
Silicic acid.....	16.7
Iron protoxide.....	8.4
Magnesia.....	1.5
Lime.....	0.8
Soda and Lithia.....	1.5
	<hr/> 100.0

The combustible ingredient appears to have the composition $\approx C_6H_4O_2$. It was noticed on this occasion that the stones found in the same district with the carbonaceous substance, were, as a rule, quite round and covered on all sides with a black, dull, and often almost sponge-like, crust. The iron particles on the surface of the smaller stones were usually quite bright and unoxidized, as though the stone had been heated in a reducing atmosphere. Nordenskjöld, who examined them, expresses the belief that this carbon compound frequently, perhaps invariably, occurs in association with the meteorites, and he attributes its preservation in this case to the fall of the stones on snow-covered ground.

1870.—During this year the Swedish Arctic Expedition discovered in the basalt of Ovifak, near Godhavn, Island of Disko, Greenland, some enormous metallic masses which are generally regarded as blocks of meteoric iron. Like meteoric iron, they contain nickel and cobalt, but, unlike that iron, they are but slightly attacked by hydrochloric acid. The metal, moreover, when heated evolves more than 100 times its volume of a gas which burns with a pale blue flame, and is carbonic oxide mixed with a little carbonic acid; after this treatment the substance dissolves in acid, leaving a carbonaceous residue. The composition of this remarkable "iron," if we may call it by that name, has been found by Wöhler to be as follows:—

Iron.....	80.64
Nickel.....	1.19
Cobalt.....	0.49
Phosphorus.....	0.15
Sulphur.....	2.82
Carbon.....	3.67
Oxygen.....	11.09
	<hr/> 100.05

It appears to be a mixture of about 40 per cent. of magnetite with metallic iron, its carbide, sulphide, and phosphide, and its alloys of nickel and cobalt, as well as some pure carbon in isolated particles.

From all this we see though there is not a particle of evidence to prove the persistence of living germs on meteorites during their passage through our atmosphere, it is quite clear that the cosmical bodies, whatever they may have been, from which our meteorites were derived, may very probably have borne on their surface some forms of organized beings.

One objection which appears to have been raised to Sir William Thomson's theory was to the effect that germs could not exist without air; another that the low temperature to which they would be exposed before entering our atmosphere would suffice to destroy life. Micheli, in his valuable *Coup d'œil sur les principales publications de Physiologie végétale*, refers to the researches of Uloth,* who found that twenty-four species of plants

which had been placed in a cave in the centre of a glacier germinated after the lapse of six weeks. *Lepidium rudérale* and *sativum*, *Sinapis alba*, and *Brassica Napus*, had germinated; and at the close of four months other crucifers and some grasses and leguminous plants had germinated also. Haberlandt found that of a number of seeds which had been exposed for four months to a temperature of 0° to 10° the following species flourished: rye, hemp, vetch, pea, mustard, camelina, two species of clover, and lucerne. The influence of the withdrawal of air from seeds on their power of germination has also been studied by Haberlandt. He found that seeds after they had been placed *in vacuo* germinated as usual. A slight retardation was noticed in the case of the seeds of the oat, the beetroot, and a bean, which appear to require the air contained in their tissues. In three experiments 58, 32, and 40 per cent. of the seeds germinated.—*Popular Science Review*.

ON THE COMPARATIVE STUPIDITY OF POLITICIANS.

WE owe an apology to a very respectable class of persons for the apparent, but we trust only apparent, and certainly involuntary, discourtesy of the thesis to which we invite attention. The late Mr. Mill, in a well-known passage, called the Conservatives the stupid party. We do not call them so, nor their opponents. All we venture to assert of both is, that in a universe of graduated intelligence they are not highest in the scale. The great majority of even prominent politicians have just the gifts which make a man conspicuous in a town council or a board of guardians; physical energy, moral persistency, and ideas on a level with those of their fellows. Miss Martineau in her very candid Autobiography has recorded her sense of the mental and moral inferiority of the political men with whom, during her period of lionising in London, she was brought into contact, as compared with the men of letters, and still more with the men of science, whose acquaintance she made. She observed in the politicians a much lower type of mind and character, ex-

pressing itself even in a certain vulgarity of manners, the lowest point being reached in all these particulars by the Whig aristocracy of the day.

The Whig aristocracy, in virtue, perhaps, of the phenomena which Miss Martineau noted, has almost ceased to play any active part in public affairs. In the struggle for political existence it has been pretty nearly crushed out. Such titular chieftainship as used, let us say, up to the time of Lord Althorp to be accorded to its members is Macmahonian. Not ability and eloquence, but the conspicuous lack of them, dictated a choice rather of a figure-head than of a leader. But no doubt there is such a thing as a force of stupidity which is often more powerful in human affairs for the moment than any other. When intellectual dulness is united with moral rectitude, as it frequently is, the combination is pretty nearly irresistible. Either without the other is a power of the first magnitude. Both together are fate.

We do not suppose that there has been any great change for the worse in the talent of the great families, from the

* "Flora," 1875, No. 17.

time when the English government first became their special business and almost their property. It would be ungenerous and even unjust to think so. Their imaginary superiority in earlier generations was probably due to the fact that they themselves supplied their own standard of comparison. They were measured against each other. In a company of dwarfs a diminutive man seems a giant. If from the political history of the last century and a half we withdraw the names of Walpole, of the Pitts, of Fox, Burke, Canning, Brougham, Peel, Cobden, Bright, Gladstone, and Disraeli, and two or three more, we take away almost all that gives it distinction. In spite of the Earldoms of Orford and Chatham, and the Barony of Holland, the Walpoles, the Pitts, and the Foxes no more belonged to the aristocracy than Lord Beaconsfield does, or than Richard Burke would have done if the fates adverse to Marcellus had permitted him to be Lord Beaconsfield. The Marquis of Rockingham and the Duke of Portland are fair specimens of the aristocratic statesmanship of England. Lord Shelburne, Lord Grey, Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, and the late Lord Derby rose as much above that level as the old Duke of Newcastle fell below it. The abilities of Addington, which were ludicrously below par in a middle-class politician, would have given him a very decent place among the old families if he had belonged to them.

We refer to these things now, because the rule of the great families has done something to lower the standard of political eminence and ability in England. They flourished under a system of very restricted competition, a competition so restricted as to amount to little more than an arranged participation in the great affairs of state. Of course, they themselves were prevented from developing such capacities as they had by the absence of the proper stimulus to exertion. It would be as reasonable to expect commercial enterprise and skill under trade monopolies as the highest political capacity under a system of political privilege. When the buyer is obliged to take such articles as the seller chooses to give him, they are not likely to be of the first quality, or the most reasonable price. If the rulers of a people nominate

themselves, they are just as little likely to be very exacting in the articles of virtue and capacity. When these qualities were wanted, some plebeian person, some Burke or Barré, was looked for to supply such of them as he possessed; and, unfortunately for human nature, the self-respect which declined to wait upon my Lord Rockingham or my Lord Shelburne was seldom found. If oratory was wanted, the plebeians had it in readiness; but oratory as a rule was seldom wanted. A nominated House of Commons, whose opinions were dictated by their patrons, did not need to be persuaded. Hence probably, to some extent, the low standard of speaking which prevails in the House of Commons, and in which (whatever the exceptional divergencies) it falls below every other great Parliamentary assembly. It is a bequest from the time when good speaking was a superfluity for the purposes of government, and when it was regarded mainly as the accomplishment of political adventurers—needful in a Burke, unnecessary in a Rockingham. Hence there is a tradition of bad speaking in the House of Commons. The defects of elocution and delivery, and the absence of taste and style, which are noticeable in the speeches delivered from the benches of Ministers and ex-Ministers in the two Houses of Parliament, amaze foreigners acquainted with the legislative assemblies of other countries. They are a tradition of the age when a great lord did not need to acquire either grace of speech or force of thought. It was sufficient for him to indicate the line which he took, and his party trouble themselves as little as he did about the reasons; or if from any cause they wanted them, some dependant was at hand to supply the arguments which his patron, from indolence or incapacity, was unable to afford. A cynical politician, more remarkable himself for the keenness of his thought than the graces of his oratory, is said to have declared that a certain speech listened to with attention from the son of a duke would not have been tolerated from the son of a marquis. The distinction, perhaps, is too finely cut, but this rule of judgment comes down from our political history, and unfortunately is not yet obsolete. What has been said of oratory

applies to administration. In the absence of anything like competition among the ablest men, and of a career open to talent, the proper stimulus to skill and industry was wanting. Great peers and wealthy country gentlemen, untrained to business, aided by adventurers bent upon serving themselves rather than the country, and using the ill-rewarded drudgery of hopeless clerks, were poor instruments for the conduct of affairs. As their tenure of office was to a great extent independent of capacity, it developed capacity to a correspondingly slight extent. A lofty ambition, an ardent nature, a consciousness of powers seeking and delighting in their full discharge, have no doubt at all times furnished orators and statesmen of the highest rank to England. But the great names and stirring conflicts of Walpole and Pulteney, of Chatham, of Wyndham, of Burke, of Fox and Pitt, disguise from us the gulf of intellectual poverty beneath this glittering and splendid surface.

In the long prevalence of an aristocratic monopoly, diminished now, but not altogether ~~done~~ away with, and subsisting still in its effects even more powerfully than in itself, one of the special causes, as we have said, of the comparative stupidity of politicians in England may be discerned. But the evil is inherent in the very conditions of what are called practical politics. The real development of mind is to be sought in what Mr. Arnold calls its disinterested play in science and art. Discipline in the methods of research after truth, familiarity with the highest conceptions of the universe, delight in the most perfect forms of expression, whether they take the shape of literature or of the plastic and imitative arts, these are the feeders and purifiers of the mind. The artist, including the author as well as the sculptor, the painter, and the actor, and the man of science, live, so far as they are true to their work, in the society of nature and of its great interpreters. They are constantly in the presence of their betters. The statesman lives ~~habitually~~ in the society of county and borough members; or, if we restrict our view to the intimate associations of the Cabinet, of men little if at all above these intellectually. In other words, the finest mind is habitually in the presence of its

inferiors, whose ideas and impulses are to it what his daily beer was to Mr. Justice Maule, the instrumentality with which he brought himself down to the level of his work. He must think their thoughts and speak their language. To be over their heads, to be, as a dexterous politician said of a great philosopher, too clever for the House of Commons, to have nobler and farther-reaching conceptions than they, is to commit the sin for which there is no Parliamentary forgiveness. It is sometimes said that the House of Commons is wiser than any single member; a saying which, according as it is interpreted, is either an absurdity or a truism. It may mean, what is indisputable, that the whole is greater than the part, or, what is impossible, that the average is higher than the elements which raise it. The House of Commons can only be wiser than some particular member by following the guidance of some other member who on that particular occasion is wiser than he; that is to say, it is wiser than one of its less wise members. The saying, however, is intended to affirm the position that intellectual superiority is not the truest guide in politics, or in other words that politicians, in so far as they are successful, are comparatively stupid, a position which we are far from disputing. On the contrary, we affirm it as a truth of observation and experience, and are at the present moment doing our best to account for it. As regards the proposition itself, it means simply that the House of Commons knows its own mind, such as it is, and, whatever the worth of that knowledge, better than any single member of it; and as a rule the average member who is in sympathy with it will interpret it better than the member of much higher powers who is above its level. But it is only wiser than its wisest members in the sense in which the field may be said to be wiser than the farmer, or the ocean than the navigator; that is to say, in no intelligible sense at all. Like nature, if it is to be commanded it must be obeyed; and the necessity of understanding it is by confusion of thought taken for its understanding of itself.

The inferior society in which politicians live, inferior in intelligence and cultivation, and the necessity of adapting

their own thoughts and aims to those of the ordinary minds and characters they have to influence, brings about the decline and deterioration of men of originally fine endowments. It either prevents these qualities from developing, or stunts them where they have a certain degree of growth. Their 'nature is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand.' This evil is in part qualified by [another. It is chiefly the second-rate order of minds and characters that betake themselves now to politics in England—minds already on the level to which superiority needs to be reduced before it can be effective. For this reason, probably, whenever an occasion demands a hero in politics, he has been seldom found in the walks of professional statesmanship. The national crisis which asks for a deliverer, finds him not among those who have been deteriorated and dwarfed by the ordinary work and associations of politics, but in a man who has lived among nobler ideas and associations, and cultivated a larger and more liberal nature. The practice of affairs is, no doubt, a discipline of some value; but nearly everything depends on what the affairs are. To manage the House of Commons, to get bills through committee, to administer a public office, does not seem usually to be good training for very difficult business. When a considerable emergency occurs there is almost invariably a breakdown [of the departments. The true discipline of public business is to teach men readiness in action and fertility in resources. Its ordinary effect is to harden them in routine, which suits poorly enough even the common round and the daily task of business, and which is a hindrance and which may be ruin when necessities, transcending precedents and rules of office, have to be encountered. The fact is that the training of affairs, invaluable as it is, seldom bears its proper fruit, unless the affairs are a man's own, or when the consequences of failure are sure to come upon him in a rapid and crushing manner. The merchant or capitalist whose ventures depend upon his personal vigilance; the engineer who has to deal with overwhelming physical forces, the military commander who has to contend at once with the not always benevolent neutrality of nature and the watchfulness

of human enemies, cannot afford to take things easily. Action is forced upon them; they must either succeed or conspicuously fail. In politics, usually, the state of things is entirely different. The demand is rarely made for heroic measures; the prudence which is taught is that rather which shuns difficulty and dreads failure, than that blending of caution and audacity which finds in the way of seeming danger the true path of safety. The education of practice in Parliamentary politics is therefore for the most part an education in the arts of inaction, evasion, and delay. The blame of doing nothing is usually less than the blame of doing amiss. A great writer, whose instinctive sagacity was often wiser than the elaborated reflections of more painful thinkers, embodied the characteristic weakness of political training in England, when he made 'How not to do it' the aim of our statesmen. Lord Melbourne's 'Can't you leave it alone?' gave expression to the same paralysis of action in excessive caution and prudence. Politics of this sort will attract feeble minds and characters, or will enfeeble those naturally stronger. The oratory which they foster will be that of mystification, amusement, and excitement. Acquaintance with political philosophy or economic science will be felt to be wholly superfluous. Even that empirical knowledge of his age and country, and of the assembly in and through which he rules, which are essential to every practical statesman, will be little more than the charlatan's or demagogue's acquaintance with the foibles and passions of popular sentiment and opinion. The admiral who boasted that he brought his ships home uninjured from seas in which he had not encountered the enemy, and the Frenchman whose achievement it was to have kept himself alive during the French revolution, represent the prevalent aims of modern statesmanship. A ministry exists to keep itself in existence; if the ship, without going anywhere or doing anything, can be kept afloat, that is held to be all that can be required. This *fainéant* policy does not require any high range of intellect. Men of the first order will seek careers which afford ampler scope to capacity. If they betake themselves to public life, which af-

fords them no opportunity of great public work, there is danger of their devoting their energies to their own private and personal ends. Or merely to establish a character for 'honesty' will often prove enough to repose on. A picture, a statue, or a poem, does not receive additional value from the fact that its author is a very pleasant and straightforward sort of fellow; but 'honest Jack Althorp's' statesmanship rested entirely on this basis of character; and a late Parliamentary leader has been commended on the ground that 'there is not the making of a lie in him.' A career in which character may be a substitute for capacity must, from the nature of the case, be pursued on a lower intellectual level than those in which intelligence and cultivation and general or special knowledge are absolutely essential.

The natural and almost necessary inferiority of politicians as a class, is compatible with the unsurpassed intellectual and moral greatness of statesmanship of the highest class. Men are not wanting in the history of any country, least of all in that of ours, and they have representatives among us now, who have found or made work for themselves to do

which taxes the very highest gifts, and in the doing of which the very humblest and most commonplace allies and instruments acquire a sort of transfiguration. Their appearance and exertions mark the high-water point in the national life, an epoch of brief but fruitful work, an epoch of civil heroism. But the languor comes after the exertion; and in such a period of languor we seem now to be plunged. Even the men who counted for much when they followed a great leader, become mere cyphers when the figure which stood at their head is removed.

Apart from these singular cases of moral and intellectual ascendancy, the gifts which make a Parliamentary leader are just those which make a man popular in society. The cheerful animal spirits and vigorous gaiety of temperament which characterised Lord Palmerston, or the amusing qualities of a public entertainer which marked Charles Townshend (not to seek for living illustrations), are what it most relishes—the qualities which make a first-rate host in a country house, or an amusing diner-out in town.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

LA BELLA MORTE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I.

I DREAMED a pleasant dream of Death,
 As a lady fair and bright,
 Who came to my bedside suddenly
 In the stillness of the night.
 'Art thou afraid of me?' she said,
 In tones so sweet and low
 That I knew she spoke as a kindly friend,
 And not as a vengeful foe;
 And I answered cheerily, and smiled,
 'No, my beloved! no!

II.

'Why should I fear? Thou canst not come
 An hour before thy time.
 If 'tis thine hour, 'twill be thine hour,
 Appointed and sublime.
 I should have lived my life in vain,

Nor seen where all things tend,
 If I'd not surely known and felt
 That thou wouldst be my friend,
 And that beginning were but loss
 Unless for the blessed end.

III.

'Come to me, then, O kindly Death!
 I fear thee not at all!
 The immortal mind can never be
 The mortal body's thrall.
 I see thee stretch thy radiant hand
 To open wide the door
 Through which my spirit, glad to pass,
 Shall surge, and spring, and soar,
 And learn to learn, and know to know,
 Ever and evermore!

IV.

'Dear mother! on thy face I look,
 And feel myself a child,
 And know thou'lt purify my soul
 From all that hath defiled.
 I've no regrets to leave a world
 Whose doleful paths I've trod:
 Come when thou wilt; I'm well content
 To rest in the quiet sod,
 And go with thee to the Spirit-land,
 To my Father and my God!'

Belgravia Magazine.

 YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

WHILE these events were going on at the Castle Lord Stanton, for his part, had come to a standstill in the matter which he had been drawn into so inadvertently, and which had become so very serious an occupation in his life. He was young and unacquainted with the ways of the world, and he did not know what step to take next. And he too was paralysed by the sudden catastrophe which had happened to the Squire. Was it his fault? He could scarcely help an uneasy sense that by agitating him unduly he had helped to bring on the sudden attack, and thus he had left the Castle that evening with a heavy burden on his mind. And Geoff,

with entire unconsciousness of the lingering pangs of life and the tenacity of the human frame, believed, without any doubt, that Mr. Musgrave would die, and did not know what was to be done about the exile, whose position would thus be completely changed. In the meantime it seemed to him necessary to wait until the issue of this illness should be known. Thus his doubtfulness was supplanted by an apparent necessity, and the time went on with nothing done.

He went at first daily to inquire for the old man, and never failed to see Lillas somewhere waiting for him with serious intent face, and eyes which questioned even when the lips did not speak. Lillas did not say much at any time. She examined his face with her eyes and said "Papa?" with a voice

which trembled; but it became by degrees less easy to satisfy Liliás by telling her, as he did so often, that he had not forgotten, that he was doing everything that could be done, smoothing the way for her father's return, or waiting till he could more successfully smooth the way. "You do not believe me, Lily," Geoff said, with a sense of being doubted, which hurt him sadly. "Yes; but he is not your papa, Mr. Geoff, and you are grown up and don't want any one," Liliás said, with her lip quivering. The visionary child was deeply cast down by the condition of the house and the recollection of the melancholy rigid figure which she had seen carried past, with a pang of indescribable pain and terror. Liliás seemed to see him lying in his room, where Mary now spent almost all her time, pale with that deadly ashen paleness, his faded eyes half open, his helpless hands lying like bits of rag, all the grey fingers huddled together. Fright and sorrow together brought a sob out of her heart whenever she thought of this; not moving, not able to speak, or turn round, or look up at those who watched him; and still not dead! Liliás felt her heart stand still as she thought of her grandfather. And she had no one to take refuge with. Martuccia was frightened too, and would not go up or down stairs alone. Liliás, for her part, did all she could, out of pride, and shame of her own weakness, to conceal her terror; but oh, to have papa nigh to creep close to, to feel safe because he was there! A few tears dropped from her eyes. "You are grown up and you don't want any one." This went to Geoff's heart.

"Oh Lily, don't you think they would let you come to my mother?" he cried; "this is too sad for you, this dismal house; and if Nello goes away as you said——"

"Do you think I would go and leave Mary all alone? Nobody is sorry for Mary except me—and Mr. Pen. When she comes out of her room I go and I kiss her hand, and she cries. She would be more ill and more weary," said Liliás, with a precocious understanding, "if there was [not some little thing to give her an excuse and make her cry."

"My little Lily! who taught you all that? it must have been the angels,"

cried Geoff, kissing in his turn the little hand.

But this touch had the same effect upon Liliás that her own kiss had on Mary. She cried and sobbed and did her best to swallow it down. "Oh, Mr. Geoff! I want papa!" she cried, with that little convulsive break in her voice which is so pitiful in a child. She was seated on Mary's chair at the door of the hall, and he on the threshold at her feet. Geoff did not know what kind of half-admiring, half-pitying sentiment he had for this child. He could not admire her enough, or wonder at her. She was but a child, not equal to him in his young manhood; and yet that very childhood in its unconsciousness was worlds above him, he thought. He felt like the man in the story who loved the fairy maiden—the young Immortal; would she give up her visionary paradise for his sake and learn to look at him, not as an angel but as a woman? but for that she must be a woman first, and at present she was but a child. When he kissed her hand it cost Liliás no blush. She accepted it with childish, angelical dignity. "She took the kiss sedately—" and the dark fountains of her eyes filled full, and two great tears tumbled over, and a piteous quiver came to her lips, and she said, "Oh, Mr. Geoff, I want papa!"

This was when the Squire had been ill about a week, six or seven days before Randolph took Nello away. Geoff went home riding, very full of thought. What could he do to please his little Lily? He preferred that she should creep close to himself and tell him her troubles, but he could not resist that plaint, and even though it should be against himself he must try what he could do to bring her father to her. Geoff thought a great deal on this subject, but it was very fatiguing and unsatisfactory, for he did not know what to do, and after a while he relapsed into the pleasanter path, and began to think of Lily. "Because of the angels," he said to himself as he jogged softly along, much more slowly and reflectively than his horse liked to go. He forgot where he was going and the engagements he had, and everything that was practical and important as he rambled on. The day was sweet in early autumn, the lake rippling musically upon

the beach, the sky blue and crossed by floating atoms of snowy cloud. Everything in the world was sweet and pleasant, to the young man. "Because of the angels;" he had never been quite clear what these words meant, but he seemed to see quite plainly now, though he could no more have explained than he could have written *Hamlet*. "Because of the angels!" he seemed to make a little song of it as he went on, a drowsy, delicious burden like the humming of the bee. It was not he that said it, he thought, but it murmured all about him, wrapping him in a soft enchantment. Such a visionary love as his, perhaps has need of those intoxications of etherial fancy: for nothing can be so like the love of an angel as that of a young man possessed by a tender visionary passion for a child.

Geoff was so wrapt in his own thoughts that he did not see for some time the beckonings and signals that were coming to him from a carriage drawn up on the road to which the path descended, along which he was moving so gently. When his attention was at last caught, he saw it was his cousin Mary, leaning half out of the window in her eagerness.

"Give your horse to the footman and come in here—I have so much to say to you," she said.

But when he had done as she told him and taken his seat beside her, Lady Stanton kept looking at her young cousin.

"What is it?" she said; "you keep on smiling, and there is a little drowsy, dreamy, intoxicated air about you; what has happened, Geoff?"

"Nothing; and it is unkind to say I look intoxicated. Could you not find a prettier word?"

"I believe you are really, really!—Geoff, I think I know what it means, and I hope it is somebody very nice. Tell me, who is she?"

"This is strange," said Geoff; "indeed, it is true, I have been visiting a lady; but she is only twelve years old," he said, turning to her with a vivid blush.

"Oh, Geoff!" Mary's brow contracted, "you do not mean *that* little girl?"

"Why shouldn't I mean her? I will make you my confessor, Cousin Mary. I don't think I shall ever marry any one but little Lily. Of course she is very

little, and when she is grown up she will probably have nothing to say to me; but I shall never care for any one else. Why should you shake your head? I never saw any one like her," said Geoff, growing solemn, and shaking off his blush as he saw himself opposed.

"Oh, Geoff!" Mary shook her head, and contracted her beautiful brow, "I do not think anything good can come out of that family; but I must not speak. I am jealous, I suppose. How did you know I did not want you for Annie or Fanny?" she went on with a smile that was a little strained and fictitious; for Mary knew very well that she was jealous, but not for Annie, or Fanny, or of Geoff.

"Hush," he said, "I loved you before Lily, but you could not have me; it is Lily, failing you. If you could but have seen her just now. The squire is lying between life and death, and Miss Musgrave, who was so good to her, is with him night and day, and poor little Lily is so lonely and frightened. She looks at me with her little lip all quivering, and says, 'Papa! I want papa.'" Geoff almost cried himself to recollect her piteous tone, and the tears came to Mary's eyes.

"Ah! if she takes after him, Geoff! but that is just what I want to talk to you about. I have done something that you may think trash. I have spoken to Sir Henry. He is—well, he has his faults like the rest of us—but he is just; he would not do a wrong thing. I told him that you had found out something——"

"What did he say?" cried Geoff, breathless, for Lady Stanton made a sudden pause.

She was looking across him out at the window; her eyes had strayed past his face, looking away from him as people do with a natural artifice to allow the first signs of displeasure to blow over, before they look an offended person in the face. But as she looked, Lady Stanton's countenance changed, her lips fell apart, her eyes widened out, her face paled, as if a cloud had passed over it. She gave a great cry, "Oh John, *John*!" she said.

"What is it? who is it?" cried Geoff.

She made him signs to have the carriage stopped; she could not speak.

Geoff did what he could to make the coachman hear him; but it was by no means the affair of a moment to gain the attention of that functionary, and induce him to stop. When, however, this was accomplished, Geoff obeyed the passionate desire in Lady Stanton's face, who all the time had been straining to look out, and jumped to the ground. He looked round anxiously, while she, half out of the carriage, gazed back, fixing her eyes upon one of those recesses in the road, which are common in the north country. "I see no one," said Geoff. He came back to the place on which her gaze was fixed, and looked behind the wall that bounded it, and all about, but could see nothing. When he returned, he found that Mary had fallen back in her corner, and was weeping bitterly. "He looked at me with such reproachful eyes. Oh, he need not; there was no reason. I would have saved or served him with my life," she cried; "and he had never any claim on me, Geoff, never any claim on me! why should he come and look at me with such reproachful eyes? If he is dead, he ought to know better than that. Surely he ought to know——"

The carriage, standing in the middle of the road, the young man searching about, not knowing what he was looking for, the coachman superbly indifferent on the box, contemplating the agitation of his inferiors with god-like calm, the footman, on Geoff's horse, with his mouth open, staring, while the beautiful lady wept inside, made the strangest picture. As a matter of course, the footman, riding on in advance, had seen nothing and nobody. He avowed frankly that he was not taking any notice of the folks on the road. He might have seen a man seated on the stones, he could not be certain. Neither had the coachman taken any notice. Foot passengers did not interest either of these functionaries. And Lady Stanton did not seem able to give any further explanation. The only thing to be done was to go on. She had been on her way to Stanton to give Geoff the advantage of Sir Henry's advice and opinion, and thither, accordingly, they proceeded after this interruption. Geoff took his place again beside his cousin, perhaps a little impatient of the stoppage; but as

she lay back in the corner, covering her face with her hands, Geoff's heart was too soft not to forget every other sentiment. He thought only of consoling her.

"Tell me what it was," he said, soothingly. "You saw—some one? Do not cry so bitterly. You never harmed anybody in your life. Tell me—you thought you saw——?"

"I saw *him*, as plainly as I see you, Geoff; don't tell me it was a fancy. He was sitting, resting, like a man tired with walking, dusty and worn out. I noticed his weary look before I saw his face, and just as we passed he raised his head. Oh, why should he have looked at *me* like that, Geoff? No, I never did any one harm, much less him. I have always stood up for him, you know, since you first spoke to me. I have always said, always—even before this was found out: living people mistake each other continually; but the dead—the dead ought to know——"

"Who is dead?" said Geoff; "are you speaking of John Musgrave, who is as much alive as I am?"

"If he were a living man," said Mary, solemnly, "how could I have seen him? Geoff, it is no mistake. I saw him, as I see you."

"And is that why you think him dead?" said Geoff, with natural surprise.

Lady Stanton raised herself erect in her corner. "Geoff, oh can you not understand?" she cried. But she did not herself quite understand what she meant. She thought from the suddenness of it, from the shock it gave her, and from the disappearance of the wayfarer, which was so inexplicable, that it was an apparition she had seen. John Musgrave could not be there, in the flesh, seated by the roadside; it was not possible; but when Geoff asked whether having seen him was an argument for thinking him dead, she had nothing to say. She wrung her hands. "I have seen him whether he is living or dead," she repeated, "and he looked at me with such eyes. He was not young as he used to be, but worn, and a little grey. I came to tell you what Sir Henry said; but here is something far, far more important. Know him! could I mistake him, do you think; how could I mistake him? Geoff, how could it be *he*,

sitting there, without any warning, without a word; but if it was he, if that was possible, why are we going on like this? Are we to desert him? give him up? I am talking folly," she said, again clasping her hands. "Oh, Geoff, a living man would not have looked at me with such eyes."

"He has not very much right to happy eyes, has he?" said Geoff; "coming home an outlaw, not venturing to speak to any one. It would not be half so sad if he were a ghost. But to come back, and not to dare to trust even his friends, not to know if he has any friends, not to be able to go home and see his children like any other man, to rest on the stones at the roadside, he to whom all the land belongs. I don't wonder he looked sad," cried Geoff, half-sympathetic, half-indignant. "How was he to know even that he would find a friend in you?"

Mary was sobbing, scarcely able to speak. "Oh, tell them to go back again—tell them to go back," she cried. There was no way of satisfying her but this: the carriage turned slowly round, rolling like a ship at sea. The coachman was disgusted and unwilling. "What did she want now?" he said, telegraphing with uplifted hands and eyes to the surprised footman on Geoff's horse. Lady Stanton was not a hard mistress like her stepdaughters, nor fantastical and unreasonable as they were. She took the carriage humbly when she could get it, and would consult this very coachman's convenience before bringing him out, which no one else thought of doing. Nevertheless Lady Stanton had her character in the house, and human nature required that it should be kept up. She was the stepmother, the scapegoat. "What is she after now?" the coachman said.

She got out of the carriage herself, trembling, to aid in the search, and the footman getting down, looked everywhere, even under the stones, and in the roadside hedges, but no one was there. When they resumed their way again, Mary lay back in her corner too much worn out with excitement and emotion to be able even to speak. Geoff could not tell whether she was glad or sorry to be brought to acknowledge that it was more likely to be John Musgrave whom

she had seen than his ghost. She was convinced by his reasoning. Oh, yes; no doubt, she said, it must be so. Because you saw a man unexpectedly, that was no reason for supposing him to be dead. Oh, no—Geoff was quite right; she saw the reason of all he said. But Mary's head and her heart and all her being thrilled with the shock. There was a ringing in her ears, and pulses were beating all over, and her blood coursing through her veins. The very country, so familiar, seemed to change its aspect. No stronger commentary could have been on the passage of time than the sudden glimpse of the face which she had seen just now on the roadside. But Mary did not think of that. The lake and the rural road that ran by it, and the hills in the distance, seemed to take again the colors of her youth. He was nothing to her, and never had been. She had not loved him, only had "taken an interest." But all that was most poignant in her life came back to her, with the knowledge that he was here. Once more it seemed to be that time when all is vivid, when every day may be the turning-point of life—the time that was consciously but a drift and floating on of hour by hour when it existed, as is the present moment—but which, looking back upon it seemed the time of free action, of choice, of every possibility. Was it so? Might he be met with round any corner, this man who had been banished so long? In the face of death and danger had he come back, he whom nobody had expected ever to come back? A strange half-question whether everything else had come back with him, and half-certainty that nothing for her could change, was in Mary's mind as she lay back, quivering with emotion, hearing Geoff's voice in her ears, not knowing a word he said. What had Geoff to do with it—young Geoff, to whom nothing had ever happened? She smiled vaguely to herself to think that the boy could think he knew. How was he to know? he was not of that time. But all the people in the road, and the very water itself, and the villages and houses, seemed to ask her, was it true?

This was all the evidence on the subject from which a judgment could be formed. Randolph Musgrave (who told

no one) had seen in his own words a something, a some one, whose face he did not see, but who suggested John to him so strongly that his very heart seemed to stop beating — then disappeared. And Lady Stanton from the window of the carriage, driving past, saw a face, which was John Musgrave's face grown older and worn, with hair that was slightly grey, instead of the brown curls of former years, and which disappeared too in the twinkling of an eye, and being searched for, could be found no more. What was it? an apparition conjured up by their interest or their fears — or John Musgrave, in his own person, come home?

CHAPTER XXIX.

NELLO'S JOURNEY.

RANDOLPH MUSGRAVE drove from the door of his father's house with a sigh of relief, yet of anxiety. He had not done what he meant to do, and affairs were more critical than when he went to Penninghame a few weeks before; but it was something at least to be out of the troubled atmosphere, and he had arranged in his own mind what he should do, which was in its way a gain, as soon as the breath was out of the old man's body—but when would that be? It was not to be desired, Randolph said to himself piously, that his father should linger long; his life was neither of use nor comfort to any one, and no pleasure, no advantage to himself. To lie there speechless, motionless, as much shut out of all human intercourse as if he were already in his coffin—what could any one desire but that, as soon as might be, it should come to an end?

He did not pay very much attention to his small companion. For the moment, Nello, having been thus secured and brought within his power, had no further importance, and Randolph sat with knitted brows pondering all he was to do, without any particular reference to the child. Nello had left the Castle easily enough; he had parted from Mary and from Lilius without any lingering of emotion, getting over it as quickly as possible. When it came to that he was eager to be off, to set out into the world. The little fellow's veins were full of excitement; he expected to

see he did not know what wonderful things, what objects of entrancing interest, as soon as he got outside the little region where everything was known to him. "Good-bye, Mary — good-bye, Lily," he said, waving his hand. He had his own little portmanteau with his name on it, a new little silver watch in his pocket — what could child want more? Lily, though she was his sister, was not a sensation like that watch. He took it out, and turned it round and round, and opened the case, and wound it up (he had wound it up twice this morning already, so that one turn of the key was all that was practicable). Nothing at the Castle, nothing in the society of Lily, was equal to this. He compared his watch with the clock in the druggist's in the village and found it fast; he compared it with the clock at the station and found that slow. He did not take any notice of his uncle, nor his uncle of him; each of them was indifferent, though partly hostile, to the other. Randolph was at his ease because he had this child, this troublesome atom, who might do harm though he could do no good, in his power; but Nello was at his ease, through pure indifference. He was not at the moment frightened of his uncle, and no other sentiment in regard to him had been developed in his mind. As calm as if Randolph had been a cabbage, Nello sat by his side and looked at his watch. The watch excited him, but his uncle——. Thus they went on, an unsympathetic pair. Nello stood about on the platform and looked at everything, while Randolph took the tickets. He was slightly hurt to hear that a half-ticket was still enough for himself, and moved away at once to the other side of the station, where the locomotive enthralled him. He stood and gazed at it with transport. What he would have given to have travelled there with the man who drove it, and leave Uncle Randolph behind! But still Nello took his place in the train with much indifference to Uncle Randolph. He was wholly occupied with what was going on before and about him: the rush across country, trees and fields flying by, and the stations where there was always something new, the groups of people standing about, the rush of some for the train, the late

arrival just as the doors were shut 'of those who were too late. These last made Nello laugh, their blank looks were so funny—and yet he was sorry for them; for what a thing it must be, he thought, to see other people go rushing out over the world to see everything, while you yourself were left dull at home! He remembered once himself being left with Martuccia in the still, deserted house when all the others had gone to the *festa*; how he thought the day would never end—and Martuccia thought so too. This made him sorry, very sorry, for the people who had lost their train. It did not occur to Nello that it might be no *festa* he was going to, or they were going to. What could any one want more than the journey itself? If you wearied of seeing the trains rush past, and counting the houses now on one side, now on another, there was the endless pleasure of dashing up to one station after another, when Nello could look down with fine superiority on the people who were not going, on the children above all, who looked up envious, and envied him, he felt sure.

By and by, however, though he would not confess it to himself, the delights of the journey began to pall; his little eyes grew fatigued with looking, and his little mind with the continuous spectacle of those long, flying breadths of country; and even the stations lost their charm. He would have liked to have somebody to talk to, and cast one or two wistful glances to see whether Uncle Randolph was practicable, but found no encouragement in that countenance, preoccupied, and somewhat lowering by nature, which appeared now and then in the wavering of the train, over the newspaper his uncle was reading. What a long time it took to read that paper! How it crackled when it was opened out! How tired Nello grew of seeing it opposite to him! And he began to grow cramped with sitting; his limbs wanted stretching, his mind wanted change; and he began to be hungry. Randolph, who scorned the poor refreshments of the railway, and thought it better to wait for his meal till he reached home, did not think of the difference between himself and the child. They travelled on and on through the dulness of the afternoon. Nello, who

had been so cheerful, felt disposed to sleep, but was too proud to yield to it; and then he began to think of his sister and the home he had left. It is natural, it is selfish, to remember home when we miss its comforts; but if that is not of the higher nature of love, it is yet the religion of the weak, and not despised by the great Succourer who bids men call upon Him in time of trouble. Nello's heart, when he began to feel tired and famished, recurred with a pathetic trust in the tenderness and in the certainty of the well-being that abode there, to his home.

When they stopped at a lively, bustling junction to change their direction, things mended a little. Nello ventured to buy himself a cake, his uncle not interfering, as they waited. "You will spoil your stomach with that sweet stuff," Randolph said, but he allowed the child to munch. And they had half-an-hour to wait, which of itself was something. Nello walked about, imitating Randolph's longer stride, though he did not accompany his uncle; and though he felt forlorn and very small among the crowd, marched about and looked at everything as the gentlemen did, recovering his spirits a little. And suddenly, with a great glow of pleasure all over him, Nello spied among the strangers who were hurrying to and fro a face he had seen before; it is true it was only the face of the countryman who had accosted him in the chase, and with whom he had but a small acquaintance, but even this was something in the waste of the unknown that surrounded him. The boy rushed up to him with a gleam of joy upon his small countenance. "I say, have you come from—home?"

"Yes, my little gentleman," said Wild Bampfylde. "I'm taking a journey like you, but I like best to tramp on my two legs. I'm going no further in your carriages that give you the cramp. I reckon you're tired too."

"A little," said Nello; "but that's no matter. What have you in your basket? is it another rabbit? I gave mine to Lily. They would not let me bring it though I wanted to bring it. School you know," said the boy, seriously, "is not like home. You have to be just like as if you were grown up there. Little—

you cannot help being little ; but you have to be like as if you were grown up there."

"Ay, ay, that's the way to take it," said the countryman, looking down with a twinkle in his eye, half smiling, half sad, at the small creature beside him. "The thing is to be a man, and to mind that you must stand up like a man, whatever happens. If one hits you, you must hit him again, and be sure not to cry."

"Hit me," said Nello—"cry? Ah, you do not know the kind of school I am going to—for you are not a gentleman," he added, looking with selfish condescension at his adviser. "I like you just the same," said Nello, "but you are not a gentleman, are you? and how can you know?"

"The Lord forbid!" said Bampfylde, "one's enough in a family. It would be ill for us, and maybe for you too, if I were a gentleman. Look you here, my little man. Look at the bonnie bird in this basket—it's better than your rabbit. A rabbit, though it's one o' God's harmless creatures, has little sense, and cannot learn; but this bonnie thing is of use to God and man, as well as being bonnie to look at. Look at him! what a bonnie head he has, and an eye as meaning as your own."

"A pigeon!" said Nello, with a cry of delight. "Oh, I wish I might have him! Do you think I might have him? I could put him under the seat, and nobody would see the basket; and then when we got there——"

"Ay, that's the question—when you got there."

"I would say—it was my—fishing basket," said Nello. "*He* said they went fishing; and nobody would know. I would say Mary had—put things in it: nobody would ever find out, and I would keep it in my room, and buy seed for it and give it water, and it would live quite comfortable. And it would soon come to know me, wouldn't it? and hop about and sit on my shoulder. Oh, let me have it; won't you let me have it? Look here, I have a great deal of money," cried Nello, turning out his pocket; "five shillings to spend, and a sovereign Mary gave me. I will give you money for it, as much money as ever you please——"

"Whisht, my little lad; put back your money and keep it safe, for you'll have need of it. I brought the bird to give you. If they're kind folks they'll let you keep him. You must keep him safe, and take care he has his meat every day; and if they're unkind to you or treat you bad, put you his basket in the window and open the lid, and puff! he'll flee away and let your friends know."

"But I should not like him to flee away. I would like him to stay with me always, and sit on my shoulder, and eat out of my hand."

"My little gentleman," said Bampfylde, "I'm afraid your uncle will hear us. Try to understand. If you're ill-used, if they're unkind, let the bird fly, and he'll come and tell us. Mind now, what I'm saying. He'll come and tell us. Did you never read in your story-books——"

"Then it is an enchanted bird," said Nello, looking down, very gravely, into the basket. Lily had read to him of such things. He was not very much surprised; but a bird that some day would turn into a young prince did not attract him so much as one that would hop on his shoulder without ulterior object. He looked down at it very seriously, with more respect perhaps, but not so warm an interest. His little face had lost its animation. How Lily would have glowed and brightened at the idea! But Nello was no idealist. He preferred a real pigeon to all the enchanted princes in the world.

"Nay," said Bampfylde, with a gleam of a smile across his dark face, "it's no fairy, but it's a carrier. Did you never hear of that? And when you let it fly it will fly to me, and let me know that you are wanting something—that they're not kind to you, or that you're wanting to be away."

"Oh, they'll be kind," said Nello, carelessly; "I would rather he would stay with me, and never never fly away."

"I'll put him in the carriage for you," said Bampfylde, hurriedly, "for here's somebody coming. And don't you let any one know that you were speaking to me, or ever saw me before. And God bless you, my little gentleman!" said the vagrant, suddenly disappearing among the crowd.

While Nello stood staring after him Randolph came up, and tapped him sharply on the shoulder.

"What are you staring at? Have you seen any one you know?"

It was Nello's first lesson in deceiving.

"I—I was looking at a man—with wild beasts," he said.

"With wild beasts—in the station—here?"

"Yes, white rabbits and pigeons—and things; at least," said Nello to himself, "he once had a white rabbit, if he hasn't got one now."

"Rabbits!" said Randolph. "Come along, here is our train. It is late; and before I have got you settled, and got back here again, and am able to think of myself, it will be midnight, I believe. You children don't know what a trouble you are. I shall have lost my day looking after you. I should have been at home now but for you; and little gratitude I am likely to get, when all is done."

This moved Nello's spirits, for of all things in the world, there is nothing that so excites opposition among great or little, as a claim upon our gratitude. Anything and everything else the mind may concede, but even a child kicks against this demand. Nello's feelings towards his uncle were not unkind; but, little as he was, instinct woke in him an immediate resistance.

"It was not me that did it," he said; "it was you. I should have stayed at home, and when the old gentleman is better, he would have come out and played with me. And Mary would have let me stay. I like home," said Nello, "and perhaps I shall not like school; but if I don't like it," he added, brightening and forgetting the secret he had been so sworn to keep, "I know how to get away."

"How shall you get away?" said Randolph. But he was so sure of this matter, which was in his own hands, that he did not wait for any answer. "They will take care of that at school," he said; "and it will be the worse for you, my boy, if you make yourself disagreeable. Come along, or we shall miss the train."

Nello saw that the basket had been placed under his seat as he got in; and as the train swept away from the station,

he caught a glimpse of the lonely figure of his new friend, standing among the little crowd that watched the departure. Bampfylde made a warning gesture to the child who, forgetful of precaution, nodded and waved his hand in reply.

"Who is that?" cried Randolph, suspiciously, getting up to cast a searching look behind.

"Oh, it is the man with the wild beasts," Nello said.

And then came another silent sweep through the green smooth country, which was not like the hilly north. It was all Nello could do to keep himself from pulling his basket from beneath his seat, and examining his new treasure. He could hear it rustling and fluttering its wings against the wickerwork. Oh, to be able to take it out, to give it some crumbs of biscuit which were still in his pocket, to begin to train it to know him! Nello only restrained himself painfully, by the thought that if he betrayed his own secret thus, his pigeon might be taken from him. How eager he was now to be there! "Are there many more stations?" he asked, anxiously; then counted them on his fingers—one, two, three. And how delighted he was when they came at last to the little place, standing alone in a plain, with no other house visible that Nello could see (but he did not look; he was so anxious about his pigeon) which was their journey's end. A kind of farmer's shandry, half cart, half gig, with a rough horse, and a rougher driver, was in waiting. Nello got his basket out with his own hands, and put his little greatcoat over it, so that no one could see. His heart beat loudly with fright, lest his uncle should hear the sounds beneath this cover—the rustle and flutter. But Randolph's mind was otherwise engaged. As for the boy, he thought of nothing but this treasure, which he was so happy to feel in his arms. He could carry it so, quite comfortably, with the little greatcoat over it; he neither remarked the rudeness of the jolting vehicle, nor the bare country, with here and there a flat line of road running between turnip and potato-fields. When they came to the house—a new, square house, in the middle of the fields—Nello thought nothing about it one way or another. He thought, "I wonder which will be my

window; I wonder where I can keep the bird." That was all. His little soul, all eagerness after his new delight, had room for nothing more.

Randolph and his charge were taken into a plain room, very simply furnished, and not over-dainty in point of cleanliness, where the principal of the school, a man in rusty black, came to receive them. There was nothing repulsive in his looks, nothing more in any way than the same plain unvarnished rusticity and homeliness which showed in his house. The school was intended for farmers' sons, and the education was partly industrial—honest, simple training, without either deceit or villany involved, though not at all suitable for Nello. It was with reluctance even that so young a boy had been accepted at all; and the schoolmaster looked at him with doubtfulness, as the slim little curled darling, so different from his other pupils, came in, hugging his basket.

"He's young, and he's small," said Mr. Swan.

"Very young, and small for his age," Randolph echoed. "All the more reason why he should lead an out-of-door life, and learn that he is a boy, and will one day be a man."

Then Nello was put into the hands of the principal's wife, while Randolph gave further directions.

"His case is quite peculiar," the uncle said. "He is an orphan, or as good as an orphan, and I took him from the hands of ladies who were making a fool of the boy. What he wants is hardening. You must not be led away by his delicate looks; he is a strong boy, and he wants hardening. Send him out to the fields, let him learn to work like the rest, and don't listen to any complaints. Above all, don't let him send complaints home."

"I never interfere with what they write home," said honest Mr. Swan.

"But you must in this case. If he sends home a complaining letter, his aunt will rush here next morning and take him away. I am his uncle, and I won't permit that—and a family quarrel is what will follow, unless you will exercise your discretion. Keep him from writing, or keep him from grumbling. You will be the saving of the boy."

"It is a great responsibility to undertake. I should not have undertaken it, had I known——"

"I am sure you have too serious a sense of the good that can be done, to shrink from responsibility," said Randolph; "but, indeed, are we not all responsible for everything we touch? If you find him too much for you, write to me. Don't write to what he calls home. And do not let him be taken away without my authority. I have to protect him from injudicious kindness. A parcel of women—you know what harm they can do to a boy, petting and spoiling him. He will never be a man at all, if you don't take him in hand."

With these arguments, Randolph overcame the resistance of the schoolmaster, and with redoubled instructions that it was himself that was to be communicated with, in case of anything happening to Nello, went away. He was in haste to get back for his train; and "No, no," he said, "you need not call the boy—the fewer partings the better. I don't want to upset him. Tell him I was obliged to hurry away."

And it would be impossible to describe with what relief Randolph threw himself into the clumsy shandry, to go away. He had got the boy disposed of—for the moment at least—where no harm could happen to him, but also where he could do no harm. If his grandfather regained his consciousness, and remembering that freak of his dotage called again for the boy, it would be out of Mary's power to spoil everything by humoring the old man, and reviving all those images which it would be much better to make an end of. And when the squire's life was over, how much easier to take all those measures, which it was so advisable to take, without the little interloper about, whom foolish people would no doubt insist on calling the heir. The heir! let him stay here, and get a little strength and manhood, to struggle for his rights, if he had any rights. More must be known of him than any one knew as yet, Randolph said to himself before he, for one, would acknowledge him as the heir.

Nello was taken into Mrs. Swan's parlor, and there had some bread and butter offered to him, which he accepted

with great satisfaction. The bread was dry and the butter salt, but he was hungry, which made it very agreeable.

"You'll have your tea with the rest at six," said Mrs. Swan; "and now come, I'll show you where you are to sleep. What is that you're carrying?"

"A basket," said Nello, in the mildest tone; and she asked no further questions, but led him up stairs, not however to the little bedroom of which the child had been dreaming where he could keep his new pet in safety, but to a long dormitory, containing about a dozen beds.

"This is yours, my little man, and you must be tidy and keep your things in order. There are no nurses here, and the boys are a bit rough; but you will soon get used to them. Put down your things here; this chair is yours, and that washing-stand, and——"

"Must I sleep there?" cried Nello. It was not so much the little bed—the close neighborhood of the other boys—that appalled him; but where was there a window for his bird. "Mayn't I have that bed?" he said, pointing to one which stood near the window at the end of the room.

"I daresay," said Mrs. Swan; "why that is for the head boy, and you are the least, and the last. It is only by a chance that there is room for you at all here."

"But I don't want to be here," said Nello. "Oh, mayn't I be by the window? The head boy hasn't got a——. What would it matter to him? but I want to be there. I want to be at the window."

"My little master, you'll be where I choose to place you," said Mrs. Swan, becoming irritated. "We allow no self-will, and no rebellion here."

"But what shall I do with my ——" Nello did not venture to name the name of the bird. He crept up to the head of the little bed which was to be allotted to him, and surveyed the blank wall, tearfully. There was but a very little space between him and the next bed, and he was in the middle of the room, the darkest part of it. Nello began to cry. He called upon Mary, and upon Martuccia, in his heart. Neither of them would suffer him to be treated so. "Oh, mayn't I go to another room where there is a window?" he cried, through his tears.

"My word, that one is a stubborn one; you will have your hands full with him," said Mrs. Swan, leaving Nello to have his cry out, which experience had taught her was the best way. She found her husband very serious, and full of care, thinking over the charge he had received.

"It's a gentleman's son, not one of the commoner sort," he said; "but why they should have brought him to me—such a little fellow—is more than I can see."

Nello sat by his little bed and cried. His heart was full, and his little frame worn out. In the state of depression which had followed upon the delight of the morning, novelty had departed, and strangeness had come in its place—a very different matter; everything was strange wherever he turned; and no place to put his pigeon! By and by the vacant spaces would fill, and boys—boys whom he did not know—big boys, rough boys, and that head boy, who had the window, would pour in; and he had no place to put his bird.

Nello's tears fell like summer rain upon the precious basket, till the storm had worn itself out. Then, first symptom of amelioration, his ear was caught by the rustle of the bird in the cage. He took it up, and placed it in his lap, then opened the cover a little way, and, entrancing moment! saw it—the glossy head, the keen little eye gleaming at him, the soft ruffled feathers. It made a small dab at him as he peered in—and oh, how delighted, how miserable, how frightened was Nello! He drew back from the tiny assault, then approached his head closer, and took from his pocket a bit of his bread and butter, which he had saved on purpose. Then he sat down on the floor, a small creature, scarcely visible, hidden between the beds, betraying himself only by the reverberation of the sob which still shook his little bosom from time to time, entranced over his bird. The pigeon gurgled its soft coo, as it picked up the crumbs. The little boy, after his trouble, forgot everything but this novel delight; a thing all his own, feeding from his hand already, looking up at him side-long, with that glimmer of an eye, with a flutter towards him if it could but have got loose. No doubt when he set it free

it would come upon his shoulder directly. Nello lost himself and all his grief in pleasure. He forgot even that he had not a window in which to hang his bird.

By and by, however, there came a rush and tramp of feet, and eleven big boys, earthy and hot from the field where they had been working, came pouring in. They filled the room like a flood, like a whirlwind, catching Nello upon their surface as the stream would catch a straw. One of the big, hobnailed fellows, stumbled over him as he sat on the floor.

"Hallo, what's here?" he cried; "what little kid are you?" seizing the child by the shoulders. He did not mean any harm, but grasped the little boy's shoulder with the grasp of a playful ploughman. Then there was a rush of the whole band to see what it was. The new boy! but such a boy—a baby—a gentleman baby—a creature of a different order.

"Let's see him," they cried, tumbling over each other, while Nello dragged to his feet, stood shrinking, confronting them, making trial of all the manhood he possessed. He would not cry; he drew back against his bed, and doubled his little fist, his heart heaving, his lip quivering.

"I have done no harm," said Nello, with a sob in his voice, and the head boy called out, good-humoredly enough, though the thunder of his boyish bass sounded to Nello like the voice of doom, to "let him be."

"What's he got there?" he asked.

The basket was snatched from the child's hand, notwithstanding his resistance. Nello gave a great cry when it was taken from him.

"Oh, my bird, my pigeon, my bird!—you are not to hurt my bird."

"Give it here," said the head boy.

But the first who had seized the treasure held it fast.

"I've got it, and I'll keep it," he cried.

"Give it here," shouted the other.

The conflict and the cloud of big forms, and the rough voices and snatchings, filled Nello with speechless dismay. He leaned back against his bed, and watched with feelings indescribable the basket which contained his treasure pulled and dragged about from one to another. First the handle gave way,

then the lid was torn off, as one after another snatched at it. Oh, why was Nello so small and weak, and the others so big and strong!

"Give it here," shouted the head boy; but, in the midst of the scuffle, something happened, which frightened them all—the bird got loose, carefully as it had been secured, flew up over their heads, fluttered for a moment, driven wild by the cloud of arms stretched out to catch it, and then, with a sweep of its wings, darted out through the open window, and was seen no more.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CHILD FORLORN.

NELLO sobbed himself to sleep that night, scarcely conscious of the hubbub that was going on around him. He had watched with a pang unspeakable the escape of his bird, then had rushed blindly among the culprits, fighting and struggling in a passion of tears and childish rage, raining down harmless blows all round him, struggling to get out after it, to try to bring it back. Then Nello had been caught, too desperate to know who held him, in the hands of the head boy, who paid no more attention to his kicks and struggles than to his cries, and held him until, half dead with passion and misery, the poor little fellow sank exhausted, almost fainting, in the rough hands of his captors. Then the boys, who were not cruel, laid him on his bed and summoned Mrs. Swan. They all crowded round her to tell their story. Nobody had meant any harm. They had taken his basket to look at it, and the pigeon had got loose. "And it was a carrier!" the head boy said, regretfully. They were as sorry as Nello could be, though by this time, under the combined influences of loneliness, desolation, homesickness, weariness, and loss, poor little Nello was almost beyond feeling the full extent of his troubles. "He's a mammy's boy," said Mrs. Swan, who was rough but not unkind. "He has never been at school before. A spoiled child, by all I can see." But why had a spoiled child been sent here? This was what the good woman could not understand. Nello slept and forgot his woes; and when he was woke in the morning by the tumult, all the

eleven jumping out of bed at once, performing their noisy but scanty ablutions, tossing boots about, and scrambling for clothes, the child lay trembling yet anxious and half amused in spite of himself. The rough fun that was going on tempted Nello to laugh, though he was miserable. He shrank from them all, so big, so loud, so coarsely clothed, and in such a hurry; but he was tickled by their horse-play with each other—the hits and misses with which their missiles went and came. When the head boy was caught by a pillow straight in the face as he approached to execute justice upon one of the laggards, Nello could not restrain a little broken chuckle, which attracted the attention of the combatants. This, however, drew upon him the arrest of fate. “I say, little one, ain’t you going to get up? bell’s rung!” said his next neighbor. The head boy was aggrieved by the poor little laugh. “Get up, you lazy little beggar!” he cried. “I say, let’s toss him!” cried another, with sudden perception of fun to be had easily. The boys meant no particular harm; but they made a simultaneous rush at the little trembling creature. Nello felt himself seized, he knew not for what purpose. Then the noise, and the rude, laughing faces—which looked to him in his fright like demons—all swam in giddy uncertainty round him, and the poor little fellow came down upon the floor, slipping out of their rough and careless hands, faint and sick and sore, his head turning, his little bones aching. But though in his giddiness and faintness he scarcely saw anything—even the faces turning into misty spectres—Nello’s spirit survived for a moment the collapse of his little frame. He got to his feet in a frenzy, and struck out at them with his white little childish fists. “I will kill you!” cried Nello, through his teeth; and a great horse-laugh got up. But this was soon extinguished in dismay and horror when the little fellow fell back fainting. They all gathered round, horror-stricken. “Lift him on his bed,” said the head boy, almost in a whisper. They did not know anything about faints; they thought the child was dead. Then there was a pause. In their horror it occurred to more than one inexperienced imagination to hide the little body and run

away. “What can they do to us?” said another, awe-stricken. “We didn’t mean it.” For a moment the boys had all that thrill of horrible sensation which ought to (but, it would seem, does not always) accompany homicide. At the end, however, humanity prevailed over villanous panic, and Mrs. Swan was called to the rescue. The boys were too glad to troop away, already subject to punishment on account of being late, and, huddling together, went down to the schoolroom in a band, where vengeance awaited them—though not for Nello’s murder, as some of them thought.

Nello came to himself at last, after giving Mrs. Swan a great deal of trouble; and there was nothing for it but to leave him in bed all day; for the child was bruised with the fall, aching in every limb, and too resentful and wretched to make any effort. He lay and cried and brooded, what between childish plans of vengeance and equally childish projects of escape. Oh, the pangs of impotence with which the small boy wronged contemplated the idea of those big fellows who had been so cruel to him! How should weakness be aware that strength does not intend to be cruel? Nello could not be tolerant or understanding at his age, even if there had not been his aching bones to prove the wickedness of his assailants. He hated them all. How could he help hating them? He lay and planned what he would do to them. But Nello’s dreams were not malicious. At the last moment, when they had suffered torments of dread in prospect of the punishment which he permitted them (in his fancy) to see approaching, Nello’s vengeance suddenly turned into maganimous contempt. He would not condescend to reprisals; he would crush them with forgiveness as soon as they saw his power. Such were the plans which the child lay and concocted, and which amused him, though he was not aware of it. But when the boys came in Nello shrank to the farther side of his bed; he would not look at them; he would not listen to their rough inquiries. When they went away again, however, and he was left alone, a sudden fit of longing came over him. Oh, to see somebody he knew! somebody that was kind! Schemes of vengeance

pall, like every other amusement. He gazed round upon the bare walls, the range of beds, the strange, ugly, desolate place. He could not tell if it was worse when the savages were there, filling it with noise, stumblings of heavy feet, cries of rough voices, or when the sounds all died away, and he was left lonely, not a soul to speak to him; no kind hand to touch his hot little head; nobody to give him a drink, though he wanted it so much. Nello had to clamber out of bed, to pour himself out a cup of water from the great brown jug, which he could scarcely lift—and fell upon his bed again, utterly heartsick and desolate. Nobody to give him a drink! How they used to pet him when he had a headache! How Martuccia would croon over him, and bathe his head, and kiss his hands, and bring him everything she could think of to please him! And Mary would come and stand by his side, and put her cool, white hand upon his head—that hand which he had once called “as soft as snow.” Nello remembered the smile that came on Mary’s face when he had called her hand “as soft as snow.” He did not himself see the poetry of the phrase, but he thought he could feel again that mingled coolness, and softness, and whiteness. And Lily! Lily would sit by him all day long, and read to him, or sing to him, or tell him stories, or play when he got a little better, and could play. A great lump came in Nello’s throat. “Oh, my Lily!” he cried, with a lamentable cry. He had no mother to appeal to, poor child—not even the imagination of a mother. Lily had been everything. Nothing had ever been so bad with him but could be borne when Lily was there. Naturally he had not so much felt the want of Lily when it was pleasure (as he thought) that he was going to. He could part with her without much emotion in the excitement of novelty and childish hope; but now — Nello turned his face to the wall and sobbed. The lonely place—all the lonelier for bearing traces of that rude multitude—held him, a little atom, in its midst. Nobody heard his crying, or cared. He tore the bedclothes with little frantic hands, with that sense of the intolerable which comes so easily to a child. But what did it matter that it was intoler-

able? Little Nello, like older people, had to bear it all the same.

It was best to leave the child quiet, the Swans thought. They were not unkind, but they were not used to take much trouble. The boys who came to them generally were robust boys, able to take care of themselves, and to whom it did no harm to be hustled about—who enjoyed the scrimmages and struggles. Mrs. Swan had her own children to look after. “I’ve left him to himself; he’s better to be quite quiet,” she said to her husband, and the husband approved; “far better for him to be quiet.” Attempts to amuse a child, in such circumstances, would have been foolish, they thought, and as for petting and sympathising with him, far better that he should get accustomed to it, and make up his mind to put up with it like the rest. They could not make any difference between one and another; and if he had a day’s rest, and was allowed to lie in bed, what could the child want more? There was no imagination in the house lively enough to *envisager* the circumstances from Nello’s point of view, or to understand what chills of terror, what flushes of passion came over the child, when the others poured in to bed again in the evening, driving him desperate with fear, and wild with anger. Who could imagine anything so vehement in the mind of such a little boy? But Nello was not molested that next evening; they were disposed rather to be obsequious to him, asking, in their rough way, how he was, and offering him half-eaten apples, and bits of sticky sweetmeats, by way of compensation. But Nello would not listen to these clumsy overtures. He turned his face to the wall persistently, and would have nothing to say to them. Even the tumult that was going on did not tempt him to turn round, though after the first moment of fright, the crowd in the room was rather comforting than otherwise to Nello. The sound of their voices kept him from that melancholy absorption in himself.

Next morning he had to get up, though he was still sick and sore. Nello was so obstinate in his refusal to do so, that the master himself had to be summoned. Mr. Swan would stand no nonsense.

"Get up, my boy," he said, "you'll get no good lying there. There has nothing happened to you more than happens to new boys everywhere. Come, you're not a baby to cry. Get up and be a man."

"I want to go home," said Nello.

"I daresay you do; but you're not going home. So your plan is to make the best of it," said the schoolmaster. "Now come, I let you off yesterday; but I'll send a man to take you out of bed if you don't get up now. Come along, boy. I see you want to be a baby as your uncle said."

"I am no baby," cried Nello, furious; but the schoolmaster only laughed.

"I give you half-an-hour," he said; and in half-an-hour, indeed, Nello, giddy and weak, managed to struggle down to the schoolroom. His watch was no longer going. He had forgotten it in the misery of the past day; it lay there dead, as Nello felt—and his bird was flown. He stumbled down stairs, feeling as if he must fall at each step, and took his seat on the lowest bench. The lessons were not much, but Nello was not equal to them. The big figures about seemed to darken the very air to the boy, to darken it, and fill it up. He had no room to breathe. His hand shook, so that he could not write a copy, which seemed a simple matter enough. "Put him at the very bottom; he knows nothing," Mr. Swan said to his assistant; and how this galled the poor little gentleman, to whom, in his feebleness, this was the only way left of proving a little superiority, what words could say? Poor little Nello! he cried over the copy, mingling his tears with the ink, and blurring the blurred page still more. He could not get the figures right in the simplest of sums. He was self-convicted of being, not only the least, but the very last; the dunce of the school. When the others went out to play, he sat wretched in a corner of the wretched schoolroom, where there was no air to breathe. He had not energy enough to do anything or think of anything, and it was only the sight of another boy, seated at a desk writing a letter, which put it into his head that he too might find a way of appeal against this cruelty. He could not write anything but the largest of large hands. But he tore a leaf out of the

copybook, and scrawled a few lines across it. "I am verrey meeserble," he wrote; "oh, Lily, ask Mary to kome and take me home."

"Will you put it into a cover for me?" he said to the boy who was writing, who proved to be the very head boy who reigned over Nello's room. "Oh, please, put it into a cover. I'll forgive you if you will," cried Nello.

The head boy looked at him with a grin.

"You little toad, don't you forgive me without that? I never meant to hurt you," he said; but melting, he added, "give it here." Nello's epistle, written across the lined paper, in big letters, did not seem to require any ceremony as a private communication. The head boy read it and laughed. "They won't pay any attention," he said; "they never do. Little boys are always miserable. And won't you catch it from Swan if he sees it!"

"It is for my sister Lily; it is not for Mr. Swan," cried the child, upon which the head boy laughed again.

That letter never reached Penninghame. The schoolmaster read it, according to his orders, and put it into the fire. He wrote himself to the address which Nello had given, to say that the little gentleman was rather homesick, but pretty well; and that perhaps it would be better, in the circumstances, not to write to him till he had got a little settled down, and used to his new home. He hoped his little pupil would soon be able to write a decent letter; but he feared his education had been very much neglected hitherto, Mr. Swan wrote. Thus it came to pass that Nello lived on, day after day, eagerly expecting some event which never happened. He expected, first of all, Mary to arrive in a beautiful chariot, such as was wont to appear in Lily's stories, with beautiful prancing horses—(Where they were to come from, Nello never asked himself, though he was intimately acquainted with the two brown ponies and the cob, which were all the inhabitants of the squire's stables), and with an aspect splendid, but severe, to proceed to the punishment of his adversaries. Nello did not settle what deaths they were to die; but all was arranged except that insignificant circumstance. Mary would

come; she would punish all who had done wrong; she would give presents to those who had been kind; and all the boys, who had laughed at little Nello, would see him drive away glorious behind those horses, with their arching necks, and high-stepping, dainty feet. Then after a few days, which produced nothing, Nello settled with a pang of visionary disappointment, that it was Mr. Pen who would come. He would not make a splendid dash up to the door like Mary in her chariot; but still he would deliver the little captive. Another day, and Nello coming down and down in his demands, thought it might at least be Martuccia, or perhaps Miss Brown, who would come for him. That would not be so satisfactory to his pride, for he felt that the boys would laugh and jeer at him, and say it was his nurse who had come; but still even Miss Brown would be good to see in this strange place. At the end of the week, however, all Nello's courage fled. He thought then faintly of a letter, and watched when the postman came with packets of letters for the other boys. He could not read writing very well; but he could make it out if they would only write to him. Why would not they write to him? Had they forgotten him altogether, clean forgotten him, though he had been but a week away?

Nello did what he was told to do at school; but he was very slow about it, being so little, and so unused to work—for which he was punished; and he could not learn his lessons for brooding over his troubles, and wondering when *they* would come, or what they could mean; and naturally he was punished for that too. The big boys hustled him about; they played him a hundred tricks; they laughed at his timid, baby-washings, his carefulness, the good order to which he had been trained. To toss everything about, to do everything loudly and noisily, and carelessly, was the religion of Mr. Swan's boys, as everything that was the reverse of this had been the religion in which Nello was trained. Poor little boy, his life was as full of care as if he had been fifty. He was sent here and there on a hundred errands; he had impositions which he could not write, and lessons which he could not learn; and not

least, perhaps, meals which he could not eat; and out-of-door tasks quite unsuitable for him, and which he could not perform. He was for ever toiling after something he ought to have done. He grew dirty, neglected, unkempt, miserable. He could not clean his own boots, which was one thing required of him; but plastered himself all over with mysterious blacking, in a vain attempt to fulfil this task. He who had scarcely dressed himself till now, scarcely brushed his own hair. He kept up a struggle against all these labors, which were more cruel than those of Hercules, as long as he had the hope within him that somebody must come to deliver him; for, with a childish jump at what he wished, he had believed that some one might come "to-morrow," when he sent, or thought he sent, his letter away. The to-morrow pushed itself on and on, hope getting fainter, and misery stronger, yet still seemed to gleam upon him a possibility still. "Oh, pray God send Mary," he said, every night and morning. When a week was over, he added a more urgent cry, "Oh, pray God send *some one*, only some one! Oh, pray God take me home!" the child cried. He repeated it one night aloud, in the exhaustion of his disappointment, with an irrepressible moaning and crying, "Oh, pray God take me home!" He was very tired, poor little boy; he was half wrapped in his little bit of curtain, to hide him as he said his prayers, and he had fallen half asleep while he said them, and was struggling with drowsiness, and duty, and a hope which, though now falling more and more into despondency, still gave pertinacity to his prayer. He was anxious, very anxious to press this petition on God's notice. Repetition, is not that the simplest primitive necessity of earnest supplication? Perhaps God might not take any notice the first time, but He might the next. "Oh, take me home. Oh, pray God take me home!" God, too, like Mary and the rest, seemed to pay no attention; but God did not require written letters or directions in a legible hand: He could be approached more easily. So Nello repeated and repeated, half asleep, yet with his little heart full of trouble, and all his cares awake, this appeal to the only One who could help

him, "Oh, pray God, pray God take me home!"

But in this trance of beseeching supplication, half asleep, half conscious, poor little Nello caught the eye of one of his room-fellows, who pointed out this spectacle to the rest. "Little beggar! pretending to say his prayers; and much he cares for his prayers, going to sleep in the middle of them," they said. Then one wag suggested, "Let's wake him up!" It was a very funny idea. They got his waterjug, a small enough article indeed, not capable of doing very much harm. Had poor little Nello been less sleepy in his half-dream of pathetic appeal, he must have heard the titterings and whisperings behind him; but he was too much rapt in that drowsy, painful abstraction, to take any notice, till all at once he started, bolt upright, crying and gasping, woke up and drenched by the sudden dash of cold water over him. A shout of laughter burst from all the room, as Nello turned round frantic, and flew at the nearest of his assailants with impotent rage. What did the big fellow care for his little blows? he lay back and laughed and did not mind, while the small creature, in his drenched nightgown, his face crimson with rage, his little frame shivering, his curly locks falling about his cheeks, flew at his throat. The head boy, however, awakening to a sense of the indiscretion, and perhaps touched by a pang of remorse at sight of the misery and fury in the child's face, got hold of Nello in his strong arms, and plucked the wet garment off him, and threw him into his bed. "Let the child alone, I tell you. I won't have him meddled with," he said to the others—and covered him up with the bedclothes. Poor little Nello! he wanted to strike at and struggle with his defender. He was wild with rage and misery. His small heart was full, and he could bear no more.

After this, however, the boys, half-ashamed of themselves, got quickly to bed; and darkness, and such silence as can exist in the heavy atmosphere, where twelve rustics sleep and snore, succeeded to the tumult and riot. Nello, exhausted, sobbed himself to sleep under the bedclothes; but woke up in the middle of the night to remember all his wrongs and his misery. His cup was full; even

God would not pay any attention to him, and it seemed to Nello that it would be better to die than to bear this any longer. Though the dark frightened him, it was less alarming than the rough boys, the hard lessons, the pangs of longing and waiting for a deliverance which never came. He had still the sovereign which Mary gave him, and the watch he had been so proud of, though that was dead now, and he had not spirit enough left to wind it up. It was October, and the nights were long. Though it was in reality between two and three o'clock in the morning, Nello thought it would soon be time for all these savage companions to get out of bed again, and for the noisy dreadful day to begin. He got up very quietly, trembling at every sound. There was a window at the end of the room through which the moon shone, and the light gave him little consolation. He kept his eye fixed upon it, and groped for his clothes, and put them on very stealthily. If any one should hear him, he would be lost; but Nello's little rustlings, like a bird in the dark, what were they to break the slumbers of all those out-door lads, who slept violently, as they did everything else? No one stirred; the snoring and the breathing drowned all the little misadventures which chilled Nello with terror, as when his boots dropped out of his hand, or the buttons on his trousers struck shrilly against the chair. Nothing happened; nobody stirred, and Nello crept out of the room, holding his breath with the courage of despair. He got down stairs, trembling and stumbling at almost every step. When he got to the lower story, that kind moon, which had seemed to look at him through the window, almost to smile at him in encouragement and cheerful support, showed him a little window which had been left open by some chance. He clambered through, and found himself in the garden. There was a great dog in front of the house, of whom Nello was in mortal terror; but here at the back there was no dog, only the kitchen garden, with the tranquil breadth of a potato-field on the other side of the hedge. It was not easy to get through that hedge; but a small boy of nine years old can go through gaps which would scarcely show to the common eye. It scratched him.

and tore his trousers; but there was nothing in such simple accidents to stop the little fugitive. And what it was to feel himself outside, free and safe, and all his tormentors snoring! Nello looked up at the moon, which was mellow and mild, not white as usual, and which seemed to smile at him. The potato-field was big and black, with its long lines running to a point on either side of him; and the whole world seemed to lie round him dark, and still nothing stirred, except now and then a rat in the ditch, which chilled Nello with horror. Had he known it was so early, the child would have been doubly frightened; but

he felt that it was morning, not night, which encouraged him. And how big the world was! how vast, and silent, and solitary! only Nello, one little atom, with a small heart beating, a little pulse throbbing in the midst of that infinite quiet. The space grew vaster, the stillness more complete, the distance more visionary, and there was a deeper sable in the dark, because of Nello's little heart beating so fast, and his eyes that took everything in. What was he to do, poor little soul, there by himself in the open country, in the unknown world, all in the middle of the night?

[To be continued.]

GERMAN SOCIETY FORTY YEARS SINCE.

BY LADY DUFF GORDON.

IN 1841-3 Mrs. Austin was in Germany, and met most of the celebrated men and women of that epoch. Some of the stories jotted down by her during a prolonged residence in Dresden and Berlin seem too good to be lost, while others show considerable insight into German life. The brothers Grimm appear to have been the most sympathetic people she met in Berlin. About Jacob Grimm she writes thus:—

“His exterior is striking and engaging. He has the shyness and simplicity of a German man of letters, but without any of the awkward, uncouth air which is too common among them. His is a noble, refined head, full of intelligence, thought, and benevolence, and his whole exterior is full of grandeur—at the same time perfectly simple. Wilhelm is also a fine-looking man, younger, fatter, and more highly-colored; less imposing, less refined, but with a charming air of good-nature, *bonhomie* and sense. His wife is also very pleasing. I met him one night at tea, and we began talking of fairy tales; I said, ‘Your children appear to me the happiest in the world; they live in the midst of *Mährchen* (fairy tales).’ ‘Ah,’ said he, ‘I must tell you about that. When we were at Göttingen somebody spoke to my little son about his father’s *Mährchen*. He came running to me and said with an offended air, ‘Vater, man sagt du hast die *Mährchen* geschrieben—nicht wahr, du hast nicht

solches Dummezeug gemacht?’ (‘Father, people say that you have written the fairy tales—surely you never invented such rubbish?’) He thought it below my dignity,’ said Grimm. Somehow the child had never seen or attended to the fact of his father’s authorship.”

Another story of Grimm’s:—

“When I was a young man I was walking one day and saw an officer in the old-fashioned uniform. It was under the old Elector. The officers still wore pigtails, cocked hats set over one eye, high neckcloths, and coats buttoned back. As he was walking stiffly along, a groom came by riding a horse which he appeared to be breaking in. ‘What mare is that you are riding,’ called out the major with an authoritative, disdainful air. ‘She belongs to Prince George,’ answered the groom. ‘Ah——h!’ said the major, raising his hand reverentially to his hat with a military salute, and bowing low to the mare. I told this story,” continued Grimm, “to Prince B. thinking to make him laugh. But he looked grave, and said, with quite a tragic tone of voice, ‘Ah, that feeling is no longer to be found!’”

“Jacob Grimm told me a *Volksmärchen* too:—

“‘St. Anselm was grown old and infirm, and lay on the ground among thorns and thistles. *Der liebe Gott* said to him, ‘You are very badly lodged there; why don’t you build yourself a house?’”

"Before I take the trouble," said Anselm, "I should like to know how long I have to live." "About thirty years," said *der liebe Gott*. "Oh, for so short a time," replied he, "it's not worth while," and turned himself round among the thistles.'

"Bettina von Arnim called, and we had a *tête-à-tête* of two hours. Her conversation is ~~that~~ of a clever woman, with some originality, great conceit, and vast unconscious ignorance. Her sentiments have a bold and noble character. We talked about crime, punishment, prisons, education, law of divorce, &c., &c. Gleams of truth and sense, clouds of nonsense—all tumbled out with equally undoubting confidence. Occasional great fidelity of expression. Talking of the so-called happiness and security of ordinary marriages in Germany, she said, 'Qu'est que cela me fait? Est-ce que je me soucie de ces nids qu'on arrange pour propager?' I laughed out; one must admit that the expression is most happy. She talked of the ministers with great contempt, and said, 'There is not a *man* in Germany; have you seen one for whom you could feel any enthusiasm? They are all like frogs in a big pond;—well, well, let them splash their best. What have we to do with their croaking?' Some things she said about the folly of attacking full-grown, habitual vice, by legislation, prison discipline, &c., were very true, and showed a great capacity for just thought. But what *did* she mean, or what did Schleiermacher mean, for she quoted him, by saying, 'la péché est une grâce de Dieu?' These are things people say to make one stare.—Among other divorce cases we talked of was the following:—Herr S——, a distinguished man, between fifty and sixty, with grown-up children and a wife who for five-and-twenty years had stood by his side a true and faithful partner through good and evil fortune—especially a great deal of the latter. A certain Madame A——, a woman about thirty, *bien conservée*, rather pretty, and extremely coquettish, made it her business to please Mr. S——, and succeeded so well that he soon announced to his wife his desire to be divorced from her, and to marry Madame A——, who on her side was to divorce her husband. Poor Madame S—— could hardly believe her

senses. She was almost stupefied. She expostulated, resisted, pleaded their children—marriageable daughters—all in vain. Mr. S—— said he could not be happy without Madame A——. In short, as may be imagined, he wore out his wife's resistance, and the blameless, repudiated, and heart-broken wife took her children and retired into Old Prussia. Madame A—— then became Madame S——. But the most curious thing was that the *ci-devant* husband remained on terms of the greatest intimacy, and became the tame cat of the house. When Mr. S—— went a journey his wife accompanied him a certain way, and Mr. A—— went with them to escort her back, as a matter of course.

"At a ball given at C——, Mr. and Madame S—— were invited. He came alone, and apologised to the lady of the house about his wife's absence. She hoped Madame S—— was not ill. 'Oh no; but Mr. A—— has just arrived, and you understand she could not leave him alone the first evening.'

"My maid Nannie told me a curious illustration of the position of servants here. The maid belonging to the master of the house, has, it seems, a practice of running out, and being gone for hours without leave. On Sunday last she had leave; Monday, ditto; Tuesday, ditto; and was out the whole of those evenings. Wednesday she took leave, and did not return till after ten. Her mistress asked her where she had been; she refused to answer, on which her mistress pressed her. 'Well,' she said, 'if I won't tell you, you can't hang me for it.' With which answer the lady went away content. Another day the master, who is lame, came down into the kitchen and said, 'I have left my spectacles; I wish you would run up for them.' 'Oh,' said she, 'I am washing dishes.' The droll thing is that they said they are only too glad to have this steady and obliging person, because she is honest—a thing almost unknown here.

"A great many ladies in Berlin have evenings on which they receive—especially the ministers' wives—not their friends, but all the world. If you don't go for two or three weeks, they tell you of it—the number of omissions is chalked up against you. Nor, except in two or three of the more exotic, can you look in

for half-an-hour and come away. People ask you why you go, and where you are going to. In many houses you are expected to take leave. Then you have the satisfaction of being told where you were last night, and what you said; who sat next you, and especially that you did not admire Berlin, or something in it. Of course you deny, equivocate, palliate, lie. If you have the smallest pretension to be *vornehm* (fine), you can only live Unter den Linden, or in the Wilhelms-strasse.

"Social life does not exist in Berlin, though people are always in company, and one is, as Ranke said, *gehetzt* (hunted). In the fashionable parties one always sees the same faces—faces possessed by *ennui*. The great matter is for the men to show their decorations and the women their gowns, and to be called *excellency*. Generally speaking, it strikes me that the Prussians have no confidence in their own individual power of commanding respect. Much as they hold to all the old ideas and distinctions about birth, even that does not enable them to assume an upright independent attitude, not even when combined with wealth. Count G——, a man of old Saxon nobility, with large estates and the notions and feelings of an English aristocrat, tells me that he is completely *shouldered* in Berlin society, because he neither has nor will have any official title, wears no orders, and, in short, stands upon his own personal distinctions. The idea of going about the world stark naked to one's mere name. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Canning—a German would be ashamed!

"The other day I went up three pair of stairs to call on a nice little professor's wife. Arrived at the top, I rang the bell, and out comes a great hulking maid, who looks down upon me from a height of three or four steps. 'Is Madame G—— at home?' Answer (stereotype) 'I don't know;' after a pause—'Do you mean the Frau Professorin?' 'Yes, Madame G——.' On this out rushes a second maid, looks half stupid, half indignant—'What, do you mean the Frau Geheimrätin?' The joke was now too good to drop. I said again, 'I mean Madame G——, as it seems you do not hear distinctly; take my card to Madame G——.' I was admitted with the usual words, 'most

agreeable,' and found the very pleasant Frau Professorin Geheimrätin, for she is both, whose servants seem ashamed of her name. Yet it is a name very illustrious in learning.

"Till a man is *accroché* on the court by some title, order, office, or what not, he may be fairly said not to exist. The Germans are becoming clamorous for freer institutions, but how much might they emancipate themselves. A vast deal of this servility is perfectly voluntary, but it seems in the blood. They dislike the King of Hanover as much as we do; but when Madame de L—— whispered to me at a ball, 'Voilà votre Prince et Seigneur,' and I replied in no whisper, 'Prince oui, mais grâce à Dieu, Seigneur non.' She looked frightened, and so did all the ladies round her—and why? He could do them no more harm than me.

"In Dresden I met the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, who told me the following anecdote on the authority of his mother-in-law the Empress of Russia:—'When Paul and his wife went to Paris, they were called, as is well-known, le Comte and la Comtesse du Nord. The Comtesse du Nord accompanied Marie Antoinette to the theatre at Versailles. Marie Antoinette pointed out, behind her fan, *aussi honnêtement que possible*, all the distinguished persons in the house. In doing this she had her head bent forward; all of a sudden she drew back with such an expression of terror and horror that the Comtesse said, "Pardon, madame, mais je suis sûre que vous avez vu quelque chose qui vous agite." The queen, after she had recovered herself, told her that there was about the court, but not of right belonging to it, a woman who professed to read fortunes on cards. One evening she had been displaying her skill to several ladies, and at length the queen desired to have her own destiny told. The cards were arranged in the usual manner, but when the woman had to read the result, she looked horror-struck and stammered out some generalities. The queen insisted on her saying what she saw, but she declared she could not. "From that time," said Marie Antoinette, "the sight of that woman produces in me a feeling I cannot describe, of aversion and horror, and she seems studiously to throw herself in my way!"'

"The Grand Duke told very curi-

ous stories about a sort of second sight; especially of a Princess of S—— who was, I believe, connected with the House of Saxony. It is the custom among them to allow the bodies of their deceased relations to lie in state, and all the members of the family go to look at them. The Princess was a single woman, and not young. She had the faculty, or the curse, of always seeing, not the body actually exposed, but the next member of the family who was to die. On one occasion a child died, she went to the bedside and said, 'I thought I came to look at a branch, but I see the tree.' In less than three weeks the father was dead. The Grand Duke told me several other instances of the same kind. But this faculty was not confined to deaths. A gentleman whom the Grand Duke knew and named to me, went one day to visit the Princess. As soon as she saw him she said, 'I am delighted to see you, but why have you your leg bound up?' 'Oh,' said her sister, Princess M—— 'it is not bound up; what are you talking of?' 'I see that it is,' she said. On his way home his carriage was upset and his leg broken.

"I was saying that the Italians would not learn German. Madame de S—— said, 'I perfectly understand that; I had a French *bonne*, and when a child spoke French better than German. When the French were masters in Germany, M. de St. Aignan was resident at the court of Weimar. He and other French officers used to come every evening to my mother's house. I never spoke a word, I never appeared to understand a word. When the news of the battle of Leipsig arrived, M. de St. Aignan escaped through our garden. I was alone when he came to ask permission, and I answered him very volubly in French. "Mais, mademoiselle," said he, astonished, "vous parlez le Français comme l'Allemand. J'ai toujours cru que vous n'en comprenez pas un mot." "C'est que je n'ai pas voulu," replied I.'

"This in a young girl who talked well and liked to talk, shows great resolution, and is a curious proof of the strength of the hatred of French rule.

"I went to see *Figaro's Hochzeit*, not *Le Nozze di Figaro*. If you have a mind to understand why the Italians can never be reconciled to Austrian rulers

go to see *Figaro's Hochzeit*. A Herr Dettmer, from Frankfurt, did Figaro, a good singer, I have no doubt, and not a bad, *i.e.*, an absurd, actor. But Figaro, the incarnation of southern vivacity, *espèglerie* and joyous grace! Imagine a square, thick-set man, with blond hair and a broad face, and that peculiar manner of standing and walking with the knees in, the heels stuck into the earth and the toes in the air, which one sees only in Germany. I thought of Piucco, a young Maltese, never, I believe, off his tiny island—whom I last saw in that part. I saw before me his *élancé* and supple figure, his small head clustered round with coal-black hair, his delicately turned jetty moustache, his truly Spanish costume, the sharp knee just covered by the breeches tied with gay ribbons, and the elastic step of the springing foot and high-bounding instep. What a contrast!—and what can Art do against Nature in such a case? Then the women; I had seen Ronzi de Begnis in the Countess. What a Countess! What a type of southern voluptuous grace, of high and stately beauty and indolent charm! Imagine a long-faced, lackadaisical-looking German woman, lean and high-shouldered, and with that peculiar construction of body which German women now affect. An enormously long waist, laced in to an absurd degree, and owing its equally extravagant rotundity below to the tailor. 'Happy we,' says Countess Hahn-Hahn—'who, with so many ells of muslin or silk, can have a beautiful figure.'

"The Susanna was a pretty waiting-maid. How far that is from a Spanish Susanna, it is beyond me to say. Cherubino was the best, but he was only an *espègle* boy playing at being in love—not the page whose head is turned at the sight of a woman. Then the language!

"After all, how immensely does this inaptitude of Germans to represent *Figaro* raise Mozart in our estimation; for he had not only to represent, but to conceive the whole—and what a conception. The sweet breath of the south vibrating in every note. Variety, grace, lightness, passion, *naïveté*, and, above all, a stately elegance which no one ever approached. His *Don Giovanni* and his *Almaviva* contain the most courtly, graceful, stately music that ever was con-

ceived; and nothing like it *was* ever conceived. Only the real grandee, courtier, and fine gentleman could express himself so.

"Now, as a set-off, I must say what Germans can do, and what I am quite sure we English cannot in these days.

"I went to see Schiller's *Braut von Messina*. I expected little. The piece is essentially lyric rather than dramatic. The long speeches, thought I, will be dull, the choruses absurd; the sentiments are pagan. What have Spanish nobles to do with a Nemesis, with oracles, with a curse, like that on the house of Athens—with sustained speeches, the whole purport of which is *incusare Deos*?

"Well, I was wrong. In the opening scene, Mademoiselle Berg has to stand for a quarter-of-an-hour between two straight lines of senators and to make a speech—*rien que cela*! Can anything be more difficult? Yet such was the beauty of her declamation of Schiller's majestic verse, such the solemnity and propriety, grace and dignity of her action, that at every moment one's interest rose. Her acting through the whole of this arduous part gave me the highest idea of her sense and culture. Tenderness and passion were nicely proportioned to the austere character and sculptural beauty of the piece. I cannot at this moment recollect ever to have seen an actress, French or English, who could have done it as well. Mademoiselle Rachel, with all her vast talents as a declaimer, would have been too hard for the heart-stricken mother.

"Emil Devrient's *Don Cesar* was quite as good. His acting in the last scene, where Beatrice entreats him to live, was *frightfully* good. The attempts at paternal tenderness, instantly relapsing into the fatal passion, ignorantly conceived, made one's heart stand still. And yet such was the extreme delicacy of his art, one felt none of the disgust which attends every allusion to such love. One saw before one only the youth vainly struggling with the hereditary curse of his house—the doomed victim and instrument of the vengeance of an implacable destiny.

"Anything more thoroughly heathenish than the play I cannot conceive, and I much question if an English audience

would sit it out—on that score—not to mention others. We should find it our duty to be shocked. The audience last night was thin; those who went were probably attracted by Schiller's name, and knew that such "horrid opinions" once existed in Greece, and that a poet imitating Greek tragedy might represent Greek modes of thinking. In short, we did not feel ourselves the least compromised by the Queen of Sicily's attack upon the gods—nor the least more disposed to quarrel with our fate.

"The Chorus is, as in duty bound, *versöhnend* (conciliatory). The amount of the comfort, it is true, often is, 'It can't be helped;' but even this is so nobly and beautifully expressed that one is satisfied. The Chorus has every imaginable claim to be a bore. They deal in good advice, moral reflections, and consolation of the new and satisfactory kind above mentioned. Yet so great is the majestic, harmonious, composed beauty of Schiller's verse, so much greater the eternal beauty of truth and virtue, that the old men's words fall on one's heart like drops of balm, and one feels calmed and invigorated for the struggle with life. The Chorus spoken, and in parts by all the voices at once, can never have a good effect—but somehow or other *cela allait*. Such are the triumphs of the true poet and artist."

The following anecdote dates from before the Russian emancipation:—

"The Archbishop of Erlau told me that at the time the Russian troops were stationed in Hungary, he and another gentleman were walking in the streets of — and suddenly heard a woman cry out. In a moment she ran into the street exclaiming that a Russian soldier had robbed or was about to rob her. Such complaints were very frequent and sometimes unfounded. The soldiers could not make themselves understood, and took up things without meaning to rob. Be that as it may, two Russian officers were passing and heard the woman's story. They instantly collared the man, threw him down on the pavement, and, without making the smallest inquiry into the facts, they then and there spurred him to death. 'This, said the Archbishop, I saw, with infinite horror and disgust.'"

Here we have a story which, though not absolutely new, is too good to be omitted:—

“Dr. F—— told me the following story of Voltaire, which I never met with before. Voltaire had for some reason or other taken a grudge against the prophet Habakkuk, and affected to find in him things he never wrote. Somebody took the Bible and began to demonstrate to him that he was mistaken. ‘C’est égal,’ said he, with an air of impatience, ‘Habakkuk était capable de tout!’

“Two days before we left Dresden, as I was dressing to go out, Nannie, my maid, came into my room and said two ladies wanted to see me. She said she had never seen them—they said I did not know them. I sent to say that I was sorry but I could not receive them, as Madame de S—— was already waiting for me. Nannie came back with the answer that they would wait in the anteroom—they only wanted to speak to me for a moment. Annoyed at being forced to commit a rudeness, I hurried on my gown and went out. In the anteroom were a middle-aged lady and a young one. I broke out into apologies, &c., upon which the elder lady said, in German, ‘Pardon me for being so pressing. I only wished to give my daughter strength for the battle of life.’ I was literally confounded at the oddness of this address, and remained dumb. It seemed her daughter wished to translate from the English. After a short explanation she turned to her daughter, and pointing to me, said, ‘Now, my dear, you have seen the mistress, so we will not keep her any longer.’ And so they went. I threw myself into a chair, and, alone as I was, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. This is as good a piece of Germanism as is to be found in any novel. Even my Dresden friends thought it quite amazing.

“Dr. Waagen and I were talking of the danger of disputing the authenticity of pictures. I said I had rather tell a man he’s a rascal than that his pictures are copies. ‘Yes,’ said Waagen, ‘I always compare a man, the genuineness of whose pictures is attacked, to a lioness defending her young.’

We afterwards came upon intercourse

with princes. Waagen said, Wilhelm von Humboldt, who was a great friend and patron of his when a young man, once said to him—‘My dear friend, your position will probably bring you into frequent contact with royalty. Take one piece of advice from me; always regard them as wild beasts in cages, and the courtiers as keepers. You see how noble and gentle and beautiful they look. But if you begin to put your hand through the bars and play with them, then you’ll feel their claws and fangs. Always ask the keepers first what sort of humour they are in.’

“Countess H——, wife of the Mecklenburg Minister, a Rubens beauty, and a very good-natured woman, told me she was invited to a grand dinner party at V—— to meet an English great lady. The hour was five. After everybody waiting till six, the hosts determined to sit down. Some time after dinner was begun, Lady —— came in. The hostess began to regret, hoped nothing had happened, &c.

“‘Non, madame, c’est que je n’avais pas faim,’ was the refined and graceful reply.

“At a dinner party we were talking of Niebuhr, Varnhagen von Ense’s article, &c. They spoke of his arrogance and caprice, which they said he had in common with all Holsteiners. He was much disliked by the Germans at Rome, partly for these qualities, partly for his parsimony and want of hospitality.

“Herr von Raumer said—‘I went to his house one evening, and we *nearly* succeeded in boiling some hot water for tea, but not quite.’ Niebuhr told him that it was a serious thing to associate with Amati the Roman archæologist, because he frequented a certain wine-house called the Sabina, where the wine was dear. Amati was keeper of the Chigi library, and held a post in the Vatican. His learning and judgment were universally acknowledged. He was particularly well known for his transcription and collation of codices, and a man whom any one might be proud to know.

“When the late King was at Rome Niebuhr did the honors so badly that the King was quite impatient. He showed him little fragments of things in which he could take no interest, and

none of the great objects. One day Niebuhr spoke of Palestrina. 'What is that?' said the King. 'What, your Majesty does not know that?' exclaimed Niebuhr in a tone of astonishment. The King was extremely annoyed, and turning round to some one said, 'Stuff and nonsense; it's bad enough never to have learnt anything, without having it proclaimed aloud.'

"Niebuhr's ideas about his own importance, and his excessive cowardice were such, said B——, that at the time of the Carbonari affairs, he actually wrote home to the Prussian Government that the whole of this conspiracy was directed against himself.

'In the steamer from Mainz to Bonn was—*inter alios*—an individual of the genus *Rath*. He sat opposite to us at dinner on the deck, and first attracted my attention by the following reply to his neighbor, a man who appeared to entertain the profoundest admiration for

him. 'Oh, yes, there are lots of *theorists* in the world, only too many. I represent *den gesunden Menschenverstand* (sound common sense).' Delighted at this declaration, I raised my eyes and saw a face beaming with the most undoubting self-complacency. He went on to detail certain schemes of his for the good of his country—Oldenburg, as it seemed. My husband began to interrogate him about Oldenburg, and I said all I knew of it was from Justus Möser. The worthy Rath looked at me amazed, and said {this was the first time he ever heard Justus Möser mentioned by a lady. I said so much the worse, there is an infinity of good sense in his writings. Yes, but he never expected to hear of his being read by a lady, and that I was evidently the second representative of sound common sense in the world, 'worthy to be *my* disciple,' added he with emphasis."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

EXPERIENCES OF AN INDIAN FAMINE.

RECENT telegrams from India told us that, in addition to large numbers of poor employed on various relief works, there was more than a million of people still receiving charitable relief, and further that the prospects were still bad in Madras.

It is hard to realise the intensity of misery that is condensed into this brief report, or to understand what a terrible state the country must be in before so many thousands have been reduced to that abject stage of suffering, which has compelled them to seek for help at the charitable hands of Government.

Famine is unfortunately of late years no novelty in India, so that many of us, whose lives are spent there, know from hard experience how awful the calamity now impending over India is; and possibly a short account of the personal experience of one official, telling what was done and suffered a few years ago in one district, may be useful in showing how great the difficulties are that have now to be encountered, and what vast efforts to save life are necessary.

It must be remembered that this account only refers to one district: where the famine, as it now does, spreads over

large areas, the difficulties of dealing with it satisfactorily are immeasurably increased. Misery is in no degree lessened by being wider spread, and all the various episodes of suffering are multiplied to an unlimited extent.

In 1868–69 many districts of the Central and North-west Provinces suffered severely from long-continued drought and its after-effects. Fortunately the area thus affected was limited, so that Government was able in great measure to cope with the enemy and ward off many of famine's worst attributes; still, even when Government does its utmost, the areas to be supplied are so vast, and the numbers so unwieldy, that the sufferings of the masses cannot but be terrible. In the year 1866 to 1868 the Jubbulpore district was peculiarly unfortunate. In one year the rainfall was slight, so that but a poor crop was gathered; in the next the rainfall was so heavy that almost all the grain sown in the rainy season was destroyed; in the third year the rains failed altogether. Where as a rule sixty inches of rain fell, in 1868 there were not more than twenty-five. In consequence all the rice and millet crops—the staple

of the bulk of the population—fail-
tremely : the ground was so hard and
that the wheat sown in November
came up at all. Prices rose higher
had ever been known since the
of 1839, and starvation stared
miserable population in the face.

that time Jubbulpore was much
cut off from the world than at
nt : now the main line of the Great
Peninsular Railway has its termi-
n Jubbulpore, where it is met by a
ch of the East Indian Railway from
abad. In 1868 the first of these
was in course of construction, and
not available for the transport of

. The famine affected the neigh-
g districts on both sides, though
s much as Jubbulpore itself ; still
assistance could be obtained from
, while in the native states to the
—Rewah, Punnah, Myhere and
s—the distress was equally great,
he arrangements for relief not so

. In consequence the difficulties
officials were very greatly enhanced
he streams of emigrants which
ed into our relief camps on the first
er of Government aid to the dis-
d being bruited abroad. The East

Railway from Allahabad to Jub-
ore was open, but grain was so
e in the North-west, and prices ran
gh there, that it hardly paid private
lators to import by rail. At first
markets were scantily supplied
gh the local merchants, but as this
he third year of trial, the existing
in the hands of the better classes
d-owners was soon exhausted, and
had to be imported by rail from
and other places where fortunately
procurable at reasonable prices.

the terminus at Murwarra, in the
ce of carts, it was conveyed to the
is relief centres on pack bullocks,
fortunately were that year avail-

Inland carriage is always a seri-
difficulty in these emergencies, for
rains the roads are quite imprac-
e for wheeled conveyances of any

e famine was at its worst from
h to July 1869 ; but pressure had
to be felt as long before as No-
er 1868, when it was seen clearly
ll the wet crops had failed through
of rain. The population of this

part of India is mainly agricultural, and
it relies for its support and food on the
crops dependent on the rainfall—that is,
rice, Indian corn, and several kinds of
millet. On the other hand, the produce
of the cold weather crop—such as wheat,
grain, and other varieties of pulses—are
looked to to enable the cultivator to pay
his rent, buy plough cattle, and obtain
such luxuries as his means allow. Each
village is as a rule a community in itself :
it has its head-man, its artificers, village
watchman, and herdsman ; in the larger
villages there is the school, the police
post, and the village accountant or Put-
warri.

As soon as it was fairly understood
how grave the situation was, every effort
was made to meet the difficulty. The
Chief Commissioner of the Provinces
gave the district officials authority to act
to the best of their ability to save life ;
he also authorised suspension of the Gov-
ernment demand for revenue wherever
such was found to be desirable. He
himself visited the most distressed part
of the district, and after inspecting the
various measures for relief gave permis-
sion to draw on the Government Treas-
ury for such sums as were found to be
absolutely necessary to save life and
suffering. A commencement was first
made by converting police posts into
centres of relief. This was done very
early in the year. When the police
officer on his tour found that the poorer
classes were even then beginning to fail,
he supplied his subordinates with funds
and directions to succor the distressed
wherever it laid in their power. The
village watchmen and the proprietors
generally were ordered to report at once
to the police, or to district head-quar-
ters, the existence of all such distress as
the village community could not allay
of itself. Schoolmasters and village ac-
countants were employed in the same
service ; and finally twenty-seven relief
camps were opened for such poor peo-
ple as had nothing. The Government
was most liberal : relief works were
opened throughout the localities where
the distress was most prevalent ; and
for people who could not work (either
on account of age, illness, or suffering
through their privations, huts were set
apart and attendants to minister to their
wants.

The relief works generally consisted of lengths of road, intended eventually to act as feeders to the railway. Where there was no room for these the opportunity was taken of all the tanks being dry, to clean them out thoroughly, and repair their embankments. The laborers were paid according to their work—certain tasks being allotted for men, women, and children—and payment was made in grain, or where there was a market in which supplies could be purchased, in money. Supplies of cooked food were kept always ready for such unfortunates as were brought in too far exhausted to help themselves; and these were not a few. It constantly happened that men and women of good family, ashamed to beg, quietly gave themselves up to die, in preference to coming to ask for relief. To find out these cases was, and always will be, a great difficulty in an Indian famine. Nominally, the proprietor or head-man of the village is held responsible, and he is expected to keep the police, or the nearest Government official, informed of any such cases; practically, he is often nearly as badly off himself as the worst cases in his village, and is quite unable to render assistance. Much may be done, and is done, by house to house visitation; but to carry out thoroughly such visitation over the enormous areas that have now to be dealt with, is a work of vast magnitude and cost. European officers are not available in sufficient numbers, to say nothing of the enormous addition to the cost of relief if Europeans are employed so largely, while low paid natives in subordinate positions cannot be trusted to carry out thoroughly a matter of life and death of this sort. Not only are natives apt to work in a perfunctory manner, but even if they were very carefully supervised, they are, I may almost say, physically incapable of looking at the matter in the light that we do. Few of them will have sufficient knowledge of the anatomy of their fellow-men to enable them to judge satisfactorily whether the latter are in a dangerous state of emaciation; neither will they have kindly feeling towards their fellows in an equal degree to Europeans. Natives look upon an infliction of this terrible nature as a direct visitation from Heaven; and if men die of starvation, they

consider that their death has been brought about by the hand of God, consequently no one is to blame; although it is quite possible that a little extra care or exertion on the part of lookers-on might have saved some at any rate of the lives. They have never until recently seen a Government accept the responsibility of its position towards its subjects in the matter of famine, after the manner of the English, who enforce the practice of saving life, where such life can be saved by human agency, without counting the cost.

Natives are charitable to a degree: they give with great liberality, but they lack the energy to see that their charity takes the right direction. Instances are not rare of distress in native states. The chief considers he has done his duty liberally if he authorises a remission of land revenue; he takes no steps to see the remission reaches the unfortunates for whom it was intended; in consequence often the only gainer is the farmer of the village, who is probably in collusion with the revenue official; the tenants are forced to pay up the uttermost farthing, and if after that they die of starvation, their death is set down to the visitation of God, and the liberality of the chief in remitting his revenue is extolled. It is these peculiarities of character that cause some of our many difficulties in India.

With a district short-handed in the way of Europeans, it was no easy task to organise and see carried out all the arrangements requisite for the saving of the many lives that would otherwise assuredly have been lost without these efforts. The country was, however, fortunate in having men who devoted themselves to the work, not only from a sense of duty, but out of sheer kindness of heart. Conspicuous among all was an engineer officer in the employment of the East India Railway. He, from his long residence among the people, was thoroughly acquainted with their wants, and earned their confidence to a wonderful degree. He was thus able to render the most valuable assistance to the district officials, who happened at that time not to have been very long in the district, and consequently were not nearly so conversant of the requirements of the country and people as he was.

His was no easy or pleasant work. His house was situated in the midst of the most distressed country. Of his own free-will he took charge of all the relief camps within a radius of some twenty-five miles. In this area there were some fourteen different camps; and after his own morning's work was over, he used to devote his days to these poor suffering people. At his own head-quarters the relief camp was perhaps the largest in the district. The numbers there varied from 800 to 4000 souls in all stages of emaciation and sickness, for sickness in all its most terrible forms always follows famine. His servants died of cholera or smallpox, and his own employers begged him to leave his famine and plague-stricken residence; but he refused, and remained calmly at his post until good times came again. His assistance to the district officials was simply invaluable, and it was given out of pure philanthropy.

A short description of the relief camp over which he presided may be interesting. All the camps were more or less alike, and on the same principles, so that the description of one will do for all.

On an open plain somewhat cut up with ravines, which all led down to the bed of a river, were several rows of huts, roughly constructed of boughs of trees and grass: for [the sake of order and cleanliness these huts were built in streets in contiguous order, with clear spaces in front and in rear. At one end stood the store for grain, protected from plunder by a strong barricade of wood, and guarded by policemen and chuprasies, who on that occasion were equivalent to special constables. The entrance to this store was through a barrier, carefully guarded, and the recipient of the dole was [taken through the grain store to where the fire-wood was deposited. There he received his allotted quantity, and was then passed out at the other end, to make his own arrangements for cooking and eating. At first there was some difficulty in preventing the starving crowds falling on those who went in first and robbing them of the grain, which was immediately devoured raw. The offenders in this way were new-comers who were on the verge of starvation, and did not believe that, if they waited

their turn, they too would obtain a supply of food. Gradually, however, the lesson was learnt, and the camp at Murwarra, though the largest, and crowded with the worst sufferers, used to be the most orderly in the district. At the other end of the camp stood the hospitals—one for cholera patients, one for smallpox; for general ailments, medicine was given out either at the local dispensary, or by a peripatetic dispenser in the open air. About a quarter of a mile or more from the camp was the burial ground, which, alas! was very full before the famine ended. To this camp a native doctor was attached; and he used to do his best to attend to the sick in other places as well, but, scattered as the relief camps were over the country some miles apart, but little could be done in the way of real medical attendance to all who required it. The number of medical men available was far too limited to admit of a doctor being attached to each camp. Even if such an arrangement had been feasible, it is doubtful whether the people would have appreciated the boon. They are quite unused to meet medical practitioners, or men who deserve the name, in the daily round of their lives; so that, in these sad emergencies, they neither expected nor cared particularly for any such a luxury. Most villagers [have a certain knowledge of the medical properties of herbs and barks, and in every village there is some wise-man who is supposed to understand the art of charming away diseases: with these the people are quite satisfied. They can always fall back upon police posts, which are supplied with simple medicines and directions for use. Perhaps the greatest difficulties we had to cope with were the carelessness of the people as regards infection, and their utter disregard of all proper sanitary arrangements. Nothing but constant supervision sufficed to keep the camps in anything like a wholesome condition, and to segregate smallpox patients from their relatives. Even now the people do not recognise the necessity of keeping sufferers from smallpox apart. Only last year, in visiting this very part of the district, my duty was to visit the various schools; and there I constantly found children covered with confluent smallpox, sitting

among their fellows, brought in just to swell the complement of pupils at the examination.

When the first rush of starving poor to these relief centres was over, they were at once drafted to the various relief works in the neighborhood, and told off to task work, each according to his physical ability. It was necessary to supply all comers with food charitably at first, as many came from long distances, and were quite exhausted by the privations they had suffered on the journey; but as soon as ever they were fit to move they were given employment. I was much struck by their willingness to work; all the decent agriculturists preferred working for their bread to receiving it in charity, and many used to work on until they dropped, in preference to begging. Of course there were many idlers and bad characters, who took advantage of the opportunity, and did as little as they well could; but a percentage of bad characters is a necessity on occasions of this sort. The better classes avoided asking for help until all they possessed was gone, and then resorted to every sort of substance to stave off the pangs of hunger before asking for relief. The fruit of the Mhowa (*Bassia latifolia*) always, when procurable, forms a considerable portion of the food of the poorer population; the flowers and fruit are collected, dried, and mixed with the millet flour commonly in use, and baked into the unleavened cakes of daily use: in 1869 this crop had almost failed. Another fruit, the Bér or *Zizyphus Jujuba*, is also a favorite addition to the simple food of the people in times of scarcity. This was scarce; and it was an ordinary sight to see the people scattered throughout the jungles in search of this or any other fruit with which they might stave off the pangs of hunger. The bark of the Indian cotton tree (*Bombax malabaricum*) contains a considerable quantity of starch: these trees were stripped as high as the people could reach; the bark was boiled down, mixed with a large portion of pipe-clay, and eaten in quantities; the people being quite careless of the fact of this bark having strong medicinal properties as well. The pipe-clay was said to obviate this effect; but it was terrible to see a

family that had been subsisting on diet of this description: it just sufficed to retain life, but as there was little or no nourishment in the substance eaten, the people were walking skeletons. Their limbs were nothing but skin and bone, while the stomach was enormously distended; the faces drawn and haggard, marked with this blue pipe-clay, gave them a most ghastly appearance. It was when they were found or brought into the relief camps in this state, that the greatest care was necessary to prevent their over-eating themselves, and dying of repletion.

Many were the instances of real heroism that were seen during that time of terrible distress: parents depriving themselves of their last mouthful to save their children; sons, hardly able to articulate, begging the relieving officer to send help to their people dying at home, before attending to them; people with barely enough to support their own families shared that little with the helpless children of their neighbors; children left orphans, or perhaps deserted, were taken charge of and cared for by neighbors, or even strangers, who little knew but that theirs would be the next turn. Of course the picture had its reverse side, and terrible it was. Little children unable to walk alone were deserted; aged parents, ill and decrepit, were left to die; wives were left by their husbands to starve; and the strong robbed the weak of even their last morsel of bread. It is a time like this that brings out human nature in both its worst and best forms; yet one striking feature was the fact that there was a far greater inclination among the bulk of the people to lie down and die in despair, than to turn to violence and lawlessness. A grain-dealer's shop was plundered here and there, but there was nothing like grain riots, or grain robbery on any systematic scale. In the relief camps it was necessary to protect the store houses and to put up strong barriers to prevent starving newcomers plundering their weaker brethren of their bread; but once settled down to work, and the receipt of regular food or pay, these poor people were marvelously orderly and obedient.

It is sad to think of the various stages of misery these sufferers had to wade through: the story of one man's life at

that time will hold good for hundreds. One man, before this famine and its two previous years of distress, had been fairly well to do, prior to the last settlement. He had farmed a village, had paid the rent due to his landlord regularly, had a few head of milch cattle, in addition to his plough bullocks, and had saved enough to buy his wife some long-wished-for silver bangles. Government had conferred on him the proprietary rights in this village. With years of reasonable prosperity, this boon would have been much valued; for although the Government revenue and cesses came to something more than the farmer had been in the habit of paying to his landlord in kind, still the demand was not more than the land properly worked could well afford to pay. The Government custom is to assess its demand for revenue at half the actual assets of the village, bearing in mind the increase in value of the property that could be effected by simple improvements during the term of a long lease. The demand so fixed is unchangeable, and is payable either in years of prosperity or the reverse. I have no intention of entering here into the *veraxata quæstio* of the advantages or otherwise of our systems of settlement of the land revenue in India; but I merely wish to show that the fixity of the Government demand, and its novelty, was, perhaps, at this crisis, harder to bear than the old system of payment in kind. Had the famine come later, when the proprietor had reaped the advantages for some years of the Government system of payment of half assets, the fixity of the demand would not, in all probability, have made itself felt so severely. As it was, with the new *régime* came the years of scarcity. Our proprietor found his crops fail, and still the Collector called for his revenue. Formerly his landlord would have had to bear half his loss. The farmer had little or no spare capital, so, to enable him to pay the first year's demand, he sold all his milch cattle. 1867 followed with its extraordinary rainfall, which all but drowned everything sown: again came the call to pay up the Government demand, and the owner of the village had to have recourse to the money-lender. The latter made a merit of letting him have the requisite funds, on a mort-

gage of the proprietary rights of the village. This mortgage deed would have done credit to some of our own usurers. It first stipulated that interest was to be paid at twelve per cent.; that the unpaid interest was to be added to the principal, and interest at the above rate to run on both; that before payment of the principal a drawback of three per cent. was to be deducted by the lender; that the loan was to be repaid in certain instalments, failure of payment of any one of which authorised the creditor to demand payment in full, in one lump sum, principal and interest; and finally, in default of payment, the deed was to be considered a conditional sale, and the village was after a certain term to become the property of the creditor without further proceedings. However, the money was obtained, the Government demand was paid, and the farmer lived in hopes. 1868, with its drought followed on the heels of the excessive rain of the year previous. In the cold weather of 1867-68, the farmer succeeded in raising a field or two of wheat, the sale of which enabled him to pay his first instalment of revenue, and to keep the wolf from his door a short time longer. In July and August, when the heavens should have been black with rain, the sky was like brass, and the earth bound with iron; there was nothing but heat, and heat the more intense from its being unnatural. The grazing for the cattle had long disappeared, and the plough bullocks were kept alive by being fed on the branches of some of the jungle shrubs, or by being driven away into the highlands of the Satpura, where the numerous rivers and watercourses prevented the total destruction of all fodder. August passed; and no rain. With September came a few showers, just enough to raise delusive hopes. The little grain there was in the house, that had been kept for seed, was put into the ground; and the farmer and his family watched the heavens with hopes which quickly turned to despair as they saw the skies clear, and the monsoon end with less than one-third of the usual rainfall, just sufficient to make the crops sown germinate. As they withered away, so disappeared the hopes of the family. Nothing but ruin and starvation stared them in the face. Government,

recognising the difficulty, suspended its demand to a more convenient season; but to procure the mere necessities of life, recourse had again to be had to the money-lender. The plough cattle were given up to him at a nominal price to meet his demand for the instalments due; and after much supplication he was induced to renew, raising his rate of interest from twelve to twenty-four per cent., and shortening the term for repayment by a year. In consideration of this he advanced a small sum for the immediate necessities of the family, and so enabled them to tide over the year. With the failure of the Mhowa* crop in February, the last hope of these poor sufferers was gone. Still they held on, starving as they were, until April. The mother, ill and exhausted, could not nourish her baby, and it died; the second child, unable to bear the privations, fell another victim in March. At the end of that month the mother died of cholera, induced by the miserable substitutes for nourishment that she had had to put up with; and at last in April the husband and his two other children with difficulty dragged themselves to the nearest relief centre. There their necessities were relieved, and they gradually recovered their strength, and lived. But for what?—to be houseless, homeless, and the bondsmen of the usurer. This was by no means a singular case. And in every famine the results must be much the same—a long struggle against fate, in which the weak in large numbers succumb.

One striking episode in an Indian famine is the readiness with which the afflicted snatch every opportunity to help themselves. This was singularly exemplified in this famine of 1869. Throughout most of the fields in these parts there springs up, in the beginning of the rainy season, a weed known by the local name of Sama (*Panicum miliaceum*). It bears an ear like rice, full of grain. The crop of this in 1869 was peculiarly abundant. It was the first grain to come into ear, and as it ripened our relief camp and works were deserted. The people spread themselves over the surrounding country to collect the Sama, and never returned:

in one week's time the numbers fell from (speaking from memory) 8000 to 400.

The rains that year were fortunately very favorable, the crops were everywhere abundant, the poorer classes found plenty of employment in weeding and other agricultural pursuits, and the necessity for relief measures came to an abrupt conclusion. This was the case where the famine only lasted one season. How terrible the sufferings of the people would have been had it continued another year, it is awful to think, even though, most fortunately, the famine was local and confined to certain comparatively small areas, through which in dry weather communication was not difficult. As it was, it taxed the resources of the district very heavily; and its effects are still visible through all that part of the country where its ravages were most felt. There the villages are backward, the people poor—much ground is still waste, and the value of proprietary rights in land fifty per cent. less than similar land in other parts where the famine did not reach, while the burden of debt still weighs heavily. One bright spot in all this misery was the liberality with which members of all creeds and colors came forward to assist. The Government gave freely, Europeans were very charitable; but they are few in number, and their means quite inadequate to meet the heavy demand—some of the wealthy natives behaved splendidly. Jubbulpore is a large city of between 50,000 and 60,000 inhabitants. Among these there are of course many miserably poor, whom the famine had brought to the verge of starvation: added to this there was a continual stream of more than half-starving emigrants constantly pouring through the town on their way southward in search of bread and employment. To look after these poor people was alone no small task—but it was undertaken by four of the well-to-do native residents, one of them a widow lady. These four charitable people used to see that everyone of the hungry and destitute received a daily meal. For a long time they managed the distribution entirely themselves, but eventually their difficulties became so great through the crowds of beggars that this gratuitous supply of food used to

* Mhowa (*Bassia latifolia*).

collect, that they asked the district officials to take the matter in hand, they supplying as much food as was required. The distribution was no easy task, for there were many professional and religious mendicants, whose sole endeavor was to obtain more than their proper share either by fair means or foul, often by robbing their weaker brethren. Besides this charity on so large a scale, very large sums were contributed to the general relief fund—people of all creeds and classes, Europeans and natives, all gave, and gave liberally; and nothing but this charity, aided by Government, saved us from a great disaster. The deserted children, where no relations could be traced, or where the relations could not afford to keep them, were made over to the Orphanage of the Church Missionary Society; Government making itself responsible for a monthly payment to cover the cost of their food. At one time the number of these waifs and strays was large, but in spite of all that was done to save them, the mortality among them was great; while of those that survived some few ran away when the famine ceased, and went back to the villages where they originally lived—some perhaps to find their parents returned from exile, others to live on the charity of their neighbors. It would seem as if misfortune had hardly yet done with these poor waifs, for even this last year cholera broke out in the Orphanage among them, and carried off nearly half their number, although they were as well if not better cared for than they would have been with their parents in villages.

It was curious to watch how misfortune after misfortune followed the unfortunate inmates of our relief camps, and not only them, but those villagers who had been able to hold out in their own villages. In 1869 the coming of the monsoon was watched with the most intense anxiety: in Jubbulpore it burst in full force on June 29; in the north of the district, where the worst of the distress was, it held off for some days longer. Though only fifty-six miles to the north, not a drop of rain fell in Murwarra until July 12: the heat was intense, the whole country was covered with a dull yellow haze that hung over it like a pall. To go by rail from Jub-

bulpore, where everything was refreshed by the welcome showers of rain, to Murwarra, where this intense and oppressive heat still clung to the country, and made the people more depressed than ever, was one of the most painful experiences of my life. At last, on July 12, the rain commenced, and before eight A.M. the next morning thirteen inches fell: the whole country was a swamp; our relief camps were flooded. The inmates of the huts, which had not been built for a terrible fall of this description, were drenched; and yet with it all they were cheerful. They had lost the feeling that God had deserted them; and though they suffered from cold and wet, they knew that they were saved from what they most dreaded—another year's drought. But there was still another calamity to come upon them. The rainfall was so unusually heavy that in one night the roads were turned into sloughs of despond. The cattle, weak from long fasting and an absence of proper food, fell down in numbers, and were suffocated in the mud. The morning after this heavy fall I saw more than forty head of cattle dead in one village. Again the cultivators were in despair, seeing their plough bullocks dying one after another, and knowing they had no means to buy others. They had been kept alive with the greatest difficulty and only by constant care, and now they were being destroyed in hundreds. They had looked to these few remaining cattle to till their fields, and enable them to raise the crops promised by the rain; and now these hopes were blasted. Fortunately, Government again came forward with liberal aid; timely advances to the cultivators enabled them to obtain a fresh supply of plough cattle, and get in their crops in due season; this season was very favorable, and the harvest a heavy one, so that the famine may be said to have ceased with the sowing of the crops.

It was merely through the area of the famine being confined to such comparatively narrow limits, and to the fact of its only lasting a year, that so much could be done both to save life, and to assist the sufferers to recover after the ordeal they had to pass through. What, therefore, must now be the sufferings of the people of the Madras Presidency, where famine has been raging for nearly a

year over the larger part of the country, and where it is feared that there is nothing but a second year of famine to look forward to, with all its horrors magnified, owing to a scanty crop being threatened in various other parts of India as well? Up to this most of the other provinces have been able to send of their abundance to Madras and Bombay; if their supply for home consumption runs short, the country will be in terrible straits, and the resources of Government, large as they are, will be taxed to their utmost limit.

For all this past year Government has

been helping the people in the famine districts through their difficulties at an enormous expense, and, doubtless, will continue to do so at any cost; but the strain on all concerned must be terrible. We can only hope that the seasons may yet change, and that thus a part at any rate of this grievous suffering may be averted; it is, however, so late in the year that there seems to be but little room for such hope. In that case India will require not only all the sympathy, but all the help England can give.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE STORY OF A PATRON SAINT.

MANY contradictory stories are told about the body of St. Mark, even in Venice, where the relic is believed to be enshrined. Its precise whereabouts are unknown,—‘because,’ say the Venetians, ‘the last Doge did not divulge the secret.’ The last Doge was Manin (Lodovigo), who abdicated on May 12, 1797, after St. Mark had been the patron saint of Venice for nearly a thousand years.

According to the most trustworthy accounts,—as revealed in documents recently brought to light,—the body of St. Mark was taken to Venice for special reasons (and not by mere chance); one of those reasons being that the inhabitants were tired of St. Theodore—their patron saint till the days of the tenth Doge, Angelo Partecipazio. At this period of their history, the Venetians discovered that they were badly represented in Heaven! How could they expect prosperity on earth? St. Theodore was a good saint, but he was lazy; the miracles he performed were of little use; and, people clamoring for a change, wise men pondered over the problem. Were there not grades of beatitude? was it not possible to have a more powerful protector than St. Theodore? This, then, was the difficulty. A weak saint, but a strong partnership of Doges; a father with his two sons (as assistant Doges) ruling over Venice, but the city badly attended to on the other side of the grave! What remedy could be applied to so glaring an evil? Whose ministry could be appealed to in

the parliament of saints and martyrs? Angelo, and his sons Giovanni and Giustiniano, wearied their saint from day to day with useless prayers, and Giustiniano (afterwards eleventh Doge) finally made up his mind that Venice should have a new guardian. Three Doges, reigning together, were not enough for the young republic; it must have a fourth potentate, that potentate being St. Mark. But the body of the great Evangelist was lying on a distant shore; namely, in Alexandria, in Egypt. How obtain it? How place Venice under the protection of a saint so highly esteemed—and so capable of performing miracles—as the writer of the second gospel?

In the year of grace 827, the eleventh Doge occupying the ducal seat, a number of strange rumors reached Venice; namely, that the body of St. Mark was resting uneasily in its coffin; that the shrine built over his tomb was being desecrated by infidels; that money could buy the relic, if properly offered (*i.e.* with money in one hand and a knife in the other!); and, finally, that the saint himself was anxious to be transferred to Venice. The persons who set this rumor afloat were sailors trading to and fro between the Lagunes and Egypt; men who at an emergency could become pirates or merchants; men to whom theft and murder were acts of grace, if committed in the name of religion. These men, after consultation with the Doge, returned to Egypt, properly supplied with money and properly armed, and entered Alexandria in a very religious frame of

mind,—intent on stealing their saint, if they could not obtain him by other means.

When they reached the shrine, they found it under repair; masons and builders were at work in the church; the priests who guarded the body were on the tip-toe of expectation for some remarkable occurrence. Visions had appeared of saints and martyrs with wreaths of fire on their foreheads; a lion with wings (the Lion of St. Mark) had been seen prowling about the city; a saint in a white robe (believed to be Santa Claudia) had waylaid one of the priests on his way home. Surely a miracle was at hand! The priests took counsel one with the other. Why not remove the saint's body until the church, now under repair, was thoroughly restored? At this juncture arrived the merchants of Venice—merchants, or sailors, or pirates—call them what we will; in those days the words were pretty well synonymous.

The priests and the merchants met and deliberated. The former had merchandise to sell; the latter had money in their pockets: how should the transfer be made? How much was a dead saint worth, if a living man—sold as a slave—was worth such and such a sum? A word, a look, a grasp of the hand; the whole thing was settled in a moment. The merchants were to have the saint's body, and the priests were to sew another saint in St. Mark's cerements. What corpse more appropriate than the body of Santa Claudia—she who had appeared in visions in the streets of Alexandria?

St. Mark was taken out of his cerements, and deposited in a basket which the merchants had brought into the church. Over the body were thrown sweet-smelling flowers, and over the flowers a number of joints of pork, the flowers and the pork being introduced for special reasons: the flowers to deaden the odor of sanctity (which was sure to emanate from the body), and the pork to frighten away such Mahomedans as might be tempted to pry into the basket.

The corpse of Santa Claudia being exchanged for that of St. Mark, the priests imagined that their work was done; but they were mistaken.

Men and women—the former with sticks and crutches, some of the latter

with children in their arms—rushed into the church, exclaiming wildly: 'Where is St. Mark the Apostle? Where is St. Mark the beloved of God?' Women and girls fell down on their knees; old men laid their foreheads in the dust; the younger and bolder fellows insisted on seeing the body. The basket of pork had had its effect; the inhabitants, drawn from their homes and workshops by the odor of sanctity, had flocked to the church to examine the saint's coffin! But the good priests were equal to the emergency. They exhibited the shroud containing the body of Santa Claudia; they bowed and prayed, they made the sign of the cross before the saint's cerements, and said prayers before the high altar; and the people, pacified, though not altogether convinced, returned in peace to their dwellings. The odor of sanctity was not the odor they had always been accustomed to as the odor of St. Mark, but it was a sweet and comforting odor enough; and moreover it was a miraculous odor, for the new saint had therewith performed her first miracle; making the people believe that she—Santa Claudia—was St. Mark the Apostle! The early historians of Venice chuckle over this event; and one and all concur in stating that the fraud was a pious one, and therefore no fraud at all.

But the risks of the enterprise were not confined to the church. While the sailors were conveying their prize to the sea-shore, they were beset by men and women anxious to have a peep at the basket. But for a magic word—a word taught by the priests—the basket and its bearers might have been sorely handled; the word was 'khanzir,' and it meant pig. 'What have you got in your basket?' 'Pig!' 'Why are you in such a hurry to reach your ship?' 'Pig! pig!' 'The devil take you and your burden; you are tainting the air for us.' 'Pig! pig! pig!' The sailors were persistent in their replies, and the crowd fell back in trepidation. What was the meaning of this odor of sanctity in the wake of a basketful of pork?

The body of St. Mark was stowed away carefully on board the Venetian ship. The flowers and the pork, with their sediment of saint in the bottom of the basket, disappeared in the hold, and

the sailors, with that word 'khanzir' still ringing in their ears, got ready for departure. But they had reckoned without their host. Here, for instance, is a man in authority who insists on climbing into the ship. What does he want? He is a custom-house officer; he is on the look-out for contraband goods. Is he, too, afraid of pork? And, if not, are relics contraband? Down went a sailor into the hold of the ship; up came the basket in the sailor's arms, wrapt in an old sail; up went the sail strung to the mainmast, as part of the ship's furniture. Honest seaman! Wise and sensible precaution! The officer withdrew in disgust, and the ship set sail without further adventure for the Port of Venice.

But the voyage was long and troublesome, and the mariners had a hard time of it. Worried by storms, waylaid by fogs—stranded, becalmed, and bedevilled—the captain once or twice gave himself up for lost. One night in a hurricane, the vessel plunging like a mad thing in the midst of the rocks—the moon shining weirdly on the scene through a great gash in the clouds—a tall man in white appeared at the helm with a wreath of fire on his head. The helmsman stepped aside, and running up to the captain (who was asleep) woke him, and told him what had happened. The captain and his crew knelt down on the deck; the wind sank, the sea became suddenly calm! Who was this tall man with a wreath of fire on his head and a white robe, like that of an angel, reaching from head to foot? St. Mark the Evangelist! Who but he would have interceded in this way for the preservation of the basket of pork? The ship got clear of the rocks, and the saint, leaving behind him an odor of sanctity—as fiends leave behind them an odor of sulphur—~~vanished~~ into thin air.

The ship reached Venice on January 31, 828, two days before the great *fête* of the Purification. The captain's name was Rustico, the steersman's Buono or Buoni; this last a native of Malamocco. The landing was effected at a place now occupied by the church and convent of San Francesco della Vigna, not far from the Island of St. Michael (the cemetery) and close to the Arsenal. But the Ar-

senal did not exist in those days, and the dead were not taken to St. Michael's Island. The whole place was a desert: a wilderness of islands, half swamp and half sand, but considered in ordinary times a safe harbor, and an easy if not a convenient landing-place. Rustico and Buono hastened to the Doge's house near the Rialto, to invite his Excellency to visit the ship.

But a greater than the Doge had given the Saint welcome to Venice. Tradition is so explicit on the matter, and the early Venetians are so positive about it, that I shall not attempt to gainsay it. The figure in white, which stood on the shore to greet the Evangelist, was not a lady or a priest; it was not Santa Claudia; it was not the figure of the fat old Doge; it was an angel from heaven, and the angel's words may be read to this day on monuments and churches all over the city. The utterance of the angel is beyond dispute. It was oracular and made in Latin, and the Latin is as good as any now spoken at the Vatican: *Pax tibi, Marce, Evangelista meus*. Who can doubt the authenticity of words so explicit—words which, for a thousand years, became the motto of the Republic? Doubt the name of Rustico, if you will; doubt the name of Buono, if you dare; doubt the existence of the Doge, if you can (supposing you to be a whitewasher of history): but do not for a moment doubt the scholarship, or the existence, of the angel who received the body of St. Mark.

The new saint was carried to his temporary shrine near the Rialto, not far from the ducal mansion; and there received with honor. The Doge's palace was not built in those days, and the tract of land now known as the Piazza San Marco was an ugly waste, and in wet weather a marsh, cut up into two unequal parts by a canal, with a bridge over it. But on this ugly waste, games and festivals, the precursors of the tournaments of the Middle Ages, had been held at various times; and here, in honor of St. Mark, a grand procession was formed during the first week in February. St. Theodore was solemnly deposited. The church in the square was rebuilt and reconsecrated, and the new saint, from the beginning of the ninth to the end of the eighteenth century, be-

came the patron of Venice. His lion became the symbol of Venetian power; it was painted on shields and woven on standards; it was impressed on coins; it was set up in effigy in various parts of the city. Tourists admire it at the present day over the entrance to the cathedral, and on the clock-tower; a lion with eagle's wings, with the face of a man, having under its paw a book wide open, with the words of the angel, as quoted above, written in golden letters. But the body of St. Mark is believed to have been stolen in the sixteenth century by Carossio, a usurping Doge, and by him sold or otherwise disposed of to religious communities in various part of Europe—a tooth to one, a bone to another, a lock of hair to

another, and so forth; so that, strictly speaking (if these reports be true), Venice no longer possesses a patron saint. No one knows the resting-place of St. Mark's body. Was it really stolen by Carossio, or did it disappear of its own accord when the last Doge abdicated in favor of Buonaparte, the saint being unwilling to survive the fall of the Republic? The answers to these questions are not easy to find. Those who profess to know most about the matter assert gravely that the 'resting-place of St. Mark's body has been a profound secret for hundreds of years.' Being a secret, and those who knew it being dead, what wonder if the present writer is unable to divulge it?—*Belgravia Magazine*.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON PHYSICAL AND MORAL NECESSITY.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL is a great populariser, and we cannot doubt that his attempt at the Midland Institute on Monday to reason from the principle that the quantity of physical energy in the world is a fixed amount, and that none is ever either lost or gained, to the principle of moral necessity, namely, that every man is merely what his circumstances and his wishes make him, his wishes being as truly circumstances dependent on the hereditary and other conditions of his organisation as any other of the determining forces around him,—may have a great effect on the ripening intelligence of the country, if only from the influence naturally attaching to his name. But though he puts his case with his usual force and vivacity, he adds nothing whatever to the substance of what has been stated and restated hundreds of times by his predecessors in the same field. Indeed, the force with which he states the case conduces, as all force of statement naturally must, to a clear indication of the points at which his view entirely fails to meet the facts; and the natural candour of a genuinely scientific man renders the exposition of these glaring deficiencies of his view more striking still. We hope, therefore, that those who do not merely accept Professor Tyndall's authority as conclusive, but who go over the same ground without his obvious

bias towards the physical explanation of our moral nature, will soon find themselves pulled up by difficulties far more striking than any which are involved in the view of life which Professor Tyndall was endeavoring to refute. These difficulties accordingly we shall attempt to point out, and we shall succeed best probably in doing this by humbly following in Professor Tyndall's footsteps, only pushing to their legitimate consequences all the principles of his address.

Professor Tyndall teaches us, then, first, that as a given stock of heat is generated by a given amount of motion, and that the same amount of motion may be produced by the loss of that stated amount of heat, so also the force we employ in muscular exertion is the force due to a given amount of fuel supplied to the body. The oxidation of food within the body leads to the development of an exactly equivalent amount of heat, some of it within the body, some of it outside it. "We place food in our stomachs as so much combustible matter. It is first dissolved by purely chemical processes, and the nutritive fluid is poured into the blood. Then it comes into contact with atmospheric oxygen, admitted by the lungs. It unites with oxygen, as wood or coal might unite with it in a furnace. The matter-products of the union, if I may use the

term, are the same in both cases,—namely, carbonic acid and water. The force-products are also the same, heat within the body, or heat and work outside the body. Thus far, every action of the body belongs to the domain either of physics or of chemistry." Further, Professor Tyndall shows us how the action of the nerves consists in liberating a vast amount of stored force which is latent in the muscles, just as the power of steam is latent in the steam-engine till some one opens a valve which sets the steam to work, or as the electric force is stored in a galvanic battery till some one completes the circuit which sets the battery to work. It is not that the nervous energy directly produces the muscular energy, but that it liberates muscular energy which had been previously stored up. Then Professor Tyndall quotes from Lange the following illustration of this liberation of pent-up force:—

"A merchant sits complacently in his easy chair, not knowing whether smoking, sleeping, newspaper-reading, or the digestion of food occupies the largest portion of personality. A servant enters the room with a telegram bearing the words 'Antwerp, &c.—Jones and Co. have failed.'—'Tell James to harness the horses.' The servant flies. Up starts the merchant, wide awake, makes a dozen paces through the room, descends to the counting-house, dictates letters and forwards despatches. He jumps into his carriage, the horses snort, and their driver is immediately at the Bank, on the Bourse, and among his commercial friends. Before an hour has elapsed he is again at home, when he throws himself once more into his easy chair, with a deep drawn sigh, 'Thank God I am protected against the worst! And now for further reflection.' This complex mass of action, emotional, intellectual, and mechanical, is evolved by the impact upon the retina of the infinitesimal waves of light coming from a few pencil-marks on a bit of paper. We have, as Lange says, terror, hope, sensation, calculation, possible ruin, and victory compressed into a moment. What caused the merchant to spring out of his chair? The contraction of his muscles. What made his muscles contract? An impulse of the nerves, which lifted the proper latch, and liberated the muscular power. Whence this impulse? From the centre of the nervous system. But how did it originate there? This is the critical question."

And Professor Tyndall warns us not to assume that it was a soul or intelligence within the body which, stimulated by an act of knowledge and a consequent emotion of apprehension, set all this chain of nervous antecedents and mus-

cular consequents in motion, lest we try to explain the little known by the less known, or indeed, by the absolutely unknown. On the contrary, he assures us, the only scientific procedure is to refer this impulse originating in the centre of the nervous system to other changes in nerve-tissue which have preceded it, seeing that all our scientific knowledge teaches us to refer physical effects to physical causes. "Who or what is it," says Professor Tyndall, "that sends and receives these messages through the bodily organism? You picture the muscles as hearkening to the commands sent through the motor-nerves, and you picture the sensor-nerves as the vehicles of incoming intelligence; are you not bound to supplement this mechanism by the assumption of an entity which uses it? In other words, are you not forced by your own exposition into the hypothesis of a free human soul? That hypothesis is offered as an explanation or simplification of a series of phenomena more or less obscure. But adequate reflection shows that, instead of introducing light into our minds, it increases our darkness. You do not in this case explain the unknown in terms of the known, which, as stated above, is the method of science, but you explain the unknown in terms of the more unknown." "The warrant of science extends only to the statement that the terror, hope, sensation, and calculation of Lange's merchant are psychical phenomena, produced by or associated with the molecular motion set up by the waves of light in a previously prepared brain." On these principles, then, it is obvious that heat and motion, and nervous action and muscular tissue, and the mode in which touching a valve liberates steam, are all phenomena which are knowable in a sense in which the subject that knows them is not knowable. It is scientific to be quite certain that "a bowler who imparts a velocity of thirty feet to an 8-lb. ball consumes in the act one-tenth of a grain of carbon." But it is thoroughly unscientific to be certain that there is 'some one' who has this knowledge and who acts on it. It is scientific to be sure of the laws of motion. It is thoroughly unscientific to be sure of the existence of the person who is thus sure. The self which is the assumed centre of all

knowledge, is a mere centre of darkness, and while various true propositions can be stated, the assertion that I or any one can *know* them to be true is a false and unscientific one, which confounds the relation between phenomena with an unknowable personality that has no relation to them. But then, if there be no true nominative to the verb "to know," does not that throw doubts at least as great on the object of knowledge? If I seem to myself to have observed and mastered the laws of heat and motion, and am yet going quite astray in assuming that there is any self to master those laws, how am I to be certain that the heat or motion which is the thing I appear to know, has any existence either? Deny all reality, as Professor Tyndall teaches us to do, to the nominative of the sentence, "I know heat and motion," and can any one be sure that the accusatives have any reality either? They exist to me only as they exist in my consciousness. But if the very pronoun 'my' is an illusion, how can I be sure that the illusion does not affect all that that little word qualifies? Expunge the delusive notion that there is really an 'I,'—there is no need to use the word 'soul' at all,—to perceive, to receive sensation, and to transmit commands, and why should not that which is as closely coupled to this 'I' in the very act of perception, as one end of a stick is to the other end by the stick itself, be rejected with it? Professor Tyndall is untrue to his own principles. If it is thoroughly unscientific to assume an entity who perceives and feels and wills, it is clearly unscientific to assume that there is anything perceived, or felt, or willed. The fictitious character of the whole act of knowledge must surely follow from the fictitious character of the central assumption which gives that act a meaning. If there is no reason to suppose that there is a person to apprehend the external world, there can be no reason to suppose that there is an external world to apprehend, for it is only through the act of apprehension that any one even supposes himself to reach it.

Again, Professor Tyndall teaches us that because we cannot produce physical energy, but can only release or direct it, therefore the supposed human will can play no real part in human

affairs,—meaning, as we understand him, that it always takes other physical energy to determine how any special stock of physical energy shall be released or expended, so that it as much depends on the set of the currents in the previously existing physical energy, which valve shall be opened and which kept shut, as it depends on the previous accumulations of such energy how much energy shall emerge when the particular valve is opened. Professor Tyndall following Mili, and other such teachers, warns us that though we can determine our actions according to our wishes, we cannot determine our wishes, these being determined for us by the laws of physical organisation, of hereditary transmission, of social circumstance, and other conditions of our previous life. But assuming this teaching to be true, whither does it lead us? Why, of course, to the doctrine of pure materialism, that physical energy is the primal fount from which all mental phenomena ultimately proceed,—and proceed by an immutable process of evolution. If not only is the stock of physical energy in the universe a fixed stock, but if also the distribution of that stock is absolutely dependent on the character and amount of it, then it is clear there is nowhere for wishes and other such mental phenomena to come out of, except the one stock of physical energy which is the primary assumption with which Professor Tyndall starts, and it cannot, in his belief, be wholly uncreated and self-caused. Wishes, motives, volitions, aspirations, and the rest, must either be unexplained phenomena somehow due to this primary stock of physical energy, or must be uncaused, which is clearly not Professor Tyndall's view, since he defines science as the effort to explain the unknown by what is better known. If, then, he believes, as we understand him, that physical energy contains within itself the laws and causes of its own distribution, mind is a mere unexplained phenomenon of physics. If that be not true, if 'the whole stock of physical energy in existence' does not regulate its own laws of distribution, then there must be something else which does regulate it, and human will might well be defined as that which, though not able to create physical energy, is able to liberate and direct it

this direction or that, to concentrate it on one purpose or on another, within certain limits, as it will. Evidently, then, Professor Tyndall either teaches us pure materialism, or leaves us free to believe that though the stock of physical energy in the world is always the same, incapable of increase or decrease, the way in which it is to be applied, whether by one channel to one purpose, or by another channel to another purpose, is left more or less at our disposal. Yet as we understand him, he forbids us to believe either of these alternatives. He wishes us to regard physical energy as containing in itself the precise laws of its own distribution in one place, and yet forbids us in another to refer consciousness and its states to these laws. He says, almost in the same breath, "molecular motion produces consciousness," and then again, "physical science offers no justification for the notion that states of consciousness can be generated by molecular motion." Which does he wish us to believe? If the first, then we know what he means, and that it is pure materialism. If the second, he leaves plenty of room for the influence of free-will, in spite of that absolute limitation of the stock of physical energy in the world which he teaches. But it is hardly reasonable to take credit for *both* assumptions,—that molecular motion is the ultimate cause of everything—and that mental states are not caused by it, any more than it is caused by them.

Still more difficult is it to follow out Professor Tyndall's teaching as to moral necessity, when at length, he has somehow skipped the gulf between physics and morals, and come to assume moral necessity as the truth. He says, very justly, that if the doctrine of Necessity does away with moral responsibility, it yet leaves in all their strength the motives for discouraging actions injurious to society, and encouraging those which are beneficial to society. That is quite true. But Professor Tyndall appears to admit that though we should encourage what we find useful and discourage what is injurious by every means in our power, *approbation* and *disapprobation* are unmeaning, except on that hypothesis of moral freedom which he has rejected. We may visit what is injurious with dis-

agreeable results in order to prevent others doing it, but it is childish to talk of being morally offended with what was as inevitable as the fall of an apple when its stalk breaks. This being granted, then, being shut off from the dispensing of approbation and disapprobation, we shall be unfortunately also shut off from using by far the most powerful of the moral hindrances to wrong and crime. As the German thinker said of God that if He did not exist, it would be necessary to invent Him, so we might fairly say of moral approbation and disapprobation. If they did not exist, we should be obliged to invent them. Mere bestowal of pleasure or pain would be of little use without that approbation and disapprobation which make the pleasure and pain really effective, and give them their stimulating or deterrent power. It is not shutting up a man in prison, but shutting him up because his action is treated by society as morally disgraceful, which is the formidable thing. Professor Tyndall in giving this up, gives up the very sting of the penalty, and deprives it of more than half its deterrent effect. And as for the preacher,—why, to suppose that the preacher could preach against iniquity with good effect, as Professor Tyndall says, after he had ceased to believe that there was such a thing at all as iniquity in any sense except that in which deformity and iniquity are the same, Professor Tyndall is the most sanguine of men if he thinks so. Indeed the punishment of persons who are believed to have been incapable of doing anything but what they did, would soon become as impossible as it has already become impossible to punish criminal lunatics. Follow Professor Tyndall's principles out to their proper limits, and all punishment, properly so called, would cease.

One word more. Why does Professor Tyndall say so airily that he has no objection to talk "poetically" of a soul, though he has a strong objection to believe in one really? "If you are content to make your soul a poetic rendering of a phenomenon which refuses the yoke of ordinary mechanical laws, I, for one, would not object to this exercise of ideality." But surely he *ought* to object to it, if it is false and misleading. We mean by the 'self' a real thing, altogether

distinguishable from my organisation ; and if it is not that, the use of the word 'self,' or 'I,' or 'soul' is not a harmless exercise of "ideality," but a falsehood, and a very dangerous one. We do not understand this liberty granted by Professor Tyndall to tell "poetically" all sorts of fibs which he objects to as matter of serious belief. The belief in the free self is either a most dangerous fiction or the greatest of truths, and Pro-

fessor Tyndall's willingness to deal with it in a poetic and ideal way, without insisting on the strict truth about it, as it seems to him, is not, we think, quite so catholic a feature of his character, or so creditable to him as he evidently supposes it to be. Let us tell the truth about ourselves, even if that truth be only that there is no truth to tell.—*The Spectator*.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

BY THE EDITOR.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, the subject of our portrait this month, and universally famous as the constructor of the Suez Canal, was born at Versailles, France, on the 19th of November, 1805. Though known now chiefly for his great engineering achievement, his career to middle life was that of a diplomatist, beginning in 1825, when he was attached to the French consulate at Lisbon. In 1828 he was transferred to the consulate of Tunis, and after the taking of Algiers was charged with securing the submission of the Bey of Constantine. In 1831 he went to Egypt, where three times in succession he was temporary consul-general at Alexandria. During the occupation of Syria by Ibrahim Pasha, he did much to secure protection for the unfortunate Christians of that country, and performed an influential part in the re-establishment of peace between Mehemet Ali and the Sultan. In 1839 he was appointed consul at Malaga, and entered upon the same post at Barcelona in 1842. "During the bombardment of the latter city by Espartero in the same year," says a writer in the "American Cyclopædia," "he rendered great services to sufferers of all nations. He frequently exposed his life during the fighting to save the lives of others ; his energetic remonstrances postponed the bombardment for several days, and when it took place he hired vessels and personally superintended the removal of fugitives. For this he received decorations from the governments of France, Sardinia, the Two Sicilies, Sweden, the Netherlands, and Spain ; the Chamber of Commerce at Marseilles sent him a complimentary address,

while that of Barcelona placed his bust in its hall."

After the revolution of 1848 he was recalled to Paris, but returned almost immediately to Madrid as minister. The next year he was transferred to Switzerland, and then to Italy, where he was instructed to co-operate with other diplomatists in restoring order in the Papal dominions and preventing Liberal excesses from interfering with the establishment of a regular government. His work in this capacity was too favorable to the oppressed Roman people to suit the home authorities, and he was not only recalled but severely censured in an official report by the Council of State. He defended himself, however, with great ability.

In October, 1854, M. de Lesseps was invited to Egypt by Said Pasha, the new Viceroy, and while there examined thoroughly the project of the canal across the Isthmus of Suez. Two years later he drew up a memorial giving full details of the "Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez," a stock company for which the Viceroy had granted him a charter for 99 years (dated November 30th, 1854 ; confirmed January 5th, 1856). From this time, De Lesseps devoted himself entirely to the project, and by the force of energy, perseverance, and financial and diplomatic skill, raised the necessary capital, and began the work in 1859. In the prosecution of his task, he encountered many difficulties besides those interposed by nature. Eminent English engineers, among them Robert Stephenson, questioned its practicability ; the British government regarded it as a political project,

and refused to give it encouragement; and various complications arose with both the Turkish and Egyptian governments. But De Lesseps triumphed over all, and on August 15th, 1869, had the satisfaction of seeing the waters of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean mingle in the Bitter Lakes. The canal was formally opened on November 17th, 1869, with grand ceremonies, in the presence of the Empress of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Amadeus of Italy, and many other distinguished personages. Even after it was opened, doubts were felt as to the utility of the work; but the experience of seven years has vindicated the sagacity of the projector, and already, to quote from McCoan's

"Egypt as It Is," reviewed in the *ECLECTIC* of last month, "this once discredited property may be pronounced nearly as great a financial as it is an industrial success."

De Lesseps has been decorated by nearly all the sovereigns of Europe, besides being the recipient of many other honors. Since the completion of the Suez Canal, he has suggested the conversion of the Desert of Sahara into an inland sea, and the cutting of a ship-canal through the Isthmus of Corinth to connect the Gulfs of Lepanto and Egina. His latest scheme, for which he has received valuable concessions from the Shah of Persia, is the "Central Asian Railway," designed to connect the south of Europe with India.

LITERARY NOTICES.

BOSTON MONDAY LECTURES. BIOLOGY, WITH PRELUDES ON CURRENT EVENTS. By Joseph Cook. With three colored plates. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

On the 2d of October of last year, the Rev. Joseph Cook, whose name until then had never been heard by the great majority of readers and thinkers, began a series of "Monday Lectures" at the Mcionaon, Boston. The general subject of his lectures was Biology, or, more specifically, the scientific theory of Evolution; and their object, in accordance with the avowed design of the course in which they were delivered, was "to present the results of the freshest German, English, and American scholarship on the more important and difficult topics concerning the relation of Religion and Science." The very first lecture, dealing with the evolutionary doctrines of Huxley and Tyndall, made such an impression that with the fifth lecture the lectureship had to be transferred to the Park Street Church, and shortly afterward to Tremont Temple, in order to accommodate the ever-increasing audiences. A noteworthy feature of these audiences, assembled at noon on Mondays, was that, to quote the language of the publisher's note, they "included, in large numbers, representatives of the broadest scholarship, the profoundest philosophy, the acutest scientific research, and generally of the finest intellectual culture of Boston and New England;" and through the medium of press reports and the consequent discussions, this pronounced local sensation was transmitted to all parts of the country, and even to England. Much curiosity has been felt, of

course, as to the quality of the lectures, which, begun with no preliminary trumpeting, could awaken so profound and wide-spread an interest, and it is not surprising that several editions of the volume containing them should already have passed into the hands of the reading public.

Nor is it surprising, after giving the book a careful perusal, that the testimony of readers in regard to their merits is quite as emphatic, if not so enthusiastic, as that of those who listened to them as they fell from the lips of the impassioned orator. Mr. Cook's rhetorical and literary skill would obtain him a hearing on any subject he chose to discuss; but it is very soon seen that beneath the glowing and almost too fervidly eloquent language there is a force of logic, a breadth of intellectual culture, and a mastery of all the issues involved such as are seldom exhibited by participants on either side in the great controversy between Religion and Science. It may be said unqualifiedly that the pulpit has never brought such comprehensiveness and precision of knowledge combined with such logical and literary skill to the discussion of the questions raised by the supposed tendency of biological discovery. Martineau and Dr. McCosh have equal, and perhaps greater, command of the argumentative weapons furnished by metaphysics and psychology, but the peculiar feature of Mr. Cook's work is that, joined to a German thoroughness in these important departments of knowledge, he has trained himself to cope with scientists in their special field of physical and vital phenomena. The theistic interpretation of the doctrine of evolution finds its most eloquent if not its strong-

est exponent in Mr. Cook, and his lectures will afford genuine help to many a mind that has been confused and troubled by the evidence supposed to have been furnished by science in favor of materialistic views of life.

The lectures as here given are the stenographic reports of those actually delivered, and though they have been carefully revised, retain many of the defects of platform oratory. It will always be a debated question whether an argument is most impressive when poured forth with all the ardor of spontaneous speech, or when clad in the calmer and more precise language of the study; but those who entertain the highest opinion of Mr. Cook's powers will be most earnest in the hope that he will give us a more systematic and complete exposition of his views than he can venture to offer before popular and miscellaneous audiences.

HISTORY OF THE OTTOMAN TURKS, FROM THE ORIGIN OF THEIR EMPIRE TO THE PRESENT TIME. By Sir Edward Creasy, M.A. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

In our August number we took occasion to review and commend Mr. Freeman's historical *brochure* on "The Ottoman Power in Europe." Readers of that work should feel it a sort of duty to possess themselves of Sir Edward Creasy's "History of the Ottoman Turks," which not only complements it by giving *in extenso* the facts which Mr. Freeman briefly summarizes, but furnishes a more or less effective antidote to Mr. Freeman's fierce denunciations of the "barbarous Turk." Sir Edward Creasy represents the average English opinion on the subject, such as was entertained prior to the shock of the Bulgarian massacres and the zealous efforts of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Freeman, Thomas Carlyle, and others. Whatever England has done or felt in regard to the Turk and his affairs, Sir Edward sympathizes with and attempts to justify; whatever can blacken the character of the perfidious and grasping Russian he parades with evident gusto. That curious perversity of judgment by which the most politically enlightened nation of the world has been brought to champion and uphold one of the worst despotisms that ever degraded mankind is strikingly illustrated in his work; and also the convenient evasions and subterfuges by which men of more than ordinarily sober judgment will vindicate to themselves a sentiment which took its origin in the most sordid self-interest.

It must be said in justice, however, that this bias is perceptible only in the later chapters of the volume, and that Sir Edward's work is far less political and partisan in tone

than that of Mr. Freeman. It aims, in fact, at being a methodical and impartial history; and for the period prior to 1770, in which he closely follows Von Hammer's great and authoritative work, no fault can be found with either the tone or the trustworthiness of his narrative. Taken as a whole, it may be fairly said that no equally satisfactory history of the Ottoman Turks has been produced in popular form in any language, and that a deeply interesting and romantic story has been rendered fascinating by the manner in which it is told. A writer who is famous for his descriptions of battles and campaigns has found a congenial subject in the career of "a nation of warriors," as the Turks have been called; and as we read of the splendid achievements of Mahomet the Conqueror, Solyman the Magnificent, and the other martial princes of the House of Othman, we are apt to overlook, as the author himself does, the misery and degradation that lie beneath the glittering surface of military glory.

Creasy's history has already obtained the position of a standard work, the first edition having been published many years ago in England, and received the endorsement of scholars. The American edition is a reprint of the new English edition which, besides being thoroughly revised throughout with the aid of the literature that more recent times have produced, has received additional matter which brings the narrative down to the accession of the present Sultan and the very eve of the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war.

CHOICE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES. Edited by W. D. Howells. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

No other literary enterprise of the day promises a greater amount of enjoyable reading than this series of Mr. Howells'. Next to good biography, autobiography is the most charming species of literature, possessing in its best representatives a perennial interest and value; and a collection which promises to include in a compact and uniform edition the famous autobiographies of all languages will be a distinct and permanent addition to the resources of intelligent readers.

The four volumes of the series that have already appeared exhibit at once the richness of the material from which Mr. Howells will be enabled to draw, and the refined taste and discrimination with which he will perform his editorial work. The two first volumes contain the "Memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth," a book which made a wonderful sensation on its first appearance sixty or seventy years ago, and which has retained its fascination for three generations of readers. The unhappy princess who wrote it was a

sister of Frederick the Great, and her lively and veracious pen furnished Carlyle with the most luminous touches in the earlier chapters of his wonderful biography of that hero. Carlyle, however, only appropriated bits here and there to suit his purposes, and the "Memoirs" as a whole are incomparably more interesting than any excerpts that could be made from them. They read, as Mr. Howells remarks, like a genuine fairy tale, yet they bear upon every feature the unmistakable stamp of truth, and they present the vividdest picture of court life that ever was drawn by pen of man or woman. The glamour of that divinity that doth hedge a king has never been so mercilessly stripped off, and the revelation is a wholesome one for a democratic nation like our own to contemplate.

The third volume contains the autobiographies of Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, a famous English diplomatist and nobleman of the time of James the First, and of Thomas Ellwood, a sturdy Quaker, who studied Latin with Milton, and suggested to the latter the theme of his "Paradise Regained." In grouping these personages together, Mr. Howells thinks he furnishes the reader an easy means for a comparison which will not be unfair to either. "They are both characters of the most distinct type, of a like heroic mould in many things, and of a similar devoutness, however diverse in their theories of religion and of life; it were hard to say which is the worse poet. Herbert represents the last phase of chivalry, the essence of which lingered in his heart and influenced his conduct, while his daring intellect questioned the highest things, and infinitely removed him from mediævalism. He was of the cosmopolitan nobility, which found itself at home anywhere in the world of courts and camps; and he was patrician to the last drop of his blood. Ellwood was of the new dispensation, which shunned the world, which bade men fashion themselves on Christ's example, and abhorred arms and vanities. . . . The courtier is picturesque and romantic in a degree which takes the artistic sense with keen delight; the Quaker is good and beautiful, with a simple righteousness that comforts and strengthens the soul."

The quality of the fourth volume will be sufficiently indicated by the statement that it contains the "Memoirs of Vittorio Alfieri," the great Italian dramatist, written by himself, together with a biographical and critical essay by Mr. Howells, which, in this case, extends to fifty-one pages. Each life in the series is prefaced by a similar essay by Mr. Howells, and these essays will probably be pronounced by the reader the most charming feature of the charming volumes in which they appear.

The books are issued in the familiar "Little Classic" style, and seldom has so much entertaining reading matter been presented in such compact and inviting shape.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MIND. By Henry Maudsley, M.D. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Dr. Maudsley's "Physiology and Pathology of Mind," the first edition of which appeared in 1867, was one of the earliest works in which the physiological aspect of mental phenomena was insisted upon as against the old psychological or metaphysical method of interpretation; and it may be said to have given such an impulse to this branch of investigation that when the author began, a year or so ago, to prepare a third edition for the press, he found it necessary not only to enlarge but substantially to rewrite it in order to bring it abreast of the progress recently made in physiological and psychological knowledge. One result of this thorough revision has been the division of the original work into two separate treatises, of which the present volume is assigned to the physiology of mind, while a second will deal with its pathology, thus surveying with more completeness the field originally covered. The new edition is an improvement upon the earlier one in several respects, besides its greater size and fullness, being, as the author claims in his preface, less aggressive in tone toward opposing theories, and in particular less hostile toward the psychological method. Readers will no longer be repelled by a superfluous truculence of style; but, in spite of his soberer language, Dr. Maudsley's treatise is still interesting chiefly as the most uncompromising statement of the physiological theory of mind. Even Bain and Lewes are left far behind; and to the vital question, What is that which thinks, reasons, wills? Dr. Maudsley returns the categorical answer, It is the brain.

HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By Henri Van Laun. Volume III. From the End of the Reign of Louis XIV. till the End of the Reign of Louis Philippe. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

Our notices of the two preceding volumes of Mr. Van Laun's admirable work leave us nothing to add as to its method and quality, and it will be sufficient, perhaps, to say of this third volume that it is fully as interesting and valuable as the others, and shows that the author can deal as successfully with his contemporaries—the most difficult task of a critic—as with those earlier writers regarding whom the verdict is already substantially made up. The record covers a somewhat narrower field than was promised—ending with the close of Louis Philippe's reign instead of that of Louis

Napoleon ; but it comes sufficiently near the present to include all the great names among living or recently dead French authors—Thiers, Mignet, Guizot, Michelet, Sainte-Beuve, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Gautier, De Tocqueville, Comte, Balzac, George Sand, and the two Dumas. There is less to regret in the premature close of the narrative, for the reason that the Second Empire, like the First, acted as a sort of blight upon literature and men of letters, and seemed to paralyze the national intellect.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCKE, M.P., intends to write a book on the campaign in Bulgaria.

MR. GLADSTONE will contribute a Preface to Dr. Schliemann's account of his excavations at Mycenæ.

It is rumored in Paris that Victor Hugo has in his portfolio a poem of 2000 lines, entitled "Le Pape," which will appear after the decease of Pius IX.

M. THIERS, it is asserted, kept a personal diary from the year 1830 onwards. The portion relating to the history of his presidency of the Republic is written with continuity and considerable detail.

THE "Annals of Sennacherib," which were nearly completed by the late Mr. George Smith, will be brought out this year under the direction of a well-known English Assyriologist.

WE understand that the new three-volume edition of Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," edited by Dr. Birch, will be published shortly by Mr. Murray.

MR. GLADSTONE has in the press a collection of "Essays, Letters, and Addresses." They will be divided into the following sections: Personal and Literary, Ecclesiastical and Theological, European and Historical.

THE Abbé Laffetay, the custodian of the library at Bayeux, has just published a "travail définitif" on the celebrated tapestry of Queen Matilda. He desires to prove that this beautiful art of needlework had its origin in Normandy.

Two important deeds have recently been discovered in the Public Record Office, bearing on the family history of Geoffry Chaucer. They are written in Law Latin, and to one of them there is appended a seal unique of its kind.

MR. R. H. SHEPHERD is editing the new edition of "Poetry for Children," by Charles and Mary Lamb, together with "Prince Dorus," a fairy tale in verse, by Charles Lamb, and other poems from his pen not included in previous editions of his works.

THE members of the Hungarian Historical Society are stated to have discovered in Count Erdödy's library, at Freistadt, four ancient Turkish works, containing a rhymed history of the progenitors of the Turkish nation. These volumes are supposed to have belonged to the library of Thomas Bakács, and to be four centuries old.

MR. H. A. PAGE has in the press a small volume titled *Thoreau, his Life and Aims: a Study*. Thoreau, the author of *Walden Pond*, and one of Emerson's early friends, is among the most refined and charming of the New England contemplative writers. In England, beyond an occasional quotation, he is almost unknown. The object of Mr. Page's book is to exhibit Thoreau's love of nature in its relation to his anti-slavery agitation. It will contain many anecdotes of Thoreau's wonderful ways with animals, here first brought together.—*The Academy*.

THE title of M. Victor Hugo's new work, which is, in fact, a history of the *coup d'état*, will be 'Histoire d'un Crime: Déposition d'un Témoin.' It was written at Brussels in December, 1851, and January and February, 1852. M. Hugo was, as is well known, President of the Conseil de Résistance, and he here describes all that he did with his friends, and everything he saw day by day and hour by hour. It is said to be one of the most interesting and important works ever written by the distinguished author—as dramatic as a romance, and as startling as the reality it describes.

MR. RUSKIN declares that the chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all past time inaudible. "This is, first, the result of the invention of printing, and of the easy power and extreme pleasure to vain persons of seeing themselves in print. This has been my main work from my youth up—not caring to speak my own words, but to discern, whether in painting or sculpture, what is eternally good and vital, and to strike away from it pitilessly what is worthless and venomous. So that now, being old, and thoroughly practised in this trade, I know either of a picture—a book—or a speech quite securely whether it is good or not, as a cheese-monger knows cheese; and I have not the

least mind to try to make wise men out of fools, but my own swift business is to brand them of base quality, and get them out of the way, and I do not care a cobweb's weight whether I hurt the followers of these men or not, totally ignoring them, and caring only to get the facts concerning the men themselves fairly and roundly stated, for the people whom I have real power to teach."

SCIENCE AND ART.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.—Our readers will remember that the controversy on this subject between M. Pasteur and Dr. Bastian was narrowed down, some months ago, to a very definite issue. The same experiment, performed by the two observers, yielded precisely opposite results. M. Pasteur then requested that a Commission should be appointed by the Academy of Sciences to decide between Dr. Bastian and himself, *not* of course on the question of spontaneous generation, but only in reference to the particular experiments with urine and *liquor potassæ*. MM. Dumas, Milne-Edwards, and Boussingault were appointed for the purpose; the last-named member having been compelled, for private reasons, to withdraw, his place was taken by M. Van Tieghem. Dr. Bastian went to Paris in the middle of last month to meet the Commission. His preliminary stipulation that the enquiry should be limited to the mere question of fact, without entering on its interpretation or on its bearings upon the doctrine of spontaneous generation, appears to have been accepted by M. Dumas without consultation with his colleagues. On learning what had been done, M. Milne-Edwards summarily declined to take part in any Academy Commission which had not full power to vary the experiments at discretion. No attempt seems to have been made to arrive at a mutual understanding, and the Commission melted away without doing anything. The close of the proceedings, as described by Dr. Bastian (*British Medical Journal*, August 4), reads like a perfect comedy of errors, and is certainly in need of further explanation.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICANISTS.—Special associations for special objects are a characteristic of the present century, so it seems quite natural that there should be a "Society of Americanists," whose object is to gather information about America. They meet once in two years; their next meeting is to be held next month at Luxemburg; and we learn from their programme that their inquiries are to apply to the times anterior to the discovery

of America by Columbus. Thus the picture-writing of the Mexicans, their civil legislation under the Aztecs as compared with that of the Peruvians under the Incas; the inscriptions in the ancient cities of Central America, the ancient use of copper, the works of the mysterious mound-builders, the comparison of the Eskimo language with the languages of Southern America; traditions of the Deluge especially in Mexico; the discovery of Brazil, and other ethnographical and palæographical subjects. If this scheme be wisely and diligently followed out, there is reason to hope that some light will be thrown into the obscurity of early American history.

SEAMEN'S REMEDY AGAINST SEASICKNESS.—Professor Xavier Landerer, of Athens, says (according to the *London Medical Record*), that a very popular remedy against this ailment, in common use among mariners in the Levant, is the daily internal use of iron. This is obtained in a very primitive way—a portion of the iron-rust adhering to the anchor and anchor-chain is scraped off and administered. At the same time a small pouch, containing roasted salt and flowers of thyme, is tied upon the region of the navel as firmly as can be borne. This is said to lessen and gradually to subdue the antiperistaltic motions of the stomach caused by the rolling of the vessel. This preparation was already known to the ancient Greeks as "thymian salt." M. Landerer says that he knows several seamen who have been cured by this treatment.

ACTION OF TOBACCO ON THE SYSTEM.—Some years ago the French Government directed the Academy of Medicine to inquire into the influence of tobacco on the human system. The report of the commission appointed by the Academy states that a large number of the diseases of the nervous system and of the heart, noticed in the cases of those affected with paralysis or insanity, were to be regarded as the sequence of excessive indulgence in the use of this article; and it is remarked that tobacco seems primarily to act upon the organic nervous system, depressing the faculties and influencing the nutrition of the body, the circulation of the blood, and the number of red corpuscles in the blood. Attention is also called to the bad digestion, benumbed intelligence, and clouded memory of those who use tobacco to excess.

MORE PERFECT GALVANIC BATTERIES.—In spite of all the progress that has been made in electric science since first Volta put together his "crown of cups," a perfect galvanic battery is yet to seek. M. Onimus has done something toward this in availing himself of the virtues of the new, tough, and supple ma-

terial which bears the name of parchment-paper. Every electrician knows that the great theoretical merits of Professor Daniell's "constant" battery are counterbalanced by the trouble, care, and annoyance which it entails. All double liquid batteries have hitherto proved bulky, vexatious, and expensive; but M. Onimus simplifies matters by using parchment-paper instead of a porous cell, the copper spiral encircling the parchment, which is wrapped around the cylinder of zinc, and the pair of elements being simply plunged into a solution of sulphate of copper.

SUN-SPOTS AND STORMS.—Mr. Henry Jeula, of Lloyd's, has lately written to the *Times* indicating that there appears to be some connection between the prevalence of sun-spots and the number of wrecks posted annually in Lloyd's "Loss Book," and that this may constitute a further link in the evidence connecting sun-spots with the phenomena of weather. He derives his data from two complete cycles of eleven years each, extending from 1855 to 1876. He divides each series of eleven years into three periods, and finds that there are two minimum periods of four years at the beginning and end of each cycle, having between them a minimum period of three years.

POLARISATION OF DIFFRACTED LIGHT.—The change of polarisation which light undergoes when diffracted by an edge or a grating has been subjected to investigation by many distinguished physicists, notably by Stokes, Holtzmann, Lorenz, and Mascart. Prof. Stokes obtained from theoretical considerations a formula which connected together the direction of vibration of the ether particles in the incident beam, the direction of vibration in the diffracted beam, and the angle of diffraction. The experiments with a grating on glass, made with a view to verify this formula, led to irregular results, but seemed to confirm Fresnel's hypothesis that in plane polarised light the direction of vibration is perpendicular to the plane of polarisation. Holtzmann, however, and other physicists, have deduced from their experiments a different conclusion—viz., that the ether particles vibrate in a direction parallel to the plane of polarisation. The recent experiments of Dr. Fröhlich, of Buda-Pesth (*Annalen der Physik und Chemie*, neue Folge, i., 321), lead to the following conclusions among others: (1) Confirmation of the result already found by earlier observers that in plane polarised light the direction of vibration is perpendicular to the plane of polarisation. (2) The direction of vibration in a ray of light proceeding from a centre in any direction is perpendicular to the direction of propagation. (3) The direction of vibration

in the diffracted ray is a function of the nature of the reflecting surface (of the grating), of the angle of incidence, and of the angle of diffraction; but is entirely independent, on the other hand, of the intervals between successive lines of the grating, of the refrangibility of the light, and of the order of spectrum, and is also unaltered when rays of different refrangibilities and different orders of spectra are superposed.

DISINFECTANT FOR THE SICK ROOM.—Ozone, the newest and the least stable of the gases, has recently been made to do good service in the sick-room. It makes short work with those miasmata and organic impurities of vitiated air which the Italians describe by the expressive name of malaria, and which every physician knows to be among the most baneful influences with which the convalescent patient, whose tenure of life is not yet quite assured, has to contend. A mixture should be made of permanganate of potash, peroxide of manganese, and oxalic acid, in equal parts, and two large spoonfuls with some water put into a plate and placed on the floor of the sick-chamber. Care should be taken, however, to remove steel fenders and fire-irons, and to cover up brass door-handles, since ozone will rust all metals meaner than gold and silver.

VARIETIES.

A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT'S OUTFIT.—The special correspondent of the Paris *Temps* communicates to his paper the following list of articles with which war correspondents accompanying the Russian army in Asia must be supplied: 1. A passport from the general Staff, with which, immediately upon his arrival, the correspondent has to present himself to the Chief of the Corps or detachment which he means to accompany. By means of it he is, for instance, to have each telegram and letter acknowledged by the general Staff. 2. A number of photographs of himself for the chiefs of the different corps and detachments. One of them he is to keep in doubtful cases as to his identity, to compare with the rest. 3. An emblem in the form of a shield, in the centre of which the letter K is affixed to a black and yellow ribbon. This mark is worn in the button-hole, to serve as a passport that he may walk about without being molested. 4. A "Padorojna," or march route of the Government, whereby the correspondent may secure post-horses at each relay, except in cases of *vis major*. 5. An "Atkoiti List," entitling him to an escort, he being obliged to have with him a Cossack or Tshapar for safety's sake. 6. A private servant, versed, if possible, in several languages. 7. A double-barrelled gun, for casual hunting, the right

barrel for shot, while the left is rifled, adapted to the shooting of balls, also a revolver and a dirk-knife. 8. A European saddle for himself and one for his servant, with bridle and bit. 9. A tent with a Persian carpet and hammock. 10. A "bourdonk," with at least six "tunks" of cachetic wine. "Bourdonk" is a sort of canteen made out of the whole skin of a hog, or the hide of a ram or ox, retaining the shape of the animal. A "tunk" holds five bottles. 11. A large pair of saddle-bags full of provisions, preserves, tea, sugar, cognac, &c., &c., tin plates, table-set, and everything required to sustain life in a perfectly wild country; cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco. 12. Quinine and extract of genti. 13. A very handy portfolio, with writing material. 14. As little baggage for himself as possible; a warm overcoat and blanket are indispensable in the mountains and at night. 15. A black suit of clothes, vest, pantaloons, white cravat, light-colored gloves, and a hat for wear and tear. 16. A number of articles impossible to be mentioned. 17. Money—Russian half-imperials, Turkish medschidjes, which are twenty-franc pieces; the Russian paper money, if possible, must be of recent date, being better current. The Russian army passes gold coin. The correspondent is also to be supplied with a goodly quantity of Russian silver change. He is to find room for all of the articles mentioned in a telega, *i.e.*, a vehicle used in that part of the world. The most essential is not to be forgotten, which, strange to say, is Persian insect powder.

DR. JOHNSON AS A MAN.—No man, said one who knew him, loved the poor like Dr. Johnson. His own personal expenses did not reach £100 a year, but his house in Bolt Court, after the receipt of the pension, became a home for as many helpless as he could support and aid. In the garret was Robert Levet, who had been a waiter at a French coffee-house, and had become a poor surgeon to the poor. He was unable to help himself, when Johnson became his friend, and gave him a share of his home, with freedom to exercise his art freely in aid of the poor. Levet was Johnson's companion at breakfast, lived with him for thirty years, and died under his sheltering care, never allowed to think of himself as a poor dependent, never so regarded by true-hearted Samuel Johnson. . . . Not one of these companions was allowed to feel dependence; most of them had soured tempers, and they quarrelled with one another, but each felt the whole sweetness of Johnson's nature. When he was asked why he bore with them so quietly, his answer was, "If I did not shelter them no one else would, and they would be lost for want." There was

another "pensioner" in his household, the cat. He observed that she liked oysters, and he would go out himself to buy them for her, lest if servants were put to the trouble they should grudge the cat her enjoyments, dislike her, and use her ill. When Johnson took his walk in Fleet street, he found his way into sad homes of distress, which had been made known to him by Levet or found by his own kind eyes. He visited the sick and the sad, helped them, and interceded for them with his friends. He always had small change in his pocket for the beggars; and if told that they would only spend it upon gin, thought it not wonderful that they should be driven even in that way to take the bitterness of life out of their mouths. He was slow to blame those who were tried by adversity. He himself had been tried sorely, and had risen nobly above every degrading influence; but he knew what trial meant, and he wrote from his heart at the close of his life of Savage, "Those are no proper judges of his conduct who have slumbered away their time on the down of plenty; nor will any wise man presume to say, 'Had I been in Savage's condition, I should have lived or written better than Savage.'" When Johnson was himself sometimes in want of a dinner, after his first coming to London, he would slip pennies into the hands of ragged children asleep at night on the door-sills, that when they awoke in the morning they might find the possibility of breakfast. One night he found a wretched and lost woman so lying, worn by sickness; carried her on his back to his own home; had her cared for until health was restored; and then found her an honest place in life. Thus it was that Samuel Johnson had learnt Christ. —*Library of English Literature, edited by Professor Henry Morley.*

VILLANELLE.

O SUMMER-TIME, so passing sweet,
But heavy with the breath of flowers,
But languid with the fervent heat,

They chide amiss who call thee fleet,—
Thee, with thy weight of daylight hours,
O summer-time, so passing sweet!

Young summer, thou art too replete,
Too rich in choice of joys and powers,
But languid with the fervent heat.

Adieu! my face is set to meet
Bleak winter, with his pallid showers,—
O summer-time so passing sweet!

Old Winter steps with swifter feet,
He lingers not in wayside bowers,
He is not languid with the heat;

His rounded day, a pearl complete,
Gleams on the unknown night that lowers;
O summer-time, so passing sweet,
But languid with the fervent heat!

EMILY PFEIFFER.



